

JoAnn Bartels
House Families, Aging, and Human Services Committee
Substitute Senate Bill 58 – Proponent Testimony
October 28, 2021

Madam Chair and members of the House Families, Aging, and Human Services Committee. My name is JoAnn Bartels and I would like to provide details related to Substitute Senate Bill 58, which I support. The below occurred over a three year period.

I was living at home and I fell and fractured my pelvis on both sides and tore the muscles from the bone of my right hip to my knee. (This shows the seriousness of my injury). I waited a few days before going to Ft. Hamilton Hospital because I thought I was just bruised. No surgery was done and I was sent to rehab at Jamestown in Hamilton, OH. After I completed rehab, I was sent home.

Shortly after returning home, I fell again. I went back to Ft. Hamilton Hospital and while at Ft. Hamilton I had tests run showing that my heart was perfectly normal. I was transferred again to Jamestown in Hamilton, OH for rehab. At Jamestown I was not able to walk. The aid, whose name was Dana, and who was caring for me was obviously sick—she was coughing a lot. I questioned her about being contagious and she stated that she was on several different kinds of antibiotics because they couldn't figure out what was wrong with her.

Director of Nursing sent out an email saying that no aids could care for me, just the nurses. This caused a problem with the aids. I had made friends with some of the aids. It was just one aide I didn't want caring for me because she was sick. When the aids found out the Director of Nursing sent out the email, the Director wanted to know who told them that she sent out the email.

Shortly thereafter, I got sick with pneumonia. I was not sick before I was admitted to Jamestown. The doctor was called and refused to see me and told me to cough it up. He would not give me any medicine even though I was spitting up green mucus. My daughter even questioned it and asked for the doctor to be called. Finally, 3 nurses decided they were going to save me and gave me nitro and called an ambulance that took me back to Ft. Hamilton Hospital. I was there for a while with pneumonia. The doctors at Ft. Hamilton told me I now had an enlarged heart. So the pneumonia at Jamestown caused me to have an enlarged heart. I was released from Ft. Hamilton and sent back home for a while. I felt sick and went back to the hospital and was diagnosed with congestive heart failure. I ended up with AFib congestive heart failure due to the enlarged heart.

I was sent to Doverwood. I had to be lifted with a hooyer lift. I could not lift myself. Doverwood looked good, nice place. They put me in long term care. It was very small and they couldn't put a wheelchair in between the beds. I was transferred to my own room which was bigger, but had very poor ventilation. The rooms and hallways had carpet in them and were not clean and never vacuumed. The aids would come in and say they would help me and say they would be right back, but they never returned. Sometimes I would get a different aid; sometimes they'd be too busy. The aids were not using appropriate hygiene. They carried bacteria from other people into my room. I had to go to the hospital

because I was so ill. The bacteria contracted I will carry in my system forever and it could flare up at any time and I could get very sick. I was supposed to get shots in my stomach to prevent from getting blood clots. I was supposed to get them every morning and I did for a while, but then a nurse changed the time of my shot from morning to evening because she worked the evening shift. She said she was going to take care of me. That's what she told me which I thought she meant well. She treated me like she liked me—not so. She did it so she could hurt me without anyone around. She would fill the hypodermic needle and then spray it on the floor or on me and only leave a little in there. And when I said something she said, "I know what I'm doing". Then she would put the needle in my stomach and wiggle it around in circles asking me if it hurt. I said, "Of course it hurts", and she replied, "Good". My stomach turned black. She would pretend to like me in front of other people, discussing her grandkids and pet pig. An aid came in and saw what was happening. The nurse documented that she gave me a bath and no one did. They had to use a Hoyer lift to lift me and take me to another room to bathe me and that never happened. It would take two people and she claimed she did it by herself. She told me the other nurses annoy her. She took care of me herself. I was helpless. I was afraid of her. My family was not allowed in there. If there was a camera in there, my family would have seen her doing this to me. I kept asking for a bath. When the nurse practitioner and another person came in, I told her part of what was happening. She wouldn't listen to it all. She said they were going to get the director of nursing, but never came back. Because I was ignored, it made it much easier for Michelle to abuse me. I mean, who could I tell? If the nurse practitioner wouldn't believe me, who could I tell? The aids saw my stomach. I wasn't getting the medicine I needed because it was on the floor. I felt a bubble going through my chest and I laid there waiting to die. I always heard a bubble would burst your heart. I could not fight her off or get away from her.

At Eastgate Springs, Mikia was the aid. When that aid took another patient into the bathroom I could hear her saying, "Don't do that, it hurts". My daughters noticed a difference in me. I wouldn't talk and was very confused. My daughters insisted they take me to the Anderson Mercy Hospital. At the hospital, the doctor told me that I was suffering from severe malnutrition and he was very concerned. It had been happening for a while. He said that he was going to turn it in.

I have a blood clot from my hip to my knee on my left side, probably as a result from not getting the medicine from the nurse who was shooting it on the floor. I was told it would probably not ever disintegrate, it might get smaller, but it might not ever completely go away. A piece also could break away and kill me.

At Landing of Long Cove my insurance did not cover and it cost me \$7,000 per month. Patients there were over drugged—they just stared into space. I was supposed to be checked on every 2 hours, but that did not happen. When an aid heard that JoAnn was complaining about it, the aid came in and jerked my bed. The man in the next room fell out of bed and broke his neck. He said he will be in a wheel chair for the rest of his life. I needed to be lifted with a Hoyer Lift to get out of bed. Instead, they either put a brief on me or I had to use a bed pan. One time when the life squad came to get me, the medic would not come into my room because one of the patients in the hallway was threatening them.

Nancy Taylor—JoAnn Bartel's Sister

My sister lives in Tennessee. She had surgery at Vanderbilt Hospital. After surgery she was sent to The Waters of Winchester Rehabilitation and Skilled Nursing, in Winchester, TN. My sister suffered severe neglect. She missed 2 doctors' appointments. There was an infection where the staples were. The

nurses there ended up pulling out them out instead of the doctor. She lost 75 lbs. because she couldn't eat the food. It would make her sick. She was over drugged. She was supposed to have a private room, but didn't. When I called her, the TV was so loud she had to cover her head so she could hear me. She was only out of bed 2 times. The nurses said they were not supposed to get her out of the bed. The nursing home did not want the hospital to see how bad she was. My niece brought food that her mother would like and put it in the refrigerator in her room. However, my sister couldn't get reach the refrigerator to get it out. She had a lot of bed sores; some as big as a baseball. My niece went in and found her mother unkempt and incoherent because she was so drugged. She took her out of the nursing home and took her to the hospital and they said the infection had gone to her brain. She died shortly thereafter. If there had been a camera this would never have happened.

There needs to be better background checks. No one should be able to work as a care taker who has been convicted in court of abuse of a corpse and theft by deception.

Thank you for reading my proponent testimony. I appreciate the committee's time and ask you to support and strengthen Substitute Senate Bill 58.

JoAnn Bartels
Age 81 years
Widow
Legally Blind