

My husband and I both were diagnosed with Covid on August 18, 2021. We were both denied Ivermectin and Hydroxychloroquine. We were both placed on Amoxicillin, a steroid, Flonase, and Tylenol PRN. My husband had really bad allergies, so he was placed on an inhaler as well. We felt better on the next day (19th) and thought we were on the road to recovery. The next day (20th) he had been coughing pretty bad, so he went back in to see the doctor. They did an x-ray on him and said it showed some infection, so he was given a prescription for Albuterol and a nebulizer. He was also given a referral for monoclonal antibodies for the following Monday (23rd) which were to be given at same doctor office but different location. (I did find out 3 months later when I went in for my Medicare checkup that the PA that saw him on the 20th should have let him get the monoclonal antibodies the next day which the doctor's office was open on Saturday giving patient's the antibodies)!

Let me tell you what happened with the PA. We went to the pharmacy to get the Nebulizer and Albuterol (this was all on a Friday afternoon after 5pm). The pharmacist said that the PA had wrote the WRONG directions for the Albuterol. The pharmacist said that they had to call into the doctor's office and that they would call us when they call them back and fix the directions. They never got back to us and we tried getting the doctor to call us back but that never happened.

By Saturday evening (21st), he was having so much trouble breathing that he asked me to take him to the hospital. When I dropped him off at the ER, I never thought that would be the last time I would be able to speak with him. I was not allowed in with him since I had Covid also. When I called the ER they had said that he was doing good and they will move him to a floor. Which they did.

Once on the floor, I was able to call and text him. I could tell over the phone that he was still having so much trouble breathing. This was on Sunday (22nd). By Monday morning (23rd), the doctor on his floor called me and said that they could not do anymore for him on that floor and they were sending him to ICU and once he was settled in ICU they would call me. The doctor called me that after- noon and said that he was on a ventilator! I didn't even get a chance to talk to him before they placed him on the Vent!

My husband was on a ventilator for 4 weeks! After being on the ventilator for 2 weeks, he Coded 5 times and the hospital called me and asked if wanted to put him on a DNR, which I did. I did not want him to go through that again. The hospital then let me and my son come up and see him finally. My once big, strong, lovable, funny, guy was lying in a hospital bed on a ventilator and there was nothing I could do for him.

My husband was 6 years younger than me. He turned 60 while in a hospital bed on a ventilator! We had so many plans for retirement.

Senator Johnson, thank you for your time. If there is anything else, you would like to know or discuss regarding this, I would be happy to talk with you. My life has been turned upside down.

We would have been married 40 years this November. I have lost my best friend, my travel buddy my sweet and loving husband over something that should have been avoided.

I thank you for fighting for us all.