

On Friday, January 7, 2022, I brought my Dad, George Francis Dayton, age 69, to the ER. He had contracted COVID and was struggling to breathe. I brought him to the hospital instead of the clinic for his monoclonal antibody appointment (per the clinic's recommendation).

This was the worst decision of my life.

The hospital was very busy. After he checked in, I was told to leave. Instead, I waited outside the ER by the security desk, hoping for updates. Hours passed. No updates came and my Dad didn't have a cell phone.

While waiting, I overheard a hospital volunteer and patient discussing their disgust for the unvaccinated, that they should be sent home and denied medical treatment. My Dad was unvaccinated.

After getting him a phone, I asked Dad to request monoclonal antibodies since I couldn't reach a doctor. He never received them, even though the hospital had them and he was in the prime age group to receive them. Instead, the hospital gave him remdesivir.

Saturday morning, my Dad was admitted to the hospital, struggling to breathe and in far worse condition. He'd been stable on 4-6 liters of oxygen on Friday. Now, he needed 60. Notes in his online patient portal said he had pneumonia and blood clots. We then saw his medical history was false – noting injuries and surgeries he never had, as well as no family history of blood clots. His dad had severe clotting issues and he personally had clotting issues years before. Based on these inaccuracies, we knew he wasn't coherent. We were worried this would negatively impact care decisions and potentially endanger him.

It was nearly impossible to reach anyone. Nurses were extremely rude; they hung up on us or left us on hold indefinitely. They refused to give us information unless my Dad gave verbal permission – which we asked his nurses to obtain multiple times. They promised to call back but never did. When we did call to ask Dad to request breathing treatments and monoclonal antibodies, he was confused and slurring his speech. We were confident he didn't fully understand. How could he remember to ask when the doctor came to his room?

On January 9th, he was admitted to the ICU, put on a ventilator and told he'd die if he refused. We kept requesting antibodies. They were never administered, although my husband begged for them. We offered to pick up the dose Dad would have received from the clinic. The hospital said no.

A few days later, I requested the Hospital Ethics Committee. Staff communication hadn't improved and our antibody requests were still denied. I met with two members of the committee.

But it was too late for antibodies.

On January 25th, they gave Dad a blood transfusion and that night, his body began attacking his platelets. By the 29th, his platelet count dropped to 8. On January 31st, his count increased to 30 and they began dialysis.

February 11th, his kidneys weren't producing much urine, platelets were close to 100, and he was still on the ventilator. By the 19th, his O2 levels improved, and he began responding to requests like moving his fingers or opening his eyes. This gave us hope.

February 24th, air escaped into his chest cavity. Going forward, he had many ups and downs but continued trending downward. He suffered infections, a GI bleed, a collapsed lung on March 9th, antibiotic resistance, and complete reliance on dialysis.

By March 26th, his heart had stopped twice, and he needed a heart catheter.

He died at 3:16am on April 7th.

I'll never understand why they denied him the antibodies, why they were so nasty and dismissive of our legitimate concerns, or why we weren't taken seriously until I contacted a state legislator and filed an ethics complaint. Was it because he was unvaccinated?