The loss of my husband, Matthew L. Smith.Matthew, our son, and I got COVID in Nov, 2021. Our son came home sick November 5th, 2021. By Monday, we also felt unwell. On Monday, Nov. 8th, we all tested positive for COVID. Our doctor advised us to stay home and take over-the-counter meds. Things worsened.I monitored oxygen levels. By Sunday, Nov. 14th, his oxygen levels were only 67. Despite his denial of breathing difficulties, I insisted he go to the hospital. He agreed only if I could accompany him. We arrived at Evangelical Community Hospital, they refused my entry. They placed Matthew in a wheelchair & admitted him. I waited outside calling to check on him. He convinced me to go home & rest. He didn't want me to get worse. I called Mon. Morning still wasn't allowed in.He said he was doing ok . His 1 complaint was difficulty getting help. Tuesday, we spoke, & he said I could visit. I visited with him that day. He was alert, walking, talking, & eating. I went early Wed. morning, November 17th, for our granddaughter's birth. We sat together waiting, we got tpictures & video. He was excited & loved her already. He was on high Flo oxygen still he never needed intubation.

I left to let him rest. I said I'd return later the next morning so we could both rest a bit. He wanted to use the restroom before I left. I helped him there. I noticed his urine was almost brown.I told him I think something was wrong if it's that color.He said they were monitoring it. I helped him back to bed & left. On Thursday morning, November 18th, 2021, the doctor called & told me to come to the hospital.She said he's taken a turn for the worse. She said he. collapsed when he went to the restroom and his oxygen had come off.I asked how long he was there before they found him, I never got an answer.

I have no doubt he rang his call bell & no reply. He said they told him to ring it when he had to go. He had issues & when he had to go, He had to go now! He told me it was difficult to get someone to help him.That Wednesday evening he sent me a picture of himself with a CPAP mask on. He said he couldn't get anyone to come take it off. His dinner was cold & he was hungry.The next morning, I got a call that he took a turn for the worse. They said he collapsed & his oxygen came off, I asked how long he was there before they found him,I never got a straight answer.I got there, I was told to wait for a chaplain. I got to his floor, I wanted to see him, but was told I had to see the chaplain first. They asked me to have someone else come.My oldest daughter came. They said after he collapsed, he had gone into cardiac arrest 3 times, there was nothing more they could do. They took us to his room. When I stepped into the room, I saw his feet moving, that gave me hope. We stepped around the curtain & saw a machine making his body move. A woman stood at his head with a hand-held breathing tube pumping it. His chest looked like he had iron burns on it. They told my daughter & myself to let them stop, as there was nothing more they could do. We begged them to help. They stopped everything. My daughter, who had just delivered her baby the day before, was wheeled up, I called our son, i shut down.I couldn't think. I believe the meds were the cause.