

My husband, Bud Wilson Sullivan, Jr., entered the Oklahoma Heart Hospital South on October 7, 2021. His symptoms were the same as COPD episodes. I thought he would be given the same medications and an oxygen treatment, then released.

I was not allowed in the hospital. I waited in the parking lot for four hours while Bud was tested for COVID. The test was positive, and he was moved to ICU.

Over the next eleven days, my husband's condition went from stable to critical. We could only visit briefly by phone. At first, I could call the night nurse during the early morning hours to check on him. Then my calls were not well received, not even answered at times.

I received a few calls from the hospital liaison to discuss his condition. At one point she said his oxygen needs would soon be low enough to allow him to be released and rehabilitated at home.

Those calls stopped. His attending nurse told me Bud's oxygen requirements had increased dramatically. His breathing became more labored and talking was more difficult. Our infrequent calls were short.

During this time his nurse said they discontinued Remdesivir. I told her I was never informed Bud was given this drug. She responded that it was given for four days, then discontinued. Dosages are mentioned intermittently 13 different times during the eleven days. He was also given Fentanyl.

"Unvaccinated adult male" is noted on nine different dates in his medical records.

The first time I heard from his pulmonologist was on October 10. He called to say, "Things are not going well." I pleaded with him to give my husband Hydroxychloroquine and Ivermectin. He refused, saying, "They don't work." I told him I heard they did work. He replied, "You've been lied to." Then he discussed the "well-proven efficacy of COVID vaccines."

On October 12, the doctor agreed to let my husband take Zinc, Vitamin C, and Camu Camu delivered from home, but said they would not help. Added to his written consent in Bud's records: "So long as it is not Ivermectin."

At one point the nurse told me not to call my husband. The next day she called me to say, "He needs to hear your voice."

A male nurse called on Sunday, October 17, and said they needed to try a bi-pap to help him breathe and they would know within four hours if it would work. He called soon after to say they were moving to the ventilator.

On October 18, our two daughters and I were finally allowed into his room for the last four hours of his life. He was on life support and not awake. We used that time to pour our love and appreciation into him hoping that it's true our hearing is the last thing we lose.

The doctor called us downstairs for a consultation and convinced us that a DNR was in my husband's best interest. I regret signing it. My husband was a fighter. A nurse stepped into his room toward the end of the four hours and said that he was being "kept alive" medically and it could be discontinued at any time. I declined. But Bud's breathing stopped shortly after that conversation.

We were thankful to be at his bedside when my husband of forty-eight years, six months, and twenty-eight days passed away late Monday evening, October 18, 2021.

Bud had a servant's heart. He was an Oklahoma City firefighter for twenty years. He used his carpentry skills on foreign mission trips to Mexico and Thailand. He was to have been ordained as deacon in the service held the day after his funeral.

My faith is in a sovereign God who sustains our family each day.

Thank you, Senator Johnson, for having this hearing. We are finally being heard.

God Bless,

Nancy K. Sullivan

Gea Hickman

Amanda Kniskern