

2/14/20

Objective: Finding out what will happen to me when I can no longer support myself either because I cannot make a living anymore or because my brain damage got worse and I can't take care of myself anymore. As of July I should be receiving \$235 social security. I can't live on that and food stamps.

My five days in the loony bin left a lasting impact.

On Sunday, 2/2/20 I was discharged. Since then I've been running, running, running ... It took over five hours to organize all the documents, to set up the Mohave Mental Health intake appointment for 2/4, to schedule a ride and I ended up submitting a complaint about KRMC and Southwest Behavioral to my insurer Care First on the phone because they don't do email / online complaints. The STRESS!

I can no longer sustain hours on the phone like that. The holds, the dropped calls, being transferred around. I was EXHAUSTED by 5 pm.

Then gone all day Tuesday for the Mohave Mental Health intake. I didn't have to drive, but again was so exhausted when I got home.

Wednesday I spent about 6 hours attempting to get my medical records and transcribing some of my loony bin notes. Phone calls, emails, forms to print, complete, scan, ... I'm still not sure that I'm going to get all my medical records. And it can take up to 30 days, unless I hire a lawyer to subpoena the records. I'm not up to representing myself in court at this time.

Since then I've been dealing with the vacation rental I manage, drove a friend to doctors, scheduled volunteers for my farm, helped a friend book a flight, every day, all day, so much to do and I NEVER get done.

I advised a client I've been consulting for about 15 years that I could no longer work for her. I need a break until at least October and I returned the \$200 she sent to me yesterday. I can't do it anymore.

It's incredibly hard to focus and while I CAN get work done as long as I'm not facing a hard deadline and running late, it takes longer and I forget much of what I did. And I get so easily sidetracked.

Even responding to emails is hard. Not only might I have to read what I'm responding to several times while I'm answering, but I have to proofread what I wrote and I still miss mistakes.

Multitasking is completely impossible.

I haven't even considered working on Mturk (computer tasks for slave wages). I can't memorize instructions for the various jobs and the prospect of rejections because I make mistakes is too stressful.

Everybody tells me that I need to slow down, and I agree, but who does the work when I don't do it?

Who pays my bills when I don't make money? Who gets me the medical care I NEED?

At North Country I was informed that there is no neurologist specializing in dementia / memory in Mohave County who accepts AHCCCS. I've contacted the Barrow Neurological Institute in Phoenix. They emailed me an intake package and I haven't even looked at it yet.

Are you familiar with Dr. Amen? <https://www.amenclinics.com/> THAT is how you make people WELL!

Create a healthy environment (organic food, water, clothes, furniture, etc.), plenty of sleep, NO stress, regular exercise and time outdoors, and the supplements and possibly pharmaceuticals as determined by tests. For a small fraction of the cost of institutionalization.

I also need to return a call to a law firm. I'd like to become a Kingman mental health / Alzheimer's advocate. I've learned about rights that people in Arizona mental health facilities are supposed to have. Nobody should ever be incarcerated in such horrific conditions.

I often think about the two patients who were in the loony bin for over a month. One was a drug addict, repeat patient, but the other seemed perfectly "normal" to me. He just didn't have any money and no family or friends to live with and he had a tough time making it in the corporate world. Staff mentioned a group home or some place where he could stay until he made enough money to support himself, but there was no specific date or facility.

Most inmates were drugged on lithium (I was the only one to refuse), with no treatment whatsoever, no window, no private phone calls, wrapped in blankets like in a refugee camp because I was so cold, having to watch where you walk in your socks (no shoes allowed) to avoid stepping into urine in hallways and feces in bathrooms that might not get cleaned for a day or longer. Dehumanizing.

I'm traumatized for life.

What will happen to me when I can't support myself anymore?

When I posted my DRAFT Suicide Petition in 2018 I expected that I wouldn't be in that situation for many years. I was concerned for others, now I'm fighting for my own life:

<https://forum.highdesertdirt.com/mohave/suicide-petition-let-doctors-assist-the-impooverished-and-ill/i-want-to-die-with-dignity-when-i-can-no-longer-support-myself/#p233>

Will I die like Joanne, eaten by my dogs and they'll die too before someone finds us?

Will I end up in a horrific place like the loony bin?

Can somebody please help me decide how to continue my life?

Should I stop stressing over money and default on my credit cards? But I still have to pay for my truck, insurance, utilities, internet, etc. etc. I'll probably be fine through summer, until the vacation rentals slow down. Unless an accident or further brain damage prevent me from properly attending to the rental.

But what about next winter? Or if I get locked up again in the loony bin?

My life was so good until 1/29/20. Everything was going so well. I had two volunteers, scheduled to stay until March, they did great work and were fun to host. We had so many plans, so much great energy. My life was destroyed by vile assholes who didn't bother to read my documents.

So this is NOT a rhetorical question:

What will happen to me when I can't support myself anymore?

I'll greatly appreciate a WRITTEN response from a person with a name and title to post at my sites and to provide to legislators.

Thank you, Christine Baker