

## **#1. Cindy's timeline:**

Cindy was born at Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati on September 6, 1971 with an unrecognized nuchal cord. She was without oxygen for an extended period of time and this severely injured her both mentally and physically.

She's the youngest of five, our baby sister. She was a beautiful baby, with thick curly dark brown hair. We gave her nicknames like Cindy Lou, Cindy Cub, Cub Child. She was loved and she was a joy.

We were told that Cindy wouldn't live to her first birthday. That's the first of many times that she's proven the so-called experts wrong.

She was taken to Sunday School, to her siblings' ballgames. She loved chocolate milkshakes from United Dairy Farmers. We took her on walks in her wheelchair around our small town.

When our brother Willie got married, the bride and groom visited Cindy after the wedding and before they came to the reception. She was and still is a big part of our family.

As a result of her birth injuries Cindy can do none of the following:

She can't bathe herself, feed herself, talk or walk. She's profoundly retarded, with the mental acuity of a two-year old.

Cindy is incontinent and on a feeding tube. She's prone to bedsores and to respiratory illnesses.

Cindy asked for none of this, this is the hand that was dealt to her, but she's been a fighter the whole time. There's been countless times that she not only could have died but more than once she should have died.

Our mother, Shirley Fox, devoted her life to caring for our sister for the first 36 years of Cindy's life. She kept Cindy at home and raised her as normally as she could, at home with her.

Cindy was fed by our mother 3 times a day, 365 days a year. There were no vacations, no days off. There was no highchair to put Cindy in; she can't hold her head up. She laid on our mom's lap and was fed. Cindy often aspirated on her food and she often threw up. Going to a restaurant or taking Cindy shopping was hard, there were constant stares, but she was there.

By the way, our mother worked full time as a janitor at our high school in addition to the full-time job of taking care of Cindy.

It was our mom's wish that Cindy not be institutionalized, and once our mother passed away in 2007 we had home health care workers for Cindy, which proved disastrous. More than a few times one of us would come to the house we were raised in to find a worker asleep on the couch, with Cindy alone in her bed needing to be fed and/or her diaper changed. She wasn't bathed as often as she needed to be. Cindy was regularly in and out of the hospital.

In approximately 2008 Cindy suffered a spiral fracture of her femur when a home health care worker put Cindy in her special wheelchair and accidentally broke her leg. No one harbors ill will towards this worker, but the issue was it was undiscovered for approximately two weeks. Our brother Willie dropped in to visit Cindy and instantly knew that something was wrong. Cindy's eyes told him all he needed to know; I'm hurting, I need help.

Additionally Cindy's weight dropped and dropped after our mother passed away. By the time we reached the conclusion that Cindy living in a home environment was going to lead to her death her weight was down to 38 pounds. Think about that, 38 years old and 38 pounds is all she weighed. It was either let Cindy die at that point or find another home for her.

Cindy beat the odds again when we found a Godsend at Cindy's current home, Brookside. Cindy has resided at Brookside Extended Care – Home in Mason, Ohio, where

she's done exceedingly well over the past six years. Brookside even brings Cindy to us via their special van for family outings, Cindy's birthday and on Christmas.

Currently Cindy weighs almost 90 pounds. She's doubled her body weigh from when she arrived. There have been no bedsores; there have been no falls.

Has Cindy gotten ill? Yes, but that's to be expected in her condition, but she's taken care of by nurses and staff that are on top of things. Her teeth are treated; issues with swallowing are taken care of and she's fed and safe.

Also, we can visit her any time we want. Our children, Cindy's nieces and nephews, can visit with her. Bottom line is she's happy and she's healthy.

Again, our sister didn't go to prom. Cindy's never driven a car or ridden a bike. She can't go to the woods or read a book. That's the hand she was dealt. Doing away Brookside would be another cruel hand and one that will not play out well, we've been down that road already.