

# Transcription

**Media File Name:** Yehuda Goldman Interview Excerpt.aac

**Media File ID:** 2985145

**Media Duration:** 5:52

**Order Number:** 2003195

**Date Ordered:** 2021-03-25



Transcription by Speechpad

[www.speechpad.com](http://www.speechpad.com)

Support questions: [support@speechpad.com](mailto:support@speechpad.com)

Sales questions: [sales@speechpad.com](mailto:sales@speechpad.com)

My sister's name is Paula [inaudible 00:00:02] Goldman and she was five years older than myself. She was 65, and lived in Florida in a small, little rural town in the middle of northern Florida. She was very careful. She wore gloves. She was always wearing a mask. She was very nervous about getting COVID and then she really tried to protect herself, but she was at her friend's playing cards, and the husband of her friend coughed or sneezed in her direction, and then just literally waved his hand, like, jokingly rushing the germs towards her and it freaked my sister out. I mean, literally she was like, "You've got to go wash your hands now. You're playing cards." She called me up that night literally upset and crying. Like, "I can't believe he'd do that. That was very irresponsible." I said, "Well, you know, I'm sure nothing has happened but, you know, just, you know, keep track of yourself and see what happens." About two days later she got a text from the wife of this guy and said he tested positive for COVID. You should go get tested. So my sister got tested and two days later came back she was positive herself. Meanwhile he's walking around the community pretty much asymptomatic and my sister immediately started to feel severe symptoms. She wasn't getting better. Her lungs were...it was all focused on her lungs 100%. Nothing else was impacted but her lungs were just getting deteriorated. She was...every day she just was losing and losing more oxygen.

In the meantime as all that's happening my communication with her is very hard because she's wearing this full face mask which is a BiPAP mask to be able to put pressure...help her pressure breathe, and, you know, I could barely hear her but I have to say that the nurses and the people around her were amazing about getting us, you know, connected whenever we can, but when she was in Jacksonville, she started to get less and less lucid and she was starting to...you know, it was clear that the end was coming so they arranged a Zoom call and it was the last time seeing her. She even joked, because I had my COVID beard at the time and I said, "Do you see my beard?" And she goes, "Oh, you look so pretty." And then we were just talking to the nurses about her, what we're gonna do and my sister literally raised her hand. She said, "Oh, I'm not gone yet." But she was, and that was the last time I spoke to her or saw her. I got a call from the doctor the next day. He said, "You know, chances are your sister is not gonna make the rest of the day." And I accepted that. I understood that and just kept dragging and dragging. Of course she was, you know, still hanging on, but at this point she was in palliative care. She wasn't doing anything other than just for pain, but she wasn't doing any protocols to help cure her because there was nothing at this point. And we got a call at December 14th at 10:00 in the morning that said my sister passed at 2:05. It was lonely. It was cold. It was December, and boy it was snowy and just, you know...you couldn't write this stuff anymore dismal as it was. And here she was all alone in this casket with the rabbi that we had hired because, you know, we had nobody there, and the guy is digging the grave, and the video crew and everybody else on Zoom

watching from afar, and that was...how bizarre it was and how sad and lonely. So I felt like my sister had gone through this whole thing alone, and she was being buried alone, not with her family, and that was very hard. None of this is normal. None of this is how life should be. She was 65. She was in good health. She had no health issues why this should've hit her so hard, but it did, and in a couple of weeks my sister was vibrant and then she wasn't.

You know, as far as my anger goes, I try not to go down that rabbit hole because I felt if I did, that would not be a good place for me to go, and I would not come out of it for a long time, and I try to stay away from it. I'm still dealing with it. I'm going to therapy. I'm trying to work through it, you know, as best I can, but I'm sure I still have a bit to go on that journey until I've dealt with that, but yeah. I probably skipped that part of my grieving process at some point.

We were close. My sister and I spoke almost everyday. She was alone down in Florida. We were very close always throughout our lives but since my mom passed, we became a little closer and we would speak more often than...it was just sort of inane conversation. "What are you doing?" "Oh, I'm going to the Dollar Store. I'm going to a Dunkin' Donuts. I'm getting a coffee." Just nothing significant, just sort of hanging out with each other. And I still have that muscle memory and that sort of that reflex when I get...you know, particularly with my work, she would always be so proud of some of the things I was doing. I would call her and, you know, after I've, you know, had a job or a gig or something and tell her and she would be, you know, very excited about that, and I would share that with her, and sort of still reach for my phone after something like that, and I have to realize that she's not there to answer. So that's still very fresh, and even though it's been a couple of months I'm still not quite over that.