

Mid-morning on the 10th of September 2021, I didn't realize that accompanying my beloved husband, James Lamb, III to an ER for medical care would be my nightmare. After a few short minutes of triage, I was told to leave without explanation, he would be transferred to a hospital where I wouldn't be able to see him again. That was the last time, I was able to see him for 12 days! 12 days with NO visitors, inability to communicate with family, complete isolation without an advocate or presence of a loved one for comfort! Day 2 of admit, I asked for him to receive monoclonal antibodies Regeneron, was told "We give another brand, Remdesivir." Not the same medication, but I was shut down because of "Protocol." Only once in 12 days, a doctor called to give me an update. The hospital team expected patients to communicate needs despite being on "40 Liters of oxygen via 2 sources." The hospital he was transferred to is not known for complex acute cases. The hospital is mainly used for ambulatory surgeries and overnight stays. During his last days there, I learned that the hospital was staffed with travel nurses that don't have as much experience. When questioned why he wasn't transferred to the main hospital in the Charleston SC market, I was told 2 different reasons: 1. "they are full" 2: "He won't survive a transfer". On 9/22 at 7 am, I received a text that he would be transferring to ICU. At 3 pm, I called for an update to be told he was doing better and still deciding on ICU. At 5:00 pm, I was called to say he was moving and needed to be intubated on the ventilator immediately. After 12 days, I was finally able to lay eyes on him and comfort him, but only for a few minutes. An obvious delay in care, he should have been sent to ICU sooner! While on the ventilator and in ICU, a nurse actually told me she is surprised, "He wasn't moved to ICU sooner." He spent 21 days on the ventilator without a tracheostomy and sedated on strong medications, ie Fentanyl and Versed. Sometimes even 3 sedating meds. Finally, Friday Sept 24th, he was allowed to have 2 visitors in the morning and again in the evening, however his son 15 years old at the time, never was able to visit. He was sedated and on the ventilator, so didn't even know we were there. He would get better with steroids, but docs said "Protocol" wouldn't allow them to keep giving them because of infection. I was requesting Ivermectin throughout his stay, every time was told "We don't do that here." Friday afternoon 10/8, I received a call, they had to perform CPR. A nurse on the unit told me a young travel nurse was icing him for a fever and noticed his vitals were dropping, thought it was the ice, but realized, he needed CPR. Afterwards nothing was the same. Sunday morning, just as I was arriving, they started CPR again. I would get hopeful reports from nurses that the hearts ejection fraction was good. Doctors were wanting me to sign a DNR, stating that the first rule is "do no harm." To see him lay there, agonal breathing and no doctor to explain it, and the rescheduling of the neurologist consults, is heart breaking. He was a healthy, 50 year old man, that deserved the proper care and medication including to be surrounded by his loved ones for healing comfort. On October 13th, 2021 again team rushed in and started CPR, the nurse practitioner said yes when I asked if he was agonal breathing. Despite not having signed a DNR, the care team was not performing proper CPR. That when I knew, the life of myself and our 2 sons were changed forever.