

This is our third trip to Columbus to speak on behalf our sister, Cindy Fox. For myself and my brother Les, it's a six-hour round trip from Louisville, Kentucky, a little over 400 miles total. The other two days have been extremely long ones here in Columbus. To now be told that we're given three minutes to testify on our sister's behalf doesn't seem just, to say the least.

As a result of a birth injury, Cindy is severely handicapped. She can't walk, can't talk, is incontinent and is on tube feedings. She requires skilled nursing. Our mother, Shirley Fox, raised Cindy, in addition to her other children, at home, on top of being a full-time janitor at our high school. She's the one that didn't have three minutes to spare.

Our mother passed away eight years ago and near the end of her life brought in home health workers to help care for Cindy; to bathe her, feed her, change her diapers, with our mother always at the ready to tell the caregivers what they were doing wrong.

After our mother died Cindy's care deteriorated under the home health that had been set up, what you're proposing we go back to. She suffered a spiral fracture of her femur in a bed-to-wheelchair transfer. Cindy carries a titanium rod in her femur from that incident. Her weight dropped down to 38 pounds before we moved her to her current home, Brookside, in Mason,

Ohio. Here's your testimony in three minutes, these photos. She was 38 here, 38 years old and 38 pounds.

We'd drop in randomly to visit Cindy and found workers asleep, with unapproved visitors at the house and even beer cans on the kitchen table.

Here she is now, at almost 90 pounds and happy at Brookside. She's made a life there with a staff that cares for her and about her. We drop in randomly there, too, and we've only been let down when we find they've taken Cindy out somewhere and we didn't get to see her.

I'll wrap this up with what both Cindy and we have, and that's peace of mind at her ICF.

Cindy has a hiatal hernia and some erosion at the base of her esophagus that has to be checked on yearly. This means a trip to the hospital where they put her under sedation and do an endoscopic procedure. Our sister, Desiree, is Cindy's guardian, and as such she needs to be there for these procedures. It was my turn to sit with Desiree.

Brookside delivers Cindy to the hospital in their van, with one of her nurses, with Cindy in her pink Cadillac, her wheelchair. She thinks there's a party going on, my brother and sister are here. However the party quickly

ends when they place the IV for sedation into her forearm.

Fifty minutes later they tell us she's fine and we can see her in recovery. We go back to see her and she's groggy, still in and out of sleep. Cindy then has a bowel movement. Again, she's 43. The nurses at the hospital don't change her, we don't change her, it's the Brookside professional, Cindy's nurse that steps up and works with her, with dignity. That's our peace of mind that Brookside has given us, given to Cindy and her family.

Our sister requires at different times throughout the day a nurse, a social worker, a physical therapist, a nutritionist, in addition to a housekeeper and even a doctor, or you could simply clone our mother, but she has these at Brookside, so why would we consider going back to where she was? We ask that you give careful consideration to any changes in the current ICF system.

I can answer any other questions that you have.