My daughter Allison (Lakoskey) Thompson was born with muscular dystrophy. She had a tracheostomy and a gastrostomy tube.She also required 24/7 care. Despite her physical challenges, she loved her life deeply. She loved God, people, her home, music, movies and above all me her Mother. She used a ventilator at night to give her respiratory system a break. On August 10th Allison contacted Covid. She was taken to the hospital by ambulance. I was forbidden to ride with her. I sent a note with her that she was not to receive remdesivir. I only got to see her 3 times in 19 days. Due to a change they made in her trach she was unable to communicate at all. They told me I couldn't call every day. So instead they called me once a day to tell me how she was doing. In spite of Allisons nurses one had been with her for 20 years and one for 29 years they would not listen to nothing they had to say. I had to wait 8 days before I could see my daughter. They called me to come becuz they said she was turning grey and was probably going to die.When me and one of her care givers(Dawn) got there she was totally out of it. They pumped her full of Ativan, Fentanyl, Morphine, Clonazepam, and many other harmful drugs. Her feeding tube was turned off and I asked why. I was told that she couldn't tolerate it. I told them to hook it back up because with out it she would starve to death. We were escorted out of the hospital for asking too many questions. I begged them to give her Ivermectin and Hydroxychloroquine. I was told no that they weren't allowed. I wasn't allowed to see my daughter again until the 27th of August. I got a phone call saying she was dying again. We drove down there in a hurry. Again she was so drugged up. I begged them to let me stay with her being I was her legal guardian, her power of attorney, and above all her mother. I was told no and if i didn't follow hospital rules I would not be allowed to ever come back. I was devastated. From there on till the day she died they quite repositioning her, they put her on a schedule for suctioning. Every four hours they would suction her. Never ever had We done that. The final day they called and I got there long enough to hold my child in my arms, tell her how very much I loved her. Then she died in my arms. My daughter never ever hurt no one she was the kindest person in the world. As a matter of fact she couldn't even scratch her own nose, and they put restraints on her. My daughter went threw a terrible time there. She had never been alone without one of her care givers or me beside her. She had no one to communicate for her. She was cut off from all of us. What I live with today is the thought of her wondering where we were. Wondering why she was alone. It tears at me on a daily basis. Her medical records were read by a professional and i was told that if she would have gotten the right care. She would be here with me today. There's so much more to this story, but due to limited words I had to put it in a nut shell. I hope one day that I will be able to share the whole story with you. Thank you for all you are doing to help those who lost there loved ones. I know my life will never be the same!