

My name is Peggy Springer, and I am writing to ensure my husband John Springer's story is part of the official record. John was 59 years old when he died during the COVID hospital protocol era. He was a loving husband, father, hardworking man, and someone who should still be here today. Instead, I watched him disappear inside a system that isolated him from his family, denied requested treatments, and stripped us of any meaningful ability to protect him.

John was first admitted to Pratt Regional Medical in Kansas before being transferred to OSU Medical Center in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The transfer itself became another form of punishment for our family because he was moved across state lines, far away from his loved ones, making it nearly impossible for us to be with him or advocate effectively for his care. Once he was transferred, the isolation became even worse. Like so many, we were shut out while life-and-death decisions were being made behind closed doors.

From the beginning, I asked for treatments like ivermectin, budesonide, vitamins, and other medications that many doctors around the world were successfully using. Instead of compassion or honest discussion, I was mocked. One doctor scolded me and said, "Your husband is not a horse." That moment has stayed with me ever since. I was not treated like a wife desperately trying to save her husband. I was treated like a nuisance for questioning the approved protocol.

John was restrained, heavily sedated, denied food and water, placed on a ventilator, and given drugs like remdesivir, fentanyl, paralytics, and powerful sedatives while the treatments we requested were refused. During this time, I also learned that his nose had been broken while hospitalized. To this day, I still do not have adequate answers about how that happened. The trauma of knowing my husband suffered while isolated from those who loved him is something I carry every single day.

We were also pressured regarding Do Not Resuscitate decisions, and communication with the hospital became increasingly difficult. I felt powerless while watching the man I loved deteriorate under a system that would not listen to us, would not allow outside treatment options, and acted as though compliance was more important than care.

After John died on December 2, 2021, I discovered another devastating truth: because the hospital was state owned and because of the PREP Act immunity protections, I had no legal recourse. I could not seek accountability in the way families normally would after a wrongful death. The courthouse doors were effectively closed before I could even ask questions. Families like mine were left grieving while the institutions involved were shielded from responsibility.

Senator Johnson, I am asking that John's story be preserved in the public record because what happened to him was not an isolated event. Across this country, thousands of families experienced similar patterns: isolation from loved ones, denial of requested treatments, coercion into standardized protocols, heavy sedation, lack of informed consent, and intimidation when families questioned the system. These are serious allegations that deserve investigation, transparency, and accountability.

John mattered. His life mattered. And I will continue speaking his name so that what happened to him is never forgotten.