

On August 25, 2021, Raymond and I were both feeling sick. Our primary care office was locked down because of COVID, so we went to the emergency room. Raymond tested positive. His oxygen saturation was 93%, and records noted that he needed blood platelets. We were told he would have to go elsewhere to receive them. The ER also said they would make a referral for monoclonal antibodies, but that referral was never made.

We were sent home and told to return if his symptoms worsened.

On August 28, Raymond returned to the ER dehydrated, vomiting, and with diarrhea. He agreed to be admitted for three to five days. Instead, the doctor told me to go home, get his phone charger, and “kiss Raymond goodbye.” Records show he received MiraLAX, Colace, high doses of narcotics, and 200 mg of Remdesivir. He became hypotensive while waiting for transport and left the ER on four liters of oxygen with an oxygen saturation of 93%.

On August 29, an infectious disease doctor called me and said, “Your husband is going to die because he is unvaccinated. What did you expect?” Later, I found that Raymond had already received three doses of Remdesivir.

On August 30, records show Raymond developed a fever. His gown was removed, a fan was placed on him, the thermostat was lowered, and he was placed on BiPAP. That same morning, Raymond called me and left a message saying only, “NEED HELP.” Later, the nurse called me about his discharge and what equipment I might need at home.

On August 31, records show Raymond receiving Precedex, fentanyl, and propofol, while stating there were no open wounds.

On September 1, I was told Raymond had to be ventilated because of an emergency. Yet records show he had already been sedated the previous day – neither Raymond nor I ever consented to this. Anytime I called, I was told he was dying because he was unvaccinated.

On September 2, records instructed staff to call LifeShare if his condition changed.

On September 3, the hospital requested my consent for dialysis, and I gave it.

On September 17, I was told Raymond was dying. I negotiated my way onto the COVID floor, which had armed guards. I could barely recognize my husband. He was severely bloated, and fluid was dripping from his body onto the floor.

On September 20, the hospital requested consent to give Raymond blood platelets – the blood platelets he had needed back on August 25. He received it one day before he died.

On September 21, I was told Raymond would not survive the day. I was finally allowed to sit with him. Doctors repeatedly asked me to make him a DNR and donate his organs. I said no every time. Raymond died that day with me beside him. He was 58 years old.

After Raymond was taken to the crematorium, I received a call asking whether “they took something out of your husband.” I requested his medical records five times and was eventually told the remaining records were “garbage” and that I would have to pay for them.

When I finally received them, I found photographs of Raymond’s body and records documenting wounds and sores I had never been told about. One record stated that a spontaneous breathing trial could not be performed because he had an open wound in his abdomen. I also found a deleted portion indicating that organ donation personnel were contacted less than ten minutes later.

My husband was physically and chemically restrained. The last words I ever heard from him were, “NEED HELP.”

Raymond can no longer speak for himself. I can. I am asking Congress to seek the truth about what happened to my husband and the many other victims of these severely flawed hospital protocols.