

January 7, 2022

The day of December 19, 2021 would forever change my life. The way I look at how the world works, will never make sense to me again. The people that are in charge to care, protect, advocate, guide and love the elderly are useless.

On December 19, 2021 I had this strong feeling that I had to go and see my mother at the nursing home she was placed in seven weeks prior. She was over three hundred miles away from me at a nursing home in Minneapolis, MN called Victory Health & Rehab. This was not our choice, after being in the hospital for three weeks waiting for an open bed at a long-term facility, after having a seizure. Sunlight Services in St. Paul, MN said they could no longer take care of her. Her Dementia had progressed to much for them to handle.

I had a plan to get her into a facility for weeks closer to me in Northern MN, but because she did not want the vaccine, nobody would take her. I moved to Northern MN for a new job after leaving Regions Hospital of twenty years to be a Certified Nursing Assistant. I took a huge pay cut and got a job at the VA. This I felt was the only way I could start to make a difference in the lives of the elderly.

I drove three in a half hours from my house in Northern MN to the nursing home, I called before I left to make sure it was okay to visit her. When I arrived at the facility, nobody was at the entrance to screen me for Covid-19 symptoms, per the protocol. It was a self-serve check in. Masks were not made available, nor a face shield.

I went to the nurse's station and saw a lot of people standing around doing nothing. I asked where my mother's room was and they pointed down the hallway on the first floor. I walked down the hallway to her room that was shared with another resident. I saw my mother lying on a single mattress the bed was very close to the floor. Another mattress was right next to the bed. This must have been there to prevent her from "slipping" out of bed. I got a phone call on 12-11-21 that she slipped out of bed and had some bruises. I asked for pictures to be sent to me but nobody responded to my request. I got the run around.

I was torn in half at what I saw, my mother was lying on the bed in the fetal position gasping for air. When I bent down to the bed to let her know that I was here she tried to hit me. She was very hard of hearing. I rubbed her back to give her comfort, maybe knowing the touch of my hand rubbing her back might elicit a response. All I felt were her bones protruding from her skin, when I pulled back the single sheet that was covering her, her feet were purple, her toenails were curling over her toes, she was head to toe in bruises, she had a nightgown that had dried BM on it. She had white splotches all over her body, the sheet she was lying on had dried urine.

I felt like someone hit me in the stomach with a sledge hammer.

I went to the nurse's station and asked for a manager or supervisor, I was told that they don't have one on the weekend. I said then I would like to speak with the charge nurse or the director of nursing. They didn't have one. I got the first person that would make eye contact with me, his name was Peter. I told him to come with me to my mom's room.

When we got there, I asked him how long my mother has been like this, he had no idea. I said she is dying and was he going to call 911 or should I. It was then that he told me that her roommate has Covid-

19. I said you left my mother in a room with someone that has covid, Peter went and got a rapid covid test and found out my mom had covid.

I called 911 but I didn't know the address so I gave the phone to Peter who stayed on the phone with the operator until EMS arrived. The door to the shared room was wide open and people were starting to gather around my mom's room.

EMS & the fire department showed up and asked a bunch of questions that I did not have the answers for because I didn't know she was in this bad of shape. I had not seen my mom since December 8, 2021 when we had a video visit and she looked okay. On the video chat she told me she was hit and being pushed around but Alex Knight the then director said my mom was lying.

EMS did not get her blood pressure and I don't remember her O2 number, her temperature was 38 degrees. They could not believe the condition of her body.

My mom was brought to the emergency room at MN Fairview in Minneapolis, MN where I could not go in and be with her because of Covid. My mother was dying and I could not be with her. Sarah Winterfield a traveling nurse called my cell phone and I was granted permission to be with her.

I went to the pod my mother was in and saw four nurses trying to get blood from her. I was told they had been unsuccessful because she was so dehydrated. They tried warm pack on her arms, did an ultra sound on her arm to try and find a healthy vein to no avail. The nurse Sarah showed me things that I probably had not seen at the nursing home.

My mom had bruises all over her body, her hair was falling out, she had an old bruise below her left eye, she was dehydrated and malnourished. Her body was riddled with mottling. She had a white gauze that was covering her left arm, when Sarah took back the gauze a huge 3 ½ skin tear was on her arm. She had a severe bladder infection and the few teeth that she had left in her mouth were brown.

While in the ER pod with my mother she became fully alert three times. I was able to tell her that I loved her, that she didn't need to fight any more, and that her sisters, her mother and her niece are waiting for her in heaven. I told her she was dying and she asked me why. I told her because there are evil people in this world and I will get justice for you.

My mom was admitted to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor of the hospital. I could not stay in the room with my mother and watch her die. I am also a certified nursing assistant and didn't want to take a chance of getting Covid and not being able to work for two weeks. The hospital put me up in a nice hotel and I went to my room and prayed to God to just let her go. I got a phone call at 1:07 am that my mother died after they tried repositing her.

The following week I was not contacted by anyone. I filled out the consent form to get my mother's medical records, filled out the paperwork for an autopsy, which a doctor did approve from the trauma on my mother's body. I was never told by anyone at MN Fairview that when a person dies you can't get the medical records because of HIPAA laws

I had my appointment with the cremation society of MN on 12-24-21 who informed me that no autopsy was done on my mother.

I was told by MN Fairview that they don't do autopsies on people who have covid and I would have to pay out of pocket for a forensic autopsy to be done on my mother to rule the cause of death. I wanted to know if she died from malnutrition, dehydration, the neglect, abuse or Covid-19.

Midwest Medical Examiner's Office could not do the autopsy because this happened in Hennepin County. I am unable to get an autopsy the Hennepin County Medical Examiner Dr. Sarah Meyers would not grant an autopsy because of not enough evidence of abuse done to my mom. Michael Burakowski emailed me this information. As of this letter the doctor has not signed off on the cause of death.

The Minnesota Department of Health came to the nursing home on 12-23-21 to start the investigation but only after getting help from Senator Michelle Benson, who has stopped helping me with no explanation of why.

I am trying to get a lawyer to get justice for my mom but I can without medical records, a death certificate, or the ruling on the two reports filled with the Minnesota Department of Health.

I lost my mom to neglect, abuse, starvation, and lack of care. She was 74 years old, a nurse for 30 years and was very good to the people she took care of. She landed in a nursing home six years ago from depression taking the best part of her, her drinking became unbearable, she developed White Matter Brain Disease and thus I became her caregiver.

She was my best friend, she is the reason that I am the woman I am today.

People keep telling me remember the good times, I don't have any with her. Watching your mother endure severe depression, isolation, lack of nutritious food, and lack of companionship is all I can remember.

Fighting for her rights to make choices for herself, preventing her from becoming homeless, protecting her from those that thought they could take her money, advocating for her not to get abused or neglected. Those six years consumed my life, those six years taught me so much. That we live in a world where when you reach a certain age you have no voice, you don't matter, you are a number to those with the power to take everything from you.

It took seven weeks for Victory health & Rehab to rob me of my best friend. They took her will to live, the suffocated her of her livelihood, she had no voice, she had no say in her care. She felt like a prisoner even though she wasn't in prison.

Why was this facility still open Medicare said they have had 181 complaints in three years?

The MN Department of Health said this facility has had over 50 complaints in three years but not one single complaint in 2021.

I trusted that she was being taken care of.

I hope you can help me in getting justice for my mother. If things don't change many others will be losing their loved ones to this epidemic.

Sincerely,

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