

# The LPS ("Mental Health") \$Malpractice\$ Complex

LPS: Lanterman-Petris-Short Act)

## "What \*is\* Mental Health?"

This problem underlying this suit I expect is probably complex and has been the subject of at least 3 Grand Jury Reports I've read on it so far. Indeed, I wish to express my gratitude to them for it (you'll find it at the end of all these pages along with excerpt's from it). If it hadn't been for those reports I would have completely given up. I also wish to express my gratitude to the two brave officers who on the night of May 17, 2006 responded to the only 911 call I've ever made in my life (happily, a false alarm). They have nothing whatever to do with *any* of this. And given me an appreciation for the complexity of police work.

I'm titling it "*The LPS ("Mental Health") \$Malpractice\$ Complex*" because I don't know what else to call it in any other way that's more effective. Or why no one's been able to figure out what the problem is and been able to solve it. Anyway, I hope this suit will help shed some light on the problem. Which may well be intractable because of the vested interests behind it. Constantly trying to convince everyone of a "shortage of beds". RICO comes to mind. But I don't have the abilities or time research it. And must quickly file what I have thus far. As memories fade and statutes of limitations rapidly accrue on me. Including a deadline of this March 28.

It's possible that the entire list of defendants could well include entities unknown to me at the moment (for which the I'm hoping the Court may be of possible assistance in identifying).

This should be a class action suit. But it may well neigh be impossible to do. Because of the way victims are made fearful (e.g. seeing their names on forms that say "ACUTE PSYCHIATRIC SERVICES" in bold letters on the top of them). And because of the complex privacy issues involved (which are also involved in this suit that I hope the Court will appreciate). Involving "PHI": Protected Health Information. It has a very important purpose. But it can also cover up all sorts of abuses of a defenseless, vulnerable and misdiagnosed population. For whom it is almost impossible to seek redress. Only making them further mentally ill from it all. Particularly those who know what mental health is all about. And despair for those who have been exploited and deceived into believing in their misdiagnoses. After all, their 'doctors' have told them this.

Anyway, why it (probably) has never been (or can be) a class action suit is also part of the egregious nature of it. And indicative of how intractable the problem is. Stated succinctly by the Grand Jury as

**"a problem discharging patients to appropriate levels of care"**

(a euphemism for an LPS misdiagnosis)

It's been exhausting trying to research how to file this kind of suit. For instance, the latest one is "*which Court? .. and how?*" to petition for relief from a late claim. Of course a "pro se" will be late. Especially someone who's been through what I have. I simply want my "day in court". To have my issue(s) heard. And feel that my case has been fairly considered. And have all my questions answered. Fully and Honestly. This is everything. Comparatively, the verdict is of little consequence to me at the moment. Even though I need the money desperately (yes, I confess, I've become rather ill from it all). Anyway, this suit is my therapy.

I may even have some Errors in it from all those unanswered questions. I'm always working on that "get it right" thing. I have a phrase, it's called "check it out". Frankness, that "cut to the chase" thing, means a lot to me: *\*effective communication\**. Sparing me from wasting my time on those "wild goose chases" (I'm sure the Court appreciates the concept also).

Anyway, I hope the issues I raise will create some interest. And have tried to write it in a way that will maintain the reader's interest. I prefer writing Humor. Smiles are everything for me. Indeed, we need to live in a healthier world. For *\*everyone\**. Having said that, I now present to the Court and the world my case. That has consumed most all of my thoughts for the last two years of my life. Simply having gotten it all down on paper is a relief in itself.

"What \*is\* Mental Health?" anyway?

Thank you.

# An LPS (Lanterman-Petris-Short) diagnosis.

Gravely disabled or dangerous to oneself or others *due to a mental disorder*.  
And that and that only.

Albert Quintero (our CDPH District Manager here) knew it.

If they're not dangerous to themselves or others because of it, you can't lock up someone in a mental hospital for simply suffering from a mental disorder. They can be as delusional and as scared as they wish. Justifiably or not.

And as paranoid and schizophrenic and mentally ill as they please. Or just plain crazy. You can't lock them up in a mental hospital because of it. It's a violation of the law, the Lanterman-Petris-Short Act itself. Which has very strict criteria.

You can only lock someone up in a mental hospital who's gravely disabled or a danger to themselves or others. And then only if it is *due to a mental disorder*. It's a very strict criteria.

This can become a problem if the person making the diagnosis themselves is confused or also suffers from a mental disorder. Of which the list is quite extensive.

Paranoia for example. Or other forms of mental illness. Financial stresses perhaps. Or others. Impairing their judgment. And altering it. If not intentional, the incompetence or impairment may be learned in some fashion. Indeed, I've found most people who are mentally healthy tend to be well-intentioned (even the impaired and incompetent ones).

And concerned about losing their job when it becomes an issue. Which can easily become the priority. Over all the rest. Including their own good judgment, intentions, competence or impairment.

How can you diagnose someone if you never talk to them anyway?  
Or give them time to explain themselves? Or "jump to conclusions".

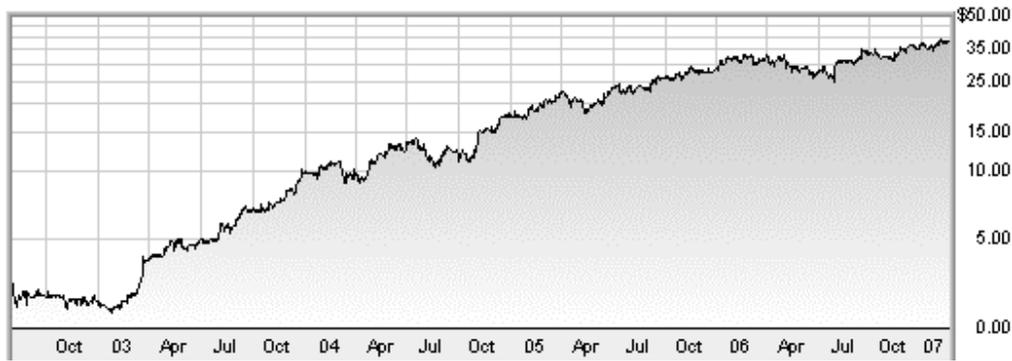
If they're dangerous to others not due to a mental disorder they're locked up somewhere else.

And you can't lock people up in a mental hospital who are simply dangerous to themselves either. Mountain climbers, skydivers, daredevils, bungee jumping or whatever other forms of insane private risktaking they may care to indulge themselves in. It's a misdiagnosis.

An LPS misdiagnosis. That's malpractice. And it's serious. A lawsuit.

And the only way to insure accountability.

# The LPS ("Mental Health") \$Malpractice\$ Complex



**\$ Billions and billions of dollars \$** (nationally)  
It just keeps going up. And up. And up.. From 'zero'.

EPS triage into psychiatric hospitals has skyrocketed from 5% in 2002 to 25% in 2007.  
Quintupling, in as many years.

There's only *\*one\** word in that first Grand Jury Report (2002) in boldface and italics:  
***"NO*** public patients" It *"says it all"*.

**"does not provide an adequate number of acute psychiatric care beds to properly serve its populace"**  
*"Send more money!"* the administrators beseech.

The second Grand Jury Report (2003) simply stated the obvious of what the first could not:

"It was found that there was no lack of beds but.."

***"..a problem of discharging patients to appropriate levels of care."***

It's called a **misdiagnosis**.

(A Lanterman-Petris-Short misdiagnosis -- that's malpractice)

*"Send more money!"* the administrators beseech again. And it was:

**"This problem has been resolved with a budget increase to the Department of Mental Health."**

No, the problem (*misdiagnoses*) still exists. And always will. Because:  
in order for the profits to continue to soar, **the beds must remain full.**

## **Money isn't the problem. Money IS the problem**

**Thousands of dollars a day for every head they hold.**

Then why is it still going on? \$ *"follow the money"* \$

The third Grand Jury Report (2005) did. Commenting:

"Is the incarceration of people on the margin of society and the investment in custodial healthcare the most effective way to improve their situation?"

***"..a problem of discharging patients to appropriate levels of care."***

Why are they in there to begin with?  
The confidential application forms are never questioned.  
(if a 'patient' does, it's 'schizophrenia' or something)

A message that's there when you need it:  
**"POLICE MISCONDUCT MAY BE UNDERREPORTED"**  
*Hooray for the Grand Jury!*

Where are the patient's advocates? +: "We can't help you" **Why?**

"What *\*is\** Mental Health?"

# Attachment 5

## **List of Defendants** (summary) The LPS ("Mental Health") \$Malpractice\$ Complex

**Any officer** (or anyone else) **falsifying a 5150 application form** (exemplified by):

**The City of San Jose** by Officer #2611 (and others unknown) of **SJPD** on May 23, 2007

*also* **The City Attorney** (I'd like to talk to him regarding his response to my suit)  
200 E. Santa Clara St., San Jose, CA. 95113-1905 Telephone: (408) 535-1900

**The County Mental Health System** (exemplified by):

**The County of Santa Clara** May 18-19, 2006 & May 23-24, 2007  
Santa Clara Valley Medical Center, EPS -- (staff members and doctors unknown),

**Psychiatric Solutions, Inc. (PSI)**, May 19 - 22, 2006  
Fremont Hospital, Dr. Sastry (and persons and doctors unknown)

**El Camino Hospital** May 24 - 31, 2007  
Dr. Jennifer Zumarraga, Dr. Shahab Roohparvar (I appreciate knowing who they are)

**Related parties:**

**AMR** (American Medical Response) May 19, 2006 & May 24, 2007  
(identity of the 4 paramedics unknown)

**Quest Diagnostics** May 22-25, 2006 -- other dates are possibilities,  
but I won't know until they send me a copy of my secret medical records they have that I've requested.  
(responsible party unknown but their Sacramento lab director Dr. Gerald Simon might)  
**And the possible contest of a state statute (1288) that may violate federal HIPAA.**

**Failing Regulatory Bodies:**

**The State of California** "Officer(s) John Doe"  
(as yet I've been unable to identify the names of their enforcement officers)

California Department of Public Health CDPH (formerly CDHS):  
Department of Mental Health

**The County of Santa Clara**  
Santa Clara County Department of Mental Health

**The Joint Commission** (national hospital accreditation, parties unknown at the moment)

**The Law Foundation: MHAP and PILF** (I should probably include the Bar Association itself also)  
**MHAP:** Mental Health Advocacy Project; **PILF:** Public Interest Law Firm

**The Insurance Industry** (parties unknown at the moment) exemplified by:  
**Blue Cross of California, PacifiCare**

**Unknown ("John Doe") Regulatory Bodies**

(I can't name them yet because I don't know who they are or if they're liable and haven't had time to research it)  
Possibilities: Agencies regulating Quest, AMR, The Law Foundation, the Joint Commission, etc.

# Failing Regulatory Bodies

## The State of California

California Rules of Court § 44.5(a) - Requires service on the AG when a statute's constitutionality is questioned and when suit is brought against, or on behalf of, the state or a county, or when a state officer is sued in his/her official capacity.

Office of the Attorney General, 1300 "I" Street, P.O. Box 944255, Sacramento, CA 94244-2550, Phone: (916) 445-9555  
 (Office of the Attorney General, 455 Golden Gate, Suite 11000, San Francisco, CA 94102-7004, Phone: (415) 703-5500)  
 (Office of the Attorney General, 1515 Clay Street, P.O. Box 70550, Oakland, CA 94612-0550, Phone: (510) 622-2100)

The officer(s) name(s) in this case are "John Doe".

### Department of Mental Health,

1600 9th Street, Rm. 151, Sacramento, CA 95814 (916)737-7104

**"dereliction of duty" "failure to inspect" "licensing and certification malpractice" "ignoring Grand Jury Reports"**  
 Enforcement officer(s) unknown at the moment. I did try calling them. But was told they only oversee state hospitals (I assumed that meant public, not private, ones).

(also noteworthy: while at Fremont Hospital I was never given copies of the of the documents I signed one of which I discovered recently in my medical records with their address above)

### California Department of Public Health

(CDPH. hospital licensing and certification, formerly CDHS)

San Jose District Office, 100 Paseo de San Antonio, Suite 235, San Jose, CA 95113  
 District Manager: Albert Quintero, Phone: (408) 277-1784

Sacramento address unknown.

**"dereliction of duty" "failure to inspect" "licensing and certification malpractice" "ignoring Grand Jury Reports"**  
 I've been unable to identify any officer whatever in their local or state office, so far, enforcing the law. Or find out when the last EPS inspection was (if ever). I can't even find out if anyone still knows if that \$50,000 overstay fine still exists. And if it did who would enforce it. I'd like to know if the State of California has collected that \$100,000 on me. And if they haven't, why.

## The County of Santa Clara

### Santa Clara County Department of Mental Health

Santa Clara County Mental Health Department, 828 South Bascom Ave., Suite 200, San Jose, CA 95128

*I'm naming it because the 2003 Grand Jury Report states: "It was found that there was no lack of beds but a problem of discharging patients to appropriate levels of care. This problem has been resolved with a budget increase to the Department of Mental Health." It hasn't.*

**"breach of duty" "failure to inspect" "ignoring Grand Jury Reports"** (responsible parties unknown at the moment)  
 but I see Nancy Peña's name on that Grand Jury Report and think she might still be the present Director of it.  
 Nancy Peña, Ph.D., Director

## The Joint Commission

(national hospital accreditation)

The Joint Commission, One Renaissance Blvd., Oakbrook Terrace, IL 60181

With their "gold seal of approval" on it all. After several Grand Jury Investigations. I'd call it  
**"accreditation malpractice" "failure to inspect" "breach of duty"**

**The Law Foundation: MHAP and PILF**  
 (MHAP: Mental Health Advocacy Project, PILF: Public Interest Law Firm)  
 111 West Saint John St. Ste 315  
 San Jose, Ca 95113  
 (408) 280-2419

## **I'm suing the Law Foundation to be true to its words. And its Charter.**

I have some questions about the Law Foundation itself. And as to whether its functioning effectively (if at all). I'm starting to wonder if there's anyone there who understands the issue. Or knows anything about the Grand Jury Investigations. And as to whether the incompetence is intentional. Or if anyone there really cares. Maybe a competent lawsuit from them putting a stop to it all might put the Law Foundation of business or something. I don't understand any of it. I'd like to interview them all. Starting with Jim Bower himself. And offered to come in and volunteer. I have some concerns from a telephone conversation with one of their senior advocates. In spite of MHAP's Directing Attorney's assurances (I appreciated the return call).

Where's the "heavy artillery"? -- PILF. This should be "class action".  
 Why do I find them running for the "tall grass" when I try to explain it to them?

Perhaps a year ago I walked into their office personally and registered. And tried to explain as best I could to the helpful intake young woman what this was all about. Actually, I'm starting to wonder if anyone there "gets it". Or why they don't have an LPS malpractice lawyer on staff. This would solve the problem in one quick hurry.

Last summer I called MHAP while I was at El Camino Hospital in hopes of them helping me get out. A woman showed up who chatted amicably with me for a few minutes. And left. Never to be seen again.

## **"We can't help you"**

I tried asking for "Just a few minutes (of legal advice) every week?" Not even that. I wasn't able to explain it to anyone at the Law Foundation. No, I didn't get physically hurt.

I should have replied:

*"But officer, no one got hurt when I ran the red light.."*

~or~

*"But officer, we only held him up for 4 and a half days and \$3000 the first time. We tried to get 14 days and \$33,000 but he tricked us. And the second time we only misdiagnosed him with LPS for 9 days and \$32,000. But no one got hurt."*

Many of those people I met while I was in there in no way met the strict LPS criteria for involuntary confinement. In clear violation of the law. I don't know why MHAP doesn't have a malpractice lawyer handing out business cards at EPS. Making money.

Why aren't their advocates on their inspection rounds seeing the problem?  
 And reporting back to MHAP about what's going on. Are they blind? Or "blinded"?

# The Insurance Industry

(which is contributing to the problem by it's own incompetence and failing to functioning properly in its own self interest)  
exemplified by:

**PacifiCare of California** (PacifiCare Life & Health Insurance Company) 5995 Plaza Drive, Cypress, CA 90630

I had to call PacifiCare to find out if they had been billed by EPS on 5/18/06. I don't recall ever being notified of it. Or ever even being billed for the copay. And almost completely forgot to think about calling them to find out. Whereupon I discovered that they had been quietly billed \$3,975.60 and paid \$2,109.60 of it without my knowledge. So I asked what services these were they paid for. Then called them back and told them "I received no such service whatever on that day". And subsequently received a statement from them showing they owe "0" and I owe "0".

And I wanted PacifiCare to do the same thing for me with the AMR bill for a service I never needed, requested, authorised or desired. No sane person would. So I sent PacifiCare a letter with the \$906.44 AMR ambulance bill giving them the choice of "not paying" their share (\$475.89) of it. But they decided to pay this fraudulent bill anyway. Probably because it was too much trouble to contest it.

So I'm suing PacifiCare for paying to have me "5150 transport"-ed into a mental hospital in violation of the law (the Lanterman-Petris-Short Act itself). And participating in an LPS misdiagnosis of me. I asked them how to contact their agent that accepts service of process but they never responded.

I'm suing them for failing to give me informed consent before paying it, infliction of emotional distress, insurance fraud, professional insurance negligence, incompetence, and insurance malpractice.

The same goes for:

**Blue Cross of California** 1 Wellpoint Way, Thousand Oaks, CA 91362

I tried calling them after I got out of El Camino Hospital trying to explain it to someone only to get a return call advising me to "*follow my doctor's orders*" or something. Which I interpreted to mean something like "stay on your medication .. stay out of trouble".

I don't know how to communicate with this industry so they "get it". Maybe a lawsuit will catch the interest of their legal department. They still haven't responded. I've called and called. One of them gave me a phone number to call that didn't work. And then someone else gave me the wrong number for the last letter in my name. There's more. No one seems to be giving me the right number to call. All you get is voice mail or something. In fact, I've wasted hours. Actually weeks, in fact, on the phone with this incompetent company trying to find someone who can answer a simple question.

Also, they paid some bills I never authorised them to. From May 24-31. Bills they never questioned. They never even bothered to call me and ask my permission first asking me something like "Are you sure you know what you're doing? Would you like to get a second opinion? Do you have a lawyer?". They paid to have me misdiagnosed and held in a mental hospital against my will. That has only made me further mentally ill from all the copays I owe on services I never requested, authorised, wanted or could afford.

And oh yes, Blue Cross still hasn't paid their share of the \$3143.60 bill I submitted to them 4 months ago for services they're liable for I received on 5/23/07 from the County of Santa Clara.

By the way, I never had to give my insurance (PacifiCare at the time) information to AMR. But it didn't stop AMR from collecting \$475.89 from PacifiCare on their \$906.44 bill. So I don't know why Blue Cross seems to be having some problem paying their share of the \$3143.60 bill I sent to them months ago.

I'm suing Blue Cross to have it paid.

Instead of paying it, they sent me a confusing letter that said:

"This letter constitutes Blue Cross of California's final disposition of your grievance."

**CDPH**  
**California Department of Public Health (formerly CDHS)**

Service upon an officer of the State of California must be served upon the Attorney General.  
 But I still don't know who to name as the officer.

----- Original Message (minor edits) -----

To: Kathleen Keeshen (Chief Counsel, Office of Legal Services)

Cc: Ernesto Cordova, David Mansoor, Richard Rodriguez,  
 Mark Horton, Mary Winkley, Bonita Sorensen, Jean Iacino, Suanne Buggy,  
 Monica Wagoner, Kathleen Billingsley, Roberta Lawson, Janet Huston

Sent: Wednesday, February 27, 2008 12:38 PM

Subject: **Does the fine still exist? Is the Grand Jury Report in error?**

Dear Kathleen,

I hope you don't mind the informality of a first name greeting.  
 "Dear Geoffrey" works for me. Let me know what you prefer for yourself.

Have you taken an Oath of Office?

Sorry to have to ask you this question first, but I've been learning that not everyone who is employed by the State of California has. Receptionists, for instance, who pick up the phone when I call who then quickly transfer me to some other useless office before I can get their full name (if any).

Anyway I've found the ones who've been sworn in tend to be far more useful. In fact, the effect it has on improving their intelligence and memory can be astonishing. Especially when they're reminded of it.

Anyway, I have some questions.

I had a refreshing and enlightening phone call with Albert Quintero (our District Manager here) last 11/26.  
 "31 years" I heard. "Sounds good" I told him.  
 So did the "since 1980" I heard from Joyce Johnston yesterday who works for you in "Licensing and Certification".

And left me with the impression that if there were a change in the law regarding the \$50,000 overstay fine described in the 2001-2002 Grand Jury Report here that she'd know about it. I also wanted to find out if Albert was an officer with the capability of levying that fine. The answer I got seemed somewhat confusing but was left with the impression that there was a possibility that he could.

The only person I see so far with the title "officer" in your department is Dr. Mark Horton. Who has two deputies. Would \*they\* be the only ones empowered to levy that fine?

Is there (or has there been in the past) some sort of state policy not to levy it?  
 Where did it come from?  
 Who's responsible for it?

(and I'm wondering if anyone still knows anymore why it is important for that fine to be as steep as it is)

Maybe the law was "quietly changed in the night" and no one was told about it.  
 If the fine was deleted, I'd like to know how this came about.

Also, I tried to explain to Joyce that the concept of a locked "outpatient" facility seemed odd. But she seemed to indicate that such a thing was possible. Is it really?

I tried to get in touch with Albert on Monday at his office here locally but was told he'll be in Sacramento until Friday. So in my conversation with Joyce yesterday (Tues: ~4:30-4:45pm) I suggested she try to contact Albert while he was out there. Explaining he \*did\* know about the fine and that she try to get in touch with him. And heard something about being in different buildings or something. May I helpfully suggest you all get together and find out what's going on.

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I have learned that sometimes subordinates send communication (e.g. email, fax, letters) under a manager's name. In fact, it is probably very common for trusted ones to do so. It's my belief that the communication I received last Monday was answered honestly by the person sending it. But not Albert.

I know websites can contain errors. Hopefully all are innocent on responsible ones. Albert knew about that fine when I called him 11/26 and that it's never enforced. But didn't know about the Grand Jury Reports. Neither did Joyce. I offered to help her find them but she wasn't online. And I wasn't able to persuade her to go online and find out. Hearing that she can only do what she's told to do.

Anyway, here are the reports they've never seen (which I sent to Albert last Monday):  
[http://www.sccsuperiorcourt.org/files/2001\\_2002\\_Grand\\_Jury\\_reports/Rvw\\_Co\\_Emrq\\_Psyc\\_Srvs.pdf](http://www.sccsuperiorcourt.org/files/2001_2002_Grand_Jury_reports/Rvw_Co_Emrq_Psyc_Srvs.pdf)  
 which tells of that \$50,000 overstay fine.

By the way, the second Grand Jury Investigation is inherent in the first (if you read it carefully enough 'between the lines'):  
<http://www.sccsuperiorcourt.org/jury/GJreports/2003/InquiryCoMentalHealth.pdf>  
*"The 2002-2003 Santa Clara County Civil Grand Jury inquired into the reason for an apparent lack of beds for psychiatric patients in the Emergency Psychiatric Service at Valley Medical Center. It was found that there was no lack of beds but a problem of discharging patients to appropriate levels of care."*

I tried to explain this to Dawn Fowler-Hamilton (Valley Med Supervisor here). It's getting tiresome hearing that old "shortage of beds" shibboleth each time. I asked her for the statistics on overstays at EPS and their present triage rate into acute care. And the \$50,000 fine. She had no idea.

"Does anyone?" anymore?

When was the last inspection at EPS? If ever.  
 Does anyone at EPS even know who Albert is?  
 And I'm starting to wonder if anyone in your office knows how to properly inspect such a facility. And realising "there's only one way to do it".

Does the fine still exist?  
 Is the Grand Jury Report in error?

If the fine is still on the books, this represents a huge amount of revenue the state has missed out on.

Why?

Sincerely,  
 Geoffrey

# The County of Santa Clara

Santa Clara Valley Medical Center, "Emergency Psychiatric Services" (EPS)  
820 Enborg Ct., San Jose, CA 95128 Phone: (408) 885-6100

## Complaint

May 18-19, 2006 & May 23-24, 2007

### Ignoring Grand Jury Reports.

### Violations of the Lanterman-Petris-Short Act

**Malpractice:** Misdiagnosing patients with LPS in order to hold them for \$3000.

**Failure to treat:** Promptly, making patients mentally ill. As well as myself. **Patient neglect.**

**False imprisonment, Violations of Title 22:** I was an overstay both times.

**Fraud:** billing for services never rendered, blatant falsification of documents.

**Violations of 5157:** never given a copy of my advisement or given any reason whatever for my detention or why I was committed to a mental hospital. Further, I don't even know any doctor who identified themselves to me who diagnosed or treated me. Or even advised me what I was being treated for. In any form whatever. Nor was I ever informed of my rights. Or if I wanted a second opinion. I wasn't allowed to question anything.

### Infliction of emotional distress:

My experience from realising what this whole thing was lead to my second 5150. And what it is haunts me to this day.

**Making patients mentally ill:** by ignoring them, failing to properly listen to them, then promptly treat them and discharge them to appropriate levels of care.

**Product liability:** "Mental Health" defective product .. 'false advertising' violations of 'truth in labeling' laws -- "Emergency Psychiatric Services"

### May 19 - 22, 2006

**Falsifying records,** to wit: a restraint advisory. Never bothered to try to call my family. Or any of the names on the advisory I requested before I was put in restraint by AMR.

**Battery:** Harm caused by the improper use of psychotropic medications: **diminished capacity** Failure to provide proper Advisements, Counsel and informed consent. Not immediately providing patients with their copy of what they've signed (including me). In my medical records I got a year later, I see my signature upon all sorts of documents I was never given copies of at the time. And \*never\* would have signed of my own free will (in hopes of ever getting out). Had I known what I know now, I would have never have signed anything.

**Assault:** threatening a patient (me) with hospitalisation in order to get them to take improper pills they didn't want or need resulting in an:

**Assault & Battery:** being compelled to take unknown pills from persons unknown resulting in pain so severe I couldn't walk. For which I was bedridden for days after EPS transferred me into a substandard locked dormitory that never allowed me to be properly examined at a hospital.

**Invasions of Privacy:** I never would have told them the kinds of things I did at the time knowing what I do now about them.

## EPS: "Emergency Psychiatric Services"

I don't know what it is. But I wouldn't call it psychiatry.  
Or why they think they can bill me (or anyone, for that matter) \$3000 or \$4000 for it and get away with it. Calling it "crisis stabilization" or "psych services" or something.

### "Ellis Island"

comes to mind as an analogy (not psychiatry). "Wait and wait and wait.." Eventually someone who's name and credentials you're never told invites you to their cubicle who you follow in hopes of finally seeing someone intelligent, caring and understanding. Only to find out they could care less as you're grilled for a few minutes with a set of scripted and irrelevant (if not intrusive and offensive) questions. And then sent back across the blue line to sit. And wait and wait and wait.. For over 24 hours, if necessary. Because the beds must remain full. And the fine is never levied. Even though they can't bill you or your insurance company for the second day. Whatever the case, you'll need to be held long enough to justify billing you the 3 or 4 thousand. During which time, no one seems to have any interest in engaging you at all. Unless there's a problem with the insurance or something. It matters not one whit if you're cooperative and do everything you're told.

The best advice I can give to anyone having to endure it is, first, not to sign anything. Except for one form, the restraint advisory. Ask for it if it's not given to you. Read it carefully, make sure that wrong box isn't already "x"-ed in (if it is, scribble it out and write "**NO!**" over it) and put down names to be called. Sign it. And pull out your copy before it's pulled away from you and retain it.

Second, don't let anyone provide any services to you. And don't take the pills. If they come over to you with their bottle or blood pressure machine or whatever, ask them how much it's going to cost. If they tell you it's free or something, tell them to put it in writing first. As well the reason why you're there. And why no one's told you yet. Try to get all their full names and spelling, titles and license numbers. If you can. And that you want to see your medical record. And be provided with a proper pen, clipboard and the forms to fill out for the lawsuit. If not a lawyer. When someone eventually turns up opposite the blue line ordering you to "Please come over here!", demand their name and spelling, license number and a stamped envelope with the complaint form to the medical board. And that you want to talk to their supervisor. And psychiatrist. If they don't have one, ask them why they don't. Because they obviously need one. There's nothing else to do while you're there anyway. Because it's "wait and wait and wait". The first time I was held 40 hours. And the second around 28 hours. I'd like to make sure the State of California gets that \$100,000 they're due. But I still don't know if that fine still exists.

The food served on the trays is substandard. The "Hostess" buns were discolored. And the second time I saw urine on the toilet seat on the only good one they had. Twice.

When the AMR ambulance paramedics show up, tell whoever comes over to you if they intend to put you in restraint and get their names, spelling and license numbers. And the name of the doctor who ordered it (that you've never met). Insist the doctor come over and explain why in front of everyone. Get the good doctor's license number, the spelling of their name and ask for the complaint form and a stamped envelope. And the name and address of their agent that accepts process of service. And to produce the restraint advisory. And explain to you why these people you've listed haven't been called.

And ask the paramedics the same questions. And if they've read the restraint advisory you've signed. And how much this will cost you. And refuse to pay it. And don't sign what they impatiently put in front of you to. And tell them you want to know the meaning of the words written upon it. That they'll probably tell you they don't have time for. Ask the guard if he's been sworn in (and hope he is and ask him what that means), who his supervisor is and that you'll need witnesses. And that you want a second opinion from a competent doctor. Not one of theirs.

## The message of a prison

The guard at his desk looks like a police officer. And easily mistaken for one.  
Instructing you to step behind the blue line. And little if anything else conversationally.

This happened the second time I was there. I was at the table in the 'dining' area with several others around when I heard someone screaming in a small room adjacent to it. Everyone ran to the opposite side of the facility "didn't want to know". Not a single one had the courage to question what was happening to this person. Including me. I did the best I could by sitting in a chair outside the room and witnessing it by listening after seeing she was in a wheelchair. Maybe they noticed this. Eventually they let her out. And she seemed to calm down. "Hang in there" were the best words I could offer her at the moment. I don't see any reason to cause me to suspect any malicious intent on the part of the staff. It's just that I don't have an explanation yet for why someone in a wheelchair would be screaming in fear in the back of that little room. In fact, no explanation was given to anyone there about it.

It's the fact that everyone ran to the opposite side of the room. That's what sticks in my head. The message of this place is one of compliance. Where you are not allowed to question it. And never told anything you need to know. And virtually isolated from your friends, family and community. A place where you are taught to comply. In hopes of ever getting out .. "wait 'til you break". "Wait and wait and wait.." For nothing. Why? So they can bill you \$3000 or \$4000 for "the privilege"? And call it "crisis stabilization" "or "psych services" or something.

I wouldn't call this "mental health" at all. I don't know what to call it.

### Dr. Florence Keller

I like Dr. Keller. I think she's smart.  
And probably has some good answers to my questions.

I drove out to Valley Medical Center (almost a year ago I suppose) personally to sign the request to inspect my medical records. And grateful that Sylvia Romero had enough persistence to get back to me reminding me of it. I called her back and asked how much time I'd have "As long as it takes". When I arrived I met Bob Bennett who I found instantly therapeutic and uplifting. And wasted little time giving me his diagnosis: "I know crazy and you're not crazy". I don't know why it took almost year to finally hear something intelligent and competent from their mental health department. Or why he isn't running the whole thing.

Anyway, next came my interview with Dr. Florence Keller in her office who had my medical records that we began to discuss. Along with some other items. Whereupon she tried to explain to me about how sometimes you can see the fear in their eyes. To which I replied "So this is a reason to 5150 someone?". And later, on another issue " .. That's another one. If they don't have a doctor, your doctors become their doctor".

Anyway, she cut off our interview (about 20 minutes or so I believe) before I could finish asking the rest of my questions and complete the review of my medical records. Reminding me of my priorities. And wherein my path lay. The statute of limitations. And County Counsel.

I left with the blank admission forms I requested and the copy of my medical records. Which I still have some questions about. And one item in particular. A "restraint advisory" (for lack of a term at the moment). Sometimes a page or two is innocently missing. It took a year to see a copy of that document again I was so curious about (and it was in the set I was given). And would like to see the original itself (I never have, or the copy I was to be given at the time). Perhaps there's still a trace of ink left on it as it was drawn out from under my pen as I attempted to sign it in my fear that night. Unless I politely lifted the pen as the woman impatiently standing over me waiting for my signature disappeared with it. I only see a line about an eighth of an inch long after the first letter of my first name. It was a cry for help. But I didn't seem to get very far. I'd like the Court to see this document. And what it says upon it.

"She won't remember" I was told. I do. Vividly.

Anyway, I still have a lot of unanswered questions. And an important one. The most important one of all in this lawsuit..

## "Pain pills?"

Because of an item (a serious one) that has been haunting me for quite a while now that I need answers for. It's the fact that SJPD delivered me in good physical condition on the night of May 17, 2006 at EPS. **I was walking around fine and in no pain whatever (for almost a day). And the medical records themselves attest to this.** I know my body and what's been done to it "by what and by whom". And there was absolutely nothing of any significant physical consequence whatever that happened to me that night by SJPD.

The next day, an unidentified male staff member (who seemed OK) told me that I was going to be transferred and that if I wanted to get into a good hospital I'd have to be medicated first. I'd like to know who told this staff member to tell me that. I had consistently refused the pills (having no need for them and wishing to be in full control of my mental faculties .. all I needed were some answers to some questions). Anyway I sure didn't want to be transferred into one of those mental hospitals I've seen in the movies or on TV. So I capitulated. Signing the forms brought to me (that I *\*never\** would have signed of my own free will). Then a bit later, in the evening, I remember a pill in a package being opened by someone on my left (a woman as I recall, removing the foil from the package that looked legitimate). And another pill in a little paper cup brought to me by another unidentified woman who appeared on my right and sat down looking straight ahead and not at me at all nor witnessing my taking this pill with a strange marking on it (like a "double-thunderbolt" on the side, it was round maybe a centimeter in diameter and no number I can recall). She disappeared after I took them (both did). It might be nothing, it just seemed odd. I have no idea who either of them were (especially the one on the right). Later I was given more pills. At one point I remember my legs getting a bit wobbly. And feeling uneasy. And then the beginning of some abdominal pain. Pain that became so severe I was bedridden for days from it while at Fremont Hospital. I can't definitively prove what in fact *\*did\** cause this pain. All I know is that I was walking around fine and in no pain whatever (and for almost a day) after SJPD dropped me off. If what they led me to believe at Fremont Hospital was true, I don't know why no one ordered X-rays for me while I was there. Like Dr. Mueller at Good Sam did after I got out asking me why I had waited so long. Nothing showed up on them, by the way.

Anyway, suffice it to say, that in the highly unlikely event that SJPD was somehow culpable in this particular event that night, that I'm more than happy to endure it on their behalf. Because to see this feat performed on one's behalf, of the lifeguard swimming out for your rescue, demonstrating their willingness to place their life on the line to save yours, is indeed transforming (and it makes absolutely no difference whatever as to whether they responded to a false alarm or not).

Anyway, suffice it to say that I am "not happy" to endure this pain otherwise.

Further, I am "not happy" that if in this somehow that SJPD subsequently came to misdiagnose me. The way EPS did. And/or if from EPS' incompetence and misdiagnosis (or worse), that SJPD became somehow further deceived from what happened after I was dropped off that night.

## SJPD was there for me all the way

Where was the emergency room psychiatrist "swinging into action"?

There's another item that night I want to comment on. It's that SJPD *\*itself\** finally figured it out. And gave me the words I needed to hear: "*His only intention was to take you around to the ..*". I bet that was Anastasio (Ramirez) himself. I like this guy. Pumping that confidence back into me. They finally figured it out. Giving me the words I needed to hear. It was helping to pull me out of it. Where was the emergency room psychiatrist "swinging into action" with a warm and understanding smile picking up where he left off telling me something like: "Consider what the officer just told you to be true" and then asking me "What happened?" Easily within about 5 or 10 minutes I'd have been apologising for inconveniencing them all. With smiles all around. A phone call back to my residence would have retrieved a vital missing piece of information I needed. Whereupon I would have been sent back home with my laughter for a good night's sleep where I belonged. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of thinking I was moving into safe harbor. Not knowing I already was.

# Psychiatric Solutions, Inc.

6640 Carothers Parkway, Suite 500  
Franklin, TN 37067  
Phone: 615-312-5700

owners of

## Fremont Hospital

39001 Sundale Drive  
Fremont, CA 94538  
Phone: 510-796-1100

Dr. Sastry and persons unknown

## Complaint

May 19 - 22, 2006

**Violating their SEC filing.** By ignoring their Code of Ethics. To wit, the following:

**Assault:** threatening a patient with hospitalisation (me)  
"You're on a 14 day hold but probably won't be here that long"

**Fraud:** Falsifying records e.g. an "Involuntary Patient Advisement"  
that says I'm: "*paranoid, hypervocal and manic*" I was no such thing at arrival.  
And attempting to convince me I suffer from LPS. And string of other nonsense.

**Battery:**  
Harm caused by the improper use of psychotropic medications: diminished capacity  
Failure to provide proper Counsel. And informed consent.

**False imprisonment:** family never contacted, non-working pay phone.  
I was held 4-1/2 days in total (including EPS). For no justifiable reason.  
And it would have been longer, had I answered that question..

### Invasions of Privacy

**Infliction of emotional distress:**  
My experience from realising what this whole thing is, was a factor that lead to my second 5150.  
And what it is haunts me to this day.

### Violations of the Lanterman-Petris-Short Act

**Malpractice - Misdiagnosing patients with LPS** for profit. Including myself.

**Patient neglect. Failure to treat,** making patients mentally ill.

**Misrepresentation of a physician's assistant as a doctor.**

I'm sure there are more. But I'm not a lawyer.

My experience at Fremont Hospital haunts me to this day (along with the questions I have regarding EPS). And taught me how easily someone without legal defenses can be abandoned to capture simply because they have money, property or insurance. This is a private hospital that I understand bills at \$2000/day. What I saw was nothing more than a locked dormitory. Devoid of any substantive resources. I'd call the food "below average". You're never given a menu or asked what you'd like. I think most of their patients would get better therapy on an ocean cruise. At a fraction of the cost.

## Arrival

"strapped to the gurney"

*as you hear the words:*

**"You're on a 14 day hold but probably won't be here that long"**

This sentence is very effective. I didn't realise it at the time. And I don't know how to explain it to someone who hasn't been through this experience. It says "comply". And at the time "shackled" to the gurney never thought to challenge it hoping to be released from it all as soon as possible.

And wish I had said something like "Hey, wait a minute .. What's going on here? ..  
How did this 3 day hold all of a sudden turn into 14?".

Thinking I was in safe hands, I did everything I was told. Including taking the pills I never wanted or needed. And signed all the papers they gave me unquestioningly. And was given no copies of them. But instead, a folder with more papers that I didn't have time to read. Or was ever really able to while I was there. Because of the severe pain I was about to start experiencing. And knowing what I now do, truly regret having signed anything whatever that they put in front of me while I was there. After all, I had been told that this was a "good hospital". And believed it.

The admission itself was all done so quickly I never fully had time to comprehend what was happening to me. And the significance of a paper I was handed during it, titled "Involuntary Patient Advisement" that says:

**"Dangerous to yourself X ... We feel this is true because you are *paranoid, hyperv verbal and manic.*"**

This advisement contains no signature of anyone I've been able to identify so far. Including Dr. Sastry. Indeed, I wish I could have heard those three handwritten words upon it from her for everyone to witness. To see that there wasn't a single word of truth to any of them: "*paranoid, hyperv verbal and manic*". I was no such thing when I arrived.

I don't know how to begin to describe the rest of my experience while I was there. And fear the rest might only sound crazy to someone who doesn't know me which is why I wrote "Time for a Fable" (q.v. a few pages down).

~~~~~

If you find yourself bedridden in severe pain that seems to concern no one after you arrive, you will be told you have the wrong symptoms for it. Eventually, hopefully if you are lucky to seem credible enough you might be given something to ease it. The other pills you don't need or want are brought to you and made sure that you take them. But the ones for the pain when it returns that you have to struggle through into your wheelchair and then to the end of the hall to the nurse's window, must be asked for each time through the little window. The next day someone directs you over to a room you struggle over to for an examination by someone inside whose cheerful and pleasant and think is a doctor. You ask him that if the pain was from a physical injury of some sort when you arrived at EPS (realising that all this happened almost 2 days ago) then why did it take so long to feel anything. His reply with a confident smile leads you to think there's no reason to question it further. Never asks you when you began taking the pills you didn't want before you arrived at their hospital and how they got you to take them. Or exactly when the pain began. But instead you hear something about how it's all soft tissue and internal organs that nothing can be done about it anyway. Never asks you much of anything else (despite what the medical records say, that you finally get almost 2 years later and learn that he's not a doctor but a PAC and wonder how they got those pages full of an exam that must have taken hours and who made it up). Lifts your lower right rib checking for a cracked one. Then turns off the lights in the room, shines a light back and forth in your eyes, turns the lights back on which leads you to think you're OK and provides you with a wheelchair to help you get back to the bed in your room. And are grateful for the few minutes you're allowed to have with someone with a good sense of humor and intelligent. And who you like. Never to be seen again. And wonder what his name was.

After they finally let you out (if ever), you go over to Good Sam's ER and the doctor there asks you why you waited so long. And takes the Xray.

~~~~~

## "Who do you call?"

If several Grand Jury Investigations still can stop it?

Perhaps you might try yelling out your name from the doorway of your room in hopes someone new who's just come in might remember it when they get out and send for help or something. You have no money anyway for the pay phone that doesn't work lest someone try calling 911 for help. Or try to cancel their insurance. Or call 411 and ask for the number of some lawyer who's secretary won't be able to help you. Or MHAP who might send someone around sometime to chat amicably with you for a few minutes and disappear. Never to be seen again. Or *Patients' Rights Advocates* after discovering their telephone number later on a pamphlet in the folder they gave you. But at the time were never told of. Or much of anything else for that matter either. And didn't know about anyway. So after you get out, in curiosity call the number on the pamphlet you were given when you couldn't while you were there. And hear Pamela Brown telling you that everyone was chatting away happily on the phone when she was there last.

## Some "History"..

### A Medical Record Request Form

(that no decent caring doctor would ever want to sign for their patient)

I don't know where to start with the medical records.

And how disgusted I became trying to request them. And can see how it's almost impossible for their victims to seek redress in this whole thing. Anyway, they have a new custodian apparently. Who was a pleasure to talk to. And sent me my records gratis. I don't know how long she'll last. Or how long this problem's existed. Or if it still does.

Anyway, when I first asked for them (over a year ago), I was told some things I now find confusing. Apparently, a signed letter from me requesting them was not acceptable. And was lead to believe that only my doctor could request them. And then learned that even that wasn't acceptable. And that it must be requested on *\*their\** request form. Not a patient's doctor's request form. I asked them to send me this form. Which they did. And received a request form that would become a part of my medical records that no decent caring doctor would *\*ever\** want in the permanent records of their patients.

Anyway, I called back a few months ago expecting it again and pleasantly surprised to have been sent a normal looking one. I'm curious what happened to these other forms. And if they still use them.

### The Medical Records

that took a year and a half to get

"Gosh, where did *\*that\** come from?" And what if I can't explain it?

If you can't explain it, undoubtedly your involuntary confinement and "treatment" (if one can call it that) will be lengthened. Perhaps "indefinitely". As well as the billing against your will that you've never been told about. And "treated" for something you don't suffer from. But won't want to tell anyone about when you eventually get out.

Because no one will probably believe you if you try to deny it. And realise you don't want to bring it up in conversation anyway. Because people get so easily confused.

Words that come to mind as I read these records are ones like:

"snowjob" "redefined" "flim-flam"  
"privacy invasion" "how people are made fearful"  
"what's going on here?" "mental health?"  
"cover up" "bogus" "fraudulent" "defamatory" "framed"

The other words I won't mention. It's *beyond* malpractice. And incompetence. But I'll let others give me their verdict on that one. After all, after reading these medical records, what sort of credibility would *anyone* have? As that word "*framed*" keeps coming back to me as I review them. Seeing how it's constantly "redefined".

The records themselves become a testament as to what this place is. Apart from everything else. As you see words in them like:

"Patient denies ..." over and over.  
It's insane to try to deny it.

Why tell them anything? Especially if they don't believe a word of it anyway:

**"If you had a ruptured spleen you'd be screaming all over the floor."**

(no, you won't find these words in the medical records)

OK, we've ruled out "ruptured spleen". But what about a slightly ruptured one? Or other internal organs? I wound up in a severe amount of pain while I was there. So severe I couldn't walk. And bedridden by it. Which seemed to concern no one. Had it been someone else with a serious problem, they could have easily died in there in confinement and not being able to get to a phone and a decent hospital. And I wonder what would be written in their medical records. After they've struggled into their wheelchair from their room when directed and then wait patiently and obediently next to the door until given permission to enter the room where you hope you'll maybe get a few milliseconds of time to try to explain it to someone who doesn't want to hear it anyway. Spending all your time writing in some notebook maybe something like:

**"He was focused on pain in the abdomen and thought he had a ruptured spleen;  
however, he was redirectible and reassured that he did not have a ruptured spleen."**

I never said I thought I had a ruptured spleen. I didn't know what it was. And wanted someone to find out. And trying to get Dr. Sastry to take it seriously. Trying to explain to her that I'd like to make sure I didn't have a ruptured spleen or something. She cut off the conversation asking me what the 'doctor' told me after he examined me. Who showed no concern about it either in the brief few minutes we had together commenting that it's all soft tissue and internal organs and that there was nothing that could be done about it anyway. Which was true. They can't. And didn't.

**"..he was redirectible.."**

Yes, I am. That's the problem. So are many others. And too ashamed or fearful to complain. Or convinced that there's all these things wrong with them that aren't. Why?

Thousands of dollars a day for every head they hold ("**no** public patients").

A mental hospital that makes people mentally ill. From misdiagnosing them with LPS by redefining it and then convincing them of it. Or falsifying the records if need be ("..he was redirectible..").

Making them ill by isolating them from their family and friends. Denying them their civil liberties. And billing them into the poorhouse until they're convinced of the misdiagnosis. Because if you don't have a doctor, *their* doctors become *\*your\** doctor.

And will "bill you until they cure you". With their bill collectors and lawyers compelling payment for making you ill from it all. Bill after bill. Ill bills. And then call it "Mental Health".

And making them feel guilty of something they're not. "The urine tox was positive for .."  
*Gosh, how did \*that\* get there?* Where did it come from? No one ever told me about *\*that\** one. Including the secret tests Quest did on me without my permission that I never authorised them to do. And never told me about. In fact, I don't think most mentally competent people of their own free will would. And pay for it. Knowing this sort of defamatory incompetence could become a part of their medical records. Permanently.

## *Enron*-esque

# A Code of Ethics

In fact, their Code of Ethics itself raises its own questions. The word "Should".

**"Directors, Officers and Employees Should Act Honestly and Ethically."**

**"Should"**? Yes, we all "should" do the right thing shouldn't we? It's "sleazy legalese".  
A mockery of their own words.

**"Directors, Officers and Employees Must Comply with Laws, Rules and Regulations."**

The word is **"Must"** *"at the minimum"*. Because of what a mental hospital turns into if it isn't:

*"kidnapping for ransom"*

**I have far too many unanswered questions about Fremont Hospital.**

**And PSI.**

**And why it has been so profitable.**

**Questions that haunt me to this day.**

"What *\*is\** Mental Health?"

# ~ Time for a Fable ~

This one is called: "Refuses to sign"

Oh dear, it seems there's "no room at the inn" for the most critically ill who have no money, insurance, or property to put a lien upon. And so must make room for those with a misdiagnosed stubbed toe after they've stumbled and "fallen own the rabbit hole" and subsequently become "a threat to themselves". After listening to Orson Welles 1939 Halloween broadcast of "The War of the Worlds" and had the misfortune to believe it and become "*paranoid, hypervocal and manic*".

But alas, no one at the inn ever asks them what happened. So that they may be told the truth and have it all questioned, including themselves, to their full satisfaction until all their fears are totally and irrevocably extinguished. And sent back home with their laughter for a good night's sleep where they belong.

Instead they are left with their fears and asked for the name of their insurance company, social security number and their birthday. And instructed to sign what they're never informed of. Or ever allowed to read it at all. Perhaps a few read it too swiftly. And each paragraph carefully. And see that box already "x"-ed in. As the impatient and dominating Red Queen stands over them to sign in their fear. Quickly and without question. Before it is seen. Knowing what would happen if any of them did:

"NO" they will say to this paper scribbling out the box with the "x" in it.

"NO" they exclaimed. For they were in search of safe harbor, expecting those they could trust.

"NO" they said to these papers. For they have been placed before them in a state of mortal fear. Which has now been made worse. And told later that it doesn't matter.

"NO" they write in large letters over what is intended for them when they see it upon it.

"NO" they say to this paper as it's drawn out from under their pen just before they can sign their name upon it for dear life.

"NO" they wrote upon these multi-form papers before they quickly vanished. And were never to be seen again. Along with the copies they were to be given. Including the one with the names to be called. And never were.

If they ever get out, the sparse documentation they are left with looks confusing. Except for the one they've signed with their signature for the insurance money. That was quietly paid without their knowledge and never told of or how much. In fact, all of the papers they are left with have no identifiable signatures of anyone. Or any doctors at all. Why bother. For all the lawyers they seem unable to get through to with their questions, seem to always direct them to "somewhere else" to talk to. Perhaps they "don't want to know". Because they already do. That the state penalties can never be enforced. And that all the Grand Jury Investigations in the world cannot stop it. And discover that no one really believes anything they say anymore anyway. Except for the insurance information.

Perhaps on the next day after signing the disappearing papers, something had been placed in their mind that wasn't true when they tried to inquire. Which makes them fearful that it might be. Apart from everything else. And now their mother listening to their voice on the phone tells them that they're sounding paranoid and to sign the forms she's never seen. That the nice woman has given them that they're not allowed to read first. And later that evening are told they are to be transferred to another hospital and that if they want to get into a good one they must take the pills first. The ones they had previously pleasantly declined. And capitulate saying

*"yeah, I get the idea".*

"NO" they said. But no more. "Compliance" is now the watchword of the day. And can no longer say "no". And no one there listens to them anyway. Including their mother and sister they listed to be called and never were. Who must call and call to find out where they are. Then struggle through a constant busy signal trying to get through saying "**Absolutely NOT!**" - **NOT suicidal!**" But called from outside and never been called. So they could be crazy too. Indeed, if not suicidal then it must be paranoid. For with capacity diminishing they insanely ask to read every form first before they must sign it. In hopes of ever getting out.

So put an "x" on the line that says a "dangerous to yourself". And hope they never find out who did it. So it's probably a good idea to talk to them as little as possible except to get the insurance information there seems to be some problem with. So add "hypervocal and manic" after the paranoid in case they ever try to explain what happened to them in the few seconds between the insurance questions. Which they have to be told is the reason they're suicidal. After almost 2 days. And learned to wait until they're spoken to. But why say anything. No one seems interested anyway. Or believes it or cares.

Until their wrists are strapped to the gurney.. **"NO"** they had written but the papers are now gone.

And never informed they'd be taken for a \$900 ride. And \$18,000 more. And later feel lucky it wasn't \$56,000 for a 14 day holdup. Perhaps even more had they complained and gone crazy. And not to worry because their insurance always pays for it. Or told what they suffer from. And to just take the pills.

After they get out ("if ever"), they receive the bill for \$900. And call up and are told it must be paid and then are asked if they received this service. "What service?" they ask, then: "What's a '5150 transport'?" The whole thing sounds crazy. And suggest billing the person who ordered it. It wasn't them, they're not *\*that\** crazy. And then start to wonder some more. And call up their insurance company and discover they've been quietly billed \$4000 and are again asked if they received this service. "What service?" they ask. And then to the answer: "No, they received no such service on that day". And start to wonder about the so-called "service" they *\*did\** receive. And why they weren't billed for their second day of it. Someone must have slipped up and forgot to bill them for the entire \$8000 worth of pills to get into the good hospital. As their thoughts take them back to it all..

**"NO"** they had written before it was drawn out from under their pen. But alas, no one reads anymore. Or ever asks them "What happened?" Why bother or care. They'll just become "hypervocal and manic" again. And use up the time needed to deal with their insurance companies. Who don't want to hear it either. As the \$900 "5150 transport" delivers them to the good hospital far far away with a pay phone that doesn't work. That no one on the form with the names they listed were ever told of either. It's all disappeared. Perhaps they have too as they arrive, strapped to the gurney, to hear the good hospital doctor tell them that they're on a 14 day hold. But probably won't be there that long. Then asks for the names of their pills. Perhaps they forgot and could no longer remember. Perhaps from the pills they were given. Or perhaps they were just tired of hearing it again. And suggest the good doctor talk to a doctor. And 3 days later did. Perhaps one of them might be lucky and have some Guardian Angel watching over them somewhere. And hear, just before the good doctor called up a doctor, the question they were never asked: "What happened?" And so now the good doctor must finally be told the truth. After 4 and a half days. But it was supposed to be not as long as 14! And told it quickly before vanishing once again: **"You won't have time"**. And now *both* now knew it must be true. For it was easily proved wrong. And so the good doctor finally called up a doctor .. "He says he's a writer" .. then hung up the phone instructing the staff

"I want him out of here ASAP!"

And they are the *last* words to be heard from the good hospital doctor before disappearing. Whose only name they know after 4 and a half days. And the next words they hear from a helpful attendant seeing them hobbling back to their room, they echo in amazement: "a social worker!". For how shall they get home with no money and so far far away. Struggling out from their wheelchair (perhaps from the now \$18,000 worth of pills they were given "who knows?"). But alas, the search for a social worker to add to the bill they have yet to see was to delay them no further. As they find themselves showered and shaved and then into clean clothes. And chauffeured home within a few hours by a delightful driver with whom they had much welcome laughter.

~ end of bedtime story ~

Sounds crazy, doesn't it?

**Remember, these things never happen in the real world.  
So please forget you ever heard it, you'll only sound crazy.  
And no lawyer wants to hear it either.**

# AMR (American Medical Response, Inc.)

Billing as:  
DBA American Medical Response  
P. O. Box 3429  
Modesto, CA. 95353

Corporation  
AMERICAN MEDICAL RESPONSE, INC.  
6200 S. SYRACUSE WAY  
SUITE 200  
GREENWOOD VILLAGE, CO 80111

Agent for service of process listed as:  
CORPORATION SERVICE COMPANY  
WHICH WILL DO BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA AS  
CSC - LAWYERS INCORPORATING SERVICE  
2730 GATEWAY OAKS DR STE 100  
SACRAMENTO, CA 95833

(identity of the 4 paramedics unknown)  
May 19, 2006: John Doe & Jane Doe  
May 24, 2007: John Doe & Jane Doe

## Complaint

If AMR has filed a Code of Ethics as part of it's SEC filing, I wish to charge them with violating it.

### **Violation of the Lanterman-Petris-Short Act** itself.

By transporting me (and undoubtedly others like myself)  
on May 19, 2006 and May 24, 2007 in violation of it.

**Battery:** failing to provide me with informed consent on both occasions  
(legally I've read this is actionable as battery, as well as malpractice).

**False billing** of me and PacifiCare for a service neither I or my doctor ever requested  
or authorised on May 19, 2006. Then sending me a series of collection letters that  
eventually compelled payment of \$906.44 for it. I want my and PacifiCare's money back.  
As well as that of anyone else they've done it to. And my collection costs.

### **Infliction of emotional distress**

From having to deal with it all.

The timing on the first bill (dated 10/13/2006) I got from AMR was interesting (4 months after the 5/19/2006 transport .. and only a couple of weeks after 9/27 .. but it's probably just a coincidence .. but it makes me wonder if someone else might have originally paid this bill .. who wasn't responsible for it .. and if they did I'm glad they didn't because otherwise I might never have brought this suit at all).

Anyway, now I had a bill to deal with I couldn't afford to pay so I had to call AMR and discuss it with them and protest it because I never requested it. By the way, I've noticed AMR's very good at what they do. I was told that they *\*have\** to respond. I'd like the Court to ponder this one. And why.

To continue, I was asked by their billing department "Did you receive this service?". And answered "What service?" And then asked to their answer: "What's a '5150 transport?'". And heard that it was someone who's dangerous to themselves or others.

I'd like to know who told AMR that about me. I certainly doubt the two paramedics who picked me up at the time would honestly tell you that. Their report even confirms it: "pt in 0 apparent distress". And I don't think they feared (or for) me at all.

E.g. I commented to the driver from the gurney I was strapped to (in the brief seconds I had to say something to him at EPS before being placed inside their transport) how easy it was to pull my hands out of the loose wrist straps they never fully tightened. Which he then did and quickly proceeded with the rest.

At this point, I think if it were me, that instead of tightening the straps and quickly moving on, I'd have some questions. Like "hey, what's going on here?". I don't remember him saying a single word to me. Ever.

Anyway, it was nice to be able to get some smiles and laughs out of the attending paramedic (who I learned has a Latin background) on the way over which made the whole thing more bearable. I have no personal issues with either them. Other than they should know better than to be doing these kinds of transports on people who are obviously not "5150". In violation of LPS law itself. And letting themselves participate in it.

The report I eventually got AMR to send me shows their names and signatures "whited out" and tells of the "2 point for crew safety"--that's nonsense. Why? Unless they're paranoid. Or confused: "pt in 0 apparent distress".

I've written letters and made numerous calls to AMR regarding this. Winding up with Beatrice Kadena their "customer advocate" (what a novel title for a bill collector). Hoping for some 'advocacy' on my behalf and asking why she wasn't. "Well that's what my title is" she had to confess. Which didn't seem to deter her from trying to convince me I still owed the bill. Telling me my doctor ordered it. But it's probably fruitless to argue the point with them further. And I don't have time anyway. And try to explain to them that I don't know or have ever even met any doctor who told me their name was the one Beatrice said was my doctor. Indeed, none of the doctors I've ever known would ever order such an insane service for me. And I doubt ever would. Or even allow it.

AMR's profiteering from these offensive transports on the backs of their misdiagnosed, harmless, vulnerable and defenseless victims are unethical at the minimum. If not downright illegal. Violating their civil rights and then making them even further mentally ill (if not already from what they've been through at EPS) by making them feel that they are (even if they're not) and then billing them outrageously for it. If that's not malpractice, then I don't know what is.

I discovered a limousine costs only \$85 for the same distance. And would do far more to lift the spirits of a sufferer than AMR's \$906.44 "2 point for crew safety" transport. At least in the limousine they'd be able to scratch their nose if it itches.

What is even more interesting is that it might well be impossible to prove the charges I'm leveling at AMR. Because in order to be able to do so, I'll need to find out the names of the 4 people who did it to me. And have them confess it. But I can't. Or have any way whatever of being able to prove who they were.

I see their names are "whited out" on the medical record of it I requested from Beatrice for the first (2006) transport. And no doubt will probably also be on the record of their last (2007) transport for which I've never received a bill. Anyway, even though I know AMR did it this time I can't definitively prove it.

Because all I have as evidence is a document in a folder I was given after I arrived at El Camino Hospital. That's titled "Patient Transfer Acknowledgement" (with the "s" missing).

But have no way to prove that this document was indeed the same one placed in front of me at EPS for a few seconds or so to look at. Before it was taken away again.

I can't prove it because a copy of the document was never given to me after she signed it. Even if it *was* the same document briefly shown to me, there's no way I could prove that it was in fact her. Because I don't know who she was.

So I have no idea who wrote the words I see upon this document. But it's possible (though I can't prove it) that the unknown woman who briefly placed it in front of me did.

And might well have written down the exact 5 words I heard from her that day that I see upon and after the signature line: "notify verbally declined to sign". And I will not dispute this statement. One bit. Because I only heard about that exact number of words from her regarding the document as she signed it.

Why were they all in such a rush anyway? With zero tolerance for any delays. Even a few seconds. "What was the emergency?" all of a sudden. I had been forced to sit and wait over 24 hours. But they can't tolerate a few seconds or minutes? For even a single question? Maybe they're tired of hearing them or something. They certainly seemed to have zero tolerance for any I had as they proceeded to strap and bind me to the gurney.

"You have to quit taking those pills!" she told me inside. That was good advice. And the mistake I made the first time at EPS. After I being told I was going to be transferred and that I'd have to take them if I wanted to get into a good hospital. So I have no idea what it said on the outside of the ambulance the first time.

Anyway, I made sure I knew what was going on this time. And the one thing that I do remember clearly is that it said "American Medical Response" on the ambulance after we arrived. I do remember that. And that I had just filed a \$100,000 lawsuit (107CV086085) against them 6 days earlier. Whereupon I now found myself strapped into a gurney inside one of their ambulances and being driven to a destination I had no control over as I heard the words from a dominating woman telling me: "Now you listen to me!"

That's when it started. And set me up for it. And is as close to a psychotic break as I ever care to come "paranoid schizophrenia". After I arrived and saw that falsified 5150 application form that was placed in front of me for the first time. That did it. I didn't know who I could trust anymore.

I know why she probably said that now. But not at the time. And for some time afterwards.

AMR never did send me the bill on the last one.

# Comments

Some suggestions for: AMR (American Medical Response)

## "How to do an ethical 5150 transport" (from EPS)

I know if \*I\* were a paramedic picking up a patient for a 5150 transport at EPS that before I'd consent to perform it on a patient who was conscious and lucid, I'd want the doctor who ordered it in my presence as I asked the patient some questions. For instance:

Do you know this doctor? What's his full name? How much time have you spent together?

Do you know what you've signed? Has it been explained to you?

I'd like to show you some documents Is it true what is says on this form?

I see some with your signature on it. How did you come to sign it?

Do you understand what it says and means? Have you been given a copy of it?

(If any documents are missing, I'd want to ask the doctor in the patient's presence why)

Have you been asked if you want anyone contacted before you're placed in restraint?

Did you sign the form requesting certain people be informed if this happens?

Who are they?

Do you see this form? Did you sign it?

Have they been contacted and notified of this? Have you talked to them?

Would you like to be released?

Have you been told what your rights are?

What did they tell you?

Has anyone told you how much this has cost you so far?

And how much this transport will cost you?

And how much per day it will cost you at the hospital

that the doctor standing here has ordered for you?

Is this agreeable to you?

Would you like a second opinion?

By a doctor of your own choosing. And who isn't employed by Santa Clara County.

Do you want to hurt yourself? Or anyone else?

Do you know why you're here?

Has anyone asked you these questions while you've been here?

What time did you arrive here?

(If I discovered it was over 24 hours, I'd refuse the transport and notify the authorities.)

(And lastly, the most important one, giving them as long as possible to ask as many as they wish):

**Do you have any questions?**

# Quest Diagnostics Incorporated

Three Giralda Farms  
Madison, NJ 07940  
(973) 520-2700

Dr. Gerald Simon  
Quest Laboratory Director  
3714 Northgate Boulevard  
Sacramento, CA. 95834  
(916) 927-9900

## Complaint

May 22-25, 2006

### Egregious Invasions of Privacy

**Secret, offensive and defamatory testing of me without my permission.**

Tests I would never have allowed had I known. And that they never told me about.  
Failing to properly provide me with appropriate informed consent before doing so.  
Failing to provide me with my medical records when requested from them.  
Or tell me of any other such tests they've performed on me without my permission.

I've already written to Dr. Gerald Simon requesting my medical records and explaining that he (a doctor himself and a practitioner of the "healing arts") could authorise it. Which it seems to me would satisfy the statute ("1288"). If not, it seems I must contest the statute itself.

By the way, who *\*is\** the custodian of my medical records?  
Dr. Gerald Simon?  
Or Quest?

(And why are they in Sacramento? Rather than here locally for my inspection?)

"Who do I sue?"

Do I need to contest a statute (1288)?

A statute that prevents me from asserting my right to inspect my medical records directly. So that I may verify their validity. Completeness. And know that they contain no defamatory errors. Perhaps there's something in the Federal HIPAA law I can call upon to help. Or some misperception here. If not, I believe that when the Court hears my story that it might wish to give some time to ponder this statute and what it entails.

And whether it is lawful.

There are some things I wish the Court to know about that I think might help in understanding where I'm coming from regarding SJPD. I've learned not to expect perfection. All officers are different. It's about \*intention\*. And I think most are well so.

## **SJPD** (a curious and mysterious entity)

"I'm gonna sue SJPD for not letting me get to know them. I think most of those guys like me."

I do have some questions about SJPD. And realizing that this profession has perhaps become a little too "mysterious" in our modern day system. Most people during their life probably have little if any interaction with police. Save the usual minor issues, tickets etc.

## **Get to Know the Cop on the Beat**

(all kinds of crazy things can happen if you can't)

**May 17, 2006**

**Medals: for 2 of San Jose's Finest.**

On the night of May 17, 2006 two brave officers demonstrated their willingness to place their lives on the line for me. Responding to the only 911 call I've ever made in my life. Happily, a false alarm. Perhaps they were confused by something they saw. And just trying to be helpful (alas, the mistake \*I\* always make!). The whole thing's a laugh ("long story.."). Then imagine some poor young officer has to write some report that has "cover my butt" written all over it. I don't know what to say about it all anymore. To think someone would file a complaint or sue SJPD for saving their life or something. They must think I'm crazy. I think I've been misdiagnosed. That's malpractice. But not against them. Pin a medal on them already, give 'em a hug for me. It would be nice to know if they got my invitations I sent them a year ago as my Guests of Honor for the speech I gave on their behalf. Thanks.

Would you believe it took me over four months for that "light bulb" to go off in my head? I notified Chief Davis and everyone else as quickly (9/27/06) as I could. And sent out the invitations:

**"Sir, I have no issues with your department whatever"**

On my first 5150 I don't! Or ever intend to. I hope they got the invitations.  
It was all well-intended.

### **Get to Know the Cop on the Beat**

(all kinds of crazy things can happen if you can't)

"Our beats are too long to be walked anymore" responded the officer listening attentively behind the counter as he pointed to the map on the wall. I think he was prepared to give me his entire thesis on the subject had I inquired further. After I walked in trying to explain the problem to them and being asked I was the one who called earlier to find out where they were in Oakridge Mall.

**"Just wave to us as we pass by"**

commented another walking in with his bicycle.

**Having said this I must now file my complaint..**

# Complaint

against officers unknown, #2611 and (with regret) SJPD  
involved in

Case number: 07-143-0413 on May 23, 2007

## "shoddy police work"

Indeed, it wouldn't surprise me at all if I've been misdiagnosed by SJPD. That's "malpractice".

**False imprisonment:** falsification of a 5150

### Violation of 5157:

Failing to advise me of my rights. And the reason for my detainment. I was never told I was allowed to make a phone call, leave a note and take approved personal items.

**Fraud:** (continuing document falsification in case number: 07-143-0413)

To wit: the letter I was mailed in an official SJPD envelope with a date stamp of Feb 7, 2008. That contained a blatantly falsified police report. Without the signed authorisation of their supervisor. Or indication of any review whatever by any superior officer. Or any identity whatever of the person who mailed it that I can prove.

Early last November I drove over personally to Internal Affairs to initiate a discussion of this case with their department and left them with a document and a letter requesting verification of it and a question.

That I still don't have an answer for. Many actually. Too many.

### Intentional and blatant falsification of a 5150 application form on May 23, 2007.

Which upon reading for the first time the next day resulted in:

### INFLICTION OF SEVERE EMOTIONAL DISTRESS (non-negligent and intentionality unknown):

Reading this falsified form on May 24, 2006 caused me to have a psychotic break:

*paranoid schizophrenia* -- not knowing who I could trust anymore. I've never been schizophrenic \*ever\* in my life. For which I was unsuccessfully treated for at a mental hospital. For 8 days and \$30,000. I'm still recovering from the shock.

### Failing to produce the ACTUAL ORIGINAL (07 - 143 - 0413) police report itself:

(please forgive the following hyperbole but I hope you get the idea)

Then in the months ahead, as I attempted to recover from my paranoid schizophrenia searching for its cause attempting to get the authentic full police report itself (including the watering can) and trying to make sense of it all, I filled out their request form and mailed it in. Only to receive a reply consisting of two 4-digit numbers as the confusing reason why I couldn't get it. I kept struggling through my paranoid schizophrenia trying to overcome it each day hoping for the strength and confidence to be able to pick up the phone that I was finally able to briefly achieve every month or so to call them back asking "Why?". Only to wind up (after months of struggle) having my question answered by their homicide department telling me I'm a suspect. Then struggled to get back on my feet once again fearing to call them back not wanting to know what I could have possibly done in my paranoid schizophrenic state to cause me to become a murder suspect. Eventually I recovered sufficiently enough to call back. Asking first what the definition of a suspect was. Which no one seemed to be able to answer. So I finally had to put it to them straight. They returned my call telling me I'm not a murder suspect and showed no interest in going down the rest of the list telling me "You can't get a police report". Which only resulted in months of more delay trying to recover the truth that must too horrible to face. I probably would still be a miserable wretch had it not been for the sympathetic kindness and understanding of one of their astute Cybercops helping me to recover by giving me enough emotional strength and confidence to ultimately challenge my fears. And request to be told in writing the reason I wasn't able to get the report.

Whereupon I was sent another confusing and substandard document. That says absolutely nothing about a watering can. Or the "Officer of the Year". Or their names. Of any other officer either for that matter. Or how many of them there were. In fact, I don't even know for sure who actually sent it. Or wrote it. Or when they did. Despite what it says. Or who his supervisor is. Or doctor. Or what his 5150 diagnosis is. With his name on the application form (and all the other forms also). Or if he's under a doctor's care at all. Or any supervision of any kind whatever for that matter. I certainly don't see any on the report. It's all just blank..

Indicative of a broken "chain of command".

And I see it in the City Attorney's office also (from their initial response to my call).

## Narrative

Regarding the events on the morning of May 23, 2007 (sometime between 9 and 11 am)

**Background:** just a week earlier on May 17, 2007 I filed a series of 3 lawsuits. Against EPS (\$1 billion), Fremont Hospital (\$1 billion), and AMR (\$100,000). None of which included SJPDP, by the way. Nor do I ever intend to for what I think the security guards at the Superior Court seemed confused about when I showed up that day. Who were all looking at me when I turned around after remembering I had forgotten my brief folder with them. That they were keeping safely for me away from anyone else. And none of whom seemed to be smiling. I had done a lot of work on it in order to be able to fill out all the forms to get it all in at (what I thought at the time was) the last minute on the statute of limitations. And feeling pretty good about this accomplishment and didn't understand why they weren't smiling either. *"Not you guys, I love you guys!"* I told them trying to cheer them up. Maybe they were confused. Maybe SJPDP also was. I don't know. Or why none of them seemed to notice me at all as I left that day. Anyway, I gave an enthusiastic wave from my car passing by one of their "mountie's" downtown who seemed delighted by it.

Anyway, the clerk told me I had 10 days to complete the cover sheet. The forms tells of sanctions if I didn't. And was unable finish it in time. Because 6 days later I found myself being handcuffed and directed into the back of a squad car. After a series of events that would probably only sound crazy to someone who didn't know me. I wound up dismissing these lawsuits without even serving anyone. Because it all became too psychologically stressful for me. Fearing various kinds of retaliation.

I also had some concerns at the time about another completely different item. That a half year later no less than SJPDP itself was to advise me to resolve. And for which I am immensely grateful for the bolstering advice and support I received from them on it last January. And took.

But on the morning of May 23, 2007, I didn't have enough money to stay at Motel 6 when I attempted to resolve this item. So I found myself trying to meet my neighbors for the first time since I moved here over 20 years ago. Realising the importance of not having done so over the years. Anyway, I proceeded to walk around the block after taking the helpful advice of one of them I liked (and still do) who was walking home and kind enough to listen to my concerns. But in hindsight regret asking if it was OK to stay the night in their yard if I had to (since I couldn't afford a motel and didn't know where to go -- maybe it would have been helpful to have explained that part, I don't know .. it probably sounded a bit crazy).

Anyway I proceeded to walk around the block. And feeling a bit better on to another one. Stopping to meet and chat with another neighbor briefly. And noticed the Church of the Chimes which I found myself walking into for the first time. Where I was met with understanding smiles by everyone as I tried to explain as best I could at the time what my situation was. Whereupon several of them freely and out of the kindness of their hearts offered to walk me back home. And listen to what I had to say. That's all I really needed. Later I learned that this had been Pastor Dwight Bailey Jr. and two others.

Anyway, we didn't get very far from the Church when at least a couple of squad cars pulled up. I remember at least 2 (or perhaps more) officers. Who separated me from these kind people who were directed away. And expect probably never turned around in curiosity to see me handcuffed and directed into the back of one of their squad cars. Without an interview, explanation, or even an interest in any discussion of any kind whatever. From any of them.

I did as I was instructed. And not feeling particularly good about it all. Handcuffed, with my head bowed and locked in the back of the squad car. We may have driven a block or so and stopped while I heard at least two of the officers outside communicating something with the words "dangerous to others" and "dangerous to (self?)". As I tried to think what I could have possibly done to have deserved this.

Trying to make sense of it all. Nothing did. It still doesn't.

Actually I was feeling pretty miserable through it all, especially with all those unanswered questions in my downcast head resting on the right corner of the door and seatback. Not wanting to look at anyone in the neighborhood. I was driven back to my residence stopping outside for a few minutes and I didn't hear any of the words involved in the interview(s?). Then was driven on to our destination which seemed to answer one of my questions and felt relieved explaining it with some Humor. Which he said he liked. And little else, other than that I had been picked up by the "Officer of the Year" (perhaps this might have been some sort of honor, I don't know).

Anyway, we seemed to be parked for some time in the back of a building with a sign above the the entrance that said "Emergency Psychiatric Services", as he appeared to be filling out some form(s). I recall him inviting me to look at the screen with all the (what I assume were calls requiring responses). I noticed the scroll rate and got the idea turning away commenting that it was private and I shouldn't look. Anyway, another officer stopped by at the right window and they chatted amicably for a while (ignoring me). The other officer eventually left and (if I recall correctly) he continued with the writing. And heard the handcuffs would be coming off soon. Which was nice to hear since they were becoming uncomfortable. And they did after he placed me inside of (what I assume was) EPS which is the last I remember of him. I use the word "assume" because I didn't look up enough through it all from the back seat to see where in fact it was that I was being taken. And not knowing and hoping for the best among several possibilities. Not all of which I really cared to dwell upon at the time. But did look up enough to see it was in the vicinity of Valley Med.

Parenthetically, I wish to mention another item. While parked in the back of the building I noticed a vehicle on the right that said something like "Santa Clara County Protective Services" on it. And found it interesting because that happened to be one of the possible (if unlikely) answers to one of my unanswered questions (among many more) that I had at the time. Anyway I've pretty much eliminated that possibility. But it raises another question for me. For which if true, that Santa Clara County definitely has the wrong answer for. If any. Including EPS itself.

Anyway, I have no issues with this officer (I think they lie elsewhere). Other than that he shouldn't be allowing himself to participate in this nonsense. And is still allowing it to be done to him with the falsified report I was sent (if indeed, he actually *\*did\** write that falsified report). Furthermore, because I couldn't see the forms he was filling out in the front seat at the time, I can't even prove if, in fact, it *\*was\** this officer who placed an "x" in the box of that 5150 application form with my name on it I was never shown or given a copy of until a day later at El Camino that says "Advisement Complete" on it.

None was. Of any kind whatever. Orally or written. By this officer. Or any other officer that day. Or by anyone else either while I was at EPS. In clear violation of the law: 5157.

Anyway, it was nice to hear Sgt. Randall finally acknowledge it: "Some confusion here". I think some of them still are. And I'd like to know how they got that confused in the first place.

And grateful for those who aren't. Indeed, I find it particularly heartwarming when I think back to how discouraged I became in the months afterwards trying to get a copy of their police report on all this as I heard this somewhat crusty voice over the phone telling me quickly under his breath something like *"don't say you want it to compare notes or anything .. just say you want it for your own personal records"*. For at the time I wasn't expecting to hear such encouragement (that I truly needed!) in such a fashion. Advising me how to get it.

Anyway, it was nice to finally get the report (07-143-0413). I'm wondering when it was written. And if any other reports were written with that number on it. And what happened to them. I'd like to see them. And who the "Officer of the Year" was at the time. And find out who actually picked me up that day. And whether it was the person who handcuffed and drove me. As I was lead to believe. I still have far too many questions.

----- Original Message (re-edited from the original I sent them) -----

From: "Geoffrey"  
 To: SJPD  
 Sent: Sunday, February 10, 2008 9:53 PM  
 Subject: Thanks for the report.

Please thank whoever sent the redacted police report "07-143-0413"  
 I recently received that I requested eons ago.

I have some comments on the report.

On 5-23-07 why not stay with what the officer wrote on the 5150 application form:  
*"While in my custody Mangers claimed he wanted somebody to take him out and shoot him."*

Why (in the report written on the same day: 5-23-07) change it to:  
*"Mangers did make it clear that he wanted somebody to shoot him."*

**\*I\*** never questioned it that day. How could I? I didn't even see the application form until a day later. After which it took months to recover from. And finally be able to read it again. And then screw up the courage to start asking some questions. And then for the complete "07-143-0413" report itself. Anyway I'm glad the officer didn't take what he thought he claimed I said seriously. Whether allegedly or not. Or maybe he did. I have no idea. I don't think a psychiatrist could figure it out either. If I deny it, it's 'schizophrenia' and may never get out the next time billing at \$3000/day. Over \$32,000 in bills for services I never requested, authorised, wanted, needed or did in fact ever receive. They call this "Mental Health"? I don't know what to call it anymore.

**"a problem discharging patients to appropriate levels of care"**

It begs the question: "Why are they in there to begin with?"

Many of those people I saw in there were not frightening to me at all. Or in anyway self destructive. And in no way gravely disabled. In violation of LPS law itself. And "empty handed", without their advisements (5157) or copies of anything they had signed.

Anyway, I have no issues with this officer. Just a lot of unanswered questions. Like "why leave off the handcuffs?". That report looks pretty lonely. Anything missing? A watering can or something perhaps. Any "witnesses"? Who was the "Officer of the Year"? Who picked me up? What was the date of the supervisor review? It seems to be missing. Along with the signature and ID number. It's all just blank.

Here's another one:

*"claiming that the police were after him"* (report)  
*"claiming he wanted the police called to the area"* (application form)

Let's review what the officer claimed I claimed again:

*"Mangers claimed that he was crazy and that persons were trying to kill him ..  
 .. claimed he wanted somebody to take him out and shoot him."*

Now that's just plain crazy.

I think it might be a good idea for us all to get together and come up with a story that won't get us all laughed out of Court. I'm gonna sue SJPD for not letting them get to know me. I'm starting to get the feeling that most of you guys like me. And it's nice to know I'm no longer a suspect. Thanks Cybercop "007" (or whatever it was).

Geoffrey

**El Camino Hospital**, 2500 Grant Rd, Mountain View, CA 94040

Dr. Jennifer Zumarraga, Dr. Shahab Roohparvar (I appreciate knowing who they are), Matt Harris.

## Complaint

(May 24 - 31, 2007)

**Malpractice (LPS misdiagnosis): *accepting an obviously falsified 5150 application form.***

**Failure to treat:** I'm afraid Dr. Zumarraga never (on my behalf) pursued that officer falsifying that application form. Or encouraged or empowered me in any way whatever to do so. She was unable to treat me because she spent so little time with me. And never believed what I told her anyway. And overbilled me for it. But this incompetence could have been intentional in order to help get SSI for me. Which I desperately need. And the collection letters the impetus I need to spur me on with this suit. Therefor this could in fact constitute legitimate therapy.

But there's some things she should know better about:

### Invasions of Privacy

Breach of Informed Consent by failing to provide Counsel in a state of Diminished Capacity (instructed to take inappropriate medication against my wishes while involuntarily confined).

Billing for services never requested, needed or delivered. False imprisonment.

"The staff was wonderful" I told Sharon Perkins trying to explain it to her on the phone. About what I gathered from my conversation with Albert Quintero that there's no law against a hospital accepting a falsified application form.

I like Sharon. She took the time to listen intelligently and responsively on the phone. And gave me the impression I was credible to her. I echoed her two sentences back to her: "You've never heard of such a thing" .. "You don't know why anyone would do such a thing". I need to cite them on this one so they won't be so naïve in the future. "You could get sued" I told her.

Dr. Thomas Havel was kind enough to respond to my letter with a phone call and got it in about 5 minutes acknowledging it with the words: an "imperfect world". That's someone who knows about the real world. While I was there, I learned his name from Dan Graves who was kind enough to point him out to me in the few seconds I had to catch his attention and compliment him on his staff. "I hope your stay is short" he told me. It was 8 days.

When I was first admitted I gave a note to Eric requesting Counsel. I like Eric, he was pleasant and understanding but seemed unable to know how to respond to such a request (saying nothing and never accepted the note). In fact, I don't think any of the staff knew the legal issues involved in it at all.

By the way, I'd like to apologise to one of the members of the night shift. I'm I was rather rude to her. The problem with paranoia is that it can be infectious. I wish they would have explained to me at the time why they quietly slipped that towel in the door to keep it unlocked (the next morning Dan helpfully did). And I've probably seen too many James Bond movies anyway. To which the "sound effects" of their plumbing that night added immensely: "a gunshot and a scream". And I already had enough unanswered questions as it was. Starting with that dominating AMR paramedic earlier: "Now you listen to me!" only 6 days after I filed a lawsuit against it all (AMR), EPS and Santa Clara County.

Anyway, how would I summarise it all? -- "loved into the poorhouse". Billing totaling almost \$30,000. The food was great, the staff and surroundings were pleasant. The medical records portray a complete lack of any insight into  
Like "observing through a fishbowl"

I don't know why they don't let the staff interact with the patients more, help them get some smiles or something.

Build their confidence. That's what therapy is all about. Isn't it?

Mangers vs. the LPS ("Mental Health") \$Malpractice\$ Complex

**Dr. Jennifer Zumarraga**  
P O Box 35697, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-0679

Dr. Zumarraga is a bit of a mystery to me. I like her and think she's trying to help me out in getting SSI with that medical record. Which I desperately need and very much appreciate her help in this. But the problem with "paranoid schizophrenia" is that you have to have it for at least 2 years to get SSI. And I don't think anyone's going to buy it. Or wasting 8 days of my life in the suicide ward of a mental hospital being bored to death most of the time having to play bingo games and tearing out magazine pictures and pasting them on pieces of paper and billing me thousands for it, helps me any either. Including getting SSI.

Anyway it seems I must cite Dr. Zumarraga for a misdiagnosis because of what appeared to be "the tears in her eyes" for me when I first recall meeting her. Did she actually believe what she read on that falsified 5150 application form? I think she did. I don't know how anyone could be so far off the mark. Especially a psychiatrist. When it was "right in front of her face" on that form itself. If it were me (knowing by law, that I'd have to inform my patient of it) I'd be saying to them in a gentle voice something like "Did you really say that?" encouraging them to feel free to tell me the truth.

Anyway, it becomes difficult trying to tease out the "helpfulness" from the incompetence. Involuntary confinement alters communication (I think she missed this one). So does litigation. I may never know the truth.

"Am I mentally competent to sign documents" I asked her at one point. "Yes, you are!" I heard (and hearing this question from me seemed to bring her much delight). But what neither of us knew at the time was that I wasn't. People will sign anything to get out. Especially at \$3000 a day. And change their own bed linen when told to. I never was told what the billing was. By anyone. If a patient refuses to sign the forms, they can be placed in front of a compliant relative when they visit who will sign them without question. Or even reading it first. I refused to sign for any billing until provided with Counsel. And stated so when it was put in front of me. And can prove it.

Dr. Zumarraga hardly spent any time at all getting to know me. And billed me and Blue Cross \$1400 for it. I think she still owes me hours of therapy. Maybe even 8 days of it. Anyway, I know what Mental Health costs. And I think "she owes me" on this one. I tried calling, leaving a message on her voice mail at El Camino. Only to get a response from her billing agency for a thousand dollars for my copay. I tried writing to her. And been trying to explain to her billing department in Wisconsin that I need to discuss her bill with her (as well as having sent it in writing to them). Only to eventually get a response, hand printed and unsigned, with a P.O. Box return address in Delafield, Wisconsin that says:

**"Geoffrey - Dr. Zumarraga has given me the OK to send your account to a collection agency.."**

Here's the latest one: **"Unless you notify this office within 30 days.. (etc. etc.) ..this office will obtain verification of the debt or obtain a copy of a judgment and mail you a copy of such judgment or verification.."** another P. O. Box in Germantown, Wisconsin, no signature ..

"who *\*are\** these people?" .. "what's going on?" .. "Wisconsin?".

And a judgment before I'm allowed to dispute it with Dr. Zumarraga?

This is "Mental Health"? Don't these people ever consider the psychological effects of a bill on their patients? Twice while confined I asked Dr. Zumarraga how much the bill was. She never told me. All I remember hearing was "Bad news.." (for me, I gathered .. feeling sorry for me I suppose) that my insurance company wouldn't pay it. What kind of response does this invoke? "I better get on the phone and get Blue Cross to pay it!". Which is not the response of someone who'd I'd I think of as having been made mentally well from it all.

Also Dr. Zumarraga owes Blue Cross somewhere around \$600 for a medication she prescribed for me that is entirely wrong for me. That would only sap what little strength I have left to be able to file this suit and deter me from complaining further. Like the \$400 I never gave Blue Cross permission to pay her. And some other things .. "she should know better".

## Invasions of Privacy

In a mental hospital, these breaches are indefensible.

As well as any other such institution holding dominion over a vulnerable and defenseless population.

Dr. Zumarraga knew about my previous 5150. How?

*\*I\** never gave her permission. Or wanted her or *\*anyone\** I didn't know closely and trusted to find out about it. And I certainly would never have permitted it of my own free will. No sane person who's mentally competent would allow strange people who didn't know them to discover these sort of things about them without their permission.

As well as other intrusions that are no one's business, for me and anyone else, in the vulnerable position I was in. I didn't know this person. In spite of how friendly she may have seemed. When I think back to it, it's a bit creepy.

Someone could easily get the wrong impression. Especially if never given time to explain it. And get misdiagnosed. Winding up with their name improperly on a list with others barred from purchasing certain types of 'protection' they never have or wish to anyway. Which then find their way on to other lists. As the confusion from the misdiagnoses proliferates. And has now become defamatory. And is almost impossible to fix once it has. Because this sort of incompetence is so widespread.

Which is why privacy issues are so important. As well as complaining when they're breached. And calling to account any of those who have.

As well as anyone who's misdiagnosed you from such breaches, lest this also becomes a problem. In addition to all the rest that have been created for you.

Take this one for example: "*history of bipolar disorder*".

Gosh, where did *\*that\** rumor come from? And how did it start? And *\*who\** started it. And why? It gets curiouser and curiouser. No competent doctor I've ever known and known me has ever diagnosed me as bipolar. It wouldn't bother me if I was. It's just that I'm not and never have been. I know what I am and have never had the symptoms. Ever.

### Breach of Informed Consent & Failure to provide Counsel In a state of Diminished Capacity

Anything I (or anyone else in such a position) signed was in a state of diminished capacity. Especially after you're compelled to take those pills that make you more compliant. I never wanted to take them. But you have to in hopes of ever getting out.

And I was never given any sort of informed consent whatever in all this either. Or told of my right to Counsel. In fact, I didn't want to sign anything at all. If they didn't know this they're blind. But they won't let you talk to visitors unless you do.

There was no 'emergency' involved in any of this. Other than, after reading that falsified 5150 application form when I arrived, that I needed to be put in touch with those I knew and trusted. And Counsel. Which I requested. And was ignored. I tried to call as many people I knew as possible to let them know what was happening (and fortunately had their phone numbers!). Including a friend who in kindness came over to visit but was turned away. Who I very much wanted to see and whose support I badly needed. But I was never informed of any of this.

And this was at the best hospital of them all.

**Dr. Shahab Roohparvar**  
 2660 Grant Rd.  
 Mountain View, CA. 94040  
 (650) 969-9101

I have no personal issues with Dr. Roohparvar. I only saw him for a few minutes anyway. He seemed pleasant. I'm "pulling him over for a broken taillight". Anyway, I wish he would have told me first how much he would cost me. He billed me \$237.46 for unrequested and substandard services: he failed to tell me of neither the symptoms nor the cause of the deficiency he was prescribing for. That would have helped clue me as to what was going on. Which would have provided me with a simple solution to something that was my own fault.

And I don't know how or where he got the "history of bipolar disorder" in just the few minutes he spent with me. I don't think it helps me get SSI anyway. Anyway, I'm definitely not bipolar. And never have been.

He also failed to observe and note my request for Counsel in the medical record. This request was written in large letters on a sheet of typewriter paper taped to the top right part of the door to my room. That anyone entering it would have to "brush by" as they entered. He never commented to me about it or entered it in the medical record (~~\*neither did Dr. Zumarraga~~). In fact no one ever told me of my right to Counsel.

**\*Correction!** (added 5-12-09 Geoffrey Mangers)

**Dr. Zumarraga *\*did\** note in the medical records my request for Counsel**

On 6/4/08 I found my request for Counsel in the medical records. In Dr. Zumarraga's handwritten notes that say: "5/26/07 ... 1600[hrs] Addendum - Wants for lawyer to review consent for medication form prior to signing it." (then her initials). But it never happened.

2001-2002 SANTA CLARA COUNTY CIVIL GRAND JURY

REVIEW OF COUNTY EMERGENCY PSYCHIATRIC SERVICES

2002

INTRODUCTION

In October 2001, the Santa Clara County Civil Grand Jury toured several mental health service facilities operated by the county as part of the Santa Clara Valley Health and Hospital System. Subsequently the Grand Jury initiated a review specifically covering the operations of the Emergency Psychiatric Services (EPS) facility. The review included an unannounced inspection, interviews with the administrators and staff of EPS, as well as a review of certain procedures and reports.

Emergency Psychiatric Services Patients  
The EPS patient load averages 750-800 per month. Of these, approximately five percent require discharge to an acute care inpatient facility (psychiatric hospital).

5%  
TRIAGE  
into  
ACUTE  
CARE

Of the capacity available in Santa Clara County, 100 percent of public inpatients were in Valley Medical Center's Barbara Arons Pavilion, the county's acute care facility. The other three Santa Clara County hospitals offering psychiatric beds housed no public patients. (See Attachment 2)

A \$50,000 FINE  
That is never levied.  
Why?

EPS is a locked facility designed to allow evaluation and processing of acutely troubled or ill patients. Because EPS is licensed as an ambulatory clinic of Valley Medical Center, stays at the facility are limited to 24 hours or less under Title 22 of the California Code of Regulations. Patients who need hospitalization beyond 24 hours, including those being held under Section 5150, are discharged to acute care inpatient facilities. Depending upon the results of a medical and psychiatric evaluation, other EPS patients may be discharged to their homes with an appropriate referral for outpatient treatment. The law requires that this evaluation be completed within the mandated 24-hour period.

Although the law states that patients will not remain at EPS longer than 24 hours, "overstays" are a common occurrence. In the months of May through October 2001, for example, EPS had a total patient population of 3864. Of this number, 150 persons (about four percent) remained beyond the mandated 24-hour cutoff.

Each of these overstays carries the potential for a substantial legal penalty from the state, including a fine of \$50,000 per incident. EPS has been cited twice for this problem, but to date the state has not opted to levy any fines. EPS staff stated that all of these overstays were attributable to patients who needed transfer to acute care inpatient facilities (psychiatric hospitals). Staff also reported that it is very difficult to place these patients within the 24-hour limit because there is a shortage of available beds, particularly for Medi-Cal or uninsured (public) patients. These types of patients comprise the large majority of individuals who pass through EPS.

**2002-2003 SANTA CLARA COUNTY CIVIL GRAND JURY**  
**INQUIRY INTO THE COUNTY MENTAL HEALTH SERVICES**

**Summary**

The 2002-2003 Santa Clara County Civil Grand Jury inquired into the reason for an apparent lack of beds for psychiatric patients in the Emergency Psychiatric Service at Valley Medical Center. It was found that there was no lack of beds but a problem of discharging patients to appropriate levels of care. This problem has been resolved with a budget increase to the Department of Mental Health.

. . .

**Background**

The 2001-2002 Santa Clara County Civil Grand Jury undertook an inquiry into the operations of Santa Clara County's Emergency Psychiatric Service. That inquiry raised some issues surrounding the apparent shortage of acute care beds for psychiatric patients within the county.



**2004-2005 SANTA CLARA COUNTY  
CIVIL GRAND JURY REPORT**

**DOES SANTA CLARA COUNTY PAY TOO MUCH FOR  
ADULT INMATE HEALTHCARE?**

**Summary**

Based on a citizen's complaint noting that inmate healthcare costs in Santa Clara County (County) were relatively high in comparison with those in several other California

. . .

where does the money go?", "How does this compare to investments in other aspects of healthcare for County residents?", "Can we justify these investments quantitatively in actuarial terms and through demonstrated cost-effectiveness and outcomes measures?", and "Is the incarceration of people on the margin of society and the investment in custodial healthcare the most effective way to improve their situation?"

This inquiry is important because there is an unexplained gap of \$16.4 million per year

## "How may I help you. SIR"

They are the words you hear from someone who sees you have spent far too long in the noonday sun as you stumble out of a desert after far far too many years of thirsting. Having become (like Diogenes thirsting for an honest man) delusionally ill from it all.

### An expression of my gratitude to our Civil Grand Jury.

(re-edited from the original letter to Gloria Chacón, Civil Grand Jury Coordinator, April 7, 2007)

## "The Superior Court Judge would never allow it."

CC: some others..

Dear Gloria,

Thank you for those inspiring words over the phone a while back. What a noble sentiment. Responding to my comment that a Grand Jury Report could be ignored.

I don't know why they remind me of the day my phone rang within minutes returning my call to Washington with a salute that began with the words: "*David Carreiro, Senior Policy Director ..* " As I heard a distant trumpet of Hope lifting me from the ground and knew that my message had finally been received and understood. And that the Cavalry was on the way. They are words that, if nothing else, give one a brief moment of absolute Joy. Like the words from some "*starry eyed*" Grand Jury Coordinator somewhere who truly believes them and is convinced it could be no other way, showing an interest in my questions.

**"The Superior Court Judge would never allow it."**

What a lovely idea. But perhaps all is not lost for again I see a glimmer of Hope in "*a culture of corruption*" (alas, is there anything new in the history books?..).

-----  
Cast adrift and lost upon dark waters I see a lighthouse. And within the windows atop it, I see 19 committed people attending a **brilliant blazing beacon**. Reaching out to all at sea with the "***Bright Shining Light of Diogenes***". Behind which I see the **Civil Grand Jury**. And I see it shining grandly indeed.

***"Hooray for the Grand Jury!"***

And Gloria to them all for the fine work they have done in creating this resplendent Lamp. Searching out with their light for all those in the darkness. For without this ***Empowering Light***, penetrating into the horizons and illuminating the pirates, this lonely mariner would have long been completely lost. And given up.

I have now printed out copies of a total of 4 Grand Jury Reports.  
And see a brilliant question raised in the 3<sup>rd</sup> one I've been reading recently:

**"Is the incarceration of people on the margin of society and the investment in custodial healthcare the most effective way to improve their situation?"**

To which I would add: What about incarcerating people *"not on the margin"*:

**"It was found that there was no lack of beds but a problem of discharging patients to appropriate levels of care."**

*"The Superior Court Judge would never allow it."*

Then again, I could be mistaken and in fact *am* on the margin but don't know it yet. Indeed, if not, I expect I may well be quite near it. For I wish to add to the incarceration list the names of all the clowns profiting from this abomination that attempted to ransom me and my insurance company in it last summer and almost got away with it. Unfortunately, most of their other victims never figure it out and wind up (and continue to be) held up for literally billions nationally.

Imagine some giant insane unstoppable vacuum cleaner. With profits going through the sky. Sweeping up all in it's path. Sucking billions out of the pockets of innocent citizens (crazy or not) and their insurance companies for as long as they can get away with it. Telling them they're: *"dangerous to yourself"* -- (*"one size fits all"*).

Why don't they lock up the loonies running it instead? I'd put an "x" in the box that says *"dangerous to others"*. I don't know who these masked headhunters (and their accomplices) are running this operation sucking thousands of dollars a day out of every head they can hold in it. But I think their prompt suction into what they've created would improve the situation very quickly indeed. **For everyone.** For I saw people who were completely harmless. One enveloped in tears and left alone with them. Billing at \$3,975.60/day, you'd think someone would have at least taken the time to offer her a comforting arm. If nothing else.

What's the point of locking up someone who's dangerous to no one? Who's only crime is to have become frightened from some unfortunate external event. Or to have been abused by someone. And has had the misfortune to have the money, property or insurance to pay for their incarceration from it.

After which they're too ashamed or fearful to complain. Or call their insurance company to find out that they've been quietly billed thousands of dollars for a service they never wished to receive. Or in fact *did* receive. And just want to forget about the whole thing and get on with their lives.

I've seen job application forms asking whether one has ever been in a psychiatric or mental hospital. The only way I know how to answer this *hospital* question truthfully is "no". In fact, that word *"no"* is in italics and boldface in that first Grand Jury Report I read. And the *\*only\** word so delineated in it. For no one is allowed to be involuntarily incarcerated within them unless they can pay for it. What sane person would ever pay for their own incarceration anyway?

All the hospitals I've ever been in (that call themselves that) have always been well worth the cost. Not one has *ever* made me further ill. And have always promptly restored me to health. After which they don't want me needlessly hanging around and running up the bill on my insurance company for thousands of dollars of days on end. In fact, I know of none whose doctors would ever even admit me if I were *not* indeed truly ill. For their doctors ask me questions to quickly ascertain why I'm there. And never once in any of them have I ever been deceived, misdiagnosed and tricked into signing documents for services I didn't want. Or coerced into taking pills I didn't want. And then told something like:

*"If you had a ruptured spleen you'd be screaming all over the floor"*.

# "What \*is\* Mental Health?"

What about the psychological effects of a bill on a patient?

Does anyone ever think about *that one*?

Why aren't they allowed to choose *\*their own\** doctors?

"What's the emergency?" -- (wherein they are mostly ignored anyway)

And denied proper treatment e.g. a **prompt** and **competent** diagnosis.

Allowing them to be discharged to an appropriate level of care.

If not, it turns into "behavioral conditioning" -- punishment for "bad behavior".

As prisons do.

Sentenced to days or weeks. With steep fines, in the thousands, if not tens of thousands of dollars.

What crimes could they have possibly committed for such sentences? For which they're made to feel ashamed of.

And fear to complain lest anyone find out.

Incarceration compels compliance (if they ever want to get out):

to divulge private and personal information to someone they don't know and otherwise never would,

to sign documents without benefit of Counsel and never given copies and never told what's going on (EPS, PSI)

and whose rights are ignored (this in itself constitutes malpractice,

indeed it's psychological abuse and does nothing other than to perpetuate it).

Why are they incarcerated anyway?

Unless, *because of a serious mental disorder*,

they are **truly** gravely disabled or **truly** dangerous to themselves or others.

Convince me that it doesn't become (in essence) nothing more than "kidnapping for ransom".

Or insurance fraud.

Anyway, I send this complaint to you Gloria with much *Loving Affection*

and to the Court with many many questions. Starting with:

## How does the Superior Court Judge enforce a Grand Jury Report?

For as soon as the Grand Jury is convened I would like to see it "call their boss upon the carpet" and have it explain to them why these absolutely brilliant Grand Jury reports are unenforceable. And why it's still going on. And then publish it for all to see.

We need to "get back to basics". Something called:

### "An Oath of Office"

Why are all these regulatory agencies failing?

Why haven't all these people who answer the phone been sworn in?

Anyway, all I can say is Gloria to the Grand Jury. And Gloria to it all.

For I see it shining grandly. Grandly indeed.

It was nice to talk to you Gloria. You're sweet. I just wanted to tell you that.

All the best,

*Geoffrey*