

On Friday 7/30/21 my husband and I went to a walk in clinic for testing after my husband was experiencing symptoms of Covid. We were directed to the hospital immediately by the physician who examined him because he found my husband to be demonstrating symptoms of pneumonia. We arrived at the emergency room to be shown to an outside bench until seen. When my husband was taken back he was tested and was pronounced positive for covid and pneumonia. I was asked to leave him. I returned home only to be called and told to come pick him up because he did not display symptoms harsh enough to be admitted. On Sunday he became exceedingly worse, so I called the emergency room and spoke to the Doctor who saw him on Friday, and he said to bring him back in immediately. He also stated he wanted him admitted on Friday but was overturned. I brought him back and he was admitted and I was sent home. By Friday 8/6 he was put on a bipap mask and by Sunday 8/8 he was intubated. By the grace of God the doctor called me and said if I got there quickly, I could see him before they intubated. Masked and through glass windows we shared our deep love for each other and said our goodbyes. MY HUSBAND NEVER SPOKE AGAIN!! My husband was at the end of his life and could not speak or move and was in complete isolation. They would not let me visit with him. At this point there was no fear of either of us having covid anymore, but rigid hospital rules said NO VISITORS. My husband spent days and nights ALONE DYING. On 8/28 we were to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. I BEGGED to spend time with him and that same Dr allowed me up for a visit to be with him. He was so sedated he really didn't know I was there. I BEGGED to come back the next day and again he said yes. My husband was more alert and was so happy to see me and held on so tight as I had to leave. I never saw my husband again. He went through several procedures after that ALONE and I am sure FRIGHTENED, knowing he would never come home. On 9/23 he was moved to a rehab center in Savannah. I was still not able to see him or talk to him. He died on 9/24. They called to tell me around 11pm to say he had a heart attack and to get there asap as they were trying to resuscitate him. As I was driving out of my community, I received another call that he had died and I could come to the center to be with him. I was with this amazing man for 53 years but was not allowed to be with him in his final moments on earth, but now that he was dead I could be with him for as long as I needed. This was the most inhumane treatment I could ever imagine. To be left alone for days, weeks, months. To see no one you loved and truly cared for you, no tenderness, no loving human touch. It was pure torture for him and me, truly cruel and barbaric treatment for a man that was full of life and love. My husband lost every human right because of inconsequential rules and died without dignity or tenderness. There was no reason for anyone of us who survived to have endured such profound pain, isolation and utter cruelty.