

My name is Sherri Lashinski and I am here to tell you about the last days of Jason Lashinski, age 46. They were Christmas of 2021, I was recovering from breast cancer treatment that I had completed. I was exhausted and feeling unwell, I assumed it was because my body was still healing. As Christmas neared our nine year old son, Christian, began feeling unusually tired. Jason also was having symptoms. We thought it was minor.

By December 26th, Jason was getting worse, and I took him to the ER in our small town. While at the hospital, I was informed that Jason had tested positive for COVID-19 and to go home and wait. Overnight, Jason was declining quickly, he was not eating, his blood sugar were in the 300's and he was requiring increasing amounts of oxygen support than available. Inquiries were made to transfer him to another hospital in Minnesota or surrounding states. Jason was also denied monoclonal antibodies because it was not protocol for admitted inpatients to receive.

On December 28th, Jason was transferred to Duluth, Minnesota, during a snowstorm over two hours away. I never got to say goodbye, Jason texted me he had arrived safely. In less than 24 hours, Jason was placed on a ventilator and heavily sedated. Doctors explained, to rest his lungs and promote healing. They informed me that Jason would be on the ventilator 3 weeks.

My last moment with Jason was on December 30th via Facetime. I still remember his words: "I'll talk to you in three weeks." While hospitalized on a ventilator and sedated, the doctors and hospital staff denied any visits for 15 days. Save one kind-hearted doctor out of many rotating doctors, she permitted me to see Jason once, for a couple hours, the 37 other days he was alone, isolated.

After going on the ventilator, I called and got routine updates from Jason's nurses and doctors. In the Duluth hospital, Jason experienced many complications which included: unable to defecate for over 13 days due to the utilization of fentanyl, consistent high blood sugar which were uncontrolled, stomach infection, infusion of fluids which caused cardiac arrhythmias, and the constant use of diuretics to correct his edema and cardiac dysrhythmias. Despite all these red flags, doctors kept reassuring me that Jason was making progress.

Only after consulting, Frontline Doctors, Frontline Nurses, and Graith Care LLC for second opinions, the recommendation was for me to push for Jason to receive vitamins, receive a *tracheostomy*, and inquire about another transfer.

On January 29th, we were able to get Jason accepted to a hospital in Texas. By February 1st, Jason finally received his tracheostomy placement even though doctors in Texas argued placement should have happened sooner. We scheduled a medical plane to pick us up that evening, February 1st. Due to a snowstorm between Texas and Minnesota, they were unable to fly around the storm without making more than one stop. Departure was postponed until February 2nd. The morning of the 2nd, I got a call to come to the hospital because they had to restart Jason's heart and doctors said Jason's kidneys "may have taken a hit".

On February 2nd, 2022, at 7 p.m., Jason never made the flight to Texas. His heart stopped beating forever. The most painful moments of this journey was the 2 hour drive home to tell our youngest son, Christian, that his father had gone to heaven. No words could prepare a child's heart for that kind of loss. I am here today because Jason's life mattered. He was a husband that loved me, a father that adored his sons and a man who deserted every opportunity to survive.