

## MY HUSBAND & COVID

BY

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The day I dropped my husband off at the hospital, August 22<sup>nd</sup> at 11:50 pm was the worst day of my life...

August 19, 2020, I took my husband to get tested for COVID-19. In less than 10 hours his test was posted as positive. My heart seemed to stop. By the following Saturday, August 22, Gary was patting me on the back saying baby I need you to take me to the hospital. His breathing was getting worse by the minute.

By September 1<sup>st</sup> I received a call from the doctor and nurse stating that they were about to intubate my husband... and his last words to me were, "it's going to be ok baby... alright... it's going to be ok... I love you so much". I said Ok and I love him so much too... but I knew it wasn't going to be Ok. My husband died on September 15, 2020 at 9:05 pm.

After praying over him and begging GOD to save him. I realized that I needed to say everything I could say to him because he was not coming home. As I began to say everything on my heart, tears began to run from both of my eyes.

I saw him take his last 2 breathes and I felt his very last heartbeat. As he departed from this earth... I felt a piece of my heart rip from my chest.