

Dear Senator Johnson,

October 25, 2021. The day that my husband, Tom, was suddenly and without warning or consultation, thrust on the dreaded and deadly ventilator at Virtua Hospital in Willingboro, New Jersey. Five lifeless and unrecognizable days later, my family and I made the impossible decision to let him go. And, here we are, almost five years later, left living in this alternate universe of asking ourselves the same haunting question...what the hell happened.

On September 9, Tom and I both tested positive for Covid 19 and reached out to our respective physicians, mine in Princeton, NJ, and Tom's in PA. Both sets of doctors had the exact same "advice" which was to drink plenty of fluids and get plenty of rest and basically, without so saying, languish at home until we got so sick that we would have to be taken by ambulance to the hospital, which we were, six days later when our oxygen levels dropped dangerously low.

At St. Mary Hospital in Langhorne, PA, Tom and I were both diagnosed with Covid pneumonia and subsequently each given a 5-day course of **Remdesivir**, not knowing anything about its abysmal track record in Africa in the treatment of Ebola and discontinuance. But, since we both were so desperately sick, we would have likely agreed to take most anything, however, had we known **Remdesivir** had a 53% mortality rate against a virus that had a less than 1% mortality rate, it wouldn't have taken my late husband's mechanical engineering degrees or my basic common sense to know that that was not a sane solution.

Tom did not show signs of improvement, so he was then given the monoclonal antibody, **Regeneron**, and then another 5-day course of Remdesivir, which I have come to learn would lessen his chances of survival to 25%. I fell into the 47% of those who would survive the deadly protocol and was sent home to recover alone until such time as I was no longer infectious.

Tom languished at St. Mary for exactly one month to the day when he was shuffled off under the cover of night to Virtua Hospital in New Jersey, under the guise of "aggressive weaning of the high-flow oxygen" he had become so dependent on. Instead of improving, his condition continued to deteriorate daily as his anxiety mounted due to his increasing inability to breathe, despite the interventions that only seemed to worsen his condition. The decision was made on October 22 for Tom to have a tracheostomy that fateful Monday morning, but he never made it to the O.R. when a random doctor outside his room decided to throw him abruptly on the **ventilator** right then and there, denying any of us a consultation about this irreversible decision. And, just like that, in the blink of an eye, **a life was cut way too short** to never see his retirement years or grandchildren grow into adolescence and adulthood.

Life is choices, but it's no longer living when those choices are denied you. When you are denied access to life saving medications that have stood the test of time but aren't profitable enough to stand up against the profit to be had by the pharmaceutical companies who made Covid an industry too big to fail. And, therein lay the agenda. Too many people dying in the

hospitals and the ensuing fear mongering to take the vaccine, a vaccine who efficacies and dangers are all too well known now but too late for those who were victimized by the protocol.

I obtained our hospital records early on and have supporting documentation.

Thank you, Senator Johnson, for everything you are doing for us. Yours is the voice for the voiceless and we are eternally grateful.

Sincerely,

Nancy Ursic & Family