

Dear Senator Johnson,

I am a Covid Protocol Widow

Early July my healthy (he only had pre-diabetes) 62 year-old husband and I were out of town to a GoldWing motorcycle rally in Springfield MO. We returned home to Kansas City MO on July 2. He had just taken early retirement from his out-of-town full-time job but came home and still worked part-time. The week of July 5 we were still working our part-time jobs and just starting to feel ill, but by July 9 we were truly ill. I highly suspected we had Covid, so I started daily monitoring our temperature and O2 saturation (sat). Both remained normal. Because I thought we might have Covid, I contacted a FrontLine doctor even though our temp and O2 sat were normal. The doctor wasn't sure we had Covid based on our normal temp and O2 but said he would still send us some Hydroxy and Zinc. However, the morning of July 16, my husband said he felt terrible (that was not like him) and his O2 sat was in the mid-60's, mine in the mid-80's. (Normal is 92-100%). I called for an ambulance. I remember as he was walking out the door I looked at him and wondered if I was sending him to his death since I knew people were going to the hospital and not walking out. While the ambulance was getting ready for me, his ambulance attendants said that with just plain O2, his O2 significantly improved. I was hopeful after all. The hospital then proceeded to inform me that he was in grave danger, that he was on high flow O2, that they had started him on Remdesivir, and pushed for him to be a DNR. In my Covid foggy mind, I thought he was on plain O2 that had previously worked, and that he was on the drug that was effective. Also, his medical records show a vacillation between DNR and Full Code. We never wanted a DNR. However, the hospital said they were sending me home. With my Covid brain, I didn't sign discharge papers and walked out. I was not permitted to see him, speak to him, or touch him.

While he was in the hospital we spoke to each other briefly, even if it was just for a few minutes since we both were incredibly ill. The doctor also called me every morning and indicated that there were small, but notable improvements most every day. On July 23 mid-morning I called my husband and he said that he felt much better. Even the doctor said he had turned the corner. He was talking in full sentences and his facial coloring was much improved. By 3pm that day, I received a text from him. "Not able to breathe". That was the last time I heard from him. A few hours later the hospital called and said that he was on a vent. I screamed into the phone "he will never get off". July 24 around 2am I received the phone call that they were doing CPR on him. I begged and begged to go be with him. I finally was permitted to see him. I arrived in time to see and hear him die on July 24, 2021 at 3:56am.

I have briefly reviewed his medical record. He did not sign for an investigational drug, Remdesivir, a legally required documentation for an investigational drug that outlined the usage, risks, side effects, and other information so that he, or I, would have had full disclosure and consent.

I lost my partner. My techie. My handyman. My car mechanic. I lost everything that was him.

He is dearly missed by me, his wife, his daughter, his two grandchildren, and yes, even his son-in-law.

Thank you for taking the time to read this.