

My name is Traca Parks. I became a widow at the age of 44 on October 16, 2021 due to the Covid-19 hospital protocols. Just eleven days before our 17th anniversary. I am educated with a Bachelors degree in Criminal Justice. My husband, Jason David Parks, was also 44 at the time of his death. He was a father, a son, a brother and a friend. He held his new grandson only a few times before his hospitalization and death. He was a hardworking man with strong opinions. On or about August 23, 2021, both he and I became sick with suspected Covid. We remained at home, treating our symptoms for 11 days. On September 3rd, he was admitted into the CCU at Mercy Health Hospital in Paducah, KY via the ER. Upon arrival, he was diagnosed with pancreatitis and pneumonia related to Covid. I was not allowed into the hospital with him due to the isolation requirements. He was in the CCU for seventeen days. During that time, I was allowed to see him once for less than 45 minutes. I spent every day advocating for him while he lay physically restrained and chemically sedated, simultaneously in an isolated room. During this time, he received numerous injuries to his body such as a bruise that ran from his shoulder to past his elbow (documented), a bed sore from remaining immobile and an esophageal tear. I had to threaten a lawsuit and media attention and brought in an Internal Medicine Specialist to get him moved to a regular room. When he was moved to a regular room, he vomited blood and was rushed to have an endoscopy. During the eleven days he was in the regular room, I was at his bedside during the day, every day. He would make significant improvements every day but then would have significant set-backs every night. Most mornings there would be DNR paperwork at his bedside even though he and I both were adamant that he was not a DNR. During these eleven days, he endured numerous tests, PT/OT and had many changes to his medication and treatment plans. He was seen by numerous specialists who, when I questioned about his treatments, didn't seem to be working together for such. He had lost his ability to stand and walk and, at one point, had begged me to carry him out of there. The doctor in charge made derogatory remarks to me such as I would not be allowed to use their wheelchair or elevator to remove him from the hospital. Within a couple of days of this, Jason was moved to the ICU and put on a ventilator. His last spoken words to me were "I'm scared." Hearing my strong, unafraid husband utter those words broke me. Jason spent thirteen days in the ICU, completely sedated and vented. During this time, he received more injuries to his head and extremities (documented). I was allowed to be with him for the last eight days he was in the ICU. On the day of his death, I left at 7pm and was called back immediately. Upon my arrival, he was gone within a few minutes. There were no life-saving measures attempted though he remained a DNR. The only humane treatment he received was post-mortem when the funeral home retrieved his body and shrouded him with dignity as he was rolled away. I have over 4,000 pages of medical records, photographs, over ten pages (front and back) of the medication he was given in the 42 days he was hospitalized. I have yet to make sense of the madness that happened to my husband, but nevertheless, I know he fought with everything he had. If you would consider his story for your hearing, I would count it as a step toward justice for him and countless others. Sincerely, Traca Parks - Widow Warrior