

Betty Broome Report

When I contacted Adult Protective Services the first time I was instructed to start documenting what I witnessed in the house and that is how this document began. But it wasn't enough to describe and share what I saw and heard because I knew Mom and Dad all my life. So I felt confident explaining what wasn't always so obvious.

I included back history and personality traits I hoped would convince the protective institutions to stop the cruelty I wasn't able to stop without support from my family or one of the institutions I contacted. But it turned out that everyone was so charmed by my territorial Dad, envious of Mom's occasional visits from tall healthy sons and fearful any actual participation would require them to deal with Mom's ostomy, Mom's cruel toucher went on heartlessly for years.

Betty Broome Reports

2/6/25 Dad came and told me Mom didn't wake up this morning and I could come and see her. I said "no need" and I packed up all of my belongings and moved back to Austin.

2/5/25 Betty Broome Report

I think Brian may have learned from his overnight visit, we can't discuss Dad's drugging Mom directly very often but we can stay in the house day and night waiting for a moment to hold her hand when she recognizes us and keep her alive with hope Dad will give her a chance to live without the deadly drugs.

Dad's tactic of saying he has to give her more drugs when she says she can't breathe is definitely the one he'll use when he gives her the lethal dose someday if he doesn't snap out of this. But at least we know now that we don't have to believe his distractions as he dominates the conversation, apologizes for Mom and leads us into the living room where he'll putt, play games and repeat the same sentences he's said for the past 10 years.

We don't have to believe it but we can tolerate it while we stay in the house with a couple of pairs of pants and shirts and he knows we're hoping he'll snap out of this hospice mentality the insurance companies, the doctors and his assistants have to believe to get paid.

Dad doesn't have to be like most men controlled by their ego. His family needs to come with reminders that Mom would rather be awake talking to family and doing physical therapy rather than being gas lit and drugged by him.

The women in the family would have intervened long ago if women didn't hate women, especially mothers, for not warning or protecting them sufficiently from men's nonsense when they were young. Women hating women could easily be solved with education but powerful men attempt to keep women simple in hopes of the opportunity to control young ones.

When we were in Boy Scouts honesty was a big deal. I never even considered the possibility of Dad being dishonest. But now he lies all the time and all of his lies are about keeping Mom immobilized and dependent.

Dad's extreme deadly lying exposes that he's been lying to us all along, using Mom as his mouthpiece.

It's difficult for Dad to lie directly without losing his temper and barking like a caveman. Now that Mom is too drugged to be used as a gaslit puppet he falls into walking like a cripple and looking out from under his eyelids and snapping at me when he has to defend his lies. But then he can be completely healthy and young looking when he plays golf and is absorbed by activities. Mom could do the same If she and her assistants were allowed to care for her ethically.

Dad is trapped by his own lying system which was successful for so long. His last gas lighting performance involved two statements from Mom. One, "I can't breathe I can't breathe."

I mentioned earlier about how she became embarrassed to say it when she wasn't so drugged. Then it was very frustrating for Dad when Mom would repeat what it out of context and clearly inebriated. The second recent gaslit statement was, "I'm going to die this week." This was clearly not originated by Mom. It was embarrassing to watch and easy to have her start repeating that she wanted to visit Brant or her nieces instead.

Dad does have a "do not resuscitate" order signed for Mom but there is no such thing as a "euthanize with constant drugging" order.

Now that Dad can't get long too say what he teaches her he can't use Mom to be

blamed the way he did when he had her say mean things about our wives or when he had her teach us table manners. He would have to pull the trigger himself with a lethal dose of the drugs he claims Mom asked for by saying she can't breathe before we came in the room.

The worst part is the new enthusiasm Dad has about administering the morphine knowing he has this new institutional corroboration add added to his thin-skinned family's lack of resistance.

It's extremely hard psychologically and physically for my brothers to stay in the house for days or weeks occasionally letting Dad know they're waiting for him to snap out of this euthanasia drugging trap. We know it was because of insurance requirements and doctor's thinking they know when it's time for women to die. But Dad can be very charming when he distracts us from his deadly deeds.

2:30 a.m. I heard the sound of plates in the kitchen but I didn't go to see.

3:00 I went downstairs to sit in the chair in case of emergencies.

6:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if they wanted fruit salad. He said, "it sounds good" and I went in to see Mom while he was getting coffee. Mom was completely knocked out with her mouth wide open and something orange on her lips.

I attempted to shake her and get her to respond in any way, but she was completely knocked out. It's the first time I've ever been completely unable to wake her when Dad was expecting me to get breakfast for her.

When Dad came in the bedroom I said, "let me know when she's ready to eat something." Dad said, "this is as good as she gets." He said, "Darion is able to feed her with a syringe."

I feel sorry for how far Darion has to go with Dad's requirements to demonstrate Mom's incapacity. But she certainly can't risk for job suggesting he back off of the drugs. Darion knows she and I accidentally triggered Dad's most recent commitment to Mom's death by getting mom interested in makeup YouTube videos, calling family, exercise, and asking for night assistant hours.

I said to Dad, "why not take Mom off the drugs so she can eat and talk to us." He said "she is able to breathe now because of the hospice drugs."

It's offensive to have him lie directly to me when I was here for the whole process how he trained her to start saying she couldn't breathe a few years ago and now recently with the new hospice drugs.

I said, "There's a record now of how you got Mom to this point and just days ago she could talk and eat." Dad said, "I know you would rather Mom be able to breathe." I started to say, "Just 4 days ago..." Dad lost his temper and started yelling, "get out of here, get out of here."

I lost my temper and copied his gestures as I left the room.

9:00 Teresa and Darion arrived.

Dad left the house but the bedroom door was closed and I didn't want to cause Darion anymore suffering than she already has to go through following along with Dad.

9:30 Mark arrived and was talking downstairs.

10:00 Dad returned.

11:00 Teresa left and the lawn mowers arrived.

12:00 Mark left.

I practice songs all day and Dad and Mark went in the living room a couple of times to hit golf balls but we didn't communicate.

There should be some consequences for those people I have informed about Mom's dangerous situation.

I tell Dad as often as I can and I've lived in the house for 3 years as a reminder for him to snap out of this euthanasia trap. I send these APS reports daily to his phone 713 818 9915 saying he's unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I tell my brothers Mark 832 800 0049, Brian 713 201 4170, Neal 512 705 5118, and Brant 206 856 7963 Dad's unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I tell the couple with power of attorney, Neal 512 705 5118, and Fiona 512 769 1014 Dad

is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I tell the prescribing Doctors, Dr Taylor 281 469 3949, and Dr Venkatesh 281 807 7676 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

Twice I reported to the police 911 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

Four times I reported to the Adult Protective Services 713 838 6820, 281 814 5066, 800 252 5400 and 832 472 2518 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I reported to Byran 832 316 9168 Mom's physical therapist, Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I reported to Glenn 832 277 7601 the physical therapist administrator, Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I reported to Margaret 713 249 4369 the nurse that visited Mom for years about Dad unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I reported to Shelley of Caring Senior Services 713 823 2067, Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I told a private nurse I hired to help Mom, Maribel 832 938 8256, Dad is unintentionally killing mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I told the Angelus Senior assistant services (281) 856-6305 Dad is unintentionally killing mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I wrote to Attorney General Merrick Garland at <https://www.justice.gov/contact-us> Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I wrote to PBS NewsHour <https://help.pbs.org/support/solutions/articles/12000099002-how-to-contact-pbs-digital-support> Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a

combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I write to Vantage Hospice (713) 398-3204

Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I've reported to everyone I can think of to get someone to monitor Mom's medications for at least 24 hours and see how independent Mom can be without the drugs that cause her to be immobile. Mom also needs to have her ostomy irrigated so she can get up without excruciating belly cramps.

2/4/25 Betty Broome Report

Dad's not honest like when he was young. It began innocently making excuses for Mom decades ago, so she wouldn't have so much to do entertaining guests. But now his excuses have gradually evolved into drugging her with sedating medications and dominating the conversation moved away from Mom and into the living room.

Dad's somber facial expressions are contagious for everyone about his growing responsibilities for hospice responsibilities and equipment. But that's all unnecessary.

Dad thinks everyone is dishonest like him and is competing like a reality TV show. So he doesn't believe me when I say he will never see me again if Mom dies under these unnatural circumstances. He's created this terrible situation himself with Dr Taylor's and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs and Mom's unirrigated ostomy.

Dad believes he will play golf with his boys and life will go back to normal after 6 years of torturing Mom so far. But I have lived a nightmare for 3 years in their house trying to stop him from killing her and warning the entire family of exactly what's been going on with detailed letters like this one.

Escaping my heartless family will be the easiest thing I've ever done after 3 years of this macabre death theater.

If any member of my family visit me if mom dies this way, I'll punch them in the stomach

so they can see what Mom has needlessly felt for 6 years. Then I'll shut my door in their face remembering Mom's constant but needless years of suffering.

5:00 I went downstairs to wait in the chair. Brian was sleeping on the couch. The first time he stayed the night in at least one year. That's exciting news. I guess it was because he heard I was sick and he wanted to take a turn watching Mom.

6:00 Brian took orders for McDonald's breakfast sandwiches.

Dad's new thing is to keep Mom facing away from the edge of the bed even when she has visitors. Mom knows he doesn't trust her after her many attempts to escape but she plays helpless, like he wants her to. Dad seems to have forgotten he did this a year ago and it hurt Mom's shoulder on the side she laid on every day for weeks.

6:30 I asked Mom if she wanted jelly on her sandwich and Dad said for Brian to put the jelly on the sandwich. That was understandable because I've been sick for 2 days and we couldn't risk Mom getting sick if it was contagious. Mom was knocked out and I didn't see if she ate her sandwich.

9:00 Darion arrived and had to knock and ring the doorbell because we forgot to unlock the door. I let her in and saw Brian's jacket was still downstairs.

I went upstairs and fell asleep. I'm still trying to sleep off a couple of days of illness.

2:30 Dad was putting in the living room.

I stayed upstairs all day keeping away from Mom in case I'm contagious. I'm pretty sure it was just that I rubbed my eyes after Mom had a bad fecal event. But I spent the day practicing songs and hopefully Brian is helping give Mom hope.

If Mom is taken off the medicine she could get well. She has been falsely made into a dementia patient based on FaceTime phone meetings with Dr Taylor for the past several years when she was knocked out on his prescription drugs.

Message for Dad

I know you want the best for Mom, but I'm worried your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way.

I understand you're trying your best, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying

Mom's access to proper care and quality of life at her advanced age.

I see caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help from a real nurse rather than the pseudo-medical medical hospice and APS representatives who will do anything to avoid Mom's feces.

While your love and dedication are invaluable, Mom needs professional ostomy irrigation and release from medication which stops her from activity and independence. Let's work together to give her a break from gut pain and medication induced dementia.

The current medication and lack of ostomy irrigation have caused harm, and it's essential we address them promptly to prevent further issues.

I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you while she lives. Let's find a way to prioritize Mom's needs while also taking care of yourself.

Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship for Mom, rather than direct caregiving. A real ostomy specialist nurse can be incredibly valuable for Mom.

Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional nurse who doesn't have a hospice agenda, try letting Mom function without the hospice drugs she's been taking since November 6th 2019. The new hospice drugs she started last month abruptly stopped her communication. Those drugs have to stop. And if we irrigate Mom's ostomy she will be free of pain, can start activities with family and do physical therapy.

2/3/25 Betty Broome Report

Mom tries to hold her head up off the pillow as much as she can to keep from losing consciousness. This is similar to how Natalie used to swing her arm trying to stay awake when Mark was trying to rock her to sleep at night.

But Dad believes the doctors when they gave Mom all the sedating and crippling hospice medicine, first 6 years ago and now a month ago with more lethal combinations. So

Mom doesn't have much of a chance unless Dad snaps out of the doctors plans.

Dad doesn't have it in him to give Mom the lethal dose so it has gone on for 6 years because Mom is so healthy. It's been constant torture drifting in and out of consciousness, losing control of her legs and suffering from constipated gut pain.

Of course Dad can't look at what he's doing objectively. It's disgusting like a boy king torturing a rat.

11:30 I was very ill and slept until 11:30 in the morning.

12:00 I had to mail some furniture to one of my friends in Austin and I picked up some fried chicken and fruit salad for Mom and Dad at the grocery store on the way back. I still couldn't eat.

12:30 I sent a link to the family of a song I recorded for Mom.
<https://youtu.be/M57pQkZxGdg?si=xuVEdq7d-kjpknoI>

I slept all afternoon.

5:00 p.m. Mark came upstairs and asked if I needed medicine and I said I had Pepto-Bismol. That was all I needed. I thanked him.

8:00 Brian came and was talking to Dad for a long time about golf. I asked him to take out the garbage for me. He said he would.

I sent a text to Brian to try to help him know how to help Mom.

Text to Brian

"If you sit with Mom long enough she knows you really want to be with her and you're not just viewing the body, you can sit her on the edge of the bed every five minutes for hours and she'll get exercise. Dad won't let me near her without drugging her severely. He says she just told him she can't breath before I come in the room. Mom needs you brothers to sit with her long enough to wake up and start sitting on the edge of the bed. She will do it till she passes out or Dad stops you. She'll wake now if you sit with her and she'll beg you not to leave her."

9:30 I must have sweated out the illness because I thoroughly wet the sheets with sweat.

I started work on a new song about Dad and Mom's situation and sent it to the family.

Deadly family song

What to do when dad and brothers
dangerous to themselves and others,
find their education weak.
Won't give what our mother seeks.

Won't be there to hold her hand or
sing with mother when we can.
Murderers don't like you there to
see them kill or have you stare.

Long-term murderers hide their deeds
con observers with their needs.
They are victims in their heads
Empathy is cold and dead.

Chorus

Mother knows the horrid truth
hoping all the time
She escapes or force relaxed her
claustrophobic mind.

Substance abusing families
easily pretend
doing what they think is right,
waiting for the end.

Even as the torture lasts.
Years and years go by.
Mom is waiting for escape
aging husband's lies.

Those who know what's happening
paid to status quo,
have to wait for Dad to wake

and stop the murder show.

He could stop at anytime.
Cruel sedating drugs
Let her family see her smile and
feed her with our hugs.

Dad would be a hero then.
We could celebrate.
He just has to stop it now.
Now is not too late.

I think I'll feel better tomorrow. But I didn't eat anything all day except for grapes and a bowl of cereal.

5:00 a.m. Brian stayed the night on the couch!

2/2/25 Betty Broome Report anniversary

I reported this event at the end of my report yesterday.

3:30 There is a loud thud, so I went in the living room chair to wait too see if there was going to be a call for assistance.

4:00 Dad came out and said he needed help. It looked to me like it was another attempt of Mom to escape when she was coming down off of the unnecessary drugs. But Mom was missing part of her ostomy equipment so she squirted feces all over her clothing and the bed.

Dad had bundled most of the mess in Mom's nightgown and cut off that portion of her nightgown with scissors. He was attempting to clean up the rest and needed me to hold Mom on her side so he could clean her back and remove as much of the mess as he could. Mom kept moaning loudly every time he touched that part of her body.

The day before Dad ordered the wafer portion of her ostomy and they sent more bags

which he already had. He called back and asked for the wafer portion of her ostomy and they said they would get it to him on Monday. But there was this emergency before Monday came.

5:00 Dad finished cleaning Mom, used Scotch tape to create a temporary ostomy wafer and put a new nightgown on Mom. No one will consider irrigating Mom's ostomy for some reason which would stop the feces from forcing off the wafer. That would have made it impossible for her to have an overflow like she did tonight. She could have been flushed completely clear inside which would also take care of her constant gut cramps. If she was taken off the excessive sedation medicine she could help roll onto her side. She has been falsely made into a dementia patient with medication during her FaceTime phone meetings with doctors for the past several years.

5:30 Dad's putting in the living room.

I was ill all day and on the toilet so I have nothing to report except that I've been hydrating myself.

2/1/25 Betty Broome Report

This report includes an emergency.

The family members who speak with the most artificial authority and agree with Dad that Mom should remain completely intoxicated with drugs are the two family members who have visited the house the least over a long span of years. It's very similar to Trump voters who have little or no actual experience but speak with absolute confidence and spread misinformation among poorly educated family members.

3:00 I went downstairs to wait for Mom and Dad to get up.

6:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked what they wanted for breakfast. Dad said scrambled eggs would be good. I went and checked on Mom and she couldn't respond.

Mom has a new hospital bed and was connected to a different kind of oxygen machine at the side of her bed. I guess she attempted to escape from Dad too often and fell on

the floor because now she's caged like an animal with rails on the side of the bed. She can still climb over that rail but there will be fewer falls.

6:30 I brought Mom and Dad bacon, fruit salad and jelly toast with grapefruit juice to drink. While I was feeding her she said I need some food. I was glad she ate as much as she did. A couple of pieces of bacon, a quarter of her fruit salad and half of her jelly toast. But she is knocked out to start out her day.

It took an extremely long time to feed her because of her intoxicated state. But I can still tell she knows what's going on and she was going along with me to show her approval.

7:30 I went upstairs and sent off yesterday's report.

9:30 I went downstairs for a treat and met Darion in the kitchen who said she's "taking one day at a time." I said the same. There's nothing to say to her that wouldn't risk her position so she is part of the hospice team now. Dad is the only one who can stop Mom's torture murder now.

1:00 I went downstairs and started making tea. I asked Mom if she wanted to go out in the sun because it was a beautiful day. Dad said she was down today. So I went and did an hour of PBS exercise news.

Then I went in the backyard and sat on the swing in the sun for 30 minutes.

3:00 Dad said Mom would like to go outside. I brought Mom outside and put her feet on the grass and let her sit in the sun for almost 30 minutes. It was really great to have her outside but she's completely drugged out and incapable of talking. Except for a couple of incoherent words. Her lips were ridiculously swollen and she couldn't control her tongue to speak. She was very frustrated when I asked her to repeat the things she tried to say.

3:30 Mom's portable oxygen machine overheated and stopped working so Dad was trying to bring the tube from inside the house. At her request I brought Mom back inside the house and put her in the bed.

When I sat her down she ground her teeth and put her hand on her ostomy. She did this three times when I tried to push her up to the top of the bed. She is suffering intensely from her ostomy being unirrigated.

It reminded me when I worked at Delgado hospital in New Orleans and I was put in charge an elderly man who defecated on himself. I tried putting him in the shower and

then the whirlpool just to keep from having to come in contact with his feces.

Our entire family and multi institutions are defensively built around keeping from coming in contact with Mom's feces. They would rather say anything, and bring more and more equipment rather than irrigating Mom's ostomy.

All of Mom's assistants pretended that Mom's pain was coming from somewhere else other than her stomach even when Mom's hands always automatically jolt to hold her belly when she's in pain. Dad Dad gave them an excuse to avoid dealing with mom's ostomy because he said the pain is coming from her lungs.

5:00 I fixed pulled chicken on a bed of spinach with Coca-Cola and brought it to Mom and Dad. Both Mom and Dad ate all of it but Mom didn't want the spinach.

8:30 I had a online band practice for 2 hours.

3:30 a.m. There is a loud thud, so I went in the living room chair to wait too see if there was going to be a call for assistance.

4:00 Dad came out and said he needed help. It looked to me like it was another attempt of Mom trying to escape when she was coming down off of the unnecessary drugs. But Mom was missing part of her ostomy equipment so she squirted feces all over her clothing and the bed.

Dad had bundled most of the mess in Mom's nightgown and cut off that portion of her nightgown with scissors. He was attempting to clean up the rest and needed me to hold Mom on her side so he could clean her back and remove as much of the mess as he could. Mom kept moaning loudly every time he touched that part of her body.

The day before Dad ordered the wafer portion of her ostomy and they sent more bags which he already had. He called back and asked for the wafer portion of her ostomy and they said they would get it to him on Monday. But there was this emergency before Monday came.

5:00 Dad finished cleaning Mom, used Scotch tape to create a temporary ostomy wafer and put a new nightgown on Mom.

No one will consider irrigating Mom's ostomy for some reason which would stop the feces from forcing off the wafers. That would have made it impossible for her to have an overflow like she did tonight. She could have been flushed completely clear inside which

would also take eliminate her constant gut cramps.

If she was taken off the excessive sedation medicine she could help roll onto her side as well. She has been falsely made into a dementia patient with medication during her FaceTime phone meetings with doctors for the past several years.

Messages for Dad

I know you want the best for Mom, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way.

I understand you're trying your best, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Mom's access to proper care and quality of life at her advanced age.

I see caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help from a real nurse rather than the pseudo-medical medical hospice and APS representatives who will do anything to avoid moms feces.

While your love and dedication are invaluable, Mom needs professional ostomy irrigation and release from medication. Let's work together to give her a break from gut pain and medication induced dementia.

The current medication and lack of ostomy irrigation have caused some harm, and it's essential we address them promptly to prevent further issues.

I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Mom's needs while also taking care of yourself.

Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship for Mom, rather than direct caregiving. A real ostomy specialist nurse can be incredibly valuable for Mom.

Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional nurse who doesn't have a hospice agenda, try letting Mom function without the hospice drugs she's been taking since November 6th 2019. The new hospice drugs he started a couple of weeks ago have made it so she can't even communicate anymore since that date. If we irrigate Mom's ostomy she would be free of pain and can start activities with family and physical therapy.

1/31/25 Betty Broome Report

1:00 a.m. I stayed in the living room listening for emergencies.

5:00 I went upstairs to bed.

6:30 I heard Dad eating breakfast in the living room. I'm keeping my distance hoping Dad will come to his senses and stop drugging Mom. I've made my position clear in writing to him and the APS for an entire year since February 2nd 2024. Though Dad does have obvious memory loss he has to be allowed the opportunity to turn things around at this final deadly moment he has created in Mom's life.

I fell asleep.

When Darion arrived I could hear her talking to Mom for a long time.

10:00 Mark, Darion and Dad we're talking around Mom in the living room. One time Mom spoke and Mark asked what she said. She repeated it and that launched Mark into a long oration.

None of us in the family are used to going to any trouble to get Mom to talk and never have in our entire lives. Mom has always been pretty much a free slave and the habit is still strong now that we would like to get to know her.

11:00 Dad told Darion wine doesn't have much alcohol in it. I didn't hear Darion respond.

Dad and Mark's conversation became much more confident and made much less sense. So they must have had wine. It's like I've been telling Mark since Natalie was born, he should never drink because any phone call or clear-headed idea could be a life or death situation or improvement in his daughter's future. He needs to constantly be able to respond with his full intellect 24/7 for the rest of his life like he should for Mom and Dad under the present deadly circumstances.

12:00 Dad said he got sea food but I'd already eaten.

Mark and Dad were not in the right state state to receive hospice equipment and

instructions which arrived at the front door.

6:00 Dad apologized for opening my thank you letter for attending a friend's wedding last month. I told him no problem just leave it downstairs so I can see it later. He hit golf balls for a while.

I watched a few more of the dangerously unqualified nominee hearings and called my representatives at 202 224 3121. Their main voicemail boxes are full but if you continue attempting to talk to someone in person you get a second voicemail box.

7:00 It sounds like Dad went to bed.

I've been trying to assist dad to change his mind with important topics for the past few days including medication, ostomy irrigation and sex.

I think it may help to call attention to codependent competition

Codependency involves **excessive emotional reliance on others and struggling with boundaries**. It is rooted in trauma, neglect, or substance abuse and can lead to low self-worth, stress, and identity loss. Overcoming codependency involves setting boundaries, self-care, therapy, and building self-esteem.

Both Mom and Dad are suffer from codependency but Dad is the aggressor and Mom is the Stockholm Syndrome victim. No outsider would ever get a glimpse of this terrible situation without constant exposure for days or weeks.

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how we neglected Mom and Dad in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. That lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason Mom and Dad have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits which go uncared for year after year in plain sight.

But the recent dangerous habits are just added on the back of cultural systemic habits that have been going on before my brothers and I were old enough to be aware.

We almost never visited Mom's family.

Dad made Mom apologetic about her family.

When Mom did anything that called attention to her beauty or her natural intuitive qualities Dad found a way to repeatedly make a joke out of it.

When we lived in Lisa Park Mom told me she wished Dad was more assertive about her fitness rather than complaining.

When Mom planned activities with the family or her visiting family members (especially activities that cost money) Dad sabotaged them with extremely cruel clever convincing comments during the event.

I should have realized when Dad canceled Mom's credit card as we left town to go to her hometown, there was a big problem.

I should have realized earlier there was a pattern to the times you let Mom's ostomy come loose when she was doing things that made her feel independent and useful.

On November 6th 2019 you got a terminal diagnosis for Mom and that made you anticipate her death in a way that changed the way you communicate with her and communicate with the family about Mom.

I should have realized earlier you were giving immobilizing combinations of drugs to Mom when we would do activities.

After my accident with a texting driver I stayed at your house and quickly recognized the patterns created by your misuse of prescription medicine.

When I did start to realize you were not letting Mom do physical therapy you got in the way of purchasing the equipment which was ultimately helpful getting Mom up and out of bed.

You immobilized mom with medicine when the physical therapist was scheduled to arrive.

When I did start to realize you were giving Mom too much medication you lost your temper every time I attempted to discuss it with you.

When I started mentioning irrigating Mom's ostomy to stop her constant abdominal cramp complaints, you said she was past that and couldn't be moved to the toilet. But that wasn't true. The last time the physical therapist visited he took Mom to the toilet easily.

When Mom started to become stronger, independent and started driving her electric

scooter you became much more persistent with the medications that make her incoherent and immobile.

When Darion (Mom's assistant) asked for night time hours to help you sleep and it accidentally triggered the second hospice drug regiment a couple of weeks ago, you signed it on the spot. Mom's reaction was, "everyone's waiting for me to die."

Even now, family and medical professionals don't talk to Mom like a person, and very recently that is greatly complicated by the new hospice drugs. Before the recent hospice visit a couple of weeks ago she was able to talk to her kids on the phone. This is impossible now.

Your long ugly work is almost done and corroborated by everyone around you Dad, but you could stop the drugs now and be a hero instead.

But in spite of my describing all this in writing everyday for the past year you seem completely unaware of the bad habits. That lack of awareness and empathy toward your wife is a mental illness. But mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with healthy behaviors you have chosen and replacing bad habits over time.

You need to build your's and Mom's self-esteem with exercise, truly involving activities and attentive communication the way you have done for yourself in the past six or so months.

All three of the previous topics I've written to you in the past few days, medication, unirrigated ostomy and sexual anger are indicators of the callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

If you took on the topics which are causing Mom so much suffering and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn this situation around. You could be a hero.

Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you grew to anticipate and you recreated the symptoms they warned you about. I'm surprised you didn't recognize those symptoms the pseudo-medical institutions seeded you with. They could only have been brought into reality

with isolation, prescription medicine and alcohol.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's a memory issue we have to address. My understanding of your situation has changed with empirical evidence over the 3 years. I've lived with you and Mom most of that time, and if you check your messages you will see those three topics have been the main subjects for at least 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

Discussing these topics can help you escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl." It's time to use your own creative idea to visualize and save yourself and Mom by controlling what's at the bottom of your bowl.

Archive empty the cache of your computer if you've downloaded this previously.
<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

1/30/25 Betty Broome Report

It seems that if a health assistant does their very best, administrators won't understand what they're doing and problems arise.

Darion does much more than she's expected to do and when she asked for night time hours so dad would be able to sleep, it automatically triggered the hospice system. As illogical as it sounds that something so consequential would be initiated by an assistant requesting night hours but that's what happened. Without an objective medical professional to control moms meds that cause her to consent to anything it was a foregone conclusion, mentally and physically healthy Mom would be euthanized.

Dad follows instructions blindly from any medical professionals. He signed the hospice

agreement which filled the house with all kinds of scary equipment the optics of which almost killed Mom immediately when she realized everyone was expecting her to die.

The brother with power of attorney and his attorney wife are interested in my choice not accepting any of the inheritance and suggested it needs to be formalized in writing. I have no problem with that but their focus on accepting Mom's death beginning over a decade ago makes me think they are much less empathic and ethical than I thought till recently.

But Mom is extremely healthy and strong and now has survived first hospice drugs and subsequent psychological obstacles since November 6th 2019. It has damaged her body and her mind, because the doctors have not met with Mom in years except on FaceTime on the phone.

Mom can't last much longer especially with her family having shunned her at least a decade ago, almost never visiting and Dad gas-lighting her to say she's going to die this week.

APS reports with a record of visitors.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

5:00 a.m. It's quiet.

9:00 Dad and Mom are in the living room. Dad and a male voice are talking to Mark outside then inside the house.

10:30 I went downstairs and Mom was in the living room so I got to tell her I love her and kiss her on the forehead. I can't sit with her or Dad will drug her. At any time he could give a fatal dose because of his memory problems and the dangerous combinations he has available to him.

I made myself a chicken salad sandwich and Dad asked me to come and talk to Neal on group phone call with Mark, Neal him in the dining room. Neal said he was in the parking lot getting a present for his wife and ended the call.

2:00 I went downstairs for ice cream and there was a young woman in the bedroom with Mom, Darion and Dad. I wish brothers would schedule visiting time so Mom is never alone with scary hospice professionals making plans for her to die.

My family say they are not visiting Mom because I'm in the house and I can't leave

because I promised I wouldn't abandon her. It's a macabre situation. Cindy is the only one who has the background to understand what's going on but she has her hands full with her own family and one of my self-absorbed brothers.

I didn't go downstairs all afternoon or evening. I guess I'm just here for when Dad calls now. I can no longer hear Mom calling because of the loud new hospice breathing machine in the living room.

The breathing machine was obviously better in Mom's closet where it had room enough not to overheat. It was quiet enough to avoid shaping the mood of the house with it's hospital sounds sucking and popping constantly.

I took a little time to call my senators at 202 224 3121. I feel confident neither John Cornyn or Ted Cruz will vote for the ethically flexible Patel for the FBI or the known dangerous supplier of misinformation RFK. But they got my reminder anyway.

Day before yesterday I use these APS reports to described how the medications have Mom and Dad trapped in a deadly spiral which could easily be stopped making Dad a hero.

Yesterday I explained how Mom's unirrigated ostomy has kept her sitting still for years with constipated cramping gut pain, which has caused her legs to become atrophic. I explained how her ostomy could easily start being irritated and she could start physical therapy making Dad a hero.

Today I hope to motivate Dad with the correction of another mistake he made which could be fun for him and Mom turning this whole thing around.

Sex

"Dad, your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if you address sex you could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your's and Mom's days or years much happier."

"There are several indicators you're blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. You were obviously not assertive or aware of your choices about sex in your youth or you would have waited to have me and taken more time to bond with Mom as equals. But that wasn't Mom's fault. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've shared in recent years. And your loss of empathy for Mom is indicated by

your inability to see how humiliating you have been with her.

Your combination of hero worship, loyalty and fear you learned from your brother and father built up to something you never discuss but it has kept you and Mom focusing on doing what was best for your boys but unable to communicate about certain topics like fulfilling sex.

The frustration from missed opportunities shows itself with your slang for cunnilingus Tourette and your ability to be unconsciously cruel with Mom's medication and not irrigating her ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn later in the 70's when I was young enough to enjoy them with my girlfriend. Your brother gave you the book, "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it too. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want Mom to know about contemporary sexual information is, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom's orgasms, if you haven't. You still feel frustrated you weren't given a fair chance to enjoy sexuality because you were so focused on giving your boys every opportunity at success in life.

Most people still do not know their sexual responsibility for their partners and don't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this important part of your relationship with Mom late in life as it is.

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition for Mom. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure, as you seem to understand by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards Mom about sex. It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition you have with Mom where you will certainly win/lose with the deadly medications. Experimenting lovingly could also get you through some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

I haven't forgotten how you generalized my suggests you improve Mom's cleanliness and your sex life previously. You have an uninformed and immature way of addressing sex generally. But by characterizing me as having an Oedipus complex and your childish innuendo, you complicate my contributions around the house immensely.

It was tempting not to bring sex up again but the situation is desperate now that you have started gas lighting Mom for her to say she's going to die this week. I don't feel comfortable sitting with or visiting with Mom now that you have become so warped with more druggings and sexual implications.

It would be best if my 3 retired brother's all came and stayed in the luxurious bedrooms you have upstairs and set up a schedule so Mom can always have someone with her when you allow it. My brother's polite reminders for you to stop the drugs, so Mom can talk to them, might be the tipping point that snaps you out of this hell created by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

1/29/25 Betty Broome Report

For complicated reasons Dad believes in the doctors, who haven't seen Mom without their mind altering drugs for years. Dad is meticulously keeping Mom incapacitated with Dr Taylor's drugs whenever anyone visits her.

To make sure she never gets caught undrugged he keeps her constantly knocked out since the new hospice team gave him morphine and other drugs several weeks ago.

My brothers don't visit because they are too thin skinned to deal with Mom's obviously tortured state and Dad's protective shunning and ridicule. My family is pathetic and trapped in this sad prescription drug hell they are allowing to continue with my Mom suffering and dying prematurely.

Mom has constant constipated gut pain when she moves because her ostomy has gone unirrigated for 13 years and she only catches glimpses of her ability to communicate between druggings when Dad falls asleep. At those times she tries to escape and falls to the floor on atrophic legs.

As soon as Dad and my brothers kill Mom I will never communicate with him or my family again because I won't be able to look at them in the face after I have spent 3-years warning them about this situation.

One of those 3 years of warnings is documented and was written to them in a letter every day.

Archive of daily messages to family, APS and medical professionals
<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

6:30 a.m. Dad brought Mom in the living room and then back to the bedroom. I didn't want to argue with Dad. Mom wasn't able to perceive me so I stayed up stairs.

9:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted anything from the grocery store and Dad said pie shells and Mom spasmed from the drugs. Dad said "no she doesn't." He pretends he's a martyr looking at his dying wife. But Mom could be up and doing physical therapy if he would stop drugging her.

I went to the grocery store and got a full grocery list.

10:00 I returned from the grocery store and gave Dad the batteries I told him a week ago he was missing from his battery box. He asked, in an accusing way, if I got pie shells. I said "of course."

Teresa and Darion were there cleaning the house and caring for Mom.

I put away the groceries and Dad to talked with us for a minute but then went off to Mom. So I knew there was no point in going to visit her. Dad went ahead to make sure she was knocked out if I went in and asked if she wanted any of the treats I got at the grocery store. I put bowls of fruit out for Darion to take to Mom.

1:00 I stayed away from the hideous performance downstairs though I did hear Darion trying to entertain Mom as she moved her around the house in the scooter.

I also heard Mark for a little while.

Dad called up and said he heated the rotisserie chicken I bought at the grocery store. I told him, I already ate my portion.

I went down stairs to break up the remaining chicken for sandwiches and saw Darion in the kitchen. I asked if she would rather me turn the remaining chicken into barbecue chicken for sandwiches instead of the chicken salad. They didn't eat the chicken salad I made with leftover rotisserie chicken last week.

Darion said barbecue would probably be better. In the garbage was a burned pecan pie. Dad must have left it in the oven too long.

6:00 p.m. I did my PBS exercise news.

7:00 finished exercise and went upstairs. I don't know if they heard me exercising or not because the bedroom door never opened.

I'm still hopeful Dad will come to his senses and stop drugging Mom. Possibly after a conversation about how he would be a hero if he defied the hospice and doctors.

In a Facebook caregivers group, the second most common problem with family caregivers is obstruction of care by well meaning family members.

One of the main topics that needs to be addressed with Mom and Dad is Mom's gut pain.

Irrigating Mom's ostomy

I would like to ask dad, "Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. The kit was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that."

"You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. But don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance now? With the help of an assistant or me, we could try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years."

Recently Mom stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk when she's drugged and desensitized on the new Vantage hospice drugs. It's likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it or can't express herself about it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years, whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation. You make fun of me for attempting to show you YouTube videos where nurses teach ostomy irrigation.

This is a strong indicator you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is not changing the ostomy bag. The topic is ostomy irrigation. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved since you got the kit you didn't use 13 years ago. I gave a new ostomy kit to Darion (Mom's new helper,) so she could familiarize herself with it.

Get Mom off the drugs and let's involve her in activities with a clear ostomy. You would be an international hero.

1/28/25 Betty Broome Report

Quiet all night. I thought Darion was spending the night but she wasn't here when I went downstairs. The hospice people put a rubber mat next to the bed to keep Mom from getting hurt when she falls on drugs. I don't know why they aren't adult enough to realize they could stop the falls by stopping the drugs. They could also have Darion come at night instead of during the day.

5:30 Dad called me downstairs to move Mom into the living room. She was drugged out of her mind so I sat there with Mom while Dad got coffee for her.

I held Mom's hand a while but didn't want to hear Dad talk, so I went upstairs and sent off yesterday's reports.

6:00 Mom asked to go back in the bedroom. I moved her and sat her up a few times at her request. She seems desperate to sit up now she knows everyone is definitely intent on killing her with prescription drugs. Mom asked for food and I suggested a great many

choices and she said, "a little bit of everything."

So I fixed cinnamon toast with lots of butter, scrambled eggs, bacon and grapefruit juice.

Mom ate a few bites of the eggs. She ate one bite of cinnamon toast and one piece of bacon. She also drank quite a bit of the grapefruit juice. So it was really not a bad breakfast for her. But it was clear she was only eating to please me. She hates eating because of her constant constipated gut pain.

6:30 a.m. I moved the leg blocking scooter out of the way because Mom asked to be set up a few more times while they were watching "everybody loves Raymond" It was an especially annoying episode about breast enlargement. I left the room as soon as Mom fell asleep.

All my life I thought of my family as ethical and empathic. But either they weren't all along or they stopped recently and decided to let Mom die lonely at the hands of Dad who they can't stand to hear talk except when they're playing golf or at an activity like a museum.

I guess I understand their reasoning because I stayed away today. I can't stand to see Mom suffer constant unnecessary intoxication with prescription drugs and miserable with gut cramps whenever she moves.

Sometime during the day Dad said there was a baked potato downstairs for me. I put butter and sour cream on it and ate it but didn't check on anyone except to see Darion was taking care of Mom.

In a few days it will be a year on February 2nd when I sent my first of these daily adult protective service reports to everyone. It's an accidental record of how few visits Mom and Dad have received from my dangerously neglectful family.

But I still have hope Dad will stop the drugs and let Mom come back to life. We will pretend this 6 years of torturing Mom didn't happen, and no one else in the family will be trapped by drugs after Mom sacrificed all this torture time. Dad could be an international hero for escaping mental illness and stopping Mom's deadly drugs.

The big conversation with Dad

Here's my updated request for a meeting with Mom and Dad. Mom is in misery with constant bowel obstruction cramps unless she stays perfectly still and misery from the

claustrophobia of being almost constantly knocked out on drugs.

I want to speak more directly to Mom and Dad about the questions Dad gets upset about and hasn't answered for years. But Mom has to be in this conversation, so I need to wait for one of the lapses Dad gives her between druggings. The times without drugs have become very rare since he got the new Vantage hospice drugs from Dr Taylor a few weeks ago.

I've asked my brothers to help with some kind of intervention for years but they vacillate between losing their temper against Dad for Mom's lack of care or believing him that he's doing everything correctly. So they don't know what to believe and just confuse the situation further with inappropriate anger and absence.

My brothers need to be in the house for days or weeks to understand what's going on here. But they need to communicate calmly with Dad and not be so thin-skinned when he communicates with subtle jabs like our Uncle Bob used to do.

If sensitive topics never come up my brothers have excellent activities like golf, but it doesn't help Mom and her constant suffering when she hears Dad's having fun with the boys.

My conversation with Mom and Dad may need to last an hour or more. Dad should answer questions and ask questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Dad, if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over a couple of days you should agree to come back to and stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. You must not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily. The conversation is going to be much more complicated because you have been caught in so many lies about medication. You're going to have to explain with a plan to demonstrate the truth.

Dad, I don't think you are sensitive to Mom's suffering after all these years and I certainly don't think you're intuitive enough to see she is avoiding confrontation with you when she pretends to sleep so much of the time. You should give her a break from having to listen to your repetitive stories that are hard to tolerate when she can't get away from you.

If I'm wrong about something please explain to me in the way you explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely. I've

requested this meeting on the following topics for over a week now with no response.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider, It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the very hospice drugs the doctors prescribed. I think you did this in response to insurance and hospice criteria.

Dr Taylor suspiciously gave the job to Dr Venkatesh to prescribe drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019. Dr Venkatesh gave her a diagnosis that you looked up on line and it said Mom had approximately 6 months to live.

The doctors should have known the drugs they prescribed would affect Mom's ability to communicate during their own visits with Mom. The doctors certainly could never have imagined Mom would survive the drugs they prescribed for 6 years. The drugs haven't killed her but they have crippled her significantly.

Mom hasn't seen doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on their medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses or lack of responses, when she's on drugs, have shaped our entire family life for several years.

But she's so strong she hasn't died when most women would have. Those strong genetics have kept her alive in spite of the constant drugging and unirrigated ostomy. Those genetics are one of the things she contributed to the family which should not be left out of the equation for how much effort which should go into motivating her with activities now.

If she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs a few weeks ago. Why not let Mom live her last days or years without that grinding misery of drugs. 6 years is long enough. It's causing her to want to sit up every few minutes from dizzy spells or from being desperate knowing you have all given up on her.

I like that she is sitting up because that's exercising, but you put obstacles in front of her

legs to stop her rather than exercising her when you are alone with her. Call me anytime of the day or night and I will sit her up and back down again all day and night if she keeps asking.

Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and her poorly attended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her from living is with the more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice team called for by Dr Taylor.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions. So it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, "Stopping the blood thinners (that cause her to hallucinate in combination with other drugs) will kill her." Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications. You have to lie directly or with your medication chart to continue this ghoulish regiment.

But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you can stop it right now. Let her go through withdrawals and let her meet her family again. You will be an international hero!

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have something to hide. We need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life. She knows what's going on but she's still loyal to you.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's a memory issue we have to address. My understanding of the situation has become refined over the 3 years I've lived with you and Mom, but if you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed

appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl." It's time to use your own idea to visualize and save yourself and Mom by controlling what's at the bottom of your bowl.

We could all be doing family activities now that most of the brothers have retired but you will never see me again if you kill Mom with prescription medicines.

Archive empty the cache of your computer if you've downloaded this previously.
<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

You will find systemic patriarchal similarities with this document.

<https://www.justice.gov/storage/Report-of-Special-Counsel-Smith-Volume-1-January-2025.pdf>

1/27/25 Betty Broome Report

2:00 there was loud television noise for about 30 minutes.

2:30 I went downstairs too wait for them to wake up.

5:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if he wanted scrambled eggs. He said "I already have cereal bowls for all three of us." I asked, "does she eat that?" Dad didn't answer. I went to Mom in the bedroom.

I asked Mom how she was and she said, "oh, I'm fine Joe", but she was facing away from me and the scooter was positioned to keep her from getting out of the bed.

She answered very clearly with her familiar Mom voice for the first time in a long time. "Is it morning yet?" I said, "Yes, Dad is getting shredded wheat for you. Is that okay?" She said, "that will be fine." I guess it was a tremendous relief to hear Mom talking normally because I went in the living room, ate the cereal Dad gave me and fell right to sleep in the chair. I kept waking up when I snored.

Luckily Dad has not been cruel or obedient enough to at least two hospice teams pull the trigger and give Mom a lethal dose of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications. But they have left Mom severely crippled and she will require an enormous number of family activities to gradually build her up to independence. If Dad stops the medication and starts allowing Mom to have her ostomy irritated the whole family can come back to life.

Dad closed the bedroom door so I went upstairs and fell asleep.

8:30 Dad's in the living room and the life drained out of me when I saw Mom pointing in all directions aimlessly and blithering and coherently.

I went downstairs and helped her into the living room chair. I don't remember being this disappointed before so I went upstairs.

8:48 Message to Dad.

Unless you and Mom get healthy and die naturally someday I the future there's going to be an avalanche of lawsuits after you two die with this unnatural inactivity and prescription drugs. You tried to avoid lawyers by selling and giving away all our family memories but ended up causing huge legal problems by believing envious and predatorial doctors.

I have told everyone in the family a hundred times I will not accept any inheritance, but Neal and Fiona say there will be problems unless I give it to them in writing. I guess they need it notarized because I have written it 100 times in these adult protective service reports.

Should I have made a inheritance rejection document to be notarized by the notary who came to combine the last of the Oklahoma land into one ownership?

11:00 Some woman came to the house and talked to Dad for a while but I didn't want to talk to anyone.

11:00 I sent another text to Dad.

I can't imagine why you gave up making art and music with me for the past 6 years just to hide this secret drugging routine for Mom.

5:30 Dad called me downstairs saying there was a sandwich for me. I'm glad I didn't see anyone but I ate the sandwich. Darion was still here so maybe she's staying the night and I can have a night off.

I'm still hopeful Dad Mom and I will have a conversation that turns Mom and dad around.

The big conversation with Dad

Here's today's updated request for a meeting with Mom and Dad. Mom is in misery with constant bowel obstruction cramps unless she stays perfectly still and from being almost constantly knocked out on drugs.

I want to speak more directly to them about the questions Dad gets upset about and hasn't answered for years. But Mom has to be in this conversation, so I need to wait for one of the lapses Dad gives her between druggings. The times without drugs have become very rare since he got the new Vantage hospice drugs from Dr Taylor.

I've asked my brothers to help with some kind of intervention for years but they vacillate between losing their temper against Dad for Mom's lack of care or believing him that he's doing everything correctly. So they don't know what to believe and just confuse the situation further with inappropriate anger and absence.

My brothers need to be in the house for days or weeks to understand what's going on here. But they need to communicate calmly with Dad and not be so thin-skinned when he communicates with subtle jabs.

If sensitive topics never comes up they have excellent activities like golf, but it doesn't help Mom and her constant suffering when she hears Dad's having fun with the boys.

My conversation with Mom and Dad may need to last an hour or more. Dad should answer questions and ask questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Dad, if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over a couple of days you should agree to come back to and stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. You must not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily. The conversation is going to be much more complicated because you have been caught in so many lies about medication. You're going to have to explain with a plan to demonstrate the truth.

Dad, I don't think you are sensitive to Mom's suffering after all these years and I certainly don't think you're intuitive enough to see she is avoiding confrontation with you. You should give her a break from having to listen to your repetitive stories that are hard to tolerate when she can't get away from you.

If I'm wrong about something please explain to me in the way you explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider, It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the very hospice drugs the doctors prescribed. I think you did this in response to insurance and hospice criteria.

Dr Taylor suspiciously gave the job to Dr Venkatesh to prescribe drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019. Dr Venkatesh gave her a diagnosis that Dad looked up on line and it said Mom had approximately 6 months to live.

The doctors should have known the drugs they prescribed would affect Mom's ability to communicate during their own visits with Mom. The doctors certainly could never have imagined Mom would survive the drugs they prescribed for 6 years.

Mom hasn't seen doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on their medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses or lack of responses, when she's on drugs, have shaped our entire family life for several years.

But she's so strong she hasn't died when most women would have. Those strong genetics that have kept her alive in spite of the constant drugging and unirrigated ostomy, are one of the things she contributed to the family which should not be left out of the equation for how much effort should go into motivating her with activities now.

If she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs a few weeks ago. Why not let Mom live her last days or years without that grinding misery of drugs. It's

causing her to want to sit up every few minutes from dizzy spells?

I like that she is sitting up because that's exercising, but you put obstacles in front of her legs to stop her rather than exercising her when you are alone with her. Call me anytime of the day or night and I will sit her up and back down again.

Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and her poorly attended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her from living is with the more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice people.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions. So it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, "Stopping the blood thinners (that cause her to hallucinate in combination with other drugs) will kill her." Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because, you have to lie directly or with your medication chart.

But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you can stop it right now. Let her go through withdrawals and let her meet her family again. You will be a hero!

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life. She knows what's going on but she's still loyal to you.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. The kit was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. But don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance now? With the help of an assistant or

me, we could try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk when she's drugged and desensitized on the new Vantage hospice drugs. It's likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation. This is a strong indicator you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is not changing the ostomy bag. The topic is ostomy irrigation. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved. I gave a new ostomy kit to Darion (Mom's new helper,) so she could familiarize herself with it.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your's and Mom's lives much happier.

There are several indicators you're blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. You were not assertive about sexual communication in your youth. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn later in the 70's when I was young enough to enjoy with my girlfriend. Your brother gave us the book, "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want Mom to know about contemporary sexual

information is, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom's orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people still do not know their responsibility for their partners and don't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards Mom about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told in recent years. And your loss of empathy for Mom is indicated by your inability to see how humiliating you have been with her.

It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition. Experimenting could also get you through some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that lack of awareness is a mental illness. But mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with healthy behaviors you have chosen, replacing bad habits over time.

All three of the previous topics medication, unirrigated ostomy and sex anger are indicators of the callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to

participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn this situation around.

Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you grew to anticipate and you recreated the routines they warned you about. I'm surprised you didn't recognize those symptoms the pseudomedical institutions warned you about, could only be brought into reality with prescription medicine and alcohol.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's a memory issue we have to address. My understanding of the situation has become refined over the 3 years I've lived with you and Mom, but if you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl." It's time to use your own idea to visualize and save yourself and Mom by controlling what's at the bottom of your bowl.

Archive empty the cache of your computer if you've downloaded this previously.
<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

You will find systemic patriarchal similarities with this document.
<https://www.justice.gov/storage/Report-of-Special-Counsel-Smith-Volume-1-January-2025.pdf>

1/26/25 Betty Broome Report

Something about the way Mom and Dad raised me, I'm still optimistic. Every morning I hope Dad's not going to drug mom again.

Luckily Dad has not been cruel or obedient enough to at least two hospice teams pull the trigger and give Mom a lethal dose of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications. But they have left Mom severely crippled and will require an enormous number of family activities to gradually build her up to independence, once Dad stops the medication and starts allowing Mom to have her ostomy irritated.

3:00 Dad called with a very agitated voice.

I went downstairs and Mom was on the floor in the hydraulic lift sack and there was half of a blue pill sitting on the bed. I used the lift to start raising Mom up. But the lift foot was on the sack.

So I lowered the lift, got the foot off of the sack and then raised her up as high as the lift would go. It's a tiny inexpensive lift and only reached halfway up the height of the bed. So I grabbed Mom's body lower side of the sack and Dad grabbed the head side and I lifted Mom's body onto the bed.

Dad wasn't able to get the head on to the bed so I asked him to come around and hold up the body side while I pushed Mom's head onto the bed. Then we unhooked the sack and rolled her over.

It probably would have been more appropriate for me to have called an ambulance because we very possibly hurt Dad's back badly. Mom should be seen by medical professionals, other than the single-minded death hospice drones. Objective health professionals need to see what harm Dad's use of the drugs is causing to my otherwise healthy Mom.

I went in the living room chair in case there were any other emergencies.

5:00 My check alarm went off and I'm still in the chair with no activity in the bedroom.

7:30 Dad came out and I asked what he wanted for breakfast. He said Mom wanted Coke. So I said let me go see what I can talk her into. Mom looked completely awake and alert. I asked her what she was hungry for and she said "I don't want anything." I said "don't you think you'd like some scrambled eggs glistening like Dad likes. And Mom made a frowny-face. Dad said what about cinnamon toast. I said we have cinnamon buns and she asked "what." I said cinnamon buns and she smiled and nodded yes.

I said "it takes about an hour because of the heating of the oven but Dad said you

wanted some coke too. Mom said yes and Dad said he'd like some tea. So I went and got them Coke and tea while they're waiting for their cinnamon buns.

8:00 I brought Mom and Dad cinnamon buns and Dad was clearly set with a performance. Mom looked embarrassed when she calmly said, "I can't breathe" so I knew it was all for me to witness.

I lifted her up on the edge of the bed as usual and had her spread her arms and breathe. She followed instructions and was very relaxed. She's been going through this sitting up routine for the past few days. But now I think it's best for Dad to be left with his drugging work so he can see what he's doing to Mom instead of him using her as a zombie performance for family members and medical staff.

8:15 I went upstairs after a long night of staying up.

I sent a text to my brothers.

"Dad's new performance piece is to get Mom to say she can't breathe. It's obvious she's not terrified like she is when she's given the blood thinners that cause her to hallucinate.

She has just been gas lit long enough to repeat what Dad wants her to say. Dad wants you to request the deadly hospice drugs he would have given her anyway.

The real irony is, he is unable to do these performances when Mom's completely drugged out. He has to let her off of them for a little bit and you can talk to her. But it's all a show for us.

You guys are sick and thin-skinned for letting this happen. But I'll be able to forgive you if you come and help. I will never be able to forgive you after she dies like this."

9:00 Dad called me downstairs to put Mom in the living room chair. He volunteered immediately that he hadn't given mom any medication for 12 hours until 30 minutes ago. That was obviously a lie. She is definitely severely drug now pointing in all directions and asking for doors to be closed and saying gibberish. But Dad didn't give her a dose for breathing concerns and he certainly doesn't give her a break from the drugs.

It's torture to have to listen to Dad pretending to be polite to Mom when she's saying nonsense and discussing what he considers important family business. As if he couldn't have stopped Mom's loss of speech by not giving her the dangerous drugs in the first place

After 30 minutes or so Mom could talk again and wanted to be moved back into the bedroom. I told Mom I stayed up all night and needed to go get some sleep.

Mom grabbed me and said "stay with me." So I said okay I'll sleep right here next to you. Then she said I need to get up and so I sat her on the edge of the bed and set her back down again when she was ready. After a little while Dad brought in toothbrushing tools, needed to sit in the chair next to Mom and I went in the living room.

10:00 I was in the living room but I heard Mom say "I need to get up I need to get up!" So I went in the bedroom and asked if I could sit her on the edge of the bed and she said "no." So I went upstairs to sleep.

11:00 It sounded like Mark came in for a while and left.

I sent a text to Dad hoping to wake him up to reality.

When you kill Mom with your drugs you will never see or hear from me again. I know that doesn't matter to you now because you don't remember from one day to the next but I'm going to remind you everyday till you kill her or you change your mind and start focusing on her health.

1:30 Dad asked me about supper and said they would be ready for Mark's Stew at 5:00.

2:30 Dad said Mom was ready for stew now.

Dad asked me to feed it to her but when I went in the bedroom to set up the chair dad took the bowl and started doing it himself. So I left them alone a few minutes and when I got back Mom was even worse than she was when I first went into bring her the stew. It was almost like the old hallucinating blood thinner combination days.

3:00 Dad's football game was playing but he didn't come in to see it. He was in the living room playing with the piano I bought him. Mom said "Joe got me ready for the game." All her ostomy supplies were next to her and she had a fresh bag on. When he did finally come in the room he said, "whenever you're finished with what you're doing here" and he made an immature flirty gesture, "I need to brush mom's teeth."

I said, "is this the football game you were wanting to see all day" and he said, "yes but I wanted to let you have time with Mom." I said, "you wanted me to see her drugged out." I said, "I need for you to remember, you are never going to see or hear from me

ever again if you kill Mom with these prescription drugs." Dad said "I wish you I would never see you again starting now."

I think Dad thinks he's still competing with his brother and doesn't let himself think about Mom's constant suffering or eventual death.

Dad said to Mom "I'm sorry you have to hear Joe saying these things. He thinks he knows better than all the doctors." I said, "I have been here for 3 years with Mom and the doctors and nurses have only seen Mom when she's drugged severely, and I've seen when you drug her and when you don't drug her. I know what she could do if you would let her off the drugs."

Once again Dad got his chart showing me that he said he went without giving Mom the drugs for 12 hours and then he said Mom said she couldn't breathe so he gave her the drugs. I said, "I know, I was there for the beginning of your "I can't breath." performance this morning and I went to bed without arguing with you."

I said, "You use your chart to lie to people now when you should be honest if you really want to have a family like you say so often." I said, "It used to cause you discomfort when you lied but you do it all the time now with and without charts."

Dad started yelling at me to "get out of the room" and I said, "What you say doesn't matter anymore once you started lying and killing with slow drug torture." I said "In most societies men are allowed to kill their wives in polite ways like the hospice, but I have seen daily, what was happening and I'm the only one trying to tell Mom to take care of herself and get away from the drugs."

I told her, "Next time a nurse comes or the ambulance please tell them you want to get away from the drugs so you can take care of herself." Dad started yelling "get out of here get out of here." I said "I have never met a torture murderer in person before so it's hard to respond appropriately but at least I can tell you that you are destroying the family you say you care about by killing your wife with prescription drugs and you could just as easily stop it right now."

Dad started talking to Mom saying, "You should trust the doctors and I am only doing what the doctors told me to do."

It sounds like Nazi Germany to me.

I asked "Dad to please take this opportunity to change direction. You don't have to do what doctors tell you."

Dad said "get out" and I left. Dad said "I wish you would go to Austin and have a life." I reminded him, "I promised Mom I wouldn't abandon her." I said "you are not going to remember this tomorrow and someone who can't remember these terrible arguments should not be in charge of dangerous drugs or in charge of giving permission to hospice to provide dangerous drugs."

Dad is often completely exhausted so if Dr Taylor and his hospice crews want Mom dead they should just come through me and try to kill her themselves.

I went upstairs.

6:50 I sent a text to the family.

Dr Taylor is jealous of Dad's beautiful family and is using Dad's own hand to sabotage the family with drugs for Mom. But Mom has lasted 6 years of at least 2 hospices.

It's very similar to Brant's psychotherapist. The medical professional couldn't be in the family so they don't want anyone else to have it. Both Dad and Brant can stop the effects of unethical medical professionals like a light switch.

Give Dad what he says he wants. A family. He earned it. Stop all the prescribed drugs, except for the thyroid of course. Go through the withdrawals and see what happens.

There was no assistant for Mom today so the house was quiet. Many of the family members were texting each other about the football games.

1/25/25 Betty Broome Report

Non-readers should know there was an emergency in this report.

1:00 Noise downstairs

2:00 I moved downstairs and listened to them watching to taxi reruns.

5:30 I started trying to clean the ventilation hood over the stove and must have wakened Mom and Dad.

6:00 I knocked on the door and asked what they wanted to eat. Mom looked awake but as soon as she spoke I knew she was drugged. Dad said, "it's 6:00. You probably would be ready to eat by the time it's ready won't you Betty?" Mom wanted to be sat up so I set her up and in 5 minutes laid her back down again. But she couldn't talk at all, so I left them alone and sat in the living room.

6:30 Dad went in the kitchen, so I went in to talk to Mom. She is out of her mind but asked for something to eat. I said what would you like for me to fix, scrambled eggs and bacon? She said "yes."

Since there were quite a few things in the kitchen I gave her some choices. I said, "I can fix fruit or cinnamon buns" but when I said bacon and eggs again she said "no." I think she thinks when we ask the same thing twice it means we would be inconvenienced to do the task we repeated. That's just a guess but I should have just gone straight in to get the scrambled eggs and bacon when she said yes.

I said, "just a minute ago you said you would like bacon and eggs" and she said, "oh Joe I don't want anything." I think it was my fault this time except for the fact that Dad Vantage Hospice has her drugged out of her mind.

Dad brought shredded wheat and fruit and he ate his. She took one sip of coffee and didn't eat her cereal.

I brought them both a bunch of bacon hoping she might like it. When I came back to the bedroom Dad said she ate a bunch of the bacon but it was all still there.

7:00 Dad was cleaning the kitchen and I got Mom some more coffee. Dad came in and showed me the balloon with faces he drew on it and we started a game of balloon volleyball with Mom for a good 5 minutes.

I asked Mom if she wanted more coffee and she said "no." She got a bit of a workout sitting up constantly and standing up twice.

8:00 I sat Mom up more than 10 more times and she said she needed to go to the bathroom. She said "Joe!" I said "yes." She said "Dad Joe. Joe is the expert on the diapers. I need my diaper changed."

I laid Mom back down on the bed and slid her up to the top of the bed and left to go in the kitchen where everything had grease on it from the oven ventilator I took off earlier in the morning. Dad must have tried to clean them and touched a lot of surfaces and spread the mess.

9: 30 No assistant arrived so I sent a text to Mark asking if he would take Dad to get the car from the repair shop. Mark must have complained to Dad because Dad got mad at me for asking Mark to take him to the shop. I told Dad "I don't mind taking you to the repair shop or any place ever at all, but when Mom's assistant didn't arrive I figured Mark could drop by and pick you up.

10:30 Dad asked me to help get Mom in the living room. I moved her with the chair. We went to the living room.window, the kitchen and looked out the dining room windows and the front door. Then we got in the living room chair.

Dad sat between me and Mom in the living room for a couple of hours while Mom was quietly hallucinating. Dad was talking about a couple Mom and Dad used to live with in San Antonio and mom remembered the woman's name Jenny. So she must have been coming out of the intoxication.

Dad made a big deal out of injecting a syringe of something in Mom's mouth in front of me. I don't know what that performance was about.

Mark arrived and said I should get dressed to take Dad to the auto shop. Dad said "Joe doesn't have to be dressed to drive me there." I went upstairs and got dressed. I came downstairs and drove Dad to the auto repair shop. He must have spent an enormous amount of money for this "oil change" because he defended the extra repairs of an oil pan and the radiator.

12:00 When I got home I went upstairs and fell asleep till 6:00 in the evening when it was time to do my exercise news.

The door was closed so I didn't get to say good night to Mom.

I had an online band practice and went to sleep.

3:00 a.m. Dad called with a very agitated voice.

I went downstairs and Mom was on the floor in the hydraulic lift sack and there was half of a blue pill sitting on the bed. I used the lift to start raising her up. But the lift foot was

on the sack.

So I lowered the lift, got the foot off of the sack and then raised her up as high as the lift would go. It's a tiny inexpensive lift and only reached halfway up the height of the bed. So I grabbed Mom's body side of the sack and Dad grabbed the head side and I lifted Mom's body onto the bed.

Dad wasn't able to get the head on to the bed so I asked him to come around and hold up the body side while I pushed Mom's head onto the bed. Then we unhooked the sack and rolled her over.

It probably would have been more appropriate for me to have called an ambulance because we very possibly hurt Dad's back badly. Mom should be seen by medical professionals, other than the single-minded death hospice drones. Objective health professionals need to see what harm Dad's use of the drugs is causing to my otherwise healthy Mom.

1/24/25 Betty Broome Report

The two nightmares have come together. 1. Mom's cramping ostomy and 2. the vantage hospice drugs. The drugs hide Mom's constant suffering valley cramps and relieve everyone from the inconvenience of dealing with her feces. I hope she doesn't have an internal rupture before someone with authority does something about this.

A month ago when Darion told me she was going to request night time hours, so Dad could get some sleep, she mentioned night time hours activate Hospice automatically. I said she should word her request for night time hours very carefully. That weekend hospice began and Mom almost died shortly after. But Mom is like a farm horse that has adjusted to the new death medications in her own way.

Possible help. For Mom's constant ostomy blockage belly cramps.
https://youtu.be/UhobNqe_EUk?si=qbtVfSIQ79x6HRLZ

5:30 Last night Dad approved for me to fix breakfast at 6:00. I got up and started fixing Mom and dad breakfast. I made a chicken omelette with the rotisserie chicken from yesterday and cinnamon toast with milk and spiced tea.

6:00 I knocked on the door and Dad was changing Mom so I left the tray outside the door.

6:10 The tray of food was getting cold so I knocked on the door again and Dad said "thank you." I could tell a performance had been prepared.

Mom squeezed the plastic cup with the milk and when it popped she started cussing at me like Dad does. Luckily Dad's gaslighting only lasts a short time. After being around an objective person like myself Mom starts acting normal and asking for help.

Dad made a big deal out of not eating his omelette and so Mom stopped eating hers. I guess that's sure showed me by not eating one of the best things I fixed in a long time. I do wish I would have heated up the chicken salad that went inside the omelet.

Mom ate one bite of the chicken omelette and one bite of the cinnamon toast but drank all of her milk and one drink of spiced tea. So it really wasn't much of a breakfast. Largely because Dad thinks controlling Mom is some kind of game without consideration of the long-term suffering and ill health he has produced over the years.

Mom said "I'm not awake yet." Since Dad told me to have breakfast ready at 6:00 I guess he spent precious time this morning preparing Mom to say, "I'm not awake." She must be incredibly miserable in her confusion. But he is innocent as well because his actions are born out of mental illness. Mom and Dad will have to be involved in constant activities for at least a month to release them from their self-destructive habits if Mom survives that long.

7:00 Dad left the house to get the car repaired with Mom completely drugged and almost unable to speak. The only phrase she said was, "I can't talk, I can't talk, I can't talk." I guess that's what Dad gas lit her with before he left.

7:30 As Mom started to come on to or come out of the drugs, Mom said "Joe, I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." I said "Every time you talk to a nurse a doctor or Dad, tell them you want your ostomy irrigated so you don't feel that terrible gut cramping all the time. I don't have permission to do that." I said, "If you want me to I will try to get you to the toilet and use the irrigation equipment if you want me to risk Dad yelling at us." Mom leaned back tolerating the pain and repeated, "If I want to risk it."

Mom kept having to be leaned up because she said her head was spinning. I told her I

remember a friend and I drank a lot of wine in Colorado and I wasn't able to lay down without the room spinning. I asked her if that's what it feels like when she lays down and she said "yes."

I said "It sounds like you have more than one reason why you have to sit up and down constantly." I said "The new hospice drugs make you dizzy when you lay down and you feel uncomfortable because of your unirrigated ostomy when you sit up. So you have to lay down again."

I said "No one believes me, so you will have to repeat in front of everyone that you need your ostomy irrigated and you don't want the drugs that make you dizzy anymore."

I asked her if hot tea would make her feel better and she said maybe. So I got her some hot tea.

8:00 Dad came home from taking the car to get it repaired. He gave Mom coffee and Mom said she was hungry. I gave her some fruit salad with poppy seed dressing and Dad fed it to her. Dad said, "That was a good choice." I went upstairs.

8:30 Mark arrived. Mark may be catching on to the fact that I stay up at night and he is sometimes here much of the day lately.

9:00 The doorbell rang and it was a man who was being checked by Mark and Dad on the phone saying he was a service manager. I didn't get involved and tried to learn a song on Dad's piano. Pachelbel's Canon in d.

I went back upstairs and fell asleep.

3:30 Haley came to check on Mom with a serious tone. But everyone met Dad's criteria for medical visitors with warmth and humor. Haley left sounding disoriented. No-one can help Mom when her suffering is so well hidden. Only someone who visits often recognizes the repetition and charming characters who camouflage Mom's pain. This is probably a systemic and world wide issue since it's not the only time I've seen my extended family delightfully shunning elders in my life.

I slept until 7:00 and did my exercise news. I don't know how my family lives with themselves.

More ostomy information

<https://youtu.be/AuVNwTRrh0w?si=Plb8ReL2EaV4lem0>

Here's my updated request for a meeting with Mom and Dad. Mom is in misery with constant cramps and from being knocked out on drugs.

I want to speak more directly to them about the questions Dad gets upset about and hasn't answered for years. But Mom has to be in on this conversation, so I need to wait for one of the lapses Dad gives her between the druggings. The times without drugs have become very rare since he got the new Vantage hospice drugs.

I've asked my brothers to help with some kind of intervention for years but they vacillate between losing their temper against Dad for Mom's lack of care or believing him that he's doing everything correctly. So they don't know what to believe and just confuse the situation further.

They will need to be in the house for days or weeks to understand what's going on here. But they need to communicate calmly with Dad. If the topic never comes up they can have excellent activities like golf, but it doesn't help Mom and her constant suffering when she hears Dad's having fun with the boys.

My planned conversation with Mom and Dad may need to go on for an hour or more. Dad should politely answer questions and ask questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Dad, if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over a couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. You must not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily like she is.

Dad, I don't think you see Mom's suffering and I certainly don't think you're intuitive enough to see she is avoiding confrontation with you.

If I'm wrong about something please explain to me in the way you explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the very hospice drugs the doctors prescribed.

Dr Taylor suspiciously gave the job to Dr Venkatesh to prescribe drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019. Dr Venkatesh gave her a diagnosis that dad looked up and it said she had approximately 6 months to live. The doctors should have known the drugs would affect Mom's ability to communicate during future doctor visits. They certainly could never have imagined she would survive the drugs they prescribed.

Mom hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on their medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses or the lack of responses, when she's on drugs, have shaped her entire life for several years.

But she's so strong she hasn't died when most women would have. Those strong genetics are one of the things she contributed to the family and should not be left out of the equation with how much effort should go into motivating her with activities now.

If she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs a few weeks ago. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs causing her to want to sit up every few minutes from dizzy spells? I like that she is sitting up and exercising but you put obstacles in front of her legs to stop her rather than exercising her when you are alone with her.

Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and her poorly attended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her from living is with the more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice people.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions. So it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, "Stopping the blood thinners that caused her to hallucinate will kill her." Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because, you have to lie directly or with your medication chart. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you can stop it right now. Let her go through withdrawals and let her meet her family again. You will be a hero!

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life. She knows what's going on.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. The kitchen was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. But don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance now? With the help of an assistant or me we could try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk when she's drugged and desensitized on the new Vantage hospice drugs. It's likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation. This is a strong indicator you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved. I gave a new ostomy kit to Darion, Mom's new helper, so she could familiarize herself with it.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could

relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your's and Mom's lives much happier.

There are several indicators you're blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. You were not assertive about sexual communication in your youth. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn later in the 70's when I was young enough to enjoy with my girlfriend. Your brother shared the book, "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want Mom to know about contemporary sexual information is, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people do not know their responsibility for their partners and don't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards Mom about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told in recent years. And your loss of empathy for Mom is indicated by your inability to see how humiliating you have been with her.

It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition. Experimenting could also get you through some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that lack of awareness is a mental illness. But mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with healthy behaviors you have chosen, replacing bad habits over time.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn this situation around.

Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you grew to anticipate and you recreated the routines they provided with prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's a memory issue we have to address. It has become refined over the years but if you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl." It's time to use your own idea to save yourself and Mom by controlling what's at the bottom of your bowl.

Archive empty the cache of your computer if you've downloaded this previously.
<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

You will find systemic patriarchal similarities with this document.

<https://www.justice.gov/storage/Report-of-Special-Counsel-Smith-Volume-1-January-2025.pdf>

1/23/25 Betty Broome Report

1:30 I went downstairs to wash some clothes and Mom's feet were hanging off the bed as if she was waiting for someone to sit her up when she fell asleep. She must have finally fallen asleep wanting to get up to stop her head from drug spinning.

6:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted cinnamon rolls. Dad said "yes."

7:15 With the preheating of the oven preparation of breakfast took almost an hour. I brought Mom and Dad breakfast of cinnamon rolls, sliced peaches, half a boiled egg each and grapefruit juice.

It took a long time to feed Mom because she was fairly well drugged. But with persistence she ate all of her peaches half of a cinnamon bun, and all of her boiled egg. Not a bad breakfast for Mom. She also drank half of her grapefruit juice. But whenever she tried to move her hands she was not able to do it. The one exception was that she held the glass for a while but wasn't able to drink.

7:45 I took away their tray and Dad got Mom's toothbrushing supplies, sat her up and was brushing her teeth when I went upstairs.

8:00 Dad took Mom out to the window in the scooter and we went out the front door to look at the snowman that was melted. We went threw the kitchen and Mom wanted to go back in the bedroom even though she'll have to come out later when Teresa arrives to clean the house at 9:00.

Dad said the bird feeders are almost empty so I filled them.

I went upstairs.

9:00 dad brought Mom out to the living room. Mom was clearly knocked out almost completely but we sat her in the big chair and Teresa tried to talk to her. Then Darion came in and tried to talk to her.

9:30 Mom said she wanted to go in the bedroom. Mark arrived.

10:00 They brought Mom in the bedroom.

I fell asleep upstairs.

12:30 I woke up and the house was quiet.

I practiced songs all day in attempt to avoid any conflicts.

5:00 Dad called and told me there was rotisserie chicken downstairs. I went down and ate a leg and dad asked me to bring some to Mom.

I fixed a tray with some of the best parts of the chicken and Coca-Cola. Dad moved the scooter next to the bed so she could not slide off onto the floor.

Dad appears to think he's like a secret agent getting the drugs to Mom and adjusting to her various miserable reactions to the drugs.

Mom was holding up her arms as if she wanted to sit up and wasn't interested in the food. She ate one tiny fork of chicken but became upset when I tried to give her more. I gave her some Coca-Cola and she could barely drink two tiny sips.

She was pulling on me letting me know she needed to sit up. I know it is either her stomach cramps from needing a bowel movement or her spinning head from the drugs.

I moved the chair out of the way to lift her to the edge of the bed and Dad said I need to move the chair back after I'm finished sitting her up. I said, "I'll move the chair back to keep her from sliding off the bed from the drugs when I'm finished working with her."

By this time I had her sitting up on the edge of the bed and Dad was screaming Mom "These are the drugs all the doctors in the hospice people have said you are supposed to take and Joe is a f***** a*****."

I said, "They are all working together to put you out of your misery because they haven't

seen you in years without the drugs." Dad said to Mom, "Joe thinks he knows better than all the doctors and nurses. He has a mental illness which makes him want to endear himself to his mother and hate his father."

He couldn't remember the name of the Oedipus complex he's been using lately thinking it is relevant to our situation.

I said "I love both of you but you have a mental illness and your killing mom prematurely because you think prescriptions are mandatory."

Mom pointed at the door and barely squeaked, "go out."

It must be terrifying for her to send away the one who is trying to save her. She knows what's going on but she also knows who is in control of her 24 hours a day.

5:30 I went in the living room and did my exercise news.

6:30 I finished my exercise, watched a couple of television programs and went upstairs.

9:00 Dad came out and asked me to watch Mom at 7:00 in the morning. I said okay and I asked did he want me to bring them breakfast. I said I can bring you scrambled eggs at 6:00 and he said that would be good.

Here's my updated request for a meeting with Mom and Dad. Mom is in misery with constant cramps and or from being knocked out on drugs with a frightening lack of control.

I want to speak more directly to them about the questions Dad gets upset about and hasn't answered for years. But Mom has to be in on this conversation so I need to wait for one of the lapses Dad gives her between the druggings. The times without drugs have become very rare since he got the new Vantage hospice drugs.

I've asked my brothers to help with some kind of intervention over the years but they vacillate between losing their temper against Dad for Mom's lack of care or believing him that he's doing everything correctly. So they don't know what to believe and just confuse the situation further.

They will need to be in the house for days or weeks to understand what's going on here before they can contribute and communicate calmly with Dad. If the topic never comes up they can have excellent activities like golf but it doesn't help Mom and her constant

suffering when she hears Dad's having fun with the boys.

My planned conversation with Dad May need to go on for an hour or more. Dad should politely answer questions and ask questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Dad, if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over a couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. You must not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily like she is.

Dad, I don't think you see Mom's suffering and I certainly don't think you're intuitive enough to see she is avoiding confrontation with you.

If I'm wrong about something please explain to me in the way you explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the very hospice drugs the doctors prescribed.

Dr Taylor suspiciously gave the job to Dr Venkatesh to prescribe drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019. Dr Venkatesh gave her a diagnosis that dad looked up and it said she had approximately 6 months to live. The doctors should have known the drugs would affect Mom's ability to communicate during future doctor visits. They certainly could never have imagined she would survive the drugs they prescribed.

Mom hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on their medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses or the lack of responses, when she's on drugs, have shaped her entire life for several years.

But she's so strong she hasn't died when most women would have. Those strong genetics are one of the things she contributed to the family and should not be left out of the equation with how much effort should go into motivating her with activities now.

If she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all this chaotic drug roller

coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs a few weeks ago. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs causing her to want to sit up every few minutes from dizzy spells? I like that she is sitting up and exercising but you put obstacles in front of her legs to stop her rather than exercising her when you are alone with her.

Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and her poorly attended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her from living is with the more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice people.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions. So it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, "Stopping the blood thinners that caused her to hallucinate will kill her." Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because, you have to lie directly or with your medication chart. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you can stop it right now. Let her go through withdrawals and let her meet her family again. You will be a hero!

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life. She knows what's going on.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. The kitchen was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. But don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance now? With the help of an assistant or me we could try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk when she's drugged and desensitized on the new Vantage hospice drugs. It's likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation. This is a strong indicator you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved. I gave a new ostomy kit to Darion, Mom's new helper, so she could familiarize herself with it.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your's and Mom's lives much happier.

There are several indicators you're blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. You were not assertive about sexual communication in your youth. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn later in the 70's when I was young enough to enjoy with my girlfriend. Your brother shared the book, "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want Mom to know about contemporary sexual information is, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people do not know their responsibility for their partners and don't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards Mom about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told in recent years. And your loss of empathy for Mom is indicated by your inability to see how humiliating you have been with her.

It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition. Experimenting could also get you through some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that lack of awareness is a mental illness. But mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with healthy behaviors you have chosen, replacing bad habits over time.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn this situation around.

Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you grew to anticipate and you recreated the routines they provided with prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's a memory issue we have to address. It has become refined over the years but if you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl." It's time to use your own idea to save yourself and Mom by controlling what's at the bottom of your bowl.

Archive empty the cache of your computer if you've downloaded this previously.
<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

1/22/25 Betty Broome Report

5:00 I got up and went downstairs and sat in the living room chair waiting for activity.

5:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked him if they were ready for fruit salad. He said, Mom asked for shredded wheat and he asked if I wanted to fix it. I said, "I'll fix it but let me go talk to Mom first."

I went in the bedroom while he was in the kitchen and Mom wanted to be sat up right away. I think she stops the room from drug spinning by sitting up and she's desperate now that she knows everyone is waiting for her to die. She wants to start exercising by sitting up to show people she's not finished.

I don't think Dad is allowing himself to realize the suffering he's caused mom since November 6th 2019 when he was given the powerful drugs that make her out of control. The drugs met his isolated competitive needs to see Mom functioning at a lower level than him and giving him control, so she would ultimately die first and he wouldn't leave her alone to care for herself.

As horrific is that sounds he can come out of this as a hero by stopping the medications and stimulating Mom with family activities.

My family acts like I'm not comfortable with death but I am more comfortable than most people with inevitable facts of life, unless those facts of life are forced like they have been with Mom and her medication.

5:45 Dad brought shredded wheat with fruit salad on it. I asked Mom what she thought of fruit salad on shredded wheat but she didn't answer. She ate six good bites of the fruit salad and two good bites of shredded wheat with fruit on it. So it was a decent snack for breakfast.

I sat her up two more times before she stopped communicating, passed out and I went upstairs.

I slept for a few hours.

11:00 I heard Mark and Dad talking and putting on the toy putting green. Dad was starting to cook lunch.

I went in and talked to Mom for a while and Mia was watching her. Mom was completely out of it with her mouth wide open and Mia said she got here at 9:30. She said Mom's been sleeping most of the morning.

12:30 Mark said chicken was ready and I went downstairs and they had a plate ready for me. Dad took plates for Mia and Mom. The chicken and white asparagus were excellent with homemade onion sauce.

I don't think Mom could have eaten but I didn't watch.

Mia was on her phone while Mom was knocked out every time I looked in the door except once when Mia picked up Mom on the side of the bed like we all do. But then she was looking at her phone while Mom was on the edge of the bed. Mia will probably end up and administrator.

I went back upstairs.

3:00 The exercise alarm rang and I went to see Mom. Dad pretended to ask Mom if I should tell our family business on Facebook. He also called it dirty. I say he pretended to ask because Mom was so knocked out and wasn't responding.

I said, "All I do is describe what's happening in the house in hopes you will stop giving Mom all those drugs and take better care of her ostomy. If dirty things happen that's what I write." I said, "I can read it to Mom and she can tell us if she thinks it's dirty." Dad kept repeating his question about whether I should be posting about us on Facebook. But no matter how often he tried he couldn't get Mom to answer except she said, "I don't know."

It seems like Dad thought this would be embarrassing for me in front of Mia. But I was glad to have a witness. I said to Dad, "You can't gaslight her anymore because she's desperate and starting to think for herself even when she's knocked out like this."

I said, "The first time you followed the doctors directions with hospice drugs Mom didn't die for 5 years of suffering through them. And you called me in the middle of the night and saying, Mom is dying."

Dad said to Mia, "He just makes things up." I said "it may seem that way because you have such a poor memory, but I can still remember everything and I share everything with the family, the APS and Vantage hospice in attempt to wake you up and save my Mom." "Or at the very least, keep someone else from having to go through this drug nightmare."

Dad said "get out" and I said, "What you say doesn't matter anymore because you're killing Mom and all I can do is remind you to stop doing that." He said to Mia, "He thinks he knows more than the doctors and the hospice company." I said, "I've been here 3 years and I think it would be worth giving it a try letting her enjoy life without these terrible drugs."

Dad said "you've only been here 6 months." I said "I took a 6-month break a little more than a year ago but I've been here for 3 years and if you can't remember that you shouldn't be giving mom dangerous drugs."

3:30 Mom said she wanted to get up and go in the living room. They put her in the chair and rode her too look out the window for a while. We talked about the weather and the snowman but soon she wanted to go back into the comfortable bed. She said "it's so comfortable." And Mia laughed.

But I'm sure a big part of wanting to get back in bed is that she doesn't want to bother anyone. She is also actively playing her hand at mild dissident from Dad's control. She doesn't complain about her stomach cramps like she always has for the past several years but that may be because of the Vantage Hospice drugs, which could cause something terrible to happen because she can't respond to her body pain.

I went upstairs.

5:00 I heard Mark downstairs with Mom at the window again. I went down and talked to them a little before Mark started moving Mom back to the bedroom at her request. They mentioned Brian was there earlier and he lifted Mom up on the edge of the bed and stood her up while he was visiting.

I asked Mom what she talked about with Brian but she was still incapable of really communicating. There may have been another argument. Brian is pretty thin-skinned and leaves with any conflict. He's got to figure out how to stay long enough to contribute.

I thought Dad would get the message by now but it's super important to him to keep the status quo. He falls into military style routines. I don't know whether that's because of insurance requirements or his own ego but it's dangerous the way he goes to so much trouble to keep giving Mom these terrible drugs. I'm still hopeful he'll snap out of it with more of the family starting to visit.

Just before leaving the house Mark said the roast would be ready at 5:30 and I should take it out of the oven and let it sit for a while before serving.

We were trying to get the television to work so Dad turned it off and back on again and it started. I sat Mom on the edge of the bed seven times and stood her up on the floor twice. The irony of this new drug combination is, Mom has received more exercise in the

past week than in the past 2 years.

I don't know whether the increase in activity is because she recognizes how close to death the drugs have taken her or if it's that the drugs make her dizzy when she lays down and she has to sit up to clear her head. Maybe a combination of both.

5:40 I told Dad it's past time to take the roast out and Dad said I should go get some for Mom. Just then Mom wanted to sit up again so I sat her up. After 5 minutes or so I laid her back on the bed and went to fix her a plate of roast, potatoes and carrots.

6:00 I fixed a full tray for Mom and Dad. When I came back to the bedroom the door was closed and Dad said 5 minutes. That meant he was changing her ostomy or her diaper.

Dad opened the door and I fed Mom some bites of the meat and one bite of the potato mixed with carrot. She didn't eat enough. But she did drink a good bit of sweet iced tea and water. I think she can't eat until she has a BM. She's cramping and full of feces.

6:30 I told Mom I was going to do my exercise news and I would see them in the morning. Mom said "okay." Dad said, "thank you."

Here's my updated request for a meeting with Mom and Dad. Mom is in misery with constant cramps and or from being knocked out on drugs with a frightening lack of control. I want to speak more directly to them about the questions Dad gets upset about and hasn't answered for years. But Mom has to be in on this conversation so I need to wait for one of the lapses Dad gives her between the druggings.

I've asked my brothers to help with some kind of intervention over the years but they vacillate between losing their temper against him for Mom's lack of care and believing him that he's doing everything correctly. So they don't know what to believe and just confuse the situation further. They will need to be in the house for days or weeks to understand what's going on here before they can contribute and communicate calmly with Dad. If the topic never comes up they can have excellent activities like golf but it doesn't help Mom and her constant suffering.

My planned conversation with Dad May need to go on for an hour or more. Dad should politely answer questions and ask questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Dad, if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over a couple of

days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. You must not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily like she is.

I don't think you see Mom's suffering and I certainly don't think you're intuitive enough to see that she is avoiding confrontation with you.

If I'm wrong about something please explain to me in a way you explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that it looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the very hospice drugs the doctors prescribed.

They prescribed the drugs for Mom the first time on November 6th 2019 saying she had approximately 6 months to live and the doctors should have known the drugs would affect Mom's ability to communicate during future doctor visits.

Mom hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses or the lack of responses, when she's on drugs, have shaped her entire life for several years.

But she's so strong she hasn't died when most women would have. Those strong genetics are one of the things she contributed to the family and should not be left out of the equation with how much effort should go into motivating her now.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs a few weeks ago. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs?

Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause

her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and her poorly attended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her from living is with the more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice people.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions. So it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, "Stopping the blood thinners will kill her." Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because, you have to lie directly or with your medication chart. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you can stop it right now. Let her go through withdrawals and let her meet her family again. You will be a hero!

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life. She knows what's going on.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance now? With the help of an assistant or me we could try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk anymore and she's desensitized on the new Vantage hospice drugs. It's very likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating

her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation. This is a strong indicator you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved. I gave a new ostomy kit to Darion Mom's new helper so she could familiarize herself with it.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your's and Mom's lives much happier.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. You were not assertive about sexual communication in your youth. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn later in the 70's when I was young enough to enjoy with my girlfriend. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want Mom to know about contemporary sexual information is, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people do not know their responsibility for their partners and don't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her

orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards Mom about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told in recent years. And your loss of empathy for Mom is indicated by your inability to see how humiliating you have been with her.

It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition. Experimenting could also get you through some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that is a mental illness. But mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with healthy behaviors you have chosen, replacing bad habits over time.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn this situation around.

Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you grew to anticipate and you recreated the routines they provided with prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's a

memory issue we have to address. It has become refined over the years but if you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl." It's time to use your own idea to save yourself and Mom by controlling what's at the bottom of your bowl.

Archive

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

1/21/25 Betty Broome Report

I couldn't sleep tonight because it was snowing and there were a lot of people interacting on social media.

5:00 I went in the kitchen and tested the new microwave to see if it made decent bacon. It worked well but it takes longer than the old one. I got the tray ready for breakfast but I wanted to check and see if Mom could eat anything before I started fixing it.

5:30 I knocked on the bedroom door and Darion said Mom had just gone to sleep. I'm sure Darion was exhausted from staying all night because of the snow. Mom opened her eyes when she heard Darion and I asked her if she was ready for breakfast.

She shook her head no. I could see she was doped up. I asked Dad if he was ready for breakfast and he said whenever you're ready to fix something. I asked Mom if she would try to eat something if I cook. And she said "okay." But I've seen this kind of constipated suffering before. There's no room for new food when your belly is full of feces.

5:45 I brought scrambled eggs, bacon and lemon tea Darion made the day before.

6:00 I went back in the bedroom after straightening up the kitchen and Darion said she

doesn't eat eggs. I ate hers but she had eaten her bacon and was drinking her tea. Mom hadn't eaten too much yet so I left it for them to help her.

I told them I hadn't slept last night and I was going to bed and Darion laughed. Dad said thank you and he had eaten most of his breakfast.

I went upstairs to try to get some sleep.

11:30 I went downstairs and Dad was in the bathroom. Darion was sitting next to Mom talking to her about the snow. I asked Mom if she wanted me to try to make a snowman and she said, "don't talk to me about mean things." So I guess Dad convinced her of that idea during the night.

I asked Mom if she wanted a roast beef sandwich and she said no. I asked her again if I ought to try to make a snowman in the front yard and she reached out her arms wanting me to sit her up.

I sat her up on the edge of the bed and I was sitting next to her when Darion came back in the bedroom. I was saying how Mark sat her up four times in a few minutes recently. I said to Mom, "this is your new exercise" and Darion said she sat Mom up 27 times. She said she was exhausted.

Dad brought Mom the toothbrushing supplies and Darion took them and said, "you usually like brushing your teeth when you're laying down but let's try to brush them sitting up." Darion seems to be defending Mom as her territory. She may have been in on Dad's gas lighting. Darion needs more flexibility with her hours because she is very dedicated to Mom.

Darion brushed Mom's teeth. When she finish I asked Mom if she got all of her teeth done. Darion asked Mom, "Do you want me to brush some more" and Mom said "no."

Mom said, "I need to lay down" so I started to lay her down and Darion said, "I lay her down in a way so I don't have to push her up every time." I try to do that sometimes also. Dad laid down the bed and we pushed her up anyway.

Darion put a towel under Mom's head and said "Mark started putting the towel under her head to fill the gap from Mom holding her head off the pillow." I understand what Mark was trying to do and it is good that Darion was trying it as well but Mom raises her head above the towel when she's full of drugs and tensed up.

So we may have to find a way to adjust because when Mom's full of hospice drugs she tenses up and raises her head up above whatever she's laying her head on.

I asked Mom again if she would eat a little bit of roast beef sandwich and she made an ugly face and said "no." I think she might take a bite, if it was a hot and she could smell it. But I think this is one of those times where Mom doesn't want to bother anyone by getting her anything or she is so full of feces she can't imagine adding any more food into her bowels.

11:45 I made a snowman outside of the window so she could see it.

12:00 As I finished making the snowman and came in the house Darion was driving Mom around in the scooter. Darion pushed Mom out to the front door to look at the snowman in the front yard. It was a pretty obstructed view and I wish now I had moved the ramp from the back to the front so she could have come out in the front yard. Mom has been complaining about not being able to see lately as well.

Dad was just finishing making Reuben sandwiches and Mom rolled up to the table but didn't want the sandwich. I gave her some fruit salad after she went back to the bedroom and Darion said she ate a little bit of that. Dad finished it.

1:00 I played balloon volleyball with Mom for a couple of minutes but she kept hitting it off to the side when I didn't hit it straight back to her. I think we need more people in the room to keep the balloon from going off in all directions.

I was talking to Dad about Brian having an argument on the phone earlier and asking if he was coming to visit. Mom said I should go out in the living room. But it looks again like she just doesn't want to bother anyone when she can't talk well and has her belly cramps. She asked me to lift her up several more times.

It looks like she has less drugs in her but now the issue of irrigating her ostomy rises up again because she has that constant gut pain.

3:00 I went to visit Mom and she was happy to see me till I knocked over her water and Dad woke up. I asked her if she wanted a piece of pie and I could see she wanted it but she knows she can't eat anything until more comes out of her. She also knows she can't bring up the subject of irrigating her ostomy around Dad. Her politeness is going to kill her. Dad said he gave her a laxative so she would have a bowel movement sometime. Does he realize that people have bowel movements everyday and win days go by she

must be in immense pain.

I went upstairs and practiced songs for a few hours.

7:00 I went downstairs and the bedroom door was open. Dad was huddled over Mom and I waited till he was finished saying something to her. I suggested several things for supper and Mom didn't want anything until I suggested a Coke float. Dad said he didn't want any.

I went in the kitchen and fixed coke floats for everyone.

Mom drank some and really enjoyed it. Dad said, when he was a kid they didn't get to have a treat like this but a few times a year. Mom asked to be sat up several times so I knew she was still over medicated.

8:00 I told Mom she should exercise with me tonight. I said she could push her head, feet and hands into the bed and lift up her bottom while I get on the stationary bike right next to her while we watch PBS NewsHour. Mom said, "you do your exercise."

It has been several months since I got on the stationary bike in their bedroom but it's a nice one and I adjusted the difficulty level to my liking and turned on the news.

I reminded Mom, she should be exercising while I'm exercising and Dad fell asleep.

9:00 I finished my PBS exercise news and mom and dad were asleep. I turned off the lights and the television and went upstairs.

11:00 Frazier the comedy show came on extremely loud downstairs and it went off at around 12:00.

I can't imagine why my brothers haven't filled up the calendar taking turns watching over and doing activities with Mom and Dad. My brothers know Mom and Dad are dangerous around each other.

Here's my updated request for a meeting, instead of letting Mom suffer. Every minute she is in misery with constant cramps and or being knocked out on drugs. I want to speak more directly to Dad about the questions he gets upset about and hasn't answered for years. But Mom has to be in on this conversation so I need to wait for one of the lapses Dad gives her in the druggings.

Even if the conversation goes on for an hour or more Dad should politely answer questions and ask questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Dad, if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over the next couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. You must not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily.

If I'm wrong about something please explain to me in a way you explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the very hospice drugs the doctors prescribed.

They prescribed the drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019 saying she had approximately 6 months to live and they should have known the drugs would affect mom's ability to communicate during future doctor visits.

Mom hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses or the lack of them, when she's on drugs, have shaped her entire life for several years.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs a few weeks ago. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs? Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and unattended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her

from living is with more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice people.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions, so it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, "stopping the blood thinners will kill her." Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because, you have to lie. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you can stop it right now. Let her go through withdrawals and meet her family again. You will be a hero!

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance now? With the help of an assistant or me we could try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk anymore on the hospice drugs. It's very likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation, which is a strong indicator you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your lives much more happy.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn in the 70's when I was young enough to take advantage. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want Mom to know about contemporary sexual information is, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people from your generation did not know their responsibility for their partners and didn't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request correctly.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards her

about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told all your life. It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition and some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that is a mental illness. And mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with healthy behaviors you have chosen.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn around this situation. Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you anticipated and recreated yourself with the prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's probably a memory issue we have to address. If you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least the past 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl."

Archive

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

1/20/25 Betty Broome Report

6:00 Dad called me downstairs and said he needed help. Mom's legs were partially raised by the lift and her body was partially in the rolling chair next to the bed. Dad said, "Mom plopped herself into the chair" but it seemed very unlikely. Whether it was true or not, Mom was not far enough in the chair to be helped in the rest of the way by Dad.

He was trying to raise her legs with the lift to put them in the bed or lower her body with the lift. He hadn't decided and the lift wasn't working. I suggested I go behind her and pull her arms while he pushes her knees. Dad said, suspiciously, "I'm not going to be able to help you much."

We sat her up in the chair. From then on it was routine to have her stand and sit in the bed and lay down.

The reason I say it looks suspicious is because Dad had the lift wrapped around her legs and it seemed too posed for him to have really thought he needed to do that. It seems more like he was trying to give me something to feel important about as a misguided manipulation.

I know he doesn't want to stop giving Mom the hospice drugs for a second time like I've been pressuring him too. The first time was November 6th 2019 when he was given the drugs and they didn't kill her for 5 years.

It would expose huge mistakes he and the doctors have made. For some reason Dad trusts these doctors that have caused him and Mom excruciating misery for decades.

He doesn't want to start irrigating mom's ostomy because that would expose the mistake he made 13 years ago when Mom first got the operation and he didn't care for her ostomy properly. He developed miserable routines that have made Mom's life horrible all this time. But all his life charming Dad's been able to convince Mom her life is better than other people's, no matter how bad things get for her personally.

6:15 I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and suggested strawberries. She made a happy face. I asked Dad what he wanted and he said he'll have what she's having.

I cut up some boiled eggs for them to have as an appetizer.

6:30 I toasted some raisin cinnamon bread with butter and crushed some strawberries with honey. I brought milk to drink and Mom ate all of her strawberries, drank the crushed strawberry juice and between the two of them they ate almost all the two boiled eggs. Mom also drank half of her glass of milk.

I asked if Mom was awake enough to open her late Christmas presents and she said "yes." So I got her packages and she opened the earrings and the bracelet. She put on the bracelet but I don't think her ears are pierced any longer.

She acted delighted about her jewelry present. The woman who made these presents for Mom also included an extra necklace she made out of Indian beads. It was a real nice little package of presents and I sent a message to the family with pictures.

9:00 It sounds like Mark brought Darion to work today but I had fallen asleep upstairs.

Mark got out the gas generator and prepared the house for tonight's snow.

Mark went to the grocery store and got makings for soup.

11:30 I went to see Mom in the bedroom and talked to her as much as I could about the snow coming at 12:00 tonight.

1:00 Mom said she wanted to go in the kitchen to see Mark and Darion cooking. Mom talked to Darion for a while and I put her in the chair where she could see out the living room window.

After a while Mark returned from the grocery store with more meat for the soup.

2:00 Darion gave Mom soup and we all ate.

3:00 Mark went to visit Mom in the bedroom because I told him Mom went into the living room in the first place because she wanted to see him and Darion cooking.

I slept most of the day.

6:30 I started PBS News exercise and Darion left the door open so I waved at Mom. Darion was staying for the night and Mark went home.

7:30 I finished my exercise but by this time the door was closed so I went upstairs.

Here's my request for a meeting, instead of letting Mom suffer with constant cramps and being knocked out on drugs all the time. I want to speak more directly to Dad about the questions he gets upset about and hasn't answered for years.

Even if the conversation goes on for an hour or more Dad should keep politely answering questions and asking questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

If you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over the next couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. But there should be an agreement, you do not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily.

If I'm wrong about something please just explain to me in a way you have explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that it looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the hospice drugs the doctors prescribed.

They prescribed the drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019 saying she had approximately 6 months to live and they should have known they would affect mom's ability to communicate during future doctor visits.

Mom hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime phone calls when she is out of her mind on medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate. Her responses when she's on drugs have shaped her entire life for the past several years.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all of this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you even started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs? Why not let her

communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

Mom has proven herself by living years longer than the doctors said she would in spite of the obstacles of drugging and unattended ostomy. Now the only way you can stop her from living is with more serious euthanasia drugs provided by the recent Medicare Vantage hospice.

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions, so it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, stopping the blood thinners would kill her. Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman.

I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because, you have to lie. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you could stop it right now and let her go through withdrawals and meet her family again.

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance, with the help of an assistant or me to try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years. Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk anymore because of the hospice drugs. She doesn't feel pain because of the hospice drugs. It's very likely her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation, which is a strong

indicator, you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your lives much more happy.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn in the 70's when I was young enough to take advantage. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask".

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of it I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want her to know about contemporary sexual information might be, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people from your generation did not know their responsibility for their partners and didn't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this mutual "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to request correctly.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards her about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told all your life. It's never too late and it could get you through this cruel competition you've chosen to rationalize and some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that is a mental illness. And mental illness can be reversed by filling your time with alternative behaviors you have chosen.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn around this situation. Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you anticipated and recreated yourself with the prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's probably a memory issue we have to address. If you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least the past 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl."

1/19/25 Betty Broome Report

8:00 Dad brought Mom out into the living room and said the same things about the window and a fire in the bird bath. Ever since Dad has started using the hospice drugs on Mom he is looking much worse himself. He needs to get out and do activities with the family.

9:00 I went downstairs and Mom was in the chair and I told them what video I was watching about how Trump is replacing attorneys.

Mett arrived and said something about how her administrator was coming to visit. Mett gave Mom coffee. Dad asked Mom if she wanted him to hold her coffee because she was drugged out. Dad said again, out of context, to Mett, "I was told to give Mom the hospice drugs every 4 hours but I gives it every 8 hours. He's laying the groundwork to explain Mom's death as if the drugs weren't part of it."

I guess I should let Dad take care of his drug zombie wife to help him wake up from this situation he is maintaining for the hospice and Adult Protective Services institutions.

9:30 Mett asked me to move Mom back into the bedroom. Mom was mostly knocked out and still smelled awful when I moved her.

I tried a couple of times this morning to give Mom the presents that came in the mail. But I didn't want Mom to see them until Dad gives her a break from the druggings.

I was glad Mom stood up for a long time to get in and out of the scooter.

Mett seems to be short-sighted about setting up movement situations. She doesn't know where to put the chair to move Mom into it and she doesn't remove the obstacles Mom needs to have out of the way as she moves in the scooter. I'm sure she will learn in time if Dad lets Mom live.

I was also happy that Mom used the controls to drive herself part of the way back to the bedroom.

10:00 Dad said Mett was going to make breakfast. He seemed to be implying, my not making breakfast was a mistake. Yesterday and many times he asked me to make breakfast very specifically and Mom was drugged out and unable to eat. So I figured Dad would give Mom food when he gives her permission by backing off the drugs.

Mett asked me where the cooking supplies are and I showed her. She fixed grits for a late breakfast. Mom ate some grits and half a piece of toast.

There should be more of my brothers here because Mom is clearly about to be killed and they should at least hold their hand one more time.

I started boiling water to make a couple of gallons of tea for this week.

10:30 Mett asked me to move Mom back in living room where she said she was going to give Mom a foot rub. Mom's mouth was full of grits so I kept giving her water and asking her to slosh it around in her mouth to swallow them.

Dad was obviously the source of this request to go in the living room and Mom was muttering to me as I moved her, "I have to go in the living room for you." So Dad wanted Mom in the living room for me. I don't mind being the reason for a little bit of activity and exercise but it's cruel to see mom treated like a zombie rag doll.

Mark arrived, and I was trying to talk to Mom about the exercises I saw on YouTube. She straightened out her legs and leaned forward in the chair. She can't talk but she can make appropriate facial expressions and move her body in response to our requests.

There are plenty of people here so I can go upstairs.

12:00 Dad said there was cornbread downstairs but I'm not hungry. I feel like I'd vomit if I got close to Dad or Mark.

4:30 Dad brought Mom into the living room by himself and talked to her for a long time. She must be suffering intensely having to listen to his nonsense, not being able to respond and not being able to get up and walk away.

What's worse is, now she's too drugged to feel the constant gut cramps and must be about to explode.

5:00 Dad says Mom wants to see the present she got in the mail. Dad doesn't even pretend to hide that he makes up so much of what he says Mom says.

I gave her the package and she couldn't control her hands or even the directions of her eyes. So I told them both I would wait until she was in control of herself and would remember it.

Dad said, "this is the most control she'll ever have." Dad doesn't have the memory to realize I have been here the whole time and seen how he turned off Mom's brain with the new hospice drugs and how she could easily be brought back to life if they were removed.

I said, "If you stop drugging her she could remember and enjoy her present." Dad started to put mom in the scooter to go in the bedroom and I said, "let me do that." Dad said "Joe's going to help you get out of the chair because he's stronger than me now, if he can keep from talking about drugging."

I was talking to Mom saying "Can you believe we have to worry about, out of control Dad giving you drugs? We never thought we'd have to worry about that in this family." Mom couldn't respond.

I took Mom into the bedroom and left them alone.

I stayed upstairs for the rest of the day in spite of some noisy movements downstairs. I hope, if Dad gets tired of taking care of drugged out zombie Mom he will come to his senses and let her live.

I know it's challenging to wait for Dad to snap out of his mental illness but because euthanasia of old women is accepted in our society, he is encouraged by the whole family and I have to wait for him to come to his senses.

Here's my request for a meeting, instead of just letting Mom suffer with constant cramps and being knocked out on drugs all the time. I want to speak more directly to Dad about the questions he gets upset about and hasn't answered for years.

Even if the conversation goes on for an hour or more Dad should keep politely answering questions and asking questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Even if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over the next

couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. But there should be an agreement, you do not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily.

If I'm wrong about something please just explain to me in a way you have explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that it looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom has dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the drugs the doctors prescribed.

They prescribed the drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019 and should have known they would affect future visits. She hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime when she is out of her mind on medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all of this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you even started giving Mom the handful of misery causing medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs? Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions, so it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, stopping the blood thinners would kill her. Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman. I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of medications because you have to lie. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you could stop it right now.

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have something to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance, with the help of an assistant or me to try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years. Recently she stopped complaining of belly cramps because she can't talk anymore and doesn't feel pain because of the hospice drugs. It's very likely that her constipation is worse and she doesn't even know it.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. You are not responding with a regular conversation, which is a strong indicator, you know you have not handled the irrigation issue correctly from the beginning. You change the topic to how you have taught other people, even nurses, to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "Eat her pussy" is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with that part of your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your life much more happy.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality. This has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. not irrigating Mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn about in the 70's when I was young enough to take advantage. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask" with you or me.

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of that book I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want her to know about contemporary sexual information might be, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't.

Most people from your generation did not know their responsibility for their partners and didn't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this mutual "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to present correctly.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards her about sex. Your resentment is indicated by the songs, movie choices and jokes you've told all your life. It's never too late and it could get you through this crucial end of life cruel way you've chosen to rationalize some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of those habits and that is a mental illness.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events as you've done for a decade, you could completely turn around this situation. Part of the problem is the insurance, APS and hospice institutions have created preconceived notions you anticipated and recreated yourself with the prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's probably a memory issue we have to address. If you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for at least the past 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. It can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl."

1/18/25 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I brought Mom and Dad buttered waffles, hers with molasses and his with syrup, halves of boiled eggs and milk. She was drugged out of her mind and couldn't eat.

7:00 Dad asked me to put Mom on the scooter. I went downstairs and moved her on to the chair in the living room. She smells terrible. I started to give her her jewelry present which came in the mail the day before. I could see she wouldn't remember she got the present so I decided to wait to give it to her. She's drugged out of her mind.

7:30 Dad asked me to move Mom in the bedroom again so I did. Her smell is disgusting.

9:00 Mett (the assistant) asked me to move Mom to the chair in the living room again so she could clean up the bed. I told her thank you for cleaning up Mom cuz she smells terrible. Mom made a funny face but she's too drugged out to talk to anyone.

I heard Mark talking downstairs when I was in the bathroom then I saw him walking around so I didn't need to go downstairs and check on Mom and Dad.

I practiced songs for several hours. Dad is not letting me see Mom without the severe druggings so it must be profoundly important to him to continue the illusion Mom is permanently mentally incapacitated. I don't know how long it will take for him to give me a chance to give Mom her present or have a polite discussion about the issues on which we differ about Mom's care.

5:00 I heard dad talking to someone outside.

5:30 I did my PBS News exercise and dad open the door so I got to look at Mom with her mouth gaping open and him pretending to talk with her. I can no longer hear what they say in the bedroom since the hospice people brought the larger and louder oxygen machine and Dad won't let me put it in Mom's closet where it is quiet.

6:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs because I knew I wouldn't be able to talk to Mom in that condition.

Dad closed the door and I went upstairs to have an online band practice after a shower.

I know it's challenging to wait for Dad to snap out of his mental illness but because euthanasia of old women is accepted in our society, I have no support and have to wait for him to come to his senses.

Here's my request for a meeting, instead of just letting Mom suffer with constant cramps and being knocked out on drugs all the time. I want to speak more directly to Dad about the questions he gets upset about and doesn't answer over the years.

It seems like we should begin the conversation by agreeing to practice talking about sensitive topics without getting upset. Even if the conversation goes on for an hour or more Dad should keep politely answering questions and asking questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Even if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over the next couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. But there should be an agreement, you do not postpone it. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily.

If I'm wrong about something please just explain to me in a way you have explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me politely.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that it looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom had dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the drugs the doctors prescribed. They prescribed the drugs for Mom on November 6th 2019 and should have known they would affect future visits. She hasn't seen the doctors in years except for FaceTime when she is out of her mind on medication. So a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all of this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head together for the rest of her life, however long or short that may be.

Recently you even started giving Mom the handful of medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs? Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering and constipation? And if Mom does get better without the drugs, why not let her?

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions, so it seems like there's cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that, stopping the blood thinners would kill her. Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman. I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction discussing the topic of using medications. But Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you could stop it right now.

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural conclusion. That makes me think, at least unconsciously, you have something to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance, with the help of an assistant or me to try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

It's disingenuous to say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy. It's a strong indicator you have not handled it correctly, that you are not responding with a regular conversation and you change the topic to how you have taught other people to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation equipment is highly improved.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "E H P" (I won't write the actual statement you say so often) is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with something in your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your life much more happy.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality in your lives and this has built up to something you never discuss. But it shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. irrigation of mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely and understandable, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn about when I was young enough to take advantage. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask" with you or me.

I don't know how you got the book into my hands but because of that book I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book about it called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let Mom read it. You said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want her to know about contemporary sexual information might be, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for

Mom orgasms, if you didn't. Most people from your generation did not know it was their responsibility for their partners and didn't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through old habits. I think it's time you take on this mutual "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things with repetition. Get her off the drugs and then convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, for loyal and trusting Mom to do anything you are careful to present correctly.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards her about sex. It's never too late and it could get you through this crucial end of life callus way you've chosen to rationalize some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of the bad habits and that is a kind of mental illness.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately. But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events, you could completely turn around this situation. Part of the problem is the insurance and the hospice companies have created preconceived notions you anticipated and recreated yourself with the prescription medications.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's

probably a memory issue we have to address. If you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for the past 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. That can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at "the bottom of your bowl." If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl."

1/17/25 Betty Broome Report

1:00 Lots of activity tonight but I don't want to have to sneak around Dad to visit Mom.

8:30 I went downstairs and asked what mom and dad wanted for breakfast. They said Mark already got them McDonald's breakfast. Mom smells terrible.

I emptied the dishwasher and tested a method for reviving refrigerated rice with boiling water and a colander. It worked really well.

Mark walked past the kitchen saying something about steaks on counter and asked how I slept. I told him "I slept really well because I feel like I have it figured out."

Mark was gone when I tested the rice but I don't want to bother Mom and Dad letting them taste it till I can have a conversation with them including Mom.

9:00 Darion arrived and it looked like Dad set everything up with Mom completely drugged out so Darion has her hands full trying to get Mom to relax. She has rolled her over onto her stomach and is massaging her back and legs.

10:00 I went upstairs to finish yesterday's report and send it off with a request to politely meet with Mom and Dad to talk.

11:00 I went to the grocery store to get molasses, poppy seed dressing and air conditioner filters.

12:00 Darion said Mom asked for cornbread and milk but then she said Dad asked for it. So I'm not sure where the request came from. Dad sat with me for a few minutes while he was eating and I was watching TV.

The cornbread was more like cake because it was so sweet.

12:30 I watched one of my favorite movies downstairs in the living room called Superstar. Darion saw me watching the movie as she passed through the living room a few times and said it was one of her favorites as well.

I practiced songs all day.

7:00 I did my PBS exercise news.

Dad opened the bedroom door part of the time, so I thought I would get to see Mom after I finished exercising. He closed the door. So much for that plan.

8:00 I finished my exercise. The jewelry I designed and had made for Mom arrived in the mail. So I have a surprise for Mom when they get up in the morning.

9:00 Dad called up to me and asked if I would make waffles for him and Mom at 6:00 or 7:00 in the morning. I said yes sir.

Here's my repeat request for a meeting, instead of just letting Mom suffer with constant cramps and being knocked out on drugs all the time. I should speak more directly to Dad about the questions he hasn't answered over the years.

It seems like we should begin the conversation by agreeing to practice talking about sensitive topics without getting upset. Even if the conversation goes on for an hour or more Dad should keep answering questions and asking questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Hopefully he will read this report and it could begin our dialogue.

Even if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over the next couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. But there should be an agreement, you do not postpone it any longer than this weekend of the 17th of January 2025. Mom doesn't deserve to keep suffering unnecessarily.

I can list the topics and you choose which you would like to address first or we could just go through them in the order they come here. If I'm wrong about something please just explain to me in a way you have explained things in your younger life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me polity.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom had dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the drugs the doctors prescribed themselves for Mom on November 6 th 2019. She hasn't seen the doctor in years except for FaceTime when she was out of her mind on medication so a diagnosis of dementia is inappropriate.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death, why not relieve her from all of this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head back together for the rest of her life, however long that may be.

Recently you even started giving Mom the handful of medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment of drugs. Why not let Mom live her last days without that grinding misery of drugs? Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such lonely suffering? And if Mom does get better without them why not let her?

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions, so it seems like there's some kind of cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that stopping the blood thinners would kill her. Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman. I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction to having to discuss the topic but Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you could stop it.

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural to conclusion. That makes me think that, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was there in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance, with the help of an assistant or me to try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

It's disingenuous say you're giving Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy for the past 4 years. It's a strong indicator you have not handled it correctly, that you are not responding with a regular conversation and that you change the topic to how you have taught other people to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation kits and equipment are highly improved.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "E H P" (I won't write the actual statement you say so often) is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with something in your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your life much more happy.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for dissatisfaction with sexuality in your lives and this has built up to something you never discuss but that shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. irrigation of mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely and understandable, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn about when I was young enough to take advantage. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask" with you or me.

I don't know how you got it into my hands but because of that book I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book about it called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let mom read it because you said it was "not

for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want her to know about contemporary sexual information might be, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't. Most people from your generation did not know it was their responsibility for their partners and didn't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through the old habits. I think it's time you take on this mutual "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things. Get her off the drugs and then convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, to do anything you are careful to present correctly.

Certainly you should have done this long ago instead of being resentful towards her about sex. It's never too late and it could get you through this crucial end of life callous way you've chosen to rationalize some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits, but you seem completely unaware of them.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately (except for glaringly obvious disingenuous love performances). But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed here and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events, you could completely turn around this situation. Part of the problem is the insurance and the hospice companies have created preconceived notions you anticipated and recreated

yourself.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's probably a memory issue we have to address. If you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for the past 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. That can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at the bottom of your mental bowl. If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl".

1/16/25 Betty Broome Report

Dad has missed several years of activities with his family spending all his effort on his secret life competing with Mom. At the same time he creates a disingenuous characterization of their ideal marriage for anyone who's willing to listen. I wouldn't have thought there was a problem if there weren't so many topics Dad will not discuss without intense emotion. He's hiding things from us and himself.

7:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

I stayed in the living room chair from 7:00 p.m. yesterday, when I finished my exercise until 1:00 a.m. in the morning when I went upstairs to finish yesterday's report.

3:00a.m. I heard a commotion downstairs but I didn't go check on it.

4:00 I went back down into the living room chair to wait and see if I could help.

7:00 Dad went out of the bedroom and I got to see Mom in good mental shape. Dad was getting coffee for her. I asked Mom if she wanted biscuits and jelly or biscuits and honey. She said "biscuits butter and jelly."

Dad came back to the bedroom and was standing over her. She said her stomach was hurting. I said "we're going to figure that out soon."

I looked around Dad and said, "Good news!" Mom said "what?" I said "it's not biscuits it's cinnamon buns." And she said "good."

I fixed cinnamon buns and brought them to Mom and Dad, but by the time I got there she was starting to show the effects of medication. She made her way through the cinnamon bun and some grapes. She drank almost all of her milk but she was fading fast.

It is time to talk to Dad about the druggings but I want Mom to be alert when we have a conversation so she can chime in.

They were watching Cheers, which is a torturously old fashioned sexist show which you would think Dad would know better than to watch with Mom. He continues to go back to it out of nostalgia and I think he forgets how ridiculous the sexual aspects are nowadays.

8:00 I took away their tray and by the time I got back Mom was delirious and asking to sit up. I set her up four times in the first 15 minutes. Finally Dad said he was going to change her diaper.

By repeating it several times he got Mom to say she would get in the scooter after he was finished changing her.

I think Dad is unaware how obvious it is when he drugs Mom and he forgets each day the arguments we've had about it the day before. I'm sure all this could be changed with a more stimulating lifestyle when brothers fill the calendar with activities for Mom and Dad.

This is obviously the beginning of another long day with a cramping belly and drug delirium for Mom.

I got a call from my neighbors in Austin saying the first bass player I played with when I moved there left a note on my door. He gave me some furniture back around 2003 but he is moving out from his girlfriend and back on his own. He wanted the furniture back if that is possible. I moved the lamp and the writing desk he gave me into the garage. Those were the only two items I didn't leave in the classroom as a donation or give to Goodwill.

8:30 Dad asked me to put Mom in the scooter and we moved her to the living room chair.

Dad went to the drug store and grocery store.

9:00 Teresa and Darion arrived, we all talked about Auto repairs and Mom was really happy to see both Teresa and Darion. But she was terribly uncomfortable with drug delirium and belly cramps. She was obviously more alert than last week when Teresa was here.

9:30 Teresa finished cleaning Mom's bedroom so Darion moved Mom back to the bed.

I told Mom I've been staying up all night and I need to sleep part of the day. I went upstairs to sleep.

3:00 Darion brought Mom out into the living room again but then had to bring her right back into the bedroom because she was knocked out. Mark said there was soup downstairs so I came down and ate. It was excellent and he said his wife made it.

Mark, Dad and I talked for a while in the living room and watched a political video on YouTube. It was about how the H1B visas are being misused by the super rich to bring the poorest level workers from other countries so they can be trapped as indentured workers here in the US.

The rich are using the H-1B visas to fill jobs with cheap labor and remove good paying Americans from their jobs. This is an ironic Republican move after all they said about immigrants during the election.

I wanted to talk to Dad in front of Mark about the issues I think need to be addressed with him and Mom but I didn't feel like I could get my point across without a PowerPoint or something and I want Mom to be in on the conversation.

4:30 I went in to talk to Mom and she was awake but groggy. I told her I would talk to Dad about trying to control the medications and fixing her stomach. I can't get her excited about it anymore after all the disappointments for years. But I did get her to do the new exercise I came up with. She pressed her hands, feet and head into the bed and lifted her abdomen up a few times. I reminded her that is how I revived myself after being hit by texting truck driver several years ago. Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I left her alone and called Dad.

Darion left after 5:00 and said "goodbye everybody, see you tomorrow."

5:30 I started my PBS exercise news

6:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

I thought today, instead of just letting Mom suffer with constant cramps and being knocked out on drugs all the time, I should speak more directly to Dad about the questions he hasn't answered over the years.

It seems like we should begin the conversation by agreeing to practice talking about sensitive topics without getting upset. Even if the conversation goes on for an hour or more Dad should keep answering questions and asking questions rather than losing his temper and storming off.

Hopefully he will read this report and it could begin our dialogue.

Even if you choose to break the conversation into more than one part over the next couple of days you should agree to stick with the conversation until you're oldest son is satisfied you have honestly answered the questions. But there should be a agreement, you do not postpone it any longer than this weekend of the 17th of January 2025.

I can list the topics and you choose which you would like to address first with a polite conversation or we could just go through them in the order they come here. If I'm wrong about something please just explain to me in a way you have explained things all your life. Describe precisely and long enough to convince me polity.

1. Medication

I know I've said this a thousand times and it's a very inflammatory topic but please consider that It looks to me like you let the doctors think Mom had dementia when you discovered you could control her ability to communicate with the drugs the doctors themselves prescribed for Mom on November 6 th 2019. She hadn't seen the doctor in years except for FaceTime when she was out of her mind on medication.

If that isn't so, and she really is so close to death why not relieve her from all of this chaotic drug roller coaster nightmare she's going through now. Stop giving her anything but the thyroid and let her get her head back together for the rest of her life, however long that may be.

Recently you even started giving Mom the handful of medicines she used to take before the hospice people brought the death regiment drugs. Why not let Mom live her last

days without that misery of the drugs? Why not let her communicate with her kids? Why not stop the medications that cause her such grinding, howling suffering? And if Mom does get better without them why not let her?

All these years you have lost your temper when we discuss the prescriptions, so it seems like there's some kind of cognitive dissonance about drugs. You used to yell that stopping the blood thinners would kill her. Or you would change the subject to the thyroid she's been taking since she was a young woman. I know you don't like to lie and that's part of the violent reaction to having to discuss the topic but Mom is suffering everyday because of you and you could stop it.

You never allow a conversation about medications to continue to its natural conclusion. That makes me think that, at least unconsciously, you have some thing to hide. This is suspicious and we need to give Mom every chance to enjoy the rest of her life.

2. Irrigating Mom's ostomy

Why didn't you use the ostomy irrigation kit they provided you when Mom first got her operation. It was there in the bathroom for more than a year and parts of it remained for longer than that.

You must not have had a good experience with it or they didn't train you. Don't you think it would be a good time to give it a chance, with the help of an assistant or me to try to make Mom as comfortable as possible, especially since her main complaint is belly cramps over the past many years.

It's disingenuous to give Mom "Tums for her tummy" and to say you have been caring for her ostomy for these 13 years whenever I bring up the topic of irrigating her ostomy for the past 4 years. It's a strong indicator you have not handled it correctly, that you are not responding with a regular conversation and that you change the topic to how you have taught other people to change the ostomy bag.

The topic is ostomy irrigation, not changing the ostomy bag. It could be a great scouting health project to see if we can give Mom comfort this way and the new ostomy irrigation kits and equipment are highly improved.

3. Sexual anger

Your most common and loudest Tourette "E H P" (I won't write the actual statement you

say so often) is an indicator of an unconscious dissatisfaction with something in your life. I think if we address it we could relieve that dissatisfaction and make the rest of your life much more happy.

There are several indicators you may be blaming Mom for some dissatisfaction with sexuality in your lives and this has built up to something you never discuss but that shows itself with your Tourette and your ability to allow yourself to be cruel unconsciously with 1. medication and 2. irrigation of mom's ostomy.

It seems very likely and understandable, in the '50s you didn't know about things you and your brother helped me learn about when I was young enough to take advantage. Your brother shared the book "Everything you always wanted to know about sex but we're afraid to ask" with you or me.

I don't know how you got it into my hands but because of that book I knew, at an early age, I am 100% responsible for my girlfriend's orgasms. When I realized one of my brothers hadn't learned this lesson I wrote a book about it called "The Love Incentive" and suggested you read it. But you didn't let mom read it because you said it was "not for her."

It seems like the reason you don't want her to know about contemporary sexual information might be, you are embarrassed about never having taken responsibility for Mom orgasms, if you didn't. Most people from your generation did not know it was their responsibility for their partners and didn't know it's never too late to find some way to negotiate through the old habits. I think it's time you take on this mutual "important part of a relationship."

If nothing else you can persist the same way you persist about less healthy things. Get her off the drugs and then convince Mom to let you practice giving her orgasms manually until it's easy and you can do it for her and your own pleasure. Giving is the greatest pleasure as indicated by your Tourette.

The same goes for her assisting you. I know you know it will be her pleasure, once you get her off the drugs, to do anything you are careful to present correctly.

Certainly you should have done this long ago but if you haven't, like I said, it's never too late and it could get you through this crucial end of life callus way you've chosen to rationalize some of the more complicated body changes and mental changes at the end of life.

4. Codependent competition

My brothers and I should be ashamed for how little we visited in the past 40 years while we were developing our careers and families. I think that lack of feedback from family members is part of the reason you have rationalized and built up some dangerous habits. In that isolated time you developed extremely destructive habits, but you seem completely unaware of them.

All three of the previous topics are indicators of this callous way you and Mom have gradually stopped treating each other appropriately (except for glaringly obvious love performances). But it's my humble opinion you have enough experience from scouting and all the years raising five boys to escape these terminal competitive habits.

I'm absolutely confident, if you took on the topics I've discussed here and invited the family to participate in wholesome museum, art and exercise activities, rather than telling everyone Mom is having a bad day and canceling family events, you could completely turn around this situation. Part of the problem is the insurance and the hospice companies have created preconceived notions you anticipated and recreated yourself.

I know you'll ask why I haven't talked to you about these issues before but that's probably a memory issue we have to address. If you check your messages you will see these have been the main topics for the past 4 years.

Speaking of memory, it maybe time to check to see if you suffer from Lyme's disease. That can profoundly affect your memory and return your memory if it's addressed appropriately.

I hope discussing these topics can help us escape these traps you have at the bottom of your mental bowl. If you recall you invented the concept of "The marble of your attention passing over habits and goals at the bottom of your mental bowl".

3:00 I can hear activity downstairs so I'm going to sleep in the living room in case they need me.

After a few minutes Dad came out of the bedroom. I asked how Mom was doing. He said he didn't know but asked, did I want some waffles. I said "yes." I went in the bedroom and was surprised Mark was sitting Mom up on the side of the bed.

We took turns lifting Mom up and helping Mom drink coffee. Then Dad brought the waffles and Mark and I went and cooked our own.

Mom ate the cut up pieces of waffle with the fork and a little bit of help. She drank the milk from the glass by herself. She did need a little help with the coffee.

3:30 Dad turned on Perry Mason and we all watched while Mark talked about the weather next week. I sat next to Mom and lifted her up a few times while we were all talking.

4:00 At 12 sit ups on the side of the bed Mom said she was peeing when I lifted her to stand next to the bed. Dad didn't say anything so I didn't push him to change her diaper. The next time I sat her up on the side of the bed she said needed to have her diaper changed and so I left the room for her to be changed my dad.

Mark and I were outside for a couple of hours and Mark gave me the TV remote so we watch television for a while. I think Mark may not think of lifting of Mom during the night as an exercise as I do. I only actually saw him raise her on the side of the bed four times. I find that when she is thoroughly drugged she needs and asks to be sat up around 9 to 12 times every 30 minutes or so. Mark is leaning over badly as if his back is hurting more than usual so he may not be able to help with this new activity for Mom.

I asked Mark what time he arrived the night before and why he was allowed in the bedroom so late. I told him Dad hasn't let me in late at night except when Mom is screaming. Mark said "9:00 or 10:00 p.m." That was early enough to be a visitor.

7:30 Dad went in the kitchen to get coffee but left Mom mostly naked so we didn't go in the room. Dad may have sent that up because, when I start getting close to threatening his long slow euthanasia plans he starts implying Oedipus complex characteristics to me and leaves little traps like this one where Mom's can only be visited if we go in the room with her naked.

Dad went in the bedroom past us and shut the door again. Mark said he was going home to take a shower.

I think if Mom lives with the help of my brother's planned activities and she revives for a few more years, it will cause problems for the adult protective institutions who have psychologically and systematically formalized the death process into a railroading system.

The most sinister part of the adult protective institutions and hospice is the attitude of their representatives who are visibly excited about participating in something is fundamental as death.

Another obstacle to Mom's fitness is the long distance lawyer in the family who fires up the less educated family members with exciting strategies to interfere with Mom's health by demonizing me. My family is satisfied to ride the roller coaster of each new characterization distant guesses and they pretend each imagined tragedy is resolved with some rationale when I don't leave the house.

My family doesn't see how they've been manipulated for years and are missing the moment by moment opportunity to help Mom stop her constant suffering by planning activities for her and Dad.

I think the worst self-inflicted health issue for Mom is her amazing patience that leads to hours every day and night of intense boredom pretending she's asleep so she won't bother Dad or any visitors. Her only alternative is when she's swirling in her thoughts with drugs she is constantly having to get up because it's worse when she lies still.

10:00 Dad brought Mom out into the living room on the scooter, out to the window and then to her chair. She looked stunned as if she had been thoroughly gas lit with some performance she couldn't memorize for Dad.

10:30 Mark returned and the Wednesday woman Maddie arrived to wash Mom. I figured there were enough people watching Mom so I went upstairs.

12:00 Dad called me and said "lunch." I went downstairs and he handed me a plate and told me to bring it Mom. But there was no plate for me. I don't mind not being included in a meal but it seems pretty immature to call me downstairs just to have me serve Mom a meal in which I wasn't included.

1:30 Darion came out to the bathroom and I asked if she had given up on working with Mom and Dad at night. She said "they weren't giving her the night hours." I said "Dad needs Mom distracted with a helper during the night so he can sleep. He keeps Mom drugged all day and she can't stay awake during the day." Darion said, she needs to talk to her administrators again later today anyway.

I waited in the living room all morning and now it was the afternoon. I was looking for an opportunity to go in and see Mom.

2:00 Mark came for a visit and said Mom and Dad were sleeping. Mark reminded me to be very gentle with Mom. I told him I will. I said "Mom is probably pretending to sleep like she always does because she's been laying down for 3 years and has to pretend she's sleeping much of the time out of politeness. She doesn't want to bother anyone with her inconvenient immobility Dad caused."

She also doesn't want to provoke another drugging from Dad by being up and talking to people.

Mark said "you seem to want to blame everything on Dad but Mom said you hurt her when you lifted her up this morning." I said "I have been sitting her on the edge of the bed for 3 years and I may be a little quicker and you but I will definitely make sure I am extra gentle and you will never see that again."

I think I misunderstood Mark's reason for starting to come stay at night. It wasn't that he wanted to participate in mom's physical improvement or care for Mom when Dad was trying to sleep.

It may be more a gathering of evidence so he didn't have to burden himself with Mom's misery. If it takes Dad a long time to kill her. Rather than focusing on the drugs that keep Mom from sleeping or having regular bowel movements Mark was focused on my enthusiastic lifting one of the 30 or more times I lifted her this morning. I don't think he wants to participate more than to look for an excuse not to participate.

Dad thought he could get rid of us night visitors by giving Mom the drug that makes her scared when she lays down and continually need to be lifted. But it turned out to be a few days of good exercise for Mom because I really enjoy helping her up and back down whenever she wants.

Mom lifted my brothers and I for decades when we were babies.

I think the people who have read these reports and haven't helped with an objective lawyer or doctor must have missed the opportunity to care for their parents and are justifying their neglect by allowing this to continue.

2:30 Mark went home. I continued to wait in the living room for an opportunity to see Mom.

4:00 Darion went in the kitchen too make a Coke float for Mom and Dad. She left the door open so I went in. Dad said, "Darion is making a Coke float but that Mom is sleeping." I held Mom's hand and Dad said angrily, "don't touch her."

She was laying in an awkward position with the top part of her body twisted toward the center of the bed and I straightened her on the pillow and Dad started yelling, "get out of here get out of here!" and attempted to grab my hand.

I said "I'm not going anywhere, you murderer." He said "get out of here get out of here" and I said "no." Darion came in the bedroom and ask what happened. Dad said "Joe was touching Betty." I said I held her hand and Dad started screaming at me."

Darion said to Mom, "I was trying to make you a coke float." She set Mom up on the edge of the bed and told Mom to calm down.

Mom said "I want Joe to come sit next to me." I don't know if she meant Dad or me but "Dad got up and sat next to her." Darion left to get the Coke floats and Dad started looking for a show to watch on television.

It looks to me like this incident had to do with Dad not wanting Mom to know I was waiting to see her all morning and that's why he became so upset when I came in by surprise.

I went upstairs. Darion called up to me and asked if I wanted her to make me a hamburger and I said "no thank you."

I'm sure most murderers don't think of themselves as murderers. They think of the circumstances that have caused them to make a hard choice like Dad thinks he's putting Mom out of her misery without considering her suffering over 6 years drugged out and constipated with medications.

6:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise.

8:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I was sitting on Mom's chair in the living room in the dark. Dad called my name and I said "yes?"

He said "My job is to give Mom as little medicine as possible unless she says she can't breathe." He continued, " When she says she can't breathe there's nothing I can do." He said this as if he was clarifying the situation or matching the situation somehow. Even his falsified medication chart shows constant drugging.

I don't think Dad realizes Mom stopped saying she can't breathe when she saw Dad was giving her more drugs every time she said it. For a while it was the only phrase that would get him to get up when he didn't want to.

She started sitting up on the side of the bed to clear her head instead of saying, "I can't breathe." Like she used to often when that was what got her the most attention from Dad when he was exhausted. Now the only time Dad can get her to say she can't breathe is when he prompts her and she's full of drugs or when he won't sit her up on the edge of the bed and let her get her head together.

Compare the tonight's statement of Dad's about the "I can't breathe" comment, to what the hospice nurse said when he was here a week or so ago. Brewster said, "I have seen patients panting like a dog (he pantomimed panting) and then given morphine they could breathe normally." He demonstrated calm smooth breathing.

I sent a message to my brothers about what the hospice nurse Brewster said. Brian must have been told what to say by his pharmacist wife.

Brian wrote the following message.

The nurse didn't say that. Look it up for yourself. If Mother needs help breathing, then she needs to cough sing sit up straight, I left her with six oxygen containers to push oxygen into her lungs, they should still be there below the TV , hold her arms above her head so the rib cage is off the lungs anything but morphine.

Morphine is designed to help a person die without pain. It doesn't support breathing it suppresses it.

But Brian doesn't really do anything except talk and occasionally buy something that he

doesn't help Mom and Dad use.

8:05 Dad must have known he sounded ridiculous talking about mom not breathing or he thought he resolved the issue. But he turned around in the darkness and went back in the bedroom and shut the door.

Dad appears to think of Mark and my time with Mom the last couple of nights, making her exercise sitting up in bed, as gaslighting her with wrong thinking.

I think the only way Dad can rationalize the atrocity he's committing is, he has to convince himself he's doing the merciful thing putting Mom out of her misery. But it doesn't match up with the reality torturing her with medications for 6 years since November 6th 2019.

If Dad doesn't snap out of this euthanasia rationale he has created in his thoughts and start caring for Mom, he's going to come to terms with it after she's gone in an unpredictable way. My brothers will have to deal with that because I have given him every opportunity by writing alternatives to him everyday and I won't stay with the family after that.

Clear your cache if you have downloaded this archive previously.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

1/14/25 Betty Broome Report

12:30 A lot of noise downstairs but I didn't go.

1:00 I went downstairs to sleep in the chair and wait for opportunities. I guess Mark gave up on the plan to do sit up exercise with Mom all night while Dad sleeps. And Dad's not letting me in tonight.

7:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked him if they wanted something cooked. He said "Mom hasn't been eating the eggs lately." I said "the last two times Mom did eat her eggs but you didn't eat them." Dad said, "cook something fancy for Mom but I'm having shredded wheat."

I fixed scrambled eggs and Mom ate most of it.

7:30 Mom started getting druggie and asking to be sat up. Mom said, "I don't know what was wrong with me" and I said, "Just relax and get through the drugs. You'll feel better after they pass through your system." Dad's said "You're not welcome when you talk like that."

I sat Mom up 9 times like Mark started us doing the night before. Whenever Mom lays down and she's full of the drugs you can tell the drugs start causing her fearful thoughts and she has to sit up.

8:30 Dad went to the grocery store.

8:50 Darion arrived early and Mom called her Darion instead of "D" for the first time. It may have been because I called her that but it was nice to hear Mom say her full name. I sat Mom up a few times before Darion suggested we take her in the living room with the scooter.

9:00 We went into the living room and Mom was still smelling extremely bad when she sat up. Darion suggested two things. One she has to give Mom a thorough bath today and two we needed to get a inflatable bathtub. I told Mom and Dad they needed a bathtub in there bedroom all their life just for a healthy marriage.

Mom was really nice to me and thanked me for talking to her and being with her for so long this morning. She also said. "You are really patient" and I told her "I would like to be with you all the time." She said "I would like to be with you all the time."

She just needs to start being able to take care of herself so we can do things with Dad and the brothers.

9:30 Dad came home from the store just as we were taking Mom back into the bedroom. She's still very lethargic and unable to focus but she starting to be aware what's going on around her.

I sent a message to Brothers saying we need an inflatable bathtub so Darion can give Mom more thorough baths.

10:00 Darion gave Mom a good bed bath. I asked Mom if she felt better and she said yes but she was calling out Mark, Neal's names. I told her I was going to take a nap upstairs and she said "okay." Dad asked if I was going to play golf at 1:00 and I said "Mom isn't

really fit for me to leave yet."

Now that Dad keeps mom almost constantly knocked out with the Vantage hospice drugs I don't think it's a good idea to leave.

1:30 I woke up and went to Mom and Dad's room. Darion said Mom was knocked out and she definitely was. She must have had a full strong dose before Dad left at 11:00 to play golf. So I lay down next to her and held her hand while Darion watched Murder She wrote.

2:00 Mom started to wake up a little. Darion told Mom she would need to eat something because she hadn't in 7 hours. Darion said "Dad left salmon on the counter in the kitchen" so I thought he probably wanted me to cook salmon croquettes.

2:30 I brought salmon croquettes, cut up fruit and ice honey tea for Mom and Darion. Mom wouldn't budge but I left the tray of food next to her on the bed.

Darion came out of the bedroom and said Mom ate one of the salmon croquettes and almost all of her fruit. So I went in and talked to Mom and tried to talk her into eating a bit more. We all agreed the brand of salmon was not high quality. It had a slight bitterness.

Mom drank some iced tea but wouldn't eat any more food.

3:00 When we were convinced Mom wouldn't eat anymore Darion took the tray away and I talked to Mom. I told her, "Maybe she could stop Dad from giving her so much auntie fussy medicine if she wouldn't gripe when she had less medication."

It's all set now and she can be euthanized at any time with the morphine because everyone is convinced she's incapacitated completely except for those who spend time with her. Almost no one spends time with Mom. But no one will be surprised when Dad kills Mom now. They will all think she went naturally in spite of all of my documentation to the contrary.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

I Mom if her stomach or chest hurt when she was lying still and she said "no." I said, "there's nothing really to be grumpy about if you start getting up and doing things." And once she starts getting up and can go to the bathroom we can irrigate her ostomy and make her more comfortable.

I asked what she would like to do if the family started to come and visit her more. She said, "I want to go see Nancy." She said "someone needs to go see Nancy and her new house." I said "you're right and we've never been to see Francis in Florida." I said "I know any or all of the brothers would like to go with you to see your nieces."

Mom started to take off her diaper. I said, "do you need your diaper changed?" She said "I don't know. I can't tell until I feel inside of it." I got up to go in the living room. Darion laughed politely and said, "I'm going to help you with that."

I went upstairs and fell asleep. I think I heard when Dad and Mark got home but I didn't get up then.

6:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise and Dad made a few trips to the kitchen. I asked who won the golf game and he said he didn't know but Mark and Brian hit some good shots.

I hadn't exercised in almost a week so I exercised for a long time.

8:00 I went in the bedroom and asked Mom if she wanted some more hot tea. Mom said "I needed to turn up the brim of my hat so I can see if I'm awake or not." She was obviously very drugged and Dad knew I knew it. Dad said angrily, "she already said she was going to sleep, Good night." I said "whatever YOU want."

It's not that my family wouldn't like it if Mom became healthy but they are not educated in human behavior and they have got along without participating for so many years it's a bad habit. Another way to say it is that they are stupid and lazy.

Dad makes it much more complicated to help because he gives Mom drugs that make her irritable and never satisfied when we visit or try to help. She will ask to sit up 10 times an hour or more and that's fine with me, because it's exercise for her, but she is clearly doped up because she can't communicate properly when she is constantly asking to be sat up.

When she rarely is caught without the drugs she can communicate like she always has her whole life. But Dad rarely allows that when anyone is with Mom.

I think the family can't believe Dad is capable of deadly deception because it's too grizzly and horrifying to think it would happen to someone they know. The family must be imagining what it will be like after Mom is gone and communicating with Dad in a way

that will make that time survivable.

Mom could be cared for properly in spite of these 6 years of torture murder if the family participated instead of hiding from Mom.

1/13/25 Betty Broome Report

Everyone wants to know how we should have communicated better with our parents.

We should not have expected Mom and Dad to remain independently alert when we went out and started building our careers and families.

Our decades of negligence caused Mom and Dad to develop a false sense of independence and competition between each other. Parents defend the way they "cut the apron strings" whether they did a good job of it or not. Isolation is the most dangerous human condition and parents are no less subject to the effects of a lack of feedback.

My brother's wives don't know about the equilibrium Dad thought he created on his own and maintained in the family for all these years. They fall on the side of strategy rather than ethics.

Dad didn't realize the huge role his wife/slave played in our humble success as a family so he is reckless with the amount of activities required of him to keep Mom healthy.

Part of the reason it's hard for Dad to accept his imagined lesser role in the success of the family is that he used Mom as his mouthpiece. He often attributed much of what he communicated to Mom saying, "Mom wants this or that to happen and Mom is always right." Instead of it being a lesser role it was a team effort which he should appreciate as profound as it really was.

Now that Dad is in charge of Mom's survival, it's tempting to take full credit for the lifetime of relative success our family achieved.

But part of Mom's success contributing to the family is her complete submission to Dad's authority. Her understanding of psychology was better than Dad's and she had to work at a very subtle level to accomplish family tasks. But her contribution may have

been more important than Dad's strategic contributions beside the fact that she physically made us at the expense of her young body.

Dad was using researched knowledge and legal logic and Mom was contributing emotional directness when strategies didn't communicate effectively to their growing boys.

The latest family gossip from the absentee family members is that I'm committing defamation of character. I describe and archive their lack of contribution and their backgrounds in these reports to adult protective Service institutions. So they always have to come up with new headlines from the immature family lawyer. I guess they're under such profound self-imposed pressure from the guilt of never visiting Mom, they are becoming offensive as an unconscious defensive strategy.

Download the link of their visits over the past year. None of us hardly ever visited for decades until I moved in 3 years ago.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

From they're constant escalated gossip levels, I deduce it has increase more nowadays because Mom is just about to die from Dad's successful euthanasia strategies provided by Vantage hospice.

Instead of removing deadly prescribed medicine and providing encouragement and activities for both Mom and Dad the family plays threatening word games that satisfy them for a week or so and then make up a new one.

They could just schedule themselves on a calendar sitting next to Mom all day and all night and they would know the truth. They would also be instantly available to respond to Mom's wishes and have hundreds of little moments of communication with Mom, seeing her desperately try to escape Dads mental and physical captivity.

2:00 a.m. I went down stairs and the door was open so I sat next to Mom in case she would wake up afraid like she has been recently.

Mom said, "I never would have forgot her." I didn't ask what she meant because it looked like she was talking in her sleep. She was laying on her right side away from me. She started to lie on her back but then turned back away. I should have at least held her hand and given her the opportunity to stop pretending to sleep if that's what she was doing. She does this all the time to be polite to visitors she doesn't want to

inconvenience.

2:30 Mett came in and checked on Mom's oxygen tubes on her nostrils. Mett told me I should go to bed. I did, but Mett's not aware of the breakthrough Mark seems to have made last night staying with Mom. Mett needs to know about responding to any thing that comes up during the night with a little conversation or even sit-up exercise.

Dad goes through a lot of gaslighting to convince Mom not to do her sit up exercise or any activity, but new opportunities always arise unexpectedly.

When Mom has any time by herself she is understandably claustrophobic because she can't get up by herself and she's afraid because she can't trust her ideas on Vantage hospice drugs.

4:30 I heard commotion downstairs and went down. Mett was giving Mom coffee from a mug and not from the syringe thank goodness. It looks like Dad is giving Mom a spell from some of the drugs to be able to eat this morning.

Mom's lips are very swollen. I asked Mom if she wanted anything to eat and Mett suggested grits. Dad suggested bacon and Mom said "bacon" so I fixed grits and bacon and brought them to Mom and Dad and Mett.

5:00 Mett is feeding Mom the grits and it seems to be going well. I mentioned Mom's swollen lips again and dad said "don't say that around Mom."

Mett said, Mom said she wanted shredded wheat now and I fixed it for her. I told her Mom hasn't been eating shredded wheat lately It always ends up in the sink. I told Mett Mom did eat the strawberries off the top of the shredded wheat.

I didn't mention to Mett, Dad just has a habit of trying to feed mom the same thing everyday whether he has success getting it to her or not.

Mett is trying to feed Mom. Dad came out in the living room and told me. "It's good to identify a problem but you shouldn't repeat it in front of Mom and make her feel bad." He was talking about my mentioning her swollen lips.

I mentioned before the only time I've ever seen swollen facial parts like this was when a lead guitar player was addicted to serious drugs. Nothing was ever done or questioned about Mom's swollen lips unless someone responds to this report.

Mett said she wanted to change the sheets and asked me to put Mom in the scooter. But as I started to pick Mom up I saw she had torn off most of her diaper and her ostomy bag was as full as I've ever seen it. I mentioned it to Dad and he started changing the ostomy. Mett said she would finish giving Mom the shredded wheat when we brought her in the living room after they changed her.

6:00 Mett gave Mom lots of coffee and waited for the sunrise. I fell asleep.

7:30 Mom got to see the sunrise and Mett finished washing all the bedding and blankets. She asked me to move Mom back into the scooter. I moved Mom into the bedroom and asked Mom if she wanted to talk to Jeweldeen on the phone. Mom has been saying she would do it for the past few days. Dad said "it's too early in the morning." Cut off again.

I went upstairs and fell asleep.

10:30 There was loud activity downstairs but I didn't get up.

11:00 Dad was giving a tour of the house too what appeared to be a new assistant. I stayed out of it.

2:30 Dad and Mark were outside and I told Mom about it. Mom said, "I have to go out to help them." I put her in the scooter and started to take her out when Mark and Dad came back in the house. Mark, Dad and Darion all three took turns discouraging Mom from going outside. It was extremely abusive to have them all defying Mom's wish and by the time she got outside she was cussing at me saying what they said.

Darion said "the tubes don't reach outside and it's cold." Mom said "the tubes don't reach outside." I got the portable oxygen machine.

Dad said to Mom with a smirk, "We're going to think this was good." He thinks he has to tell her what she is going to think wow he's signaling her to be upset. Mom defiantly became very angry and started to complain.

Mark said "Mom doesn't want people to see her outside like this." Mom said "I don't want to be seen by the neighbors."

You can imagine why Mom doesn't go out very often. Mom doesn't have a chance with everyone in the family plus hired assistants discouraging her from anything independent.

It looks like Mark and Dad may have been under the influence of alcohol. They would never have been this obvious normally.

3:30 Dad and Darion moved Mom to the living room chair again but Mom was mute with medication. So it was all a hideous performance for me I guess.

3:40 They moved Mom back to the bedroom. As they moved Mom Dad said, "Mom knows best." I know Dad is 91 years old and not in complete control of his brain but this is cruelly disingenuous. I'm sure Mom perceives it even in her medicated stupor.

Dad turned on a Disney movie and called up to me asking if I wanted to watch it with them. He knows I'm a connoisseur of animation having been an animation teacher but I was not very adaptive after our experience earlier in the day and I declined.

6:00 I went downstairs and ate half a hamburger from the refrigerator. I know I've never eaten a worse burger in my life. I hope they didn't try to feed this hockey puck to Mom.

I sat in the dark in the living room listening to a second Pinocchio movie that must have come on after the Disney one they watched earlier. Dad came out of the bedroom, walked to the kitchen and back into the bedroom.

Dad came out into the living room again and started up the stairs. I asked him if it was too cold. I thought he might be going upstairs to raise the thermostat.

He was surprised I was in the living room so I guess he didn't see me, though he walked within touching distance next to me to go upstairs. He said he wanted to tell me he hoped I would stay but I shouldn't get Mom excited about activities, standing up or exercise.

He said I should talk to her about what it was like in the old days.

It must be hard to kill your wife when she starts to ask to be cared for properly. In front of her I've been asking for two things that cause problems to Dad's unconscious euthanasia plans. I ask that Mom stop being drugged so she can talk and that she be cared for with an irrigated ostomy and exercise.

The family gossip appears to have, once again, fortified Dad's confidence to continue his torture murder of his trusting spouse. Most of the family is unaware of the direct murderous affect they have corroborating Dad's behavior. They breathe life into Dad's confidence to take the next step each time.

Dad headed back into the bedroom and he said "I don't like your writings." I said "I don't like you drugging Mom."

Since November 6th 2019 Dad has been defending Mom's druggings shouting, "she would die without them." But when the hospice came, accidentally triggered by a request for someone to help Dad at night, they took away his drug regiment and gave Mom a variety of sedatives to kill her off as is required of a hospice institution.

Dad doesn't mention at all how Mom's not dieing from the lack of drugs he meticulously defended and tortured her with for 6 years.

I'll start exercising again tomorrow.

1/12/25 Betty Broome Report

Moms health must not depend on dad remembering anything. It's amazing how much has happened in the name of Mom with so little attention to her personal care and wishes. That would require an administrator without an agenda spending time with Mom. Dad is about to destroy his entire family by euthanizing is spouse based on her ability levels which were destroyed by a lack of ostomy care and excess of prescription medicine.

4:00 I went downstairs to see if I could catch Mom alert. I sat in one of the big chairs in the living room and it wasn't long before Dad came out.

4:30 Dad was going to the kitchen and I asked if Mom was ready to eat. He said he didn't know. I went in the bedroom and was surprised to find Mark. Mom asked to sit up and mark leaned her up and scratched her back. Mark said Mom has been sitting up and laying down all evening. Mom said she wanted scrambled eggs and Dad said he ordered some eggs from the grocery and they would come between 8:00 and 9:00 a.m.

I went and got some strawberries, cut up with milk and honey. I gave Mom one. Mark said Mom was not able to chew so she made a real performance with exaggerated

chewing.

I put on my clothes and went to the store and found a place open with eggs. It was the fourth place I visited so it probably took about 30 minutes.

5:00 when I returned Mark said he gave Mom a couple of pieces of the strawberries but they were coming out of the sides of Mom's mouth. Under the circumstances and after seeing how Dad convinced Darion to start treating mom as more of an invalid than she is, I don't know how objective Mark is.

Mark said he was going home. From the way he went to so much trouble to wash his hands I think he realized Mom is dirty and smells awful when you sit her up. This is in spite of having Maddie wash her hair yesterday. I guess she didn't wash her body.

Dad went to sleep or tried to. Mom got up five times and sat on the edge of the bed with my help. Two times she stood up on the floor at my suggestion. Mark mentioned her standing when he was here earlier so I thought she may have been mentally prepared for it.

6:00 Mom said she needed her diaper changed and started to tear it off so I told and shook Dad. I went into the living room and closed the door as we all do when Dad is changing mom's diaper.

9:00 Mark returned and was filling the bird feeders so I went upstairs and fell asleep.

12:00 I heard Brian downstairs telling Dad he was fixing the microwave. Someone is putting in the living room. Brian sounds angry and disagreeing about something with Mark.

12:30 I went downstairs and Jody the assistant was changing Mom. I hope she gives her a good cleaning in spite of Dad's interference.

Brian put a new microwave on the counter in the kitchen which will certainly be a big help around here since the old microwave doesn't work anymore. The assistant who was cleaning Mom came into the kitchen and I thanked her for helping.

I asked Jody if Dad let her clean Mom and she said, "yes I rinsed her." That was a little confusing so I said, "it was really important today because last night she smelled so terrible." It was discouraging that Jody said she put something on Mom to keep her from smelling bad.

That's not what I was hoping for. I know it's hugely inconvenient to clean Mom now that Dad keeps her two drugged to get in the shower but that's what they're paid for.

4:30 Mark and Brian seem to have left for the day and Dad has been in the bedroom for hours.

5:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if there was something I can fix for Mom. I asked Mom and she is still blithering from the new hospice drugs but when I asked if she wanted chocolate milk She said okay.

I made chocolate milk but I also blended strawberries into it. I made it into hot chocolate and she drank 3/4 of a cup. She drank it with the cup and Dad said that was unusual. I thought maybe Brian's argument with Dad about overdosing Mom might have caused him to back off drugs a little bit.

Mom continued to ask to be set up and to have her back scratched so I did it eight more times while we watched the PBS News. Mom asked where Brian was and Dad said he got mad at Brian for saying something he didn't know about. He said Brian said he was giving Mom too much medication. Of course I agree but I didn't say anything this time. Mark has started a new thing that may change everything now that we can sit with Mom at night.

Brian needs to get a thicker skin and spend more time with Mom. Mom seems to want to go into the bathroom and that's part of the reason she gets up so many times. It's a signal she wants to urinate on the toilet and possibly get her ostomy irrigated because I have mentioned it so many times.

She can't say that in front of Dad but it has started an inadvertent exercise routine sitting up in bed, which is very important now.

That and being able to drink out of a cup again is very important and may indicate Dad will slack off with the drugs.

6:00 Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I left her and Dad in the bedroom.

Dad came right out after finishing the diaper and I went in and sat with Mom and started setting her up again when she asked.

7:00 Mark arrived and took over sitting in the bedroom next to Mom. It looks like he set

up a sleeping bag in the dining room. I don't know what that's about yet.

730 Mett arrived.

8:00 Mark left for the night since Mett is here. But Mett doesn't know about continuous is the new all night exercising sitting up.

10:00 Mett called me from downstairs and told me Mom wanted to get up. I went down and sat Mom up and gave her a drink of water but she must have received drugs at about 9:30 because she was incapable of sucking through a straw again. Brian may have been successful getting Dad to stop keeping Mom 100% incapacitated but Dad still knocks Mom out for new visitors like Mett.

2:00 a.m. I went down stairs and sat next to Mom in case she would wake up afraid like she has been recently. She said, "I never would have forgot her." I didn't ask what she meant because it looked like she was talking in her sleep. She was laying on her right side away from me. She started to lie on her back but then turned back away.

2:30 Mett came in and checked on Mom's oxygen tubes where they enter to nostrils. She told me I should go to bed. I did but she's not aware of the breakthrough Mark made last night staying with Mom and responding to any thing that comes up during the night. When Mom has any time by herself she is claustrophobic because she can't get up and afraid because she can't trust her ideas on drugs.

4:30 I heard commotion downstairs and went down. Mett was giving mom coffee from the mug and not from the syringe thank goodness. It looks like Dad is giving Mom a spell to be able to eat. Yes I couldn't help but notice how swollen mom's lips are. I asked Mom if she wanted anything to eat and met suggested grits and Dad suggested bacon and Mom said "bacon" so I fixed grits and bacon and brought them to Mom and Dad and met.

5:00 Mett is feeding Mom the grits and it seems to be going well. I mentioned Mom swollen lips again and dad said don't say that around Mom. Mom said she wanted shredded wheat now and I fixed it for her. Mett is feeding her. Dad and came out in the living room and told me that it's good to identify a problem but I shouldn't repeat it in front of Mom and make her feel bad.

Mett said she wanted to change the sheets and asked me to put Mom in the scooter. But as I started to pick Mom up I saw she had torn off most of her diaper and her ostomy

bag was as full as I've ever seen it. I mentioned it to Dad and he started changing the ostomy and Matt said she would finish giving Mom the shredded wheat when we brought her in the living room after they changed her.

1/11/25 Betty Broome Report

I guess most of my family must have already said goodbye to Mom but I wasn't there to see it.

Now that the hospice drugs make it so Mom doesn't seem aware when I talk to her or hold her hand, it makes me intensely anxious all the time. That's the challenge that seems to be too big for my brothers.

Dad has created a hostile environment with a tradition of politeness surrounding it for decades. My brothers don't understand they have to persist through the nightmarish hostility/politeness and stay near Mom for days or weeks to start recognize what's going on here.

I've never been this physically close to such a sickening group of people visiting just long enough to confirm what 91 year old, poor decision making Dad and the socially immature lawyer has told them to think. For me to be polite to them, because they are family, makes me sick.

3:00 a.m. I went downstairs waiting for a chance to talk to Mom before she's drugged.

4:00 Dad went in the kitchen and I asked if he wanted me to fix them something for breakfast. Dad said, "that would be good".

4:30 I went in their bedroom and asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast. She was already completely comatose on the drugs, so I went back out to the chair in the living room to wait. Dad walked past with a bowl of food into the bedroom and closed the door.

I fell asleep in the chair.

9:00 Darion arrived.

10:00 The hair washer, Maddie arrived and asked how I was doing.

I said, "everything is still the same. I wish Mom would get better." She said "me too." And she went in the bedroom. Dad came out of the bedroom acting crippled like he used to before he started playing golf. He putted a couple of golf balls. I didn't get up so I guess he didn't want to push me to play or argue. He went back in the bedroom where Maddie was washing Mom.

Darian came out and I asked her what happened about the worm and the poo plug it lived in. She said, "they said it was mucus."

I guess this was one of those situations where Darion felt she had to conform to keep her job. She and I saw the so called "mucus" squirm back and disappear into Mom's ostomy opening after Darion pulled it out and accidentally split it in two.

Then Dad said he expose a long piece of it while Darion was holding a flashlight on it. Then Darian said Dad chopped it into pieces trying to pull it out.

But that was days ago.

I went upstairs to sleep.

3:00 I woke up when Mom's exercise alarm went off but I didn't go check on her because she's been mostly comatose every time I visit her since hospice brought the new drugs for 91 year old Dad to use on Mom.

I would like to do my Saturday Facebook live band practice at 8:00 tonight in Mom and Dad's room so Mom could hear me playing music long enough to possibly get a response from her. A band practice performance on Facebook would be long without changing Mom's diaper but at least I could try.

5:00 Dad was teaching Mark how to make sautéed chicken and white asparagus. It was extraordinary.

6:30 Mom and Dad were asleep so I didn't disturb them to ask if they want me to do my Facebook band practice in their room.

7:00 I went upstairs and got cleaned up.

8:00 I practiced 3 hours of songs on Facebook and went to bed. I haven't exercised in several days so I've got to get that back in my routine.

1/10/25 Betty Broome Report

Last Sunday night 1/5/25 there was a new assistant here who stayed overnight but Mom didn't require changing all night like she does for Dad because Mom was being a good hostess for the new visitor assistant.

Mom would have become used to the night assistant and started urinating normally in time, but the change was too drastic for Dad. They didn't continue all night assistance.

But stopping the all-night assistant didn't stop the psychological and morphine damage of hospice the all night request triggered from Medicare and insurance.

The assistant during the day is not really needed except when Dad leaves for activities like golf, shopping or doctor's appointments. Darion (the daytime assistant) would like to work at night and her request is probably what triggered the hospice drugs Dad is killing Mom with railroading efficiency.

The insurance requirements that trigger hospice and have ruined Mom's health in the past few days have also confused the need for an all-night assistant. The all night assistant was supposed to help Dad and Mom sleep. If it weren't deadly it would be funny.

Other triggers have caused Dad to increase Mom's medication, like his vengeance for Mom's angry nights repeatedly asking him to change her diaper. This is a huge physical and psychological challenge for a 91-year-old man as many as 8 times a night.

Another trigger for Dad is when I offered everyone in the family \$1,700 this month if they can convince Dad to take Mom to the dentist. Mom became enthusiastic about having her teeth feel clean after 6 years without a trip to the dentist. The last visit was in July of 2019.

Again Dad was triggered by Mom's independence when she started watching makeup

videos on YouTube with Darion and they were very excited together about make up for Mom.

Mom has been talking since January about about visiting her sons. That upset Dad greatly. He thought he passed that stage long ago when he used to give her drugs that knocked her out during family visits and he would run her home.

The physical therapist Dad canceled by keeping Mom drugged whenever Byran was supposed to give Mom a workout, took Mom into the bathroom to urinate for the first time in years. This outraged Dad and he wouldn't discuss why. The topics Dad chooses not to discuss are important indicators about what he's thinking and hiding. And there are plenty of hot topics all about moms independence.

I started taking videos of Mom in conversation and driving her scooter by herself, navigating her way up the ramp and into the back door. He put a stop to that with medication even before hospice came in with the morphine.

Video of Mom's first rides on the scooter that triggered so much additional drugging from dad.

<https://youtu.be/BOxXV00P7hw?si=1Z8ZyEqYKgEsVpcv>

These and more acts of Independence pushed Dad over the edge. Now Mom is constantly medicated with the hospice morphine which makes her conveniently mute.

6:00 a.m. It sounds like there is a lot of activity downstairs but I fell to sleep with my television on all night, so I didn't hear anything until now. I went downstairs to start waiting for Dad and see what they wanted for breakfast.

8:00 Dad has not come out yet. I started fixing egg salad hoping Mom could have it for lunch.

9:00 Darion and Mark arrived and I started to assemble the egg salad with the eggs I cooked.

Darion is the assistant who has stuck with us the longest. She was abused as a child and is used to witnessing merciless arbitrary cruelty. This allows her to remain focused on working and not get involved in the theater of the victims and perpetrator.

I finished mixing the egg salad and put it in the refrigerator along with cut up strawberries hoping someone would give them to Mom.

Mom is essentially unable to eat anything since she is constantly on Vantage Hospice morphine.

9:30 I went upstairs because Mom is not aware of me in her morphine fog and I feel hopelessness associating with those people who are making her that way.

Brian arrived and said he ordered a juice blender machine. Anything he does he attaches enormous significance to but he doesn't do the work to use what he buys. He goes home and plays golf.

4:00 Dad, Darion and Mark dragged Mom's zombie mute body around the house in the scooter saying the same words about the windows, the scooter and how lucky they are. Dad has been saying the same sentences for so many years it feels like I'm trapped and claustrophobic having to hear them again. Imagine what it's like for Mom gas lid all night with the same sentences

Dad asked me if we could start a fire in the metal bird bath and I said he could do anything he wants. He said "I can't hear you." I said "you can do anything you want."

I have reported this deadly situation to every adult protection institution and the police, so all I have left to do is wait for Dad to kill Mom and then I can leave this poorly educated and negligent family. I should have provided them with all the information I received when I was in college and teaching for 30 years but I didn't know I needed to do that.

I can see now I can't possibly involve these torture murders in my production company, so I can pack up my musical equipment I've wanted to share with them for the past 9 months. I'll wait for them to kill Mom so I can go.

At any time before Mom dies Dad could stop the medication, irrigate Mom's ostomy, so she could be active and participate with the family for the rest of their lives. But I think Dad must have seen Dirty Grandpa, the movie and he imagines himself having a fun independent life after Mom is gone.

My brothers could be all around right now involving Mom in balloon volleyball, working on the house, exercising with Mom, taking her to the walking trail and her scooter until she could walk again. They should certainly make Dad go to all of the doctor's appointment Mom needs. But that time is quickly disappearing. The mistakenly provided

morphine is the last straw and there's almost nothing left of Mom.

1/9/25 Betty Broome Report

Just as our national government and presidency is trapped and now run by oligarchic perpetuated legal delays, families are required to commit to expensive litigation to save their parents from corrupt attorney general run Adult Protective Services and euthanasia focused insurance companies.

4:00 I heard Mom and Dad downstairs, so I went to the living room to wait.

8:00 Dad hasn't opened the door.

I sent brothers and Dad a group text.

Group text.

Dad doesn't realize how much effort goes into concealing his destruction of Mom's health and how all that effort could be focused on activities with family. He's caught up into the excitement of competition hiding his manipulation of medications. All Dad would have to do is start helping instead of hurting Mom without any admission of guilt or apologies and all the family's time would be focused on fun activities.

9:00 Dad looked out the bedroom door for the first time this morning and closed the door again.

910 Mark and Darion arrived and I told them this is the first time Dad didn't come out all night.

Mark said Dad was changing Mom's diaper and Darion said she would see what was going on.

But even though I rode her a text Darion never told me anything about the worm. I understand she has a balancing act to keep her job with Dad ever present in the room with Mom but I would have thought she would at least answer about the worm we had

to call an ambulance about.

I went up stairs to bed.

12:00 Dad bought sandwiches for all of us. I looked in the bedroom and Darion was working with Mom with the bed leaning up. I guess she was preparing to feed Mom with the eye dropper to fit Dad's theatrical needs.

12:30 The do nothing, morphine nurse arrived and left at 12:50.

5:30 I took the garbage out to the street and straightened up some things in the garage.

6:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and asked, "If Mom is okay, are you going to play golf tomorrow on Tuesday." I said, "today is Thursday." I said "If she's okay, I'm always ready."

I felt comfortable going in to see Mom for the first time today and she was completely drugged. She will not remember I visited her. She did turn her head toward me but her eyes were barely open and she couldn't speak.

Dad came out of the kitchen with milk and I left to go upstairs.

6:30 the doorbell rang and by the time I got downstairs Dad was at the front door signing for something. I went to Mom who was still unresponsive but awake and leaning up. I told her, "maybe her jewelry had arrived and Dad is signing for it." I said, "or maybe it's more drugs." Dad came in the room and I asked if it was jewelry and he said, "it's medicine." He must have heard me mention drugs because of the emphasis with which he spoke. I left them alone and went back upstairs.

6:50 Dad called up to me upstairs and asked if I called him. I said "know sir." And he closed the door for the night.

It rained off and on all night and I fell asleep with the television on so I didn't hear anything downstairs until almost 6:00 in the morning. I must have been very weary to have slept off and on for 12 hours.

1/8/25 Betty Broome Report

Just like Mom got dad to give us bicycles when Dad said we couldn't afford them Mom is loyally giving Dad his independence as quickly as she can allow him to kill her with medication. The Vantage Hospice morphine seems to be the easiest route for her where she doesn't have any temptation or ability to fight back.

Dad trusted doctors when they botched his back, allowed his arthritis to worsen, botched Mom's intestinal surgery and gave him drugs that destroyed his wife over a period of 6 years. For some reason trusting doctors is one issue he has been unable to trust himself to rise above with personal research. When doctors make mistakes the outcome is horrifying.

2:30 a.m. I heard Dad downstairs in the kitchen so I checked on Mom who was laying diagonally across the bed. I guess Dad had to put her feet far away from the edge so she wouldn't crawl out in desperation.

Dad came out of the kitchen and said to me, "It's a dirty trick to come back home." I asked if that was why Mom kept saying "dirty dirty dirty all day today." "Are you gas-lighting her with that statement, but she's too drugged to make a coherent gaslet comment to me?"

He went in the bedroom and closed the door. Dad knows I have almost never drank or done drugs so I remember everything he says. I think he's starting to see the dishonest things he says need to stop.

Instead of remembering them the next day when reading these reports and it's too late to make an adjustment, I think he's starting to realize he has to stop bad habit routines and spontaneous cruelties he got used to when he was bullied by his brother and resurfaced in the 40 years of isolation after his kids left home.

3:30 Dad came out the bedroom and said Mom wanted shredded wheat and fruit. He asked if I ate all the bananas and I said no they are in the freezer cut up because they became to ripe.

I fixed shredded wheat with strawberries, butter toast and milk. Mom ate all the strawberries with my help but didn't care for the shredded wheat. She ate a couple of bites of toast.

I asked her if she wanted to watch Lucy the movie Darion suggested. Dad said, "You would like it but Mom wouldn't like it." I said "how do you know?" He said he watched it and it was pretty good.

I asked Mom if she would watch Last of the Summer Wine like I do every night. She was still blithering but she repeated the name of the show and I turned it on.

4:30 I watched half of an episode with her but she started tearing off her diaper and saying "hurry hurry hurry." So I left the room telling Dad, "mom is ready for you to change her diaper."

5:00 I sent off yesterday's report because Mom is already drugged out this morning.

9:00 Teresa arrived and was joking around with Dad about golf. It's so great that Teresa has been involved with Mom and Dad all these years but it wasn't enough feedback to keep them from being at each other's throats all these 40 years.

9:11 Darion and Mark arrived.

I slept upstairs.

12:30 Mom was delirious as she was rolled into the living room.

1:00 She was rolled back to bed.

2:30 I went downstairs and asked Darion what she fixed Mom for lunch and she said she was giving Mom soup broth in a hypodermic. Following dad's instructions. I asked Mom if she wanted some steamed vegetables with butter and she said, as if carefully gas lit "the food is none of your business." Dad must have felt good about that performance.

I asked Mom if she wanted strawberries like she had for breakfast and I said, "you liked the toast I gave you with lots of butter." Darion said She had to take a lot of food out of Mom's mouth this morning. She said it could have been the toast I gave her.

3:00 Darion said she was going to get Mom instant mashed potatoes but she saw I already steamed broccoli and cauliflower. She mashed up some of the cauliflower with a little bit of broccoli and gave it to Mom. Dad seemed upset that there was nothing he could complain about.

4:00 Mark came into the house a few times and was watching Mom.

5:00 I sent a group family text.

Group family text

The entire family should be here at the Houston House. At the very least you should be watching Mom die like Mark is. Dad is killing Mom faster now with the drugs Vantage hospice (281) 579-5660 provided last week. Mom is completely unable to defend herself because of those drugs. The videos I posted of Mom becoming more independent in the past few months and Darion's request to watch Mom overnight so Dad could sleep, triggered hospice accidentally. Dad accepted hospice.

You won't be able to communicate with Mom like you could have a few days ago, before hospice arrived. You won't be able to see Mom comfortable because the drugs keep her from having a bowel movement. She'll only last a few more days like this unless one of you can afford to hire a lawyer to stop the drugs.

Be prepared for responses to this text from family members who are lazy and complicit in Mom's destruction. Their corroboration of Dad's choices along with their own negligence should receive consequences for having accepted the hospice railroading everyone through the death process.

The expected comments from our neglectful family members in response to this text will not be flattering to me. They haven't visited Mom except a very few times over the past few years. Their knowledge of this situation is based on what they have been provided by Dad, the one in control of and misusing the medications at the age of 91.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

I was upset and didn't get involved for the rest of the night.

1/7/25 Betty Broome Report

Mom is growing worms in her composting feces stopped up intestines. Dad says it was a bit of plastic but it wriggled back into Mom after Darion cut one in half.

Do I have to say, "I told you so" there would be consequences for not irrigating Mom's

ostomy. There have also been consequences several times a month for years. Dad seems to mentally block the bi-weekly eruptions and calls them emergencies, but this is a blockage he may be tempted to kill Mom to avoid clearing out.

Now that he has the hospice backing with all the technology, terminology and traditions to add to his family's morbid corroboration, my brother's need to start coming to view Mom's zombie body fast.

3:30 a.m. I heard sounds downstairs. Dad and I scared each other meeting at their bedroom door while Dad was moving mom out of the bedroom with the scooter.

I'm surprised everyone in the family doesn't recognize when Mom is completely drugged like she has been for the last 4 days or so. Her eyes are glassy and off colored just like the drug addicts I've played music with.

Dad pushed Mom around the house to look out of the window into the dark backyard and then into the kitchen to watch me fix cinnamon toast for them. Mom couldn't open her mouth so Dad ate the cinnamon toast.

Dad pushed Mom back in the bedroom and I lifted her in the bed. Thank goodness her strength has not been changed in the past 4 days in spite of Dad keeping her drugged constantly. I went upstairs.

7:00 Dad called me downstairs where Mom was on her knees up against the big chair. She fell between the chair and the scooter.

I helped Dad lift her onto the chair but we had to hold her arms tightly and I'm concerned that could have bruised her underarms along with her feet which were crumpled underneath the weight of her body.

Dad brought out his clipboard with the list of medication. He has been using this clipboard for the past few days wanting to be asked when her last medication was so he can say he didn't give her any for hours. His new clipboard can be a powerful tool of his dishonesty for gullible family members, assistants and medical professionals.

My brothers believe him when Dad says he didn't give her any medication. They don't believe their own eyes when Mom can't talk after Dad is alone with Mom and has obviously drugged her again.

8:00 Mom was being rolled around the house and said she needed to go to the

bathroom many times. Dad said "we don't go to the bathroom." He said "we go in the diaper."

Sometimes I think Mom is trying to let us know she wants to have her ostomy irrigated and her requests to go to the bathroom are how she's signaling she wants it to happen. She can't say she wants her ostomy irrigated in front of Dad. This is something he has rejected with private gas lighting and in front of family members.

We moved Mom back into the bed. I feel certain the hospice and the adult protective services know Mom is being railroaded to death but they see it all the time and it's a more convenient way to deal with aging people. Dad is the one who's relatively alert so they let him make the decisions. Though Mom can't make decisions when she's constantly drugged by Dad in front of visitors.

Mom's constant gut pain is cruelly not figured into their equation.

8:30 Mom is out of her mind on drugs and keeps repeating, she wants something to eat until I bring her something and then she says "no I can't eat anything."

It would probably be good if one of the rarely visiting brothers showed up and used the novelty of their rare visits to get Mom to eat something. She hasn't eaten a real meal in days.

9:00 Dad brought her ice cream with strawberries and she wouldn't eat it.

9:30 I thought I heard Mom call "Joe" so I went in the bedroom and Shelley, Darion Dad and Mark were hunched around Mom. I asked if they called me and Dad said "no." He said "thank you" and I went back upstairs.

I could see Dad didn't want me to mess up the morbid characterization of the situation he was creating. It must be a huge challenge for the assistant professionals like Shelley to participate in Dad's theater when she must have enough experience by now to recognize, it could go the other way and mom could get healthy if Dad would back off of the medication.

9:40 Shelley left and said goodbye.

11:00 Mark said they were about to leave to play golf. I said Mom hasn't eaten anything for 4 days so I couldn't leave. I said I would check her after I get ready but it seems unlikely I would be able to play golf.

Dad said they were leaving in 20 minutes. I said I'm not going today.

Mark asked me to come and play golf and I said, "I'm not going to play today." Sometimes I think Mark knows what's going on but it's more convenient to stick with Dad and his wife's version of the situation.

11:30 Mark, Dad and Brian left to play golf.

I went in to talk to Mom and she was barely responsive. I knew she would be knocked out completely after Dad left the house after 30 minutes when she comes on to the medication. He always gives Mom a dose before he leaves to play golf.

The Vantage hospice drugs including morphine are very different than the drugs Dad used until recently. There are no hysterical hallucinations 30 minutes after she receives the drugs. Now she just becomes incapacitated and occasionally calls out someone's name like her brother or her father. I think Dad is gaslighting a few phrases into Mom's habits but he can't get her to say them when she's always so badly drugged with the new hospice drugs.

Darion attempted to assist with Mom's complaint about her ostomy and was shocked by what she saw in the opening. It took a few requests from Darion but I finally looked in the opening in Mom's side and saw what Darion was talking about. She said, it looks like a worm.

She was using a cotton swab to dig out the worm and worked the swab under the body of the animal. She attempted to pull it up out of the compacted feces and I asked her to see if she could pull it enough to remove it. But it broke in half and both halves squirmed back into Mom's body.

Darion said she knows how to squeeze mom's side and make her have a bowel movement. I asked, "Can she do it even if it's thick and composted like it appears to be now?" She said she thinks she could get a lot of it out.

She asked if I had tweezers and I got her a pair. She attempted several times to dig out the worm and she was successful exposing a long piece of it before I called 911 and asked for someone to come take care of Mom.

Ambulance medics Erick and Tamera arrived in minutes and said hospice would be canceled if they took her to the hospital. They also said they are not trained to look at

someone's ostomy.

I spoke to Dad on the phone who asked to speak to the medics. Dad must have said something startling because the woman tried to get him back on track and said she would wait till he arrived.

A neighbor came in and seemed to think she was an expert on the situation. When the medics asked how long it has been since Mom was diagnosed, I told them the exact date, November 6th 2019 and the neighbor was shaking her head "no that is incorrect." I said "this is a neighbor. I guess she thinks she knows better than I do." I offered to provide the document with the diagnosis date but they said "no It wasn't necessary."

Dad, Mark and Brian arrived and Dad directed Erick and Tamera it wasn't necessary for Mom to go to the hospital or cancel hospice. Dad said "the worm was a piece of plastic." He repeated that to everyone without ever looking at it. The medics never looked at Mom's ostomy. They said they were not trained for that.

Are you recognizing a trend here that everyone in the family and medical field has kept their distance from Mom's ostomy and will let her die rather than attend to it appropriately?

We all had to listen to Dad's charming story of a couple being together for 75 years. But that story leaves out the cruelty and oppression Mom somehow survived all those 75 years. It may finally make a difference for Dad to see his marriage story is not what he thinks it is, in spite of the sweet responses he receives from everyone he tells it to. He tells the sweet story while he's standing next to the drugged out zombie he created from his trusting wife.

It's actually a story of white slavery and psychological trauma, holding a strong woman back with guilt trips and more than a decade of pregnancies. Maybe Dad will become grateful to Mom if he sees the ugly side and that may be the key to having Dad wake up and start providing Mom with healing activities for the rest of her life.

It's worrisome when he does discover a mistake he makes, he accepts it with a self-punishing cruelty which is not going to be helpful at this age. He needs to start acting objectively now, treat mom appropriately and save the imagined family he keeps talking about with such reverence.

2:00 Erick and Tamera left the house after getting papers signed by Dad and Darion. Dad

said, "I hope this isn't too expensive because the person who made the call doesn't have any money." He was referring to me.

After a while Brian, Mark and the neighbor left. I suggested Dad should do something about the worm.

He opened Mom's ostomy and looked inside. He said, "Well that isn't what the plastic looked like last time." I suggested he wrap the tweezers with the worm several times and try to pull it out, but he mashed up the worm into many pieces.

I hope each piece doesn't grow into a whole worm.

There's a problem with hospice when one spouse is misusing medication for a weaker spouse. There shouldn't be a trigger for hospice that's always implemented when all night assistance is required.

If the stronger spouse is misusing medication so the weaker one sleeps all during the day and can't sleep at night. The strongest spouse maybe pestered by the weaker one during the night making him mad. In a situation like that, an all night assistant is only there to allow the stronger spouse to sleep, not because the weaker spouse is on the verge of death.

In our case, Mom is still strong as an ox with perfect vital signs as the medics confirmed today when I called 911. So there's no reason to be drugging her with so much sedentary medication including and especially morphine. She is unresponsive most of the day because of the drugs and then up all night pestering dad understandably.

Mom staying alive seems to be an inconvenience to the Vantage hospice group and Dad. Mom's drugged claustrophobia, her ostomy needs and her constant request to get up are all being handled with morphine. I hope someone receives consequences for this huge mistake.

3:00 Dad asked to be left alone with Mom so Darion and I left the bedroom. I guess he didn't want us to see him removing the worm and all the composted feces it lives in.

Darion went in the backyard and started breaking up the branches that had been blown down by the storm yesterday and she removed them from the backyard. She finished the wash, folded the clothes and asked Dad if he was cooking something. Dad turned on the oven to cook pizza but I guess he forgot to put the pizza in the oven.

Darion left for the day and I fell asleep.

9:00 I went downstairs and found pizza in their refrigerator.

I guess I understand Mom and Dad's situation does have several components but medical and police professionals and my brothers should be able to keep all those components together in their head at once 1. Mom's ostomy which has never been irrigated and is extremely stopped up causing her constant cramps when she sits up, 2. Dad giving Mom medication that makes her sleep all day, causes her to stay up at night and he gets upset with Mom, confusing her greatly when she begs him to change her diaper repeatedly, 3. the lack of exercise Mom gets from the discomfort of sitting up with her unirrigated ostomy stomach cramps and sedating medication. 4. the complete intoxication caused by the new hospice combination of medications including morphine, Dad says he keeps track of on a chart. The chart would be valuable if it weren't specifically created to convince people he isn't over drugging Mom.

This full cycle of 4 components has developed over years to make Mom convenient. It can all be cared for in an hour by removing drugs and irrigating her ostomy. The weaning from the drugs and activities will develop as my brother's recognize they were wrong to giving up on Mom.

1/6/25 Betty Broome Report

2:30 a.m. I haven't seen a the assistant tonight. Mom and Dad have been perfectly quiet in their bedroom. The door is open but I didn't want to frighten the assistant by looking in.

Dad must be on edge having to decide between 1. reviving Mom by reducing medication, allowing her to be active and irrigating her ostomy or 2. euthanizing Mom with the hospice medications.

3:30 a.m. I finally saw Mett when I went for a snack downstairs in the kitchen. She's sleeping on the chair where she can see into the bedroom. I'm glad she found that perfect location where she can respond quickly.

4:00 Mom started calling, "Joe!" Mett went in right away and probably changed Mom's diaper but came out looking for her phone. She went back in the bedroom and found it.

I told her 4:00 is a common time for Mom to start waking Dad. I told Mett sometimes Mom asks for breakfast this early. I didn't mention, it's the druggings that make the difference about whether Mom's hungry or not.

8:00 I didn't see Mett leave.

9:30 I got to see Mom this morning. Dad called me and said Mom wanted plain toast. I fixed toast while he changed her diaper and I went in and saw she's transformed with drugs. She looks like the first lead guitar player I met in New Orleans who gave up music saying he couldn't stop himself from taking drugs and drinking.

He got a job and started living a normal life after he stopped the substance abuse. But he thought couldn't play music without The bad habits.

That lead guitar player's face would puff up like Mom's is now. In hindsight I think it's possible he may have been allergic to opioids and that may be one of Mom's problems. But the drugs have been prescribed and Dad follows prescriptions even if they are deadly.

There's hardly a trace of Mom or Dad in that bedroom now. When Dad is covering up Mom's altered state both he and she are unrecognizable.

9:45 Dad moved Mom onto the living room chair.

10:00 Maddie came to wash Mom. She's having to listen to Dad's constant nervous talking. Dad asked me to turn on the TV but I wasn't able to. I don't know why the assistants don't report Dad to the authorities.

10:46 Maddie said goodbye to zombie Mom.

11:00 Mark arrived and made tea. He served some to Mom sitting her up on the edge of the bed and he offered to go get Darion who is stuck at home because her mother totaled her car. Mark gave Mom soup broth and said he doesn't think Mom is drugged.

I didn't argue with him because he is the most frequent visitor. And for the time being, it makes me physically ill to communicate with torture murderer Dad. So someone has to talk to Dad. But Mark clearly doesn't recognize when Mom is drugged.

I ate some of Mark's soup and it was good.

2:00 Mark returned with Darion and was talking to Dad. I'm so glad Darion is here to comfort Mom. But it's sad 91 year old Dad has to pay someone to take care of his drug zombie after all the adult protective institutions and family members have been alerted about his misuse of Mom's drugs.

2:52 I sent a screenshot of a text Dad sent me a couple of years ago at 7:56 PM on Wednesday July 19 2023. At that time Dad wrote "biggest mistake of my life not making you executor" forwarding this message to my brothers I added, "Since you believe Dad. Believe this text he sent me and let me take care of Mom."

No response.

If Dad let me take care of the medications I could get Mom exercising and responsive again as an independent person. Now that Darion might be helping in the evenings she could take care of the diapers and bathing Mom and I could do the ostomy, the medications and keep Mom entertained with activities.

3:00 Mark and Dad talked downstairs and got the TV working in the living room.

4:00 They are still watching TV downstairs.

6:00 I started my PBS News exercise.

Darian was here late and told me Mom wanted to talk to me. I'm sure Mom saw I was disappointed she was still so visibly drugged and she said, she didn't want to talk to me. Dad said "Joe wants to tell you about his days in college."

I said "everyone but me was drugged out like you are now, and they didn't know what was going on around them."

Obviously I still feel I need to let everyone know I'm aware of the constant drugging. Dad lives in a fantasy world where he thinks everyone believes him that Mom is out of her mind naturally.

I reminded Darion we talked about "Lucy" as a possible movie for Mom to watch because it about a brave woman. I told them I noticed it's free with ads on YouTube this week.

7:00 I finished my PBS news exercise.

7:30 Another woman came and spoke to Darion for an hour.

8:30 I took out the garbage and folded all the diaper boxes to be picked up tomorrow morning. On the way in the house Dad was fixing sandwiches and I ask if he wanted me to fix grilled cheese sandwiches. He said yes. He came back in the kitchen and I was fixing hot dogs because there was no cheese.

9:00 Darion had just eaten a Chinese meal she ordered earlier so I served Mom and Dad hot dogs and iced tea. Confusingly, Dad said, "don't wake up Mom because we're trying to get her to sleep."

It's a ridiculously confusing house to live in and I can't imagine what it's like for Mom constantly under medication and having to deal with the contradictions.

9:10 Mark arrived and said he was going to put something in the fridge. Then I guess he was gone for the night.

To save someone in the future from my Mother's fate, the first signs of this terrible situation were when Dad sabotaged family events exhibiting Munchausen syndrome by proxy.

First, Dad often let Mom's ostomy leak when she did things that were active in the garden or helping at my house. She gradually became less active and never saw the connection to Dad as far as I can tell. Secondly Dad began to use the powerful medications prescribed for Mom to make Mom incapable of sitting up when they went to visit family.

It was almost imperceptible except Dad became ritualistic about packing Mom up to leave family events while she was bordering on passing out.

We couldn't have guessed Dad was capable of such cruelty based on how much attention he gave his kids growing up. But Dad never saw it as a problem to allow Mom to take the blame for these embarrassing exits and poo spills, even though he was in charge of her ostomy and her medication.

Just being aware of this phenomenon may allow families to recognize the signs early and involve a medical professional or have a family member rescue the subject of sabotage.

I'm sure Dad can still snap out of this and start acting objectively again.

I retired and have enough time to see what's going on. The nightmare continues today because he is charming enough to keep everyone thinking he can remain in control of mom's meds and ostomy.

1/5/25 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I sent off yesterday's report because Mom's whole yesterday was lost to medication. So I didn't wait till she was drugged out like I usually do.

I went downstairs to sleep on the couch and wait for time to fix breakfast.

6:15 Dad was tripping over the scooter and I asked what they wanted for breakfast. He said to ask Mom and I gave her a list of options. She just said no to everything so I went back to the couch.

6:30 Dad's talking mom with his monologue I can no longer hear because of the loud new oxygen machine. Mom is trapped by drugs having to listen to Dad's constant baby talk.

6:45 Neal came downstairs and I told him, "I tried to give Mom and Dad breakfast but Mom's already drugged out." Neal went back and forth between the kitchen and the bedroom and talked to Dad. Dad went in the kitchen to get something to show Mom and continued with his constant chatter.

7:00 I could hear Mom's voice for the first time this morning from my location on the couch.

8:30 Neal asked if I wanted a breakfast from McDonald's and I said "no thank you."

9:00 Neal or Mark locked the doors so Darion had to come in the front. I felt bad for a Darion when everything is so up in the air at this point.

9:15 Neal returned with McDonald's food.

Dad is perfectly happy pulling the puppet strings with everyone. Everyone believes him that Mom is at death door. He says what Mom is likely to eat and he's raising and lowering the head of her bed asking what level is comfortable for her as if he's doing something really important.

Mom is genuinely at death door but only because Dad only gives her moments between cruel medications. The past two days have been ridiculous for Mom not even having time to eat between druggings.

It looks like Darion's attempt to help Dad at night is going to be the end of Mom and the job she enjoys so much in this house. That's horrifying and ironic. I suggested to Dad and my brothers he should switch Darion to night time hours so Dad could sleep and Mom would have someone to talk to late at night.

Mom's awake after being drugged all day. Dad said "having dairy on stay all night is something to think about." They don't need anyone watching Mom during the day except when Dad leaves to play golf once a week.

It doesn't matter who I tell about macabre nightmare. It's torture murder in plain sight and everyone thinks their role in it is acceptable. It must give all the participants an incredible feeling of power in a nation where so many people feel powerless because of the feuding leadership.

10:00 Mark left and I continued sleeping.

1:00 There was loud thunder and it began to rain. I continued escape sleeping.

1:30 The rain stopped and I continued sleeping. It sounded like Darion may have left for the day.

3:00 Dad asked Mark if he wanted ice cream.

Mom and Dad are not who they were when they were young. They are out of control toddlers we still mistake for our parents. They could snap out of it but the habits they developed in isolation for 40 years are terribly hard to break.

3:30 Dad dragged his constipated drug zombie wife around the house on the electric scooter talking to her like a baby.

4:00 Dad moved Mom back into the bedroom.

Dad knows he has, over the counter, multi institutional and family permissions to euthanize Mom except from me. Dad knows from his own experience of restarting his beloved golf and being completely revitalized, he could do the same for Mom. But he also has years of experience torturing Mom in and out of consciousness like a toddler king torturing a rat.

Dad doesn't want to give up his zombie toy wife or pull the trigger on potential consequences with the family. So he lets Mom continue suffering because, in his thoughts Mom doesn't feel pain, and he gradually keeps her knocked out more and more hours of every day.

Then when Mom is awake all night, she's upset with Dad and asks for her diaper to be changed constantly as her only method of revenge.

Dad can't help but get mad at night when he's exhausted and he loses his temper but he also has the power and creativity to act like a martyr having survived each night leaving diapers strewn around to show his effort.

Darion, our excellent insurance provided assistant and friend saw Dad in the mornings and requested to assist Dad at night. But that request seems to have triggered hospice (requesting all night assistance automatically triggers hospice from Medicare).

Hospice provided Dad with morphine and further complicated 91 year old Dad's decision of whether or not to euthanize Mom quickly or continue his rat torture.

And that's where we are now with Darion upset she didn't get the hours at night she requested. Another assistant got those hours. And Darion is likely to lose her client soon because of the additional deadly drugs Dad was provided by the hospice insurance people.

4:30 One of the brothers came to talk to Dad but I don't want to get in the disgusting business today.

The only promises I've made to the family are that I won't abandon Mom and I won't accept any inheritance. So when the family kills Mom, I'll pack up and leave without a word. My silent exit will not be to make it easier on them but I don't talk to torture murderers.

5:00 Dad went outside and sang to Brian through the Ring doorbell which Brian installed

and is the recipient of video messages for some reason.

5:30 Dad's putting in the living room.

6:30 I left Mom's care to Dad today. He had plenty of help so I figure I could have one day off now that he's got her incoherent almost every minute of the day.

8:00 I never saw Mett arrive for her first night of all night care.

I sent a text to my brothers hoping I can alert them.

Text to my brothers

I think I need to describe Mom's situation in a way that you may understand. In the past week I have had to use a plunger to unclog the toilet 4 times because I've been constipated on the same foods I have been serving Mom. The exit in Mom's ostomy is much smaller than the opening down into the toilet. I'm not taking opioids like Mom is. Opioids constipate their users.

I didn't receive a response from any of my brothers.

Today was a terrible day but I don't think my brothers or Dad would perceive it that way. They are in a dream world similar to the drug world my Mom is having to survive. But she is constantly suffering with a gut full of cramping feces.

3:30 a.m. I finally saw Mett when I went for a snack downstairs in the kitchen. She's sleeping on the chair where she can see into the bedroom. I'm glad she found that perfect spot.

4:00 Mom called Joe and Mett was immediately in their bedroom working with Mom.

1/4/25 Betty Broome Report

4:00 I thought I heard Dad call, "Joe"

I went downstairs and everything was quiet so I went to sleep on the couch.

6:30 Dad and I scared each other when he came out of the bedroom and called out to me saying, "Joe, Mom wants toast with jelly."

He said, "all she wants is toast and jelly."

I fixed it with excellent butter and milk. Mom was out of her mind on medication. Dad was standing over her trying to give her a piece of toast and she couldn't accept it.

Mom didn't eat hardly any.

7:00 So I sent off yesterday's report.

9: 00 Darion was here to watch Mom but it wasn't necessary because Mom was completely incapacitated.

10:00 Neal and Mark arrived. Neal and Dad talked for a long time. Mom was still drugged out. Dad told me, "Don't wake Mom." So it was going to be one of those days with a performance for Neal with zombie Mom.

We all had a good extended Putting game in the living room.

11:30 Dad and Neal were standing over Mom in the bed. She's still drugged out.

12:00 in between putting competitions Dad told us about early computer days. Darion told us all about her trip to Colorado and we all got to talk to her for a while. Then dad finished telling us his story about early computer days.

1:00 Darion left for the day and said to call at any time day or night.

Dad ask if I wanted a burger and I thanked him and said I didn't. Someone bought burgers for everyone.

1:30 Mom was still drugged out and trying to tear off her diaper. She seems to be having a reaction to the new drugs the hospice people provided. Her face is very swollen. Mark and Neal went to empty wood from Neal's van at Mark's house.

2:00 Mark went home to Winter proof his house before the freeze. Neal is working on his computer. I checked on Mom and she was drugged out and completely unresponsive.

3:00 Mark is looking at a bunch of papers on the dinning room table with Dad. Mom is

still drugged out. I don't think Neal recognizes this is a performance for him. It looks like he's waiting for an opportunity to talk to Mom but Dad's not letting Mom communicate all day today. I think Neal thinks this is a regular day but I don't think Mom could take many days like this in a row.

4:00 I went upstairs for a nap. Mark and Neal are down stairs. I asked Neal (by text) if he would watch Mom so I could have my online band practice at 8:00 PM. Normally I wouldn't risk being unable to hear Mom screaming while I sing on a drug day like today. When Dad drugs Mom all day it's safer if I can listen for Mom. But with Neal here I can have the Facebook practice I planned for Saturday nights.

5:00 There was no response to my text so I canceled the online band practice.

5:30 Dad is trying to feed Mom and she's more drugged out than I've ever seen her. I hope Neal appreciates the sacrifice Mom gave for him today. Almost no glimpse or quality of life and a completely lost precious day.

I went in the bedroom bringing steamed tamales and Coke float for supper. Mark and Neal are copying Dad's solemn performance holding mom's hands. She could just as easily be up riding her scooter or talking to everyone but Dad loves his new medications to control Mom. My brothers are likely to be killed inadvertently by their wives the same way Dad is killing Mom. No one will ever know.

The hospice has created a momentum of entropy and Dad is unable to stop himself from participating by exerting control it provides. Darion simply asked for help with Mom overnight because Dad was mad and exhausted in the mornings when she first arrived. I don't think she realized requesting overnight assistance would trigger the hospice and the morphine Dad is using to kill Mom more quickly.

6:30 I started my PBS exercise news.

7:30 I finished my exercise , took my shower and brushed my teeth.

8:00 I did 2 hours of songs on Facebook live for anyone who wanted to practice the songs with me and I went downstairs to check on Mom.

Dad had the door wide open so I could see Mom was completely incapacitated even this late in the evening. It was the first completely lost day for Mom in some time. It looks like Dad's not going to let Mom build up with activities like he would have for his boys.

He's single-minded in his revenge against mom's stealing his imagined exciting youth.

He could enjoy his life now with his family, stimulating Mom with activity like he did for himself with golf. Dad's complete physical turnaround should have motivated him to do the same for Mom but he doesn't seem to want to lose all the hard work he did knocking her down to her present disgusting level.

Archive of reports.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

1/3/25 Betty Broome Report

It's understandable everyone believes Mom is permanently incapacitated when they run in and run out of the house never staying long enough to see Mom any other way than Dad describes and drugs her to be.

Now part of Dad's warped entertainment is reading about the previous day and then the theatrics of acting wounded for his gullible or greedy family members.

Instead of being objective about Mom's quality of life my family, the protection institutions and assistants juggle incomplete and false information to keep from having to deal with Mom's feces.

So Mom continues to suffer every time she moves and every time dead knocks her out with his variety of sedatives.

8:30 I slept all through the night either because the oxygen machine was now quietly in the closet or because my brothers visited yesterday.

Mom was yelling for Dad with her feet hanging out of the bed and I sat Mom up on the edge of the bed. We talked about Darion coming back today and Mom was glad about that.

Dad came in from the kitchen and wouldn't respond when Mom talked to him. He wouldn't answer when we asked him about Darion or when Mom said she needed her ostomy changed. Except to say he's going to wait an hour.

It looks like Dad is leaving the ostomy change for Darion because it is more full than usual. Mom constantly requests the bag be changed even when it has almost nothing in it. She obsesses about it because she is given inappropriate drugs that make her alarmed.

This is something which would be improved if Mom were allowed to have her ostomy irrigated. She could become regular with her bowel movements. So it would stop her from having constant stomach cramps when she moves and it would make the job of caring for her ostomy fit into a schedule.

They were listening to The adventures of Tom Sawyer talking book and Dad said they had been listening to it for hours. When I paused it I could see they were 11 hours into the story and I couldn't imagine they listened to that much of it when the volume was too low for Mom to hear.

When I unpaused it mom said "I don't want to see that." I said, "you've been listening to it for a long time. Do you want me to turn it up?" and she said "no."

9:00 I went upstairs and got dressed.

9:15 I came downstairs and Darion was in the kitchen cleaning up. I asked when she was going to tell us her story of her vacation and she said she already had and I missed it. I said "you couldn't have told us the whole story because you were gone a whole week." Darion doesn't know about how we listen to each other's stories in detail in this family.

I'm sure Dad didn't mean to insult her by acting so sleepy but it seems he was pretending to sleep so she would do the ostomy. It seems to be more of a power thing over assistants now he thinks he doesn't have anything to control in his life.

I asked Mom if she wanted some tea and we asked Darion some questions about her trip. It was good to hear that Darion had a good, safe and fun trip at an Airbnb in Colorado. I could see there were some issues she wasn't going to talk about but at least she was safe back at home.

Dad was trying to pretend to sleep when Brian called and talked to him for a while at the same time we were talking about Darion's trip. When Dad finished the conversation he put his phone away and pretended to be asleep again and wouldn't answer when we asked what Brian had to say.

10:00 I went back upstairs.

11:00 I went to Mom and Dad's door and they were changing Mom's ostomy so I asked through the door if Dad wanted me to fix the pork he bought and he said, "Yes it's time for the experiment."

I fixed a bed of lettuce and brown rice with stir fried pork. Darion said Mom ate a good bit of it and she ate hers. But Dad didn't eat his.

11:30 I asked Mom if she wanted me to play her some songs and she said okay. I started to sing her a song and halfway through it she became very agitated and said, "I need something to orient herself." I said "if you just wait, in 30 minutes you'll be past this excitable part of the medication then you'll want to sleep for a long time." She must have got the drugs at 11:00 for her to be coming on now.

Dad came in the bedroom and was upset saying, "Don't talk to Mom about medication." I said, "You're the one misusing the dangerous drugs with Mom. So it doesn't matter what you say." Dad said "You repeated it again."

I went upstairs and sent off yesterday's report.

1:00 Mom was moved in living room and was terrified. Mark started out communicating with her very well but then he started to leave and Mom yelled. "Don't leave me alone!" I wish Mark was sober often enough to recognize what is going on in the house. But even after he stops drinking for days his thoughts are still going to be clouded by years of substance abuse.

Mom could not be consoled. She yelled "I'm dying, I'm dying!" My stomach "something has to be done!"

Darion said she gave her stomach medicine and said "in thirty minutes you'll feel better." Darion was trying to tell Mark what she knew about the protocol for contacting the hospice people.

Dad said he got someone to stay all night Sunday. Darion was startled saying, "You gave Mett 12 hours when I set up my schedule to be able to work with Betty at night?" Dad seemed surprised Darion was so assertive or that he had misunderstood the situation.

1:30 They moved Mom back in bed. Mark asked Dad to go over the medicines again "just to help." he said.

I didn't hear Dad's response but I was glad Mark was showing interest in the important aspect of the situation.

2:00 Mark talked with me about Darion's conflict over night time hours and Mark said "we will fix that."

Mark clearly believes Mom's breathing is nothing to do with the constant medication Dad tortures her with. Mark kept repeating, "Mom has a terminal lung disease." He says it just like Dad has taught him.

It doesn't matter that she could enjoy her life before she dies. Dad has gone to a lot of trouble to convince everyone Mom is going fast for the past 6 years. But 6 years is not fast and she is capable now of recovering enough to enjoy the end of her life if she weren't constantly drugged with sedating drugs and her ostomy was irrigated so she could sit up without cramping.

Mark even said that Mom told him it was her chest that was hurting. I told Mark "she has never said that to me in her the 3 years I've been living with them."

Set her up at anytime and she grabs her lower stomach.

Mark explained why he moved the oxygen machine out of the closet again using the same words Dad described the oxygen minute machine in the closet.

2:30 I went upstairs when Mark went home to winter proof his house.

I practiced my songs for a few hours and everything was quiet downstairs.

6:30 I did my exercise news.

7:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

I guess it seems impossible, in the context of most people's everyday lives, my Dad could possibly be unintentionally killing my Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I told Dad 713 818 9915 he's unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I told my brothers Mark 832 800 0049, Brian 713 201 4170, Neal 512 705 5118, and Brant 206 856 7963 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I told the couple with power of attorney over Dad, Neal 512 705 5118, and Fiona 512 769 1014 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I told the prescribing Doctors, Dr Taylor 281 469 3949, and Dr Venkatesh 281 807 7676 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I told the police 911 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I reported to the Adult Protective Services 713 838 6820, 281 814 5066, 800 252 5400, 832 472 2518 Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I reported to Byran 832 316 9168 Mom's physical therapist, Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I reported to Glenn 832 277 7601 the physical therapist administrator, Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I reported to Margaret 713 249 4369 the nurse that visited Mom for years about Dad unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I reported to Shelley of Caring Senior Services 713 823 2067, Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I told a private nurse I hired to help Mom, Maribel 832 938 8256, Dad is unintentionally killing mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I wrote to kvue <https://www.kvue.com/contact-us> that Dad is unintentionally killing mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigrated ostomy.

I wrote to Attorney General Merrick Garland at <https://www.justice.gov/contact-us> Dad

is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I wrote to PBS NewsHour <https://help.pbs.org/support/solutions/articles/12000099002-how-to-contact-pbs-digital-support> Dad is unintentionally killing Mom with a combination of medications and an unirrigated ostomy.

I've reported to everyone I can think of to get someone to monitor Mom's medications for at least 24 hours without Dad and see how independent Mom can be without the drugs that cause her to be immobile.

Mom also needs to have her ostomy irrigated so she can get up without excruciating belly cramps. Yes she's dying but she doesn't have to suffer constantly until that day. She was told she was going to die in 6 months on November 6th 2019. So that's many years of suffering for nothing.

1/2/25 Betty Broome Report

1:00 a.m. I slept on the couch in case of emergency. Mom pretends to be sleeping as much as she can to keep from inconveniencing people but after 3 years of laying in bed she's pretty claustrophobic and will need incentives to break her inactive habits. She's not going to die for everyone's convenience but she is thoroughly confused by her role as hostess in the house and her room as Dad's gaslight doll.

3:00 Dad got mom coffee and I asked her what she wanted for breakfast. She said "eggs and bacon." I asked about toast and jelly and she got upset with me and said "wait for breakfast." They were watching Doc Martin but the audio is too low for her to hear it so I turned it up and went back in the living room to wait.

3:30 Mom yelled "I've got to get up! I've got to get up Joe I've got to get up." So she must have received medication at 3:00 to be acting like this at 3:30.

4:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if they were ready for breakfast. Dad said, "waiting on Joe." I went in and asked Mom what she wanted and she was shivering and uncovered. I asked if she was ready for breakfast and she said "no, I am not hungry."

I asked Mom if she just wanted fruit salad and she said she was not hungry for anything, "I'm just cold." I covered her and turned up the heater. When I came back to downstairs from the thermostat Dad was putting the heating pad on top of her. She must have said the same thing about being cold. We may have overdone it.

6:00 I checked on Mom and Dad and asked if Mom wanted breakfast and she said "no." Dad said, "are you getting breakfast" and I told him Mom said, she wasn't ready.

6:15 Dad's asleep and Mom is awake. I asked her if she wanted to watch TV news and she said "yes." I turned on the news and she started tearing off her diaper.

I told Dad, "Mom needs your help" and he was still sleeping or pretending to. I told Mom I was going to get her breakfast and I covered her up.

6:30 I served them scrambled eggs, fruit salad with poppy seed dressing and fig jam toast. It was the first time dad complimented the eggs in months. I told him I watched a video about how to make the eggs and it must have worked.

The PBS NewsHour I turned on earlier was discussing the importance of exercise and how it transforms every function and organ of our bodies. I asked Mom to push her feet hands and head into the bed and lift up her bottom and she did it several times.

7:30 Dad came to get me in the living room, saying "You shouldn't talk about exercise because it makes mom feel sad but she may want to ride the scooter."

I rode the scooter into the bedroom and asked her if she was ready to go in the living room. Mom was very angry and said for me to leave. Dad had obviously set up a no exercise gas lighting event that didn't work out like he planned. She may also have received another dose of medication around 7:00. That could be the reason for this new outburst.

8:30 Mett arrived early full of energy.

9:00 Teresa rushed around cleaning up the house.

10:00 Brian arrived and Mom was in living room.

10:05 Mark was moving around the house for some time today.

I was trying to get a little sleep and Mark was kind enough to come and let me know something important was happening downstairs with a notary republic. We talked about how it might be helpful to have one more piece of land in Oklahoma but it doesn't seem like he understood Dad is selling the last bit of it after consolidating the ownership permissions.

10:10 A notary public named Mary visited the house and witnessed the transaction of some of Mom's property to me. Dad got permission from all of the family who own portions of the land and is now prepared to sell it with only one owner. He will disburse the money to everyone who had a claim.

The notary public needed Mom's ID but all her identification documents were expired. I asked how she was able to vote but no one answered. They found a way to authorize the document. Mary thanked everyone and left.

12:00 Mark, Dad and Brian we're talking for a long time and that allowed me to talk to Mom after a long morning of medication. Mett was very supportive of any activity Mom tried to do playing balloon volleyball and sitting on the edge of the bed scratching her back.

1:00 Most of us ate a lot of the leftover soup and it was extraordinary. Even the broth by itself was rich and flavorful.

2:00 We spent some time looking at Natalie's performances on Instagram and I sent a link of one of her videos to Dad on his phone.

Mark left.

3:00 Brian left. I sent messages to Mark and Brian thanking them for hanging with Dad today so I could talk and exercise with Mom.

4:00 The new male nurse Brewster visited. In spite of mom having a wonderful afternoon of being so much less drugged, Dad focused the conversation with Brewster, on Mom's complaints of not being able to breathe.

I'm the only one in the house often enough to know Mom only says she can't breathe when she is over medicated and hysterical. Dad clearly doesn't know how obvious he is stealing Mom's opportunities for independence and comfort with his surprising variety of sedating and hallucination-inducing medications. The family, assistants and hospice

representatives all corroborate his lack of incentives for Mom so Dad confidence is terrifying.

Brewster said, "If she has trouble breathing give her morphine to calm her down from panting and she will switch to deep slow breaths.

It seems like an angel of death talking to me. But Brewster only has the information dad provides him.

Earlier I told Dad a cautionary tale about morphine. I explained about my next door neighbor in Austin who was given a morphine pump with which she immediately pumped herself to death. Dad was very impressed by that back then and said, "oh that's how they do it." At that time Dad was disappointed his brother (a doctor) didn't explain how control is given to the patient about euthanasia.

I'm very concerned, if backed into a corner, Dad will use an overdose of morphine to put mom "out of her misery" prematurely instead of planning activities to build up her health.

Brewster is inadvertently or purposely providing direct permission for euthanasia instead of irrigating Mom's ostomy, providing physical therapy and allowing her to enjoy life. Dad is going to a lot of trouble to create this situation thinking he is meeting the requirements of insurance companies and Native American concepts of the elderly knowing when it's time to exit life.

5:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for supper and Dad heated soup broth for Mom. I also brought her a little bit of chicken salad in case she wanted something solid but she didn't accept it. She was still completely alert after a full afternoon of being awake. So this will be an interesting test to see if she can sleep most of the night after a day of activity and alertness. Sleeping habits don't change right away but it was a pretty full day.

6:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went to visit Mom. Dad was making adjustments to the new location of the oxygen machine where I put it in Mom's closet. He's attaching enormous significance to his improvements to the location of the tube.

I think Dad tried to sabotage it earlier in the evening by kinking it to detract from the

fact he didn't think of locating the machine in Mom's closet before. I can't know for sure but it was stopped up and I unraveled it. Now he has started into this long process of making it stay unkinked. It will certainly be safer no matter what his motivation.

I told them good night and went upstairs.

1/1/25 Betty Broome Report

12:30 a.m. Dad was especially loud in the kitchen so I knew he wanted me to wake up. I went into Mom and Dad's bedroom and mom was panicking. I asked if the fireworks were keeping her awake and she seemed to surprised there was an explanation for the noise.

I asked Mom if she knew why Dad called for Mett to spend the night this Sunday. Mom gathered her wits together and said she didn't know about that. I said, "maybe Dad needs someone at night to help him with you so he can sleep." Dad came into the bedroom with coffee.

1:00 Dad was speaking incoherently which is rare. It seemed like a much more elaborate performance than usual.

I discovered they had a twin bed sheet on the bed which only covered them from their chest to their knees. I changed the sheet to an old fashioned sheet with lace on the ends. I guess they don't use that sheet often and I put the blanket back on top of them.

I discovered why there was a performance for me tonight. Mom could not be stopped from telling Dad to wake up.

Mom kept repeating she needed to get up and Dad was responding by raising the electric bed. The head of the bed was so high Dad's feet were on the floor and Mom was still saying "I need to get up I need to get up!"

1:30 I thought the fireworks were finished but then another loud burst happened

2:00 Another loud burst of fireworks.

2:30 Mom wanted her diaper changed but kept saying she wanted to sit up. I asked her to be more precise about asking what she wanted because it was obvious Dad had raised the bed like they were sitting in a chair.

I asked Mom if she wanted Apple pie she said yes and I fed it to her.

3:00 Dad changed Mom's diaper while I went to go get coffee but I messed up trying to figure out the coffee machine. Dad started the coffee machine.

3:40 Mom cried my stomach hurts so bad. I said I know. I can't say anything to Dad about the irrigation that needs to be done to her ostomy but that is the first priority. Mom is not going to conveniently die just because no one wants to deal with her feces.

If anyone needs someone to die quickly contact Vantage hospice who will come in and terrify the person you want to kill with morphine, scary equipment and backhanded death messaging.

8:30 Mett arrived early again and asked me to help her move the mattress on the bed again. We put Mom on the scooter and Dad took her into the living room. I helped Mett move the mattress and got it straightened out. We discussed where the wedge pillow should be to keep mom from sliding off the bed.

Video of Mom riding around on the scooter.

<https://youtu.be/al4Rb7jMU7Q?si=rm7qSqUirLnrOHXE>

10:30 I went to see Mom and she was completely awake. Maddie just arrived to give her a bath. Mom said it was a too cold but Maddie said she would keep her warm.

Dad showed me a long list of hundreds of charges to his credit card and it may be that that may be something that my brothers would finally care about and come and visit.

Audio of interactions with Mom on the 1st of 2025.

<https://youtu.be/NXksCIPzlnA?si=eK76mf-UkyZiMfkv>

12:00 Mom must have received medication at 11:30 because she's starting to act crazy but she's still embarrassed about it so she's not knocked out yet. Mett gave Mom jelly toast and Mom still wanted more so I gave her some chicken salad.

12:00 Mom was moved into the living room where she was freaking out on medication but I'm glad to see her up again.

12:30 Back in the bedroom with fresh sheets and I started Dad's sculpture to get him started. Mom said she needed Mett to change her diapers.

1:00 Dad made fried chicken breasts and asparagus for everyone. He told me I need to let him know when I fix something for Mom. I guess Mom wasn't hungry for the fried chicken because of the chicken salad earlier. I should have offered Dad chicken salad when I gave it to Mom.

3:00 Mark brought Black eyed peas and cornbread and Mom was somewhat awake.

I fell asleep upstairs.

7:00 I started my PBS news exercise.

8:00 I finished my PBS News exercise and the door never opened to the bedroom.

It's harder to stop your Dad from killing your Mom if he's using drugs that make her complicit. At 91 years old Dad has to use all his cleverness to keep his wife drugged and deceive the majority of his family. So the family needs to rally around and schedule activities all day every day to distract Mom and Dad from their horrifying popularly accepted routines.

12/31/24 Betty Broome Report

1:30 loud TV

3:30 loud coughing in the kitchen

5:00 I went downstairs to see what I can fix for breakfast. Mom and Dad hear me coming down the stairs in the bedroom even though the television is loud.

Dad was getting milk and cookies for Mom. I asked if 7:00 was not early enough for breakfast. (7:00 was requested as the breakfast time.) Dad said, "Mom wanted milk and cookies so we're just doing something different today. We still may be hungry for breakfast at 7:00." So he seems to remember he ordered breakfast at 7:00. I think it's a game Dad's playing about trying to make it so Mom doesn't eat when I cook.

I went in to see Mom while Dad was getting cookies and she had a face mask instead of the nostril oxygen supply tubes. She said, "I've got to get up!"

I said, "Dad told me he is getting Fig Newtons for you." Mom said, "Go get Fig Newtons for me." Dad came out of the kitchen and said, "we're trying something new."

It looked to me like Mom was embarrassed to have the oxygen mask on. It looks like Dad is sending every signal he can to Mom, she needs to die soon.

5:30 I watched Mom and Dad for a little while. They were watching Dr Martin and I moved to the living room chair.

I went upstairs.

6:00 Dad called me and said, "Her Majesty wishes breakfast." Went downstairs and I asked Mom what she wanted to eat and she was incoherent with medication. Dad said, "Don't you want Joe to fix you something?" and she made an ugly face and wouldn't speak. So I went back upstairs.

I think my brothers won't visit Mom more than a few minutes every couple of months because they were protected from suffering by Mom and Dad when Mom and Dad were young.

Dad called up to me and asked if I wanted waffles. I said, "no thank you."

Dad started trying to fix waffles and Mom was yelling "Joe Joe Joe." Dad's pretending he is talking to her normally and she's out of her mind with medication. He tried to start cooking waffles again and Mom started yelling his name again.

This is what he created by drugging her instead of planning activities.

8:30 Mett arrived early and we got Mom in the scooter so we could straighten the mattress on the bed. Mom drove around the house really well until I took out the camera and then she became stubborn.

Video of mom medicated in the scooter.

https://youtu.be/Q2CxeBJXuUo?si=1lrPx3QmWtWv68_x

Dad seemed really relieved for Mett to take over. I decided I need to remember to sleep

on the couch tonight so I could help him sleep.

9:30 Dad got dressed to play golf and we left a little early so we could get a few practice balls.

10:50 The golf game was excellent as usual because everyone is absorbed by the game. This is a perfect example of what should be planned for Mom and Dad every minute of the day so the daytime drugs could be removed from Mom and Mom and Dad could both sleep at night.

On the way home from golf we stopped at the store because Mett called and told us Mom wanted buttermilk. I grabbed a couple of things including some precooked fried chicken.

Dad called Caring Senior Services on the way home and asked for Mett to stay all night on Sunday night.

2:00 We returned to the house and Mett was finishing feeding Mom stew. Mett said Mom ate a lot of it. While Dad was in the shower Mett expressed concern, Mom kept repeating, "I'm going to die." I told her, Dad tells her that all the time and says it in a warped gas lighting message about how "they've had such a lovely life together but now they are going to die."

Mett had a religious take on it and said, "no one knows when we're going to go to heaven and Betty could pop back at any time." "It happens all the time."

I said, "I know she can get in shape but she has to stop receiving all of deadly medication from Dr Venkatesh and Dr Taylor that keep her from being active and getting better.

I asked Mom if she would go outside and get some vitamin d like we did on the golf course but she was still unresponsive. I went upstairs and fell asleep.

I heard a visitor downstairs but I didn't go see who it was.

5:00 It sounded like Mark visited downstairs but he was gone by the time I went in the living room. Dad asked if I wanted a toasted cheese sandwich for supper. I said, "no thank you" then Dad went in the kitchen to start cooking.

I spoke to Mom and she was alert enough to say she wanted her diaper changed. I told Dad I would fix supper. I fixed hot dogs for him and Mom and Mom started eating hers

right away. I asked what they wanted to drink and they both said Coca-Cola. Dad said the television repairman would arrive sometime between 4:00 and 8:00.

I brought them drinks and set up the stationary bike in the living room.

6:00 I started doing my PBS exercise news.

6:30 Kendrick the cable repairman arrived and got right to work trying to change the passwords on the wireless so Mom and Dad could watch television and Kendrick could go to his New Year's Eve family party. It surprised me when Kendrick told me it was New Year's Eve. Mom, Dad and I lost track of time and I apologized for getting Kendrick out on a holiday evening.

He changed the password quickly and we set up the two downstairs televisions so Mom and Dad could watch TV. I went upstairs and fell asleep.

12/30/24 Betty Broome Report

When I was teaching for 30 years I would occasionally get a student who was a challenge because he or she was a leader for the rest of the class. That was similar to this situation with my drug pusher Dad, my morphine Mom and the class is my family who almost never visit but who believe in Dad's excuses as if he is still honest like he was when he was young.

Back in my classroom days, the errant student wasn't usually deadly. He or she would spit candy and stick it on the ceiling or knock the box of rewards on the floor to temp the group to jump and grab for what they could get.

But I would call parents and when I described the situation, the parent recognized what I said from their experience at home with the child. I can't call Dad's parents. Dad didn't take care of his parents because neglect is a tradition in our family. We shun our elders to death out of some weird kind of polite respect.

Dad's grandmother hung herself on her front porch because she wasn't accepted by the tribe, having had my grandfather out of wedlock. Dad didn't take care of his parents

partly because he was so competitive with his father.

My dad let my grandfather's handmade craftwork fall apart and didn't accept presents he considered being controlled to accept. Dad's mother died in excruciating pain with faulty hip surgery and attempted suicide by starvation.

I'm hoping to break the tradition by being available as a good example and allowing the adult protective systems and police to do their jobs if we can stop Dad from drugging Mom constantly with insurance and Medicare supplied drugs.

It would all be much easier if my brothers filled their calendars every day with activities that gradually coaxed Mom and Dad into more and more active and intricate behaviors for their final days or years. But my brothers are self-absorbed and it's convenient to believe that that he's got it taken care of..

4:30a.m. Dad started making noise in the kitchen.

6:00 Dad's making louder noises in the kitchen.

6:30 I started fixing breakfast for Mom and Dad.

7:00 I brought Mom and Dad fried eggs, bacon, jelly toast and iced coffee.

Mom ate almost all of hers and Dad left his egg. This is his way of showing that I'm not very good at making loose yellow eggs with the cast iron skillet yet.

8:00 The lawn mowers cut the yard and I told Mom about it, showing pictures of the flowers on the back patio. But she was drugged out.

10:00 I fell asleep and slept till 10:00 but I heard Mett (Mom's assistant) arrive and Dad left the house.

I put my clothes in the washing machine and accidentally surprised Mett who was in the washing room laughing on the phone.

I asked Mom if she wanted to get out in the sun. She could barely open her eyes. Mett started assertively telling me the routine all new assistants get from Dad. She said, Dad told her Mom needs to rest today.

I told her Dad is killing Mom by telling everyone to let Mom remain inactive. Mom

grabbed my arms and pulled herself up saying, "I've got to get up! I've got to get up!" You would think a professional caregiver like Mett would recognize what was going on with a drugged woman desperate to get it up and save herself. Mom often tries to fight her way out of the drugs and ask for what is best for her. Many times a day.

Mom pulled herself up and I helped her sit. Mett left the room saying she was speaking to her administrator.

I could see Mom wasn't going to be able to get up right then so I kissed her forehead and reminded her to do her exercise pushing her feet, hands and head into the bed and I went in the living room. She was unresponsive by this time.

Only Dad is benefiting by the assistants. He keeps Mom drugged whenever he leaves the house. So Mom never has any free time to push herself out of the sedentary hell Dad has created for her.

Dad is tired and 91 years old but still in control of Mom's meds and the household because the son with power of attorney and his wife are never here long enough to recognize what is needed.

11:00 Maddie arrived to give Mom a bed bath. Mom was almost completely unresponsive with medication and had to be partially wakened with hot tea and conversation while getting her bathing equipment ready.

11:30 Mark and Dad came home. I asked Mom if she wanted me to sing some songs for her. She said yes and I played a couple of songs. Dad sang along. But Dad argued about the source of one of the songs. He thinks everything is a competition with me because I'm the only nonsubstance abuser in the house often enough to know what he's doing to Mom.

Dad asked if I was going to make the salmon croquettes.

12:00 I fixed and served salmon croquettes, sliced pickled beets, sweet cornbread and sweet tea for Mom, Dad and Mett. They all said they enjoyed them. Mom ate a lot but left a little of the croquettes.

12:30 Dad was trying to get the television working after Neal changed the internet company last weekend. I have not had television in my room since then. Now Dad is back with Xfinity which was costing him \$400 a month before he switched to \$70 a

month EASE internet several months ago.

He and Mett were unable to use the Xfinity. I watch television and YouTube on my phone since Neal's visit. Dad and Neal(power of attorney) are in charge of Mom's dangerous medications. Including the new Vantage hospice supplied morphine Dad uses to keep Mom incoherent most of the day every day.

Morphine, Lorazepam and supposedly Haloperidol all day cause Mom to be unable to sleep at night. Then Dad thinks he's a martyr for having to stay up all night. A 91-year-old man should not be in charge of dangerous drugs and Vantage hospice (281) 579-5660 should know that.

Vantage should certainly have had someone monitor Mom for at least 24 hours without medication to see Mom's level of potential independence. Instead of turning her into a zombie controlled by a 91-year-old man.

I stayed away for the afternoon and practiced songs upstairs.

6:00 I heard Mom start to howl and I knew Dad had a performance planned for me with his zombie drug wife. I went downstairs to the stationary bike and did my PBS News exercise. Dad yelled out to me and said he and Mom were having shredded wheat for supper. I said ok.

I watched the PBS exercise news on my phone while doing my exercise. Part of the time Mom was able to see me before she passed out.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

12/29/24 Betty Broome Report

Almost no one would attribute underhanded cruelty to Dad, which developed as a secret personality trait in isolation while his kids were busy with careers and families. The lengths Dad will go to compete with Mom and outsmart those who are attempting to give her back her independence is extremely challenging.

Everyone has a secret life in which we become confident we deserve the independence and fun we see on television and movies like Dirty Grandpa. But in 40 insidious years of isolation, terrible subtle habits can become normalized as a strategy against our partners in life. Social media exposed this with all of the aging women living separate lives from their computer illiterate husbands.

It used to be familiar to our secret immature secret thoughts to read short stories like the "The cast of Amontillado" and "The Tell-Tale Heart" but now people watch reality police shows about actual murders. The last mature and the more isolated we are the more we can find ourselves seeking to escape or commit successful secret fantasy revenge on individuals we have convinced ourselves are competing or stifling us.

It's very possible this is how Republican strategies have developed instead of empathic honesty.

But one of the benefits of discovering secret dangerous habits is how they can be squeezed out of a person's routines by filling the calendar with chosen healthy behaviors. No one else need know about the secret thoughts and habits when they are gone. But that's also how habits persist. There is little public acknowledgment and extinction of those secret bad habits especially since there's so little emphasis on developmental psychology in the school systems.

In the case of the elderly, even the person with the dangerous bad habits may never know or remember the tragedy they created insidiously over long periods of isolation with their partner.

If my family were responsible and would fill the calendar with activities for Mom and Dad the way my parents did for them when they were young they could both enjoy the end of their lives like Jimmy Carter and his wife did building houses for the homeless into their '90s.

Sadly we didn't discover the effect of Dads secret plan for independence till Mom reached an atrophic state in her legs. It will be much more challenging to reverse and make Mom active. Even though Dad has been able to start developing his fitness with golf in the past 3 months.

Nations are subject to the same insidious secret self-destruction and the momentum which is so hard to stop, because psychology is not trusted as a science, even when it

exposes deadly leaders as they perform obvious destructive insurrections and corruption.

Family members arrived today without warning so Dad had to convince everyone including Mom she was tired. That gave Dad the opportunity to medicate Mom so she would have time to become disoriented while everyone was in another room talking to each other.

I interfered with the plan by coming in later in their conversation and starting to talk to Mom before she was badly affected by the medication. Dad and Mom's new assistant tried to interfere with me waking Mom. She had been prepared by Dad. He gave the assistant instructions that Mom should be allowed to rest. But I have been through this many times and could see Mom wasn't disoriented yet.

I asked Mom to go in the living room and talk to the family. She is too loyal to go against Dad but she suggested I get furniture from the living room so the family could come and talk to her. This way she could meet Dad and the new assistant's requirements not to leave the bedroom.

There was a brief window where some of the family members spoke to Mom just before she became disoriented but they are not tuned in to the differences recognizing how Mom gradually became unable to communicate normally. So they were successfully conned again leaving with the impression Mom is permanently incapacitated mentally.

6:00 I sent the daily reports to everyone.

6:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted cinnamon rolls for breakfast. Dad was standing over Mom and said yes. They were watching a Wall Street news program showing graphs and charts about the state of the investments.

7:00 I brought Mom and Dad cinnamon rolls, hot tea, apple and satsuma slices. I gave a hint that Mom might want to watch something more pleasant first thing in the morning. I suggested "Last of the Summer Wine" which I watch every night before bed. That didn't catch on and we watched investment shows for about an hour.

7:30 Mom started acting like she was coming on to medication and obsessing about her diaper so she must have got a medication around 7:00. I went upstairs and left Dad to deal with the situation he created by medicating her.

11:00 I heard voices downstairs and Cindy, Brian and Mark were talking in the living room. It appears, Mom was convinced to send everyone out of the bedroom but I greeted the visitors and went in and started talking to Mom. It was time to start coming out of the morning 7:00 medication but it looked to me like Dad must have given mom a dose just as the visitors arrived. It looks like he was trying to keep Mom quiet by telling the new nurse to keep her quiet until Mom came on to the drugs and the visitors would get to see Mom acting erratically.

I met Mett (the new assistant) and asked if she was going to be here the whole time Darion is gone on vacation. She said, "just Monday and Tuesday then someone else would come the rest of the week." She said, "Darion was going to miss Mom." Darion told her not to get used to being here because Darion loves working with Mom.

I think Mett is disappointed she's having to do anything with Mom after being told to expect Mom to sleep. Dad had her and Mom convinced Mom wasn't going to move today. When I came in and started talking to Mom, Mett used Dad's own words to try to convince me Mom was too tired to do anything.

Mom asked me to get chairs from the living room for everyone. Mett went in the kitchen to let family talk to Mom. I got chairs but no one came in to talk to her for more than a few minutes. Brian did go into a monologue asked her a question from the list of prompts he brought on an earlier visit. Mom got a few words in about her days with horses.

Dad kept walking past me trying to make complaining comments sounding simple-minded saying "she's being murdered."

Brian was like a radio station and really not listening to what anyone said to him. He's very similar to Dad in that he thinks everything he says is extremely important and he doesn't let his wife speak without her being persistent. When he's involved in an involving activity like golf Brian is very polite and clever.

12:00 I told Mom we missed her exercise time at 11:45 and Mom's assistant was very assertive saying, "Betty should rest today on Sunday." I thought I should tell Mett, that is how Dad got Mom to this point of being atrophic and bedridden, by telling everyone to let Mom rest not move or get up. But Matt is not a permanent person so I didn't think it was necessary to involve her in the secret but deadly drama around this house.

But it is frightening to think another assistant was immediately conditioned to stop Mom

from any activity.

Mark was heating gumbo and chili for the people in the house. Dad was getting territorial and excited about how to split up the amount of food available.

We had to try to change the pace of the lunch because Dad, Brian and Cindy left the house to get bed liners from the store. Mom said she wanted cornbread and after looking in the pantry I called Dad and asked him to pick some up some, especially if he could find some already made. Mom talked to Dad on the phone for a second, he talked baby talk to her.

12:30 Brian, Cindy and Dad returned from the store. Mark told them Mom had already eaten but not much was eaten by anyone. Everyone is so polite around this house so quite a lot of food is wasted when there are visitors.

We played a putt competition which was very involving and would have been great for Mom to watch. She must have felt extremely left out hearing us laughing in the living room away from her.

1:30 Brian and Cindy left without ever initiating or even disguising future activities and Dad closed the door when Mom wanted her diaper changed. Mom was tearing her diaper off in an extremely frustrated state.

Mett left for the day and said we would see us tomorrow.

2:30 Dad and Mark left the house and I started playing songs for Mom. It appears, once again Mom was drugged before Dad left even though she still hasn't got her head together since the earlier doses.

Video of mom singing.

https://youtu.be/5DFnGI0NXGQ?si=QHiZ_Jd93rN6PiGV

Mark and Dad returned.

Dad left the room twice when I played a song. Which is reminiscent of my collage days when he belittled my art work. It was a harsh way to get me to make improvements and my younger brothers didn't handle it well, when the same criticizing tactic was used on them by Dad and older brothers.

3:00 I asked Mom to do her 3:00 exercise and she said "no." You can clearly see she

understands what's going on and is frustrated with all of us for not simply breaking through the traditions and bad habits so she can be cared for properly and enjoy the rest of her life.

I fell asleep.

6:00 I woke up, found tamales warm on the stove and I ate them. I started my PBS exercise news. I continued exercising into an Adam's family movie.

Dad came out of the bedroom and asked if I ate the tamales. I said, yes and told them they were good. Dad went in the kitchen one time while I was exercising and I told Mom I would see her in the morning. Dad asked if I would fix breakfast and I said, "of course. Is there a specific time you would prefer." He couldn't make up his mind at first but settled on 7:00 and I said it will be ready.

8:00 I went to bed after the movie finished.

12/28/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 I heard Mom yell. I went downstairs, Mom's oxygen machine needed to be reset again and Dad was in the kitchen. Mom was hysterical saying she couldn't breathe and she needs to get up. Those drugged comments have become normalized in this house for the past 3 or 4 years. I sat Mom on the edge of the bed and Dad came in with coffee and said, "it would be good for you to get on the scooter." So I knew this was all a performance for me.

Dad also makes it hard on himself like a martyr with the medication. He doesn't think it's obvious he's creating the situation himself. And it isn't obvious to the rest of the family who so rarely visit. But Dad could turn this all around and be a hero reversing his mental illness if he just started motivating Mom instead of medicating her.

Mom started to tear off her diaper so Dad said he would change it. But you could tell he knew the diaper probably wasn't wet because he was reluctant to get up. But I left the room so he could change the diaper, if he would. As I left he raised and lowered the bed

and spoke to Mom in a patronizing tone.

4:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and went in the kitchen again. I went in the bedroom and asked Mom if she was all right. She woke up and became hysterical again asking to get up. I was tempted to say, "Dad is creating a situation and he should be left alone to deal with the chaos."

But Mom seemed comforted to hold my hand. I knew the hysterical part of the drugging would only last another 10 minutes or so.

Mom's hysteria seemed to be triggered by the YouTube video dad was watching about the technical description of the most deadly plane crash in history killing 600 people or more. As the description came closer to the actual crash she became more upset.

I made the mistake of asking Mom if she was worried about the show they were watching. She started saying she needs to "get off this plane." Dad said he would turn on something more positive and he turned on the Dr Martin television series they've been watching for a year or more. I left the room when he started to change her diaper again.

Sometimes I wonder if Dad knows he's causing all these diaper changes with the medication that brings on her hysteria. He certainly doesn't take credit for the hysteria when I call his attention to it. And he told Brewster the new nurse I was lying when I let him know how Mom has these hysterical reactions to the medication.

I told Brewster, "Mom freaks out for 30 minutes or so and then sleeps and won't exercise for 3 hours after each medication. When Mom is given medication several times a day it means she is inactive all day. I think my brothers should all be subjected to this same drugging so they could see what a terrifying black box life Mom has lived for the past 3 years.

I sent off yesterday's report.

7:00 Mom watched Dr Martin for a couple of hours.

9:30 Dad told me Mom was hungry for bacon and eggs so I cooked them with jelly toast and brought them to her.

10:00 I asked Mom if she ate and she said she ate all of it. I told her, "that means you'll have energy this morning." But I know she's fighting through all these new medications. I asked Darion to confirm if Mom did eat all her breakfast and she said she did. I told

Darion, Mom has started eating her eggs since I started cooking them in bacon grease after I cooked the bacon. Darion seemed to take a mental note of that.

11:30 Mark arrived with frozen chili and gumbo. He heated the gumbo and I fixed rice for him to serve to everyone. I tasted it and it was good.

Mom was surrounded by people, so I kept my distance even though she does seem to be alert and I would have liked to talk to her.

Dad responded to the group text of my daily report for the first time in a while saying, my comments are an invention. I responded telling my brothers they are going along with something deadly.

The only response I got from my brothers was inane requests for things to be done in their behalf at a distance and a corroboration of Dad's denial of his murderous activities.

Messages between my dad and I in response to yesterday's report.

Dad's response to my report.

"Joey makes up a little world that I don't recognize."

Brant's response.

"That's really well said dad. It's sad of course, but really well said."

My response.

"You all have to live with the deadly fantasy Dad is coning you with in your equally deadly absence."

It's encouraged Dad doesn't lose his temper and go out of control with his responses as often anymore. So there is still hope he will take control of the medication and give Mom the self-control to improve. He must recognize the way he has improved with his own golf trips but the habits he developed in 40 years of isolation remain separate from new habits he is starting to develop now.

Maybe if his memory improves from all his recent activity, there will be a mental connection between his old habits and his new habits and he will purposely delete the old deadly ones. Hopefully before he kills Mom.

Both Mom and Dad would improve mentally and physically very quickly if my brothers would schedule activities all during the day. But my family doesn't understand how activity planning has to increase the closer people come to death.

My family members are lazy substance abusers who also need the activities to distract them from their bad habits. Just as much as Mom and Dad need activities to distract them from their bad habits and to motivate them to exercise and irrigate Mom's ostomy.

1:30 Darion left for the day and said goodbye to everyone. She will be gone on vacation for 5 days to Colorado. I hope she will be safe especially because Mom has become so dependent on her in the absence of her family.

Mark watched Mom and Dad for a while and I fell asleep upstairs.

3:00 It started thundering loudly.

3:30 Dad went to grocery. I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said yes. I heated her some and brought her satsuma and apple slices.

4:00 She told me to take down the Christmas decorations. I did and put them away in the attic.

Video of mom exercising and telling me to put away the Christmas decorations.

<https://youtu.be/oKTIfp5B5Tw?si=1SABXza0hma58S7y>

I told her, "I do what you ask me too, please exercise for me. Mom exercised more than usual then freaked out on medication Dad must have given just before he left. Mom was hysterical and tore off her diaper. I covered her and turned on Archie Bunker.

4:30 Dad returned from the grocery and asked, "Should I finish emptying the dishwasher?" I took the tea pot from the dishwasher earlier and didn't finish emptying it. He was being sarcastic.

I put away the dishes and took my guitar upstairs because I wasn't able to do my Facebook band practice downstairs with the noisy oxygen machine.

5:00 I asked Dad if he wanted salmon croquettes for supper and he said he already had two chicken salad sandwiches and gave one half to Mom.

I asked Mom if she wanted chocolate and she said yes. I gave her some and I started my PBS exercise news.

I finished my exercise and told parents good night.

91-year-old Mr Hyde Dad really has talked Mom out of doing anything except for laying in bed. He's got to be convinced he will be a hero if he changes his mind and starts to motivate her the way he did his boys when we were young.

12/27/24 Betty Broome Report

The Vanguard Oxygen machine stopped running at the end of this report.

4:00 There's clatter downstairs. Dad must be consistently giving Mom her medication at 3 or 3:30 these days. Mom starts becoming hysterical 30 or so minutes later.

5:30 I thought Dad was fixing breakfast but he must have put away the dishes from the dishwasher and cleaned the kitchen to let me see mom acting crazy for a while me

6:00 I helped Mom call Brant and she had a good talk between early and late morning medications.

6:40 Dad said he was going to get milk at the grocery store. Mom was talking on the phone to Francis. Mom was starting to come on to a second cruel and unnecessary medication.

Video of mom with and without medication.

<https://youtu.be/OkBPt8cTFzA?si=xOfrhTy9bkpsRHMK>

I had the opportunity to talk to Mom for a long time after she went through her second medication hallucinations for the morning. Then she was very sleepy as usual.

With some persistence, she agreed that some time today she would put on the dress Brian gave her for Christmas. She also said she would ride her scooter out to the backyard or the graveyard in back of the neighborhood.

I was able to get her to do her balloon volleyball exercise for a fairly long time and twice

she asked to be set up on the edge of the bed and have her back scratched. She also did four push-ups with her hands head and feet pushing into her bed.

8:30 Dad returned from the grocery store with a lot of groceries and happened to meet the trash collection people emptying trash can. He gave each of the trash collectors \$5.

I helped Dad carry in and put away the groceries and he said he was going to fix fish for one of the meals today.

Mom said she needed Dad to change her diaper so I started watching TV in the living room.

9:00 Teresa arrived and told me about her holiday events. Her family was very active and she enjoyed a lot of food. It made me realize how my days have run together into one long day for the past 3 years at Mom and Dad's house.

11:00 Teresa turned up the volume on Dad's phone so his phone rings when someone calls him. I fell asleep.

12:00 Darion told me she made a Reuben sandwich for me and I asked Mom if she wanted some of it. Mom said she didn't want anything to eat. The Reuben sandwich was excellent.

1:30 I fell asleep and woke up to the sound of Dad threatening to sue the computer repair people for changing the price of the repairs from \$145 to \$245. I sent a message to my brothers hoping they would help Dad get his computer and printer working but that's a literal waste of time.

I asked Mom if she would go outside and let me take a picture to send to Brian and the family in her new Christmas dress. Dad got upset and said don't wake her up. He still seem to be upset about the computer repair people hijacking his computer and not letting him use it until he gave them his credit card number.

Darion left the house saying she needed to go to Walmart to buy diapers while dad was arguing with the people about the computer repairs.

2:00 Dad finished talking to the computer people and ask them if he could use his computer again.

I went in and spoke to Mom. She said, "We needed to take a picture and send a note to

everyone. I said, "Yes, let's go outside right now." Dad came in the bedroom, asked me to leave and said he would talk to Mom about it.

Dad came in the living room and said the reason he told me not to wake Mom up was because "This morning Mom was the sickest she's ever been." Imagine having your dad lie to you directly about something so important. I've been with Mom almost all morning and certainly during the druggings and this wasn't anything unusual.

* I think Dad is concerned about losing his memory and instead of depending on his sons to help him with memory tasks or to involve him in memory building activities he has become defensive. He lies constantly about things he thinks no one could ever know, but that are obvious and mostly insignificant. This is exactly the opposite from the way he was when he was younger, never lying that I knew of when we were kids.

* When I first moved into the house 3 years ago because of an auto accident, I told Dad it was obvious he was misusing Mom's medication. He said, "You don't know when I give Betty her medicine." I told the entire family about this lie but they were busy and the wives said, I should have been preparing for Mom and Dad to die long before. I knew things were bad at this point.

* Later when I told Dad verbatim his own words, discouraging Mom from activity and speaking badly of me, he said, "Do you have video?" That's probably when I should have called the police because Dad's lies were becoming more dangerous.

* When I called Adult Protective Services the first time he became upset and said, "You don't have any evidence." I started writing daily reports to protect Mom from Dad's lies, his interfering with physical therapy, and I could tell no one in the family was reading them 2/6/24.

* The second time I called the police Dad said, "Joe may have an Oedipus complex and Oedipus killed his father to be with his mother." By this time I was resigned to the fact that none of the professional institutions I had been instructed to call my whole teaching career of 30 years, respond in a reasonable way. In Mom's case the lack of reasonableness has to do with the fact that anyone who would assist Mom would have to deal with her feces because she has an ostomy bag. Dad feels trapped that he didn't begin irrigating Mom's ostomy with the irrigation kit he received when he first had to start dealing with the terrible job of removing Mom's waist. Now Mom is in almost constant pain whenever she sits up or because she's full of unresolved bowel movements.

* More recently Dad's lies have been about having me removed from the house. His threats usually involve the gossip leader with power of attorney. She inspires the family to be excited about a rotating list of potential legal action, police action, and or acting as if I'm a sad delusional person who should be allowed to stay at her expense. She allowed her father to insult and shun her mother into dementia and can only resolve her guilt by presenting the false idea, to the family, Mom is lost to dementia as her mother was.

* Dad's worst and most consistent lie is too himself, the doctors, assistants and the family about his use of Mom's medications. He makes Mom miserable with the drugs and then patronizes her with baby talk when we are there to witness the pathetic performances. If Mom wasn't so healthy and strong she would have died years ago. So it's turned into a long torture and macabre habits developed around that torture.

* Today Dad said, "Mom is sicker than she's ever been." He won't give her relief by stopping the new and deadly medications so he has to lie about her being in such bad shape. I was with Mom more of the morning than usual. It was a very average drugged morning. Now he's saying she was sicker than she's ever been.

What did Mom ever do to the family that they have abandoned her in this disgusting way.

I think my whole family knows how the human body can repair itself but it's easier for them to keep their distance and abuse substances rather than plan activities for Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad cared for us when we were young by planning constant activities. Activities for Mom and Dad would allow them to escape dementia and poor health as long as they live.

4:30 Darion left and I think she will be on vacation for 4 days. Veronica would usually come tomorrow to clean Mom but there is a discrepancy about who is working with us now that hospice has taken over. I think Veronica was hoping Dad would ask for her specifically so she could keep coming but I don't think that happened.

5:00 I reminded Dad he said he was going to fix fish today and he ran in the kitchen and started cooking. Mom was on her third drugging for the day and very disoriented. I think her new medications cause a little less hysteria but are worse because she is literally incapable of moving.

But this causes her to be more claustrophobic and she wants to be sat up on the edge of

the bed much more often to have her back scratched.

6:00 Dad returned with poached salmon and white asparagus with butter and onion sauce. Mom was incapacitated with medication but she accepted food when I fed it to her. I found that if I feed Mom relatively quickly she complains a bit about the pace but she eats more. She ate almost every bite of her supper. The fish was slightly too raw but I enjoyed it very much except for the thickest part that was still cool and didn't flake.

I told Mom I was going to do my PBS exercise news and started. As I started to exercise Mom's oxygen machine sputtered and stopped. I followed around with the buttons and knobs and found that when I pressed what looked like a reset button the machine started up again.

Dad asked me if I wanted an ice cream bar and he brought me one and shared his with Mom. He said, "sometimes she will take a bite." He's pretending she is unable to think for herself because of dementia. But it's obvious when he drugs her thoroughly.

For most of the hour of exercise the door was open but close at the end Mom started waking up and Dad close the door.

As I was putting away the stationary bike Dad came out and retrieved Amazon boxes of diapers from the front porch and put them in the entryway of the house. I went upstairs for the night.

12/26/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 I guess Dad's rationale for waking up earlier and earlier is to make it seem like he couldn't be drugging her that early and the diapers being strewn around the room are to make Mom the blame for the overnight chaos.

Dad needs a nurse at night so he can sleep but he doesn't want to give up the night time hours when he can do what he wants with the medications.

There was loud talking and I went downstairs where Mom was hysterical saying, "I can't

get up. What do I do Joe? I can't get up!" She asked where Dad was and I said, "He's in the kitchen getting you breakfast or coffee."

Dad came out of the kitchen with cereal and whipped cream. I went out of the bedroom to the living room. Dad put the dishes away after they were finished breakfast. The TV and the oxygen machine were very loud. I went upstairs.

5:30 Dad called me downstairs. I hurried downstairs and went in their bedroom. One of the 4 leg lifts on the bed had collapsed. Mom was unnecessarily upset about the angle of the bed.

Dad was attaching more significance to it than it needed but I suggested we take all the rest of the lifts off. He reminded me, Darion said she needed the lifts because it hurt her back to bend over very far.

I got the hydraulic lift Neal bought for Mom and attached it to the bottom of the bed but it was out of batteries.

Dad got some books and I lifted the bed. He adjusted the height with a couple of choices of books to get it flat for Mom. Mom was drugged and blathering about what she should do next. I was able to remain calm which was contagious with Mom and Dad and I went back upstairs.

6:30 I sent a text to my brothers to see if they could help with this purchase of metal lifts instead of plastic ones.

7:00 Teresa sent a text saying she will come clean the house tomorrow Friday.

Darion arrived and was trying to comfort Mom. Dad is keeping Mom hysterical more than usual by giving her additional medication for her medication induced hysteria. Mom can't do anything to stop him.

10:00 Darion started making beef and vegetable soup, but it was going to take hours to cook and Mom said she wanted a cheeseburger.

10:30 I served everyone cheeseburgers, peeled satsumas and hot tea. Mom ate half of her burger.

11:00 I helped Darion finish assembling the beef and vegetable soup and started it cooking in the crock pot. We determined it would probably take around 3 hours to

soften the meat.

1:30 It appears Dad gave Mom medication and felt guilty, so he started a game of putt putt with Mark and I. He also suggested we flip a coin to take possession of a piece of land in Oklahoma which he has gathered releases from all the partial owners. I asked Mark if he would rather just use the land to help Natalie. Dad said there wasn't going to be any money until it's distributed to all the owners.

I won the coin toss so he gave me a paper saying I would accept the responsibility for the land he wants to sell. He kept repeating, "there isn't going to be any money until it's sold and distributed."

2:00 Mom was upset from her second medication of the day and Darion was attempting to comfort her. Mom sat up on the edge of the bed and would have fallen off if Darion wasn't there to stop her. Darion called Dad and asked him to come help. Mark and I went in the bedroom and Mark suggested we leave because we were all just standing around looking at Mom.

2:30 Mark and I went to a sporting goods store to get the putter which was being repaired and I went to Dillard's and got Mom some skin care products for a late Christmas gift.

3:00 We returned from the store and Mom was mostly passed out while Brewster, the male nurse, was explaining the new medications Mom is being given. One was a sinna laxative combination for her constipation.

She is receiving three sedatives. Lorazepam (anxiety), Haloperidol (agitation) and Morphine (for severe pain or labored breathing). The nurse obviously doesn't know Mom is capable of being up and active.

Dad kept talking about how Mom says she can't breathe but she has been saying that for the past 4 years whenever she takes the full dose of medications. I told Brewster, "Mom becomes terrified for about 30 minutes when she gets her full dose of medication and then she sleeps for 3 hours."

Brewster needs to take responsibility to stay with Mom for 24 hours and discover she is being destroyed by medication rather than being helped by it.

I gave Mom her skin care present and Darion helped her unwrap it and read what it was.

Brewster seemed to recognize the items and the brand name.

I told Mom she's about to miss her 3:00 exercise and to show Brewster how she can push her feet, hands and head into the bed lifting her bottom up. She wouldn't do it and was almost comatose on the medication.

Brewster said he came to visit today because he got word Mom was agitated. I told Brewster, "Mom has her hysterical events shortly after she gets her full medication. So treating it with anti agitation medicine is the opposite of what she needs." Dad interrupted and told Brewster, "Joe isn't bound by the truth." It's weird to have Dad use my words to lie about me.

Brewster said, "we all interpret symptoms differently". Brewster's comment would be valuable if diplomacy stopped Mom's constant suffering from unnecessary sedation and an unirrigated ostomy.

Brewster asked Mom if she was in pain and Mom said "no." I said she is only in pain when she sits up and she has cramps in her lower gut." Brewster said, "She does have the lung disease." He didn't realize he was talking about something that hurt in a completely different location than she suffers with so many times a day. Whenever she moves or sits up she holds her lower belly and says "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." What would Mom have to do to get a correct diagnosis of her unirrigated ostomy?

It's hard to believe all these "medical professionals" go to so much trouble to avoid the obvious difference between her lungs and her abdominal cramps.

Brewster was really here in the house because of medications that cause her to become agitated and give her abdominal cramps. He was providing Mom with more pills and still not talking about why she is bedridden and constipated after years of sedation and never once, relief with an irrigated ostomy.

Mom doesn't have a chance if someone doesn't act more responsibly. No one talks to her like I do when Dad can't keep her constantly doped up.

Someone has to watch Mom for at least a 24 hour period and stop the medication so they can see how alert and independent Mom can be.

If someone doesn't do something soon I'll be glad when I can leave this murderous family after Dad, the nurses and my family kill Mom.

Brewster left.

4:00 I asked Mom if she wanted a vanilla milkshake and Dad kept asking her until she accepted. I brought milkshakes for everyone.

4:30 Darion left for the day. I tried to get Mom to make a couple of phone calls.

Video of phone calls.

<https://youtu.be/Hk3WT-tLavw?si=nImxb1EEXKLvrOnN>

6:00 Dad tried to give Mom some soup then I tried but she was out of it again. Dad seems delighted to have more corroboration from Brewster to give Mom more drugs.

My family, and the various government protective and medical services have helped my 91 year old Dad make Mom into a hysterical, frightened lump of belly cramps and confusion. Mom is now participating in the dishonesty, railroading herself to an unnecessary early miserable death with everyone visiting her like a corpse.

Mom knows she is being torture murdered with sedating medication and lack of basic communicated incentives but Stockholm Syndrome doesn't allow her to defy dad to the authorities she would need to reach with her daily appeals for help.

I hope everyone including the new nurse receives consequences for this insidious crime against the weakest and politest parents. Part of the reason nothing is done is because it's ubiquitous. Four members of my family have already succumbed to this same lazy lack of response to aging.

Most people have developed a rationale for staying away from their parents and our parents have pushed adult kids away after being insulted and becoming vengeful for a lack of visits for decades.

But humans know enough about psychology to push through the lazy excuses and pull old families back together using the same incentives parents used to get their kids stay away from drugs, to eat the right foods, and do vital exercise.

12/25/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 Dad is active downstairs and needs an assistant at night so he can sleep. I don't think he has allowed an overnight nurse this far because that would allow someone to see Mom undrugged.

7:00 I yelled Merry Christmas and went to visit Mom and Dad in their room. Dad seemed to have a Christmas performance ready with a pile of diapers on the floor, the table and one on the bed. He acted delirious for a second and said, "oh is it already morning?" I opened the curtains.

If Dad really is delirious or cognitively impaired from staying up all night changing Mom's diapers, it's even more important that my brothers or the Vanguard hospice people do something about getting an overnight assistant.

If it is just one of Dad's performances, he still needs an overnight assistant to expose his inadvertent misuse of Mom's medications and allow him to develop appropriate sleeping habits.

I asked Mom and Dad if they were ready for breakfast and they said "no." I asked Mom if she wanted a Christmas oatmeal cookie and she nodded, "yes." There are still some things she can defy Dad about and when she's hungry, food is one of them.

I fixed hot tea and peeled satsuma's with big oatmeal cookies.

They ate the cookies right away and Mom drank almost all of her tea. Dad said they had already had two cups of coffee earlier in the morning and he didn't drink much of his tea. The 4:00 noisy activity this morning probably came from a 3:30 medication judging by mom's lethargic state.

We turned on YouTube Christmas music and Dad didn't agree with me about one of the singers. I think he knew I was correct about who the singer was but he wouldn't let it go even after looking it up with Google.

Mom was obviously terribly uncomfortable with her ostomy. When she's constipated she just keeps repeating, "I'm sick I'm sick." She is almost always uncomfortable because of incomplete bowel movements but recently I've been constipated and we have been eating the same thing, so it's very likely she is constipated as well.

Dad gave her an antacid and said she would feel better soon. I don't think he remembers

these past 3 years. He has done the same thing everyday. It appears he, the Vantage hospice representatives and the family are in a hurry to put mom out of her misery by letting this go on.

But 91-year-old Dad is trapped being the one doing the dirty deed controlling and timing the horrific effects of the medications. For some reason he won't consider caring for Mom and motivating her like he does for himself with golf. Mom is even involved in morbid and excruciating participation in this slow method of euthanasia.

Someone objective and younger needs to be in charge of Mom's medication and ostomy care. Mom is in constant misery and pretends to be fine when anyone visits as long as she can. Then she tells them she needs to sleep so they won't see her suffer. Mom is polite like that.

Mom didn't talk this morning but she did seem to be at the tail end of being medicated at around 3:30. Her big issue today is constipation, having been through the hysterical portion of her medication event hours earlier.

I have been constipated for the past 3 days and we have eaten the same thing so some foods didn't work right for us. It's horrible that none of the medical professionals associated with Mom want to deal with Mom's feces so they are letting Mom suffer and a 91-year-old has developed awful adaptations to her all night care over the years.

Mom asked me to take the tray to the kitchen. She didn't need a diaper change but she anxiously wants something done. Dad won't irrigate her ostomy so all she can do is complain to him about her abdominal cramps.

In jealousy keeping the full responsibility for Mom's night time care Dad has become the one who is stopping everyone from caring for her. Dad doesn't try or can't explain Mom's discrepancy between her lung cancer and her focusing all of her attention on cramping discomfort in her bowels.

I went upstairs and later heard Darion arrive.

10:00 Darion brought Mom in the living room and Dad was talking to Mom at the window where they were looking out. Dad was repeating the same sentences he has said for several years. Darion swept up the kitchen and prepared the bedroom for Mom.

I tried to speak to Mom but she looked straight through me and said "I'm sick I'm sick!

What do I do?" It appears Dad gave her a second dose of medications this morning and she is in the hysterical portion of this drugging event.

Darion came in the living room trying to comfort Mom petting her hair and saying "the bedroom will be ready in just a minute."

Mom was repeating constantly, "I'm sick" and wanted back in bed. Dad gave Mom another antacid and said it would take a little while for the "medicine" to start working. It's a sickening thing to witness.

Dad doesn't seem to remember he is causing this drug misery cycle or he thinks it has to continue for insurance purposes. But he can converse with his usual clever charm. Every day starts new again with habits that have developed over years.

All it would take is one day with a registered nurse to watch the medications every second and see how to stop this nightmare.

10:30 Darion brought Mom back in the bed and turned on a comedy.

11:00 Mark visited and Mom sent him out of the bedroom so he talked to Darion in the kitchen. Mark called Natalie, who talked to Darion on the phone.

I asked Mom to sing with me and my guitar and she sang jingle bells with Mark.

Mark and Dad left the house saying they were going to Sam's to get fried shrimp. They were gone for hours and returned saying no place was open. While they were gone Mom kept complaining she was hungry and Darion and I kept telling her Dad and Mark were coming with shrimp.

I asked Mom several times to exercise but she was surprisingly medicated for this late in the morning.

I went back upstairs when Mark and Dad returned. Dad said he would make hot dogs and I said I didn't want any. I went back upstairs.

2:00 A Vantage hospice representative came to give Mom a bath. As she was leaving Dad asked her if she could get diapers. The woman said she can order some but they won't arrive till Saturday. She said it looks like there are enough for him to stretch them till then.

The woman doesn't know Mom forces diaper changing 8 to 10 times a night and Dad didn't press the issue. It doesn't seem like he wants anyone to be involved with Mom late at night when they would learn more about his dangerous medication patterns.

Not only is all night diaper changing a ridiculous task to expect from a 91 year old man, but the Vantage hospice machine was triggered when we asked for someone to help Dad at night. He must have been said he didn't want help at night. The night time help probably has to be forced on him.

Mom doesn't like the Vantage hospice male nurse and they haven't even supplied the correct number of diapers.

The issue with night time care is exposing where Mom and Dad are falling through the cracks of Medicare and their insurance. I think It's convenient for my brothers to believe their confused father.

Without considering how easy it would be to provide activities for Mom like we have been barely doing with golf for Dad, the years are slipping by with Mom in constant misery and Dad hiding that misery.

Add to that the obvious discouragement Mom has survived from the Vantage hospice intervention, which she is only now starting to fight off with her usual fitness and defiance.

Dad doesn't remember how inconvenient it is to medicate Mom and then have to care for her. He just repeats the routines and adjusts to hide them over the years.

2:30 I watched TV with Dad.

3:00 I played putt putt golf with Dad.

3:30 Dad rested with Mom.

5:00 Dad ask me to get Mom a cookie and some milk. I brought them to her and she ate and drank them right away.

I was nearing the end of a movie so I continued to watch it in the living room.

6:00 I started my PBS exercise news

7:00 I finished my exercise and went to bed.

Dad doesn't seem to think it's obvious each day when he drugs Mom and pretends her outrageous behavior is dementia. Our physically absent family member who has the most influence doesn't realize she is corroborating Dad's cruelty against Mom by letting the 91-year-old man who, stays up all night most nights changing diapers, think the family trusts his pharmaceutical, sleep and ostomy judgment.

The family member who has visited Mom the very least is having the most influence on the family gossip. It's easy for her to maintain her opinion without any objective information. I have been living with Mom and Dad almost constantly for 3 years. I objectivity know exactly when Mom has been drugged and the hysterical effect it has on her. The one who has visited mom the least is the source of the hideous gossip which perpetuates Dad's confident cruelty against Mom.

12/24/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 I went downstairs and started watching TV in the living room with no sound.

6:30 Dad came out of the bedroom with a bag of trash and I accidentally startled him when I asked what he wanted for breakfast. He said he was going to fix shredded wheat because that's what Mom wanted this morning.

I tried to talk to Mom for a few minutes but she was upset. She said she wants to do something and I said let's get up and go in the kitchen to eat breakfast. She said "no." Dad brought bowls of shredded wheat with whipped cream and a strawberry for all of us.

I fell asleep in the chair in the living room.

8:00 I went upstairs.

9:00 Darion arrived.

9:30 Mark arrived.

10:30 Dad bought sandwiches and was preparing them in the kitchen. Darion said "Good morning." I'm afraid she doesn't like for me to get near Mom because I get Mom started exercising and talking and then Dad knocks Mom out with medication. Darion is protective of Mom but not enough to risk her job by promoting Mom's independence in front of Dad.

I touched Mom's shoulder and Mom was angry saying, "why did you wake me up." I said Dad's bringing you food. Mom said, "go get your food." Dad brought in sandwiches and said he got lunch early because Mom wanted a sandwich.

I went back upstairs.

11:00 Dad asked if I knew where the knife sharpener was. He didn't seem happy with my answer, "it's hard to find in the drawer." I didn't realize till later he seemed like he wanted me to come help him look for it.

11:30 Mark is hanging out with Dad. And that calls attention to one of the hardest challenges to Mom's health. My family has a problem with substance abuse that makes them confident they don't have to do anything to improve things.

1:00 Mark and Dad came back and talked with Darion for a while. Darion was laughing loudly so Mark and Dad must have been extra clever.

2:00 Mark and Dad left with Mark saying he will be back.

2:30 Mom started hallucinating. There must have been a 2:00 medication before Mark and Dad left again.

Darion said she couldn't change Mom until she got some gloves so I went to grocery store and got gloves, honey, the newspaper and the satsumas she likes.

3:30 I brought the supplies back and Dad was home giving Mom chocolate. I peeled satsumas and gave everyone a Christmas cookie. It started to rain and I asked Mom if she wanted to run out in the scooter for a second and feel the moisture on her face. She said "no."

I worked on my songs and the website.

4:30 Darion left.

6:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted something for supper, Mom woke and asked Dad if he wanted something and he said no. Mom said no. I told her I was going to start my exercise news.

I started my exercise in the living room.

6:30 While I was exercising I looked in the bedroom and Mom was dangerously sitting up on the edge of the bed. Dad retrieved the scooter and started to lift her and I asked him to let me. I sat her on the scooter and she used her legs and arm to set herself down in the chair. But she immediately wanted to get back in the bed.

Dad seemed as confused as Mom was. She rode the scooter out of the bedroom but then wouldn't use the controls without assistance for most of the ride around the house. She said, she wanted to go in the kitchen so she made her way there and then back into the bedroom.

Mom's hysterical Christmas ride on the scooter.

<https://youtu.be/aEm0jTlaPxo?si=30vs-C1HtW8QDqVv>

I helped her back into the bed and Dad gave her what looked like a piece of bread. Mom acted conspicuously secretive about eating the piece of bread in front of me. I didn't ask about it.

We have to let Dad become objective and prolific again so Mom has an opportunity to do the same. It's terrible mom has to suffer so much while Dad goes through these performances using her zombie body.

All it would take is one person with authority (Dr Taylor or Dr Venkatesh, the APS or the police, who have all been reported to daily) keeping Dad and his medications away from Mom. That person of authority could see Mom needs independence from medication, irrigation of her ostomy, to stop her immobilizing stomach cramps and physical therapy to become more independent.

But at least my family could fill my parent's calendar with enjoyable activities for Mom and Dad, which would separate them from there deadly codependent habits and substance abuse.

7:00 I started doing my exercise news again.

7:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

Archive

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

12/23/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 Noisy activity but I don't want to argue or cause mom to be more drugged by my presence.

8:00 I sent off yesterday's reports.

8:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and asked if I wanted cinnamon toast. I said I would make it. He also said we need to be ready at 9:45 for golf. I made cinnamon toast, fruit salad with cottage cheese and poppy seed dressing. I also made hot tea.

9:00 They ate all their breakfast and Darion arrived and took away their tray. I told Mom she should exercise her legs every time she remembers by pushing her head arms and feet into the bed and lifting her bottom. I said she should exercise so she and Darion can ride around in the carts with us. I said riding around the golf course is like an e ticket at Disney world. She looked encouraged. I went upstairs to get dressed.

9:30 We played golf and as usual we were all too busy with a fun activity to be grumpy with each other. That's the way it should be for Mom. Activities need to be planned all day with no sedating drugs. That way she could sleep at night and start getting healthy like Dad has in the past few months.

1:30 We returned from golf and Mom was still completely alert. Darion said Mom was up the whole time.

I talked to Mom several times during the day asking her to get up and go outside but I think she's too afraid she will be drugged if she does independent activity. I also think the reason she has been so determined to stay in bed the past few days has something to do with the vantage hospice intrusion. It has taken place instead of responding to our request for someone to help Dad sleep at night by caring for Mom at night.

At 5:00 we got a group message from Brian which was naive but mildly encouraging.

Message from Brian.

Dad,

How many times is the physical therapist scheduled to work with Mother, weekly?

Mother has mentioned she wants to get up and move and get off her back.

Can somebody tell me in this group why she can't get out of bed.

Sit up, or stand with help each day. Roll to the table and eat sitting up and not lie on her back.

I responded much later to Brian's text.

My response

I write a detailed explanation everyday about why Mom is not allowed to do those things.

5:30 I waved to Mom in the bedroom and she waved back. I pointed outside attempting to signal for her to approve a trip outside. She looked away and didn't want to go outside. I kept my distance and just visited with quick conversations when she was alone all day. She remained responsive all day.

6:00 I told Mom I wasn't going to exercise today because I was going to count golf as my exercise. Mom laughed and said okay. She was still completely alert after a full day.

I went upstairs.

12/22/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 Dad was doing something in the kitchen.

I went to speak to Mom and she was completely awake thank goodness.

We talked about what we could do today while Neal is here. She asked me to open the curtains but when I did it was so dark she asked me to close them again until later. I

suggested she eat all her meals at the table with Neal today. She said "maybe so." I said, "later you can go outside in the sun with Neal." She asked if I saw the Christmas calendar. I picked it up and said "yes it was another beauty." She repeated "this is the first Christmas calendar that didn't have a picture of me."

5:00 Dad came in the bedroom with coffee for Mom. I said, "this does look like the first calendar without a picture of Mom." I said, "We don't send enough pictures for Fiona to choose from." Dad said, "it was probably an oversight."

I know old women are invisible, neglected and forgotten but it seems like Neal could have had a picture for the month of June on Mom's birthday month.

We continued talking about what we could do with Neal while he is here. I suggested she get up now and go sit at the table while I fix breakfast for everyone.

Dad said "we should wait till 10:00 when the sun is out and maybe she will get some sun." Dad turned on a Humphrey Bogart movie and we started watching it.

5:30 I asked Mom if she wanted some hot tea. She said, "yes." I brought hot tea for Mom and Dad. We continued to watch the movie.

6:00 I asked Mom again if she would let me help her get in the scooter and go eat breakfast in the living room. Mom said for me to stop pestering her. Dad joined in saying, "Joe thinks you should be healthy instead of happy." I said, "We all have to be both and it's cruel of you to set up an impossible challenge which discourages exercise and independence."

Mom can easily be healthy and happy with encouragement, an irrigated ostomy to stop her abdominal cramps and less drugs.

It appears, Dad medicated mom while I was gone to get tea. She was starting to hallucinate, bark and point up in the air. Her hallucinations are accompanied with grinding suffering but that doesn't seem to matter to Dad.

Dad started to act sickly sweet toward Mom pretending to answer her gesticulated question as Mom pointed up into the air. Dad said, "What do you want Betty?" It's as if he was talking to a dog.

Mom started to tear off her diaper and Dad pretended it was normal. He said, "I'll change your diaper for you."

I went upstairs.

7:25 Brian arrived saying he'd been outside the door for a while, so he appeared insulted as he entered the house. But the only doorbell sounded just before he entered so he must have rung the bell that doesn't work at first.

We've got to do something about those doorbells now that Mark has adjusted the door locking situation.

Brian was scratching Mom's back. And Mom was making a noble effort to communicate in spite of Dad's 5:30 drugging. The druggings usually last around 3 or 4 hours of confusion and sleepiness after the initial hysterical hallucinations for 30 minutes.

I made tea for everyone and served it to Brian and Neal in the living room because the door was shut.

Brian brought up, he thought we have Xfinity again and I explained the evolution to internet television. I told him Dad changed to internet because Xfinity bumped up the price to \$400 a month. Brian said someone needs to check the bill every month and keep the price down. I said, "so come and check the bill and keep the price down." That was the end of that conversation.

Neal brought up the subject of the loud oxygen machine in the living room. I told him the evolution of its location being removed from the bathroom, because it was an obstacle to Mom into the shower. I explained how the oxygen machine overheated when we put it in the bathroom closing hamper and then again when we put it in the closet next to the bedroom door. I told how it has been here in the living room ever since interrupting conversations and television watching.

I said that Mark spent the night here a few nights back, slept on the couch and had the TV really loud all night because of the machine.

I said the only reasonable location is in Mom's closet which is almost never used except to get her change of nightgowns and the breathing tubes. I said the closet is large enough it wouldn't overheat and Neal interjected, "The closet door could be left open."

I said, "yes, and all it would require is a small hole drilled from the closet to the bedroom." Neal said, "The whole only needs to be the size of the small tubing." I said, "that is what needs to be done." I looked at Neal hoping he would understand I am not

able to suggest things like that around the house." Neal said "okay" but I don't know what he meant by that.

Neal seems to think the time he spends stressing about Mom and Dad is an important contribution. And since he and Fiona started saying "we need to prepare for a time when Mom and Dad are no longer with us" more than 10 years ago I understand his mindset. Back then they started bringing Mom and Dad pamphlets about assisted living instead of scheduling activities for Mom and Dad. Neither of them understand psychology or the active controls that manipulate "quality of life."

8:00 Dad came in the living room and said "Your mother is accepting guests." Her tea was not very warm by then but I went in, served tea for Mom and Dad. I spoke to them for a while. She was talking pretty well when she would normally sleep for another hour after a 5:30 medication.

Mom makes excuses to test if her visitors really want to talk to her. Mom doesn't want to be an inconvenience so she can get pretty testy sending visitors out of the room for what she thinks is their own good.

Most older women know they don't fit into people's schedules. They are invisible especially to younger women who feel competitive.

But when Mom has a guest who visit as rarely as her sons do she will get up. I asked her again if she would let me help her get in the scooter so she could ride in the living room and talk to Brian and Neal.

8:30 Mom said she needed her diaper changed again, so I left the bedroom and went back into the living room.

Neal was working on Dad's computer and Brian was sitting next to him.

I asked, why they didn't visit Mom when Dad said she was ready for visitors. Neal said he was leaving town so he had to get this done.

I thought they were visiting too get Mom to go to the dentist like I've been begging them to for the past few days offering \$1,700 if they would make it happen. So I misunderstood the situation and was upset with them. I said, "So you're not here for Mom." Neal said his usual comment, "I don't care!" As usual that was the most triggering thing he could say to me.

I know he has to listen to his wife's suffering about having allowed her father to do the same thing to her mother as Dad is doing to Mom. So I knew the obstacle was systemic and an international tradition. But that isn't something I could convey in an angry moment.

I said, "You don't care because you're leaving?" He said thank you for making it easy for me." "It was obvious Fiona filled Brian and Neal's head with more childish and guilt-fed nonsense gossip threats about me." I said, "You have a legal responsibility to care." Neal said, "No I don't care what you think." He and Brian stormed into the bedroom like puppets.

8:30 Brian and Neal came back in the living room where I was still seated. Neal continued to work on Dad's computer. I said, "I need to go get cleaned up for the day" and went upstairs telling them, "If Darion arrives tell her to have a safe trip to Mississippi. She's only going to be here for a few minutes today."

As I went upstairs Neal told Brian "Someone else is probably coming in Darion's place."

He and Brian left the house.

9:30 Mark arrived and talked to Dad. Dad said "everything is okay." So he obviously pretended he was being noble avoiding calling the authorities again. After all my calls and reports to Adult Protective Services he must know they are going to check Mom more thoroughly next time there is an event associated with our address.

All of this theater is to avoid dealing with Mom's ostomy appropriately. The whole family is like a bunch of barking gossiping monkeys avoiding irrigating Mom's ostomy and avoiding stopping Dad drugging Mom into an almost constant stupor.

I was very upset and practiced songs all day upstairs. I finally went downstairs when Dad said there was pizza on the stove.

6:00 There was partially cooked frozen pizza downstairs and I could see he made some mashed potatoes and warmed up Swiss steak for lunch. We need someone who Dad will allow to take care of him and Mom and motivate them with scheduled activities. Dad is doing the opposite. And the optics of hospice people and equipment are just another signal to Mom she is unwanted.

Dad said the door was closed because of the noise and I should knock if I want to talk to

Mom. I guess I had enough for the day because I didn't visit.

6:30 I did my PBS exercise news.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

12/21/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 everything's quiet.

7:00 Neal is in the kitchen. I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast and Dad was baby talking Mom so they must have already been through an early morning medication. I asked if Mom would like fruit salad and she enthusiastically nodded yes. I met Neal headed into the bedroom as I was headed to the kitchen and told him I was making fruit salad for Mom and Dad. I misunderstood his nod for confirmation he wanted some as well.

7:30 I served Neal, Mom and Dad fruit salad, cottage cheese and a half a boiled egg each. Neal said he only eats protein for breakfast so I ate his salad and mine. Mom and Dad both ate all theirs.

We talked around Mom in the bedroom for about an hour and Mom asked us to speak up a couple of times.

8:30 Mom said she was peeing. Dad asked her to say it in a nicer way and he suggested asking us to "go into the living room please." I said it would still sound a little bad if we didn't know why she was asking us to leave, but we all went in the living room.

Mark arrived and Neal, Dad, Mark and I talked in the living room. I fell asleep while we were talking and woke up alone at 9:00 with them all in Mom and Dad's bedroom and the microwave repairman working in the kitchen.

9:10 Darion arrived and I said, "good morning Ms Darion" and she didn't answer. She went in the bedroom and they were all talking except for Mom. I went upstairs because there were plenty of people to watch Mom.

9:30 I woke up long enough to hear Dad say, "we have an invader in the house." I guess he was referring to me.

10:00 I woke when I heard Neal, Mark and Dad putting in the living room and talking while I drifted in and out of sleep.

10:30 the repairman left, promising to bring a new microwave and dishwasher soon.

11:00 Dad called to me upstairs and asked if I wanted to go on some errands. As we left in the car there was a conversation which is illustrative of more than one challenge we have with Mom and Dad which are going to require a lot of time spent with them by family members.

Dad started into a long story about how he missed a turn and had to drive a long way to get back to the location he wanted to go. I spoke to Neal about something in the back of the car and Dad told us not to interrupt his story. When Dad was finished he realized it was not a story worth telling but rather a personal experience he should avoid in the future with care while he's driving.

Mark made a joke about how Dad shouldn't spend money to advertise that story if he publishes it. But this calls attention to the fact that Dad oppresses Mom with constant stories like this where he is enjoying the sound of his own voice, literally.

Not only is Mom often drugged and unable to respond but she would not want to respond or have to listen to the stories if she had her choice and was able to leave the bed. But Dad repeats often, he "needs someone to talk to." He gets dreamy eyed and it's insulting to Mom when he speaks about needing someone to talk to.

Only long visits and appropriate feedback would allow him to adjust his choice of topics and understanding of what is appropriate after 40 years of isolation. Our family didn't visit Mom and Dad for decades and Dad developed this annoying approach to communication especially with Mom who is sick of it and trapped next to him.

Now compare that situation with Mom's more dangerous need for stimulation and feedback. Mom has not been allowed to communicate all her life. Dad has treated her like she didn't know anything about art, music or politics and constantly dominated the conversations with her. But she read the paper for decades after her kids moved out. She became intuitive and informed just as Dad started feeling concerned about his ability to maintain his sharpness when he retired.

This appears to be one of the reasons he keeps her drugged. He unconsciously wants to maintain their primitive relationship rather than growing with the modern world Mom kept up with by reading the paper.

Several of my brothers have an opposite relationship with their spouses in which they find themselves babied with occasional flattery and tolerating long stories with confident tones of voice. Retirement is only going to lead to a similar situation to Mom and Dad's if they don't involve themselves in some educational challenges or absorbing activities with a variety of educated people.

11:15 We went to Dick's sporting goods to get a golf putt game and then to whole food.

11:30 We went to whole foods to return an Amazon package they didn't accept. Dad went shopping for a few things.

12:00 Mark and I had a short putting competition with Dad's new putting toy.

12:30 I sent the brothers another message requesting help to get Mom to the dentist.

Message to brothers

\$1700 is enough to travel to Mom and Dad's house from anywhere. I'm pretty sure any of you could get Dad to take Mom to the dentist except for me. I'm here for immediate emergencies, to remind Mom to exercise and to fix three meals a day.

1:00 Neal made an excellent stir fry for lunch. I was going to challenge Dad to a putting contest but all the seven putters I left in the living room to try out, are gone. So now there is just a putt game on the floor and no putters.

1:30 Linda from Vantage hospice came to wash Mom's hair.

When Mom is drugged she doesn't know exactly why she's mad. She does think the druggings have something to do with me being there so much of the time. Mom doesn't get mad at her drugs because because it's often very soothing, except when Dad uses it them punish her with excruciating hysteria and mean accompanying gaslighting.

When Mom is not drugged she is mostly happy she can respond appropriately to what's going on around her. But she also complains about her abdominal cramps and complains to anyone who asks her to get up.

Until she starts getting her ostomy irrigated, sitting up makes her have cramps. But it appears Dad is expecting Mom to die before that happens. And now he has a huge corroborating hospice institution and family backing him up.

Mom's constant phrase she says 20 times a day is, "I've got to get up! I've got to get up!" Unconsciously she knows what she needs. But she doesn't receive the incentives or planned activity required to meet her needs. It's inconvenient for an old woman. Women are disposable in most societies, so they're allowed to suffer and die in plain sight because they are thought to feel no pain like a fish caught on a hook.

Imagine what a claustrophobic and confusing life it is drifting in an out of consciousness and exhausted from never sleeping or having bowel movements predictably. That's my mom!

I feel so sorry for all the other dead family members who went through this. All the weak people in general who have been dominated by stronger family members because of international systemic traditions. But telling people what's happening doesn't change anything. As exemplified by these daily reports sent to all the adult protective institutions, the news and family members every day.

Bernie Sanders has been saying the simple truth for 60 years with only the most gradual change.

3:00 Mark, Connie, Neal, Dad and I were in the living room. Connie said, Mom is asleep. That's what Mom does when she's not allowed to talk to anyone. She doesn't want a severe drugging or scolding as punishment for showing her independence or personality. She's an expert at pretending to sleep.

I went in the bedroom and talked to Mom for a while asking her to ride on the scooter to visit all the family members talking in the living room. She said, "no" several times and then pretended to sleep until I asked her if she wanted hot tea. She said yes and I brought her tea. She drank some of it and we started watching a King Kong movie without the sound.

Mom asked for Dad to change her diaper so I went in the living room and talked with family members.

Everyone left the house and I fell asleep in the chair. Then I went upstairs.

6:00 I started my exercise news and told Mom I was going to go to bed after I finish. I feel bad leaving Mom when she's this alert and she can communicate but I don't want to give dad an excuse for dragging her again tonight.

6:30 Dad went outside too get the mail and was spoken to by an air conditioner salesperson who was walking door to door. The salesperson came back to the door and rang the doorbell after Dad came in. He wanted confirmation with his administrator. Dad spoke into the sales person's phone and gave his address and email. The administrator was very careful to get Dad to speak in the affirmative about their service. So I sent a message to my brothers.

Message to my brothers.

Today Dad committed to air conditioning service with a door-to-door salesperson and gave his email address and confirmed his house address to a manager on the phone. He's going to need to be very formal about canceling this. Dad thinks sales people are talking to him because he's so interesting.

I told Dad that this communication with the sales person was more of a commitment than he might be thinking. Dad said to remind him in the morning to cancel it.

Of course Dad is interesting, but he needs much more feedback from family members to become objective again about the importance of who he speaks to and what he says.

It's even more important for Mom to have constant communication with family. She has been thoroughly trained to pretend to sleep when she isn't drugged and someone visits.

Everything could be solved within the family if the family visited Mom and Dad more often and involved them in actually interesting activities rather than repeating the same disingenuous conversations they have had for 40 years.

12/20/24 Betty Broome Report

No matter how often my Dad and brothers speak to my Mom they take her for granted the way they always have. They don't realize she's a person. It's a deeply entrenched

habit with a few repeated sentences over a span 70 years.

So they don't look into the obvious abdominal cramps that keep her from sitting up and doing her physical therapy for the past 6 years. That's just mom dying. They don't think about how ostomy irrigation could have made these past 6 years enjoyable and the rest of her life pleasure before she dies.

My brothers don't realize Dad could have his independence like the Dirty Grandpa movie if he didn't think he had to put mom out of her misery. And my brothers don't realize Mom could stop suffering if she is cared for properly with ostomy irrigation and without medication misuse. Dr Venkatesh and Dr Taylor could never have imagined Mom would last long enough for the death medicines to be considered torture.

5:30 I went downstairs but the bedroom door was closed so I sat in Mom's chair.

6:00 Dad stuck his head out of the door and asked about breakfast. I asked what he wanted. He said scrambled eggs.

6:20 I brought Mom and Dad scrambled eggs, jelly toast, peeled satsumas and sauteed ham. Mom was mumbling incoherently so I started feeding her. Dad must have given Mom the medication at 5:30 for her to be this messed up now.

Dad took a bite of his toast and put his plate down. This looked like a signal to Mom. Mom ate a third of her toast, a couple bites of ham, a few of bites of satsuma and a couple of bites of scrambled eggs. She said she didn't want anymore.

I cooked the ham first and then cooked the eggs in the same pan for flavor but it Dad doesn't seem to like it or he's wasting food too show his general disapproval of me or guilt about drugging mom.

But what's worse is, we have to work around Dad's druggings of Mom to get Mom to eat. A 91-year-old man should not be in charge of medications that cause Mom violent hallucinations and hours of sleeping during the day.

6:30 I brought Mom some hot tea and gave her a few sips. She barely drank any of it and then she said she didn't want anymore so I went upstairs.

8:30 Dad went to the grocery. I asked Mom to do some exercise and she angrily said, "no." I said, you are probably about to be out of control because Dad medicates you when he leaves me alone with you. I said, in a few minutes you will need to remember

to stay calm, remember it's just the drugs and don't get mad at Darion when she gets here.

Mom understands now and she calmed down. But my preparations won't make much difference if it's a severe drugging. I reminded her of the bed exercise I used when I was hit by a texting driver. Mom partially participated lifting her bottom off the bed twice.

She passed out and started howling. I tried to comfort her and she yelled, "don't touch me!" I gave her water a few times then I ran upstairs and got my guitar and sang her some songs. I tried to keep her calm as she drifted in and out of consciousness. She asked to look at this year's Christmas calendar again and told me she didn't have her picture in the calendar and finally fell asleep.

9:10 Darion arrived and I told her, "She is just finishing the bad part of a medication." I told Darion, Mom had a little, ham, eggs and jelly toast. Darion tried to talk to Mom about breakfast.

Dad returned from the grocery and asked if Margaret had been here. I said she had not. He acted disappointed and said he wanted to give her a present. He said he missed his chance when she visited before.

I went upstairs and fell asleep.

12:00 Dad asked if I wanted a barbecue sandwich, I said yes and he left to go to the barbecue place. I played more songs for Mom and asked her to exercise. She was obviously medicated again so she didn't participate.

2:30 Mark arrived and was talking to Dad downstairs. I didn't get involved.

I slept most of the day.

6:00 I started my PBS exercise news and Mom was still unresponsive and Dad closed the bedroom door.

6:30 I was still exercising and he stuck his head out of the door and said Neal and Brian were going to visit at 8:00. I thought he meant 8:00 in the morning.

7:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs.

9:00 I was pretty sure I heard Neal arrive but I was sleepy so I played a few songs and fell

asleep.

It isn't hard to be polite to people who disgust you. Slow torture murderers are just like everyone else most of the time.

12/19/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30a.m. There was activity in the kitchen. It was a happy birthday banner hung up in front of the kitchen door. Dad was fixing birthday breakfast and Mom was happy to tell me there was a surprise in the kitchen. It was great to see Mom's eyes open again after many days. Maybe I need to start waking up at 4:00 at every morning until Dad changes the routine.

4:45 Dad brought us all scrambled eggs, bacon and spinach. The spinach was way too salty but it was a good birthday breakfast. Dad forgot to give Mom her spinach so he gave her some of his.

Dad asked if I looked in the refrigerator and I said I didn't. Mom said there's a German chocolate cake in there for you. I asked Mom facetiously if she made it for me and I thanked Dad for baking it. Mom has made me a German chocolate cake for the past 65 years.

Mom said, "the boys need to come over and eat German chocolate cake." I said, "maybe they will."

5:00 We all finished our breakfast and I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea. She said yes and I went to get it for her.

I returned to the bedroom and the door was closed. I couldn't hear if they answered because of the new louder oxygen machine outside the bedroom door.

I got a cookie for myself, returned and knocked on the door again. I opened the door and said, "If you are answering you have to answer louder because of the oxygen machine." Dad yelled "come in!" But Mom was almost naked on the bed so I covered her and Dad

was in the bathroom.

I gave Mom her tea and her her first sip. She has started to like tea and said, "You are getting me addicted." I wish I would have started her on tea sooner. I think it's been good for her digestion.

I went upstairs when Dad came out of the bathroom and started working on Mom's ostomy.

9:13 Darion arrived.

I visited mom and asked her if she would go outside and get some vitamin D. She has a new loss of confidence about riding and driving her scooter, and going outside at all. I can't imagine what she's been through in the last few weeks that could distract her from the confidence she was building up toward independence.

10:30 I could hear Mom coming in the living room with Darion. I unplugged her oxygen and said we will plug it in once we get outside when we know where the oxygen machine needs to be to reach.

Darion was trying to keep the oxygen machine connected the whole time while Mom was moving but it made the process confusing for Mom running around her with the tubing starting and stopping.

Mom went outside with me for a few minutes. She was out in the sun 7 minutes and I tried to talk to her but she was obviously uncomfortable. I asked her what part of her body was uncomfortable and she wouldn't tell me.

Mom spontaneously holds her gut when she describes her pain but everyone says it's her lungs which are affected by her illness. It seems like Mom is confused about the messaging she is supposed to provide anyone who asks her about the pain.

Mom started complaining and said she wanted to get back in bed so we moved her there. Darion took over the job of getting her back in bed.

11:30 Gene visited and we all talked about where we were going to eat lunch.

12:00 Gene left and Mark, Dad and I went to a restaurant for lunch. I suggested we get fried shrimp and onion rings for Darion and Mom because we had all been discussing how the fish didn't taste as good compared to the shrimp. Dad became controlling and said he just wanted two pieces of fish for Mom and Darion. He said he heard Mom say

she wanted fish.

I went upstairs and Dad left the house with Mark.

3:00 My exercise alarm went off for Mom but Mom couldn't open her eyes. She had obviously been medicated before Dad left to go out of the house with Mark.

3:15 Dad and Mark came in and I went upstairs.

6:00 I went downstairs where it smelled like hot dogs had just been cooked and I started my PBS exercise news and waved to Mom. She was still unresponsive and Dad closed the door for the night.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went back upstairs.

7:30 I sent brothers another text offering money to get Mom to a dentist as a first step to help her escape the druggings.

Message to brothers.

I can bump it up to \$1700 dollars. I know you'd be glad if you got this impossible task done. It means you will need to come here around 4:00am in the morning, the day of the dental appointment and stay with Mom every second until you return from the appointment. Dad has become a slight of hand and good old boy friendly distraction expert giving Mom medication.

I've been trying to figure out why Dad has gone to such great lengths to keep Mom constantly partially comatose lately.

The straw that seems to have broken the recent camel's back was when Darion and Mom started watching makeup videos on YouTube a few weeks ago. Dad thought he had Mom to the point of giving up before she started talking about using the potty chair to go to the bathroom, going to the dentist, visiting her son's, and watching popular influence girls putting on makeup.

Since then Mom has almost never had a break in her borderline comatose drug state. Then when we started requesting someone to help Dad at night with Mom's diaper changes it triggered the hospice machine.

The hospice women seem to be more cruel to women than men are because of

cruelness they probably received in their own lives. But that's no excuse for professionals coming in, bringing in equipment re-scaring Mom about the 6-month death prognosis they gave Mom on November 6th 2019. They brought that up again in spite of the fact that it didn't kill her the first time all those years ago. The hospice ghouls seem to think they can destroy Mom's confidence and put her out of her misery.

But Mom isn't like that. She does get knocked down but then she gets up again because she's extremely strong and defiant. Not to mention the couples competition she has with Dad.

Today was a special test because it was my birthday. Dad had to keep her alert enough to communicate with me but then he was free to drug her out again after lunch.

12/18/24 Betty Broome Report

I wish my family would all just wake up and start acting mature and objective. There's no reason not to. It's nothing but inconvenience to add misunderstanding to Mom's wasting life and it will cause them enormous guilt if they don't get it together soon.

5:00 I went downstairs when I heard sounds but the door was closed. I fell asleep on the couch.

6:00 I heard some noise but everything was still closed up so I stayed in the living room.

6:30 the television came on really loud and I knocked on the door and asked what they wanted for breakfast. Mom looked terrified and said, "what do you want for breakfast?" I sat next to her and asked her again what she wanted for breakfast. Mom was terribly upset and said, "eggs and bacon."

The microwave no longer works so I had to change my routine about how to fix bacon. I cooked the bacon in a skillet and then use that grease to cook the eggs.

6:45 I brought Mom and Dad their food and for the first time in months Mom ate her eggs. Dad ate all of his bacon but only the yellow part of the egg. Mom left a couple of

pieces of bacon but they both ate their toasts and jelly.

They were watching a movie about world war I and I watched it with them for a while. I asked Mom questions about what she was doing at that time. She said she didn't remember. Dad said they were about 8 years old and heard about it on the radio.

7:00 Mom said she wanted to have her diaper changed so I left them alone. Dad said he would pause the movie if I wanted to watch the rest of it and I said I would watch it later.

I cleaned up the kitchen, sent off yesterday's report and fell asleep on the couch.

9:00 The lawn people came and cut the grass. Teresa cleaned the house and I didn't talk much to her today.

10:00 Margaret came and visited while Dad was at the grocery store. She acted a little weird when she said Merry Christmas as she left.

I asked Mom to get up and go get some vitamin D outside in the Sun. She wouldn't even do the exercise pushing her hands, feet and head into the bed. She could barely move her arms.

Since just before Thanksgiving Dad has done a blitz on keeping Mom knocked out and I think it was in response to her starting to get comfortable with the scooter. All our conversations before Thanksgiving were about getting up in the potty chair, doing things in the neighborhood, going to visit Brant and possibly going to the mall.

Mom was getting geared up for Independent activities and asking to go to the bathroom. One of the last times Byran, the physical therapist was here he took Mom to the toilet on the potty chair and Dad made sure Mom was drugged all day everyday when Byran was supposed to visit because after that.

Dad had to drug Mom all day Tuesdays and Thursdays because we didn't know what time Byran would come. Then the physical therapist administrator visited and canceled the physical therapy altogether because Byran wasn't able to work with Mom when she was a zombie rag doll.

It's a dangerous world for old women and women in general because it's completely allowed to destroy them at will.

11:00 Mom asked for one of the leftover tacos from the day before I burned up one of

them and then heated the second one better. I served Dad and Mom what was left of the meal from the Mexican restaurant yesterday and Mom ate hers but Dad didn't like his.

12:30 I asked Mom If she would go out in the sun with me. She was still knocked out and that means she received more than one dose of medication today. Mom yelled at me to go back to Austin. I said, "there's really nothing I can do but stay here. If you're really dying like everyone else says then I want to be with you every minute. If I'm the only one trying to get you to exercise and become independent I couldn't possibly leave." She calmed down and smiled. Dad came in the bedroom and I gave him my place next to Mom. I went upstairs.

1:00 Dad appeared to be talking to Francis loudly, mom's niece on the phone. He seems to think he's a big wheeler dealer when he talks about land in Oklahoma.

Dad told the person he was talking to that they needed to get a bill of sale and make the legal transaction with Neal Broome. He said they would need to send a copy of that transaction to all of the oil companies that are associated with the property in question and find out from them what their business was with the lease.

Then he said he would look among his tax records to find a history of the income he received from that land, "If he hasn't thrown it away." He said they could extend the curve he drew showing the change in the value over time. This took an hour to explain to the person he was speaking to and he repeated it all many times.

2:00 Dad finished the conversation and appeared to be talking to Neal at the same time because one person hung up and he was speaking to the other.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off and I guess that alarm will have to be changed because Dad makes sure Mom is incapacitated at 3:00 consistently now. I asked Mom to do her exercise and she didn't answer.

Dad became very defensive and said, "you should ask her when she is awake." Darion agreed. I said, "now that you keep Mom knocked out so much of the time it's hard to have an opportunity to catch her when she's awake." Dad was upset but I don't care anymore. He's going to have to become objective and mature again like he was when he was younger or have Mom's medication taken away from him.

I asked again if Mom wanted to get up and do something. She squeaked "no."

I asked Mom if she wanted some hot tea and she said "yes." I went in the kitchen and got hot tea, dates, cookies and peeled her some satsumas. Surprisingly, Dad was bringing Mom in the living room with the scooter and Mom was screaming, "Joe Joe, I can't look out the window."

Dad was taking Mom to the window where she always looks out and she yelled again, "I can't look out of that window!" I offered Mom the fruit and a cookie and she took the cookie. Dad took a handful of the fruit.

I really never imagined how far Dad would take this zombie torture he's doing to Mom. But her feelings really don't matter to him at all after a lifetime of forcing her to do whatever he wants to raise five boys.

I can only hope the doctors, my family, the adult protective services and the police are all reprimanded with some serious consequences for allowing Mom to be tortured like this for years. It's going to have to be a safer future for weak elders, instead of this warped and out in the open disposal system.

Humane elder Care won't help Mom though. She's allowed to suffer constantly because it's inconvenient to deal with her feces.

6:00 I went downstairs and Dad was in the living room. I asked him what he wanted for supper and he said leftover Swiss steak. I heated some up for him and Mom and served it to Mom. She asked if she could eat it in the dining room and I said yes and moved the scooter next to the bed.

I started to stand her up and she was obviously out of her mind with medication. It looks like Dad gave her another fresh dosing for the evening. I think Dad feels he needs to make sure I understand that Mom is worse off than he is.

Mom asked me to lay her back down again but I feel like I should have been more assertive about getting her to the dining room table. I think she asks to lay back down because she wants to check to see if it will be an inconvenience to us to get her up out of bed. That seems to be the very top priority for her. Not inconveniencing anyone.

Dad theatrically said "Mom keeps asking to get up and I don't know what it means." I didn't want to cause an argument by pointing out that this time Mom specifically asked if she could eat in the dining room. She didn't only ask to get up like she does 20 times a

day.

But she was far too drugged to get up comfortably. At some point Dad is likely to overdose Mom and she will die. I will leave this hideous family for the rest of my life for my own safety.

I know Mom's ostomy is why everyone pretends they don't know the difference between her being drugged and her being sleepy. I know why the family stays away from Mom and uses me as an excuse. That's the way the world is. Most people are too lazy to do what's best even for their own mother.

12/17/24 Betty Broome Report

It appears the litigious state of Texas has a catch-22 which 1. coaxes the public into lawyer lucrative lawsuits and 2. medical industry lucrative balking insurance benefits which leave the polite and voiceless elderly crippled and suffering needlessly.

It's going to be a real challenge to convince Mom and Dad to take advantage of their lucky healthy bodies and motivate themselves to enjoy the last years of their life rather than trust their doctors to medicate them to death.

They are both thoroughly confused with regard to their health potential and quality of life. And they're codependent competition against each other is dragging them both down.

Dad thinks he deserves independence from Mom after giving up his imagined astronaut and clever artist life for a family he sometimes felt trapped by when his kids left him isolated for 40 years developing our own careers and families.

And Mom has Dad trapped with his loyalty for giving up her extraordinary beauty and the potential of a lifetime benefiting from that beauty rather than dedicating, as she did, her life as a slave laborer mother to five boys.

We boys took Mom for granted and never really saw her as a personality until she is having it taken away from her with medication.

12:05 a.m. I sent a text to my brothers.

Text to my brothers

I'll give any one of you \$1,000 if you get Dad to take Mom to the dentist. Here's the phone number of the last dentist she saw in July of 2019. The name of the new dentist there is Dr Danny. An easy thousand dollars. If it takes more than one of you you can split it. I won't tell anyone. 281-251-4111

There was no response.

2:00 I went in the kitchen for a snack. Dad started making spooky noises as he came in the kitchen. We try to make noises to keep from scaring each other as we come out of the darkness. I joked about how spooky noises were an ironic way of avoiding a scare at night. I said, "but the funny thing is that it worked."

Dad said he was getting coffee for Mom. I went in to see Mom and told her I was glad to see the bedroom was dark for once during a traditional sleeping time. She made stupid babbling noises at first and then clearly said, "Dad is getting coffee." I kissed her on the forehead and said, "I'll see you in the morning." She said, "I love you good boy."

6:00 I went downstairs to see what they wanted for breakfast and Dad was taking the breakfast tray from the bedroom to the kitchen. Mom was up and alert and sitting vertically. Mom asked, "what do you want?" and I said, "I came to see what y'all wanted for breakfast but Dad was already taking the breakfast tray away." Dad walked in the room saying, "A diller a dollar" which is a poem implying I was too late. Mom started making crazy babbling sounds.

I wonder what Dad has to say to Mom to get her to act crazy for me? It's a strange irony, I'm the son my family acts condescending toward, considering me the overly sentimental irrational protector of Mom. But that confusing irony works for Dad and my whole family to keep Mom drugged and miserable with abdominal cramps and claustrophobic inactivity.

I went back upstairs and fell asleep.

7:30 I heard activity and I guess it was Veronica washing Mom's hair, but I didn't get up.

9:10 I heard activity in the kitchen and I guessed it was Darion but I didn't get up.

9:30 I heard Mark talking about organizing the golf clubs. I could hear him bringing the golf clubs in the living room.

I went downstairs and saw Mom was knocked out and there were McDonald's breakfast sandwiches on the hospice rolling table mom hates.

We started looking at the three bags of golf clubs I brought from Austin. Mark complained about my shaving in the living room. I complained about him bitching at me for shaving in the living room.

We looked through all of the clubs and I picked out which ones I was going to use for my golf game today. Mark was ambitious about throwing away or giving bags of clubs too the Goodwill. I said I would see which clubs I wanted to use and decide.

I sent a text to my nieces and nephews telling them I have complete bags of golf clubs if they want them. There is no response yet.

11:00 I asked Mom if she would get up and feel the rain on her face for a few seconds. She didn't respond and her eyes were barely open, as if she was drugged. I said, "at least let me lift you up and stand next to the bed."

Darion said she would sit mom up.

Darion sat Mom up and I started scratching Mom's back and Mom said, "don't scratch my back." I knew Mom was out of it because she never doesn't want her back scratched. Darion laid Mom back down on the bed.

I laid next to Mom while Dad was getting dressed to play golf. I asked Mom if she knew we were playing golf today and she muttered, "Golf". I said, "We are going to get vitamin D and exercise walking around the golf course and you will need to do your exercise laying in bed pushing your head, hands and feet into the bed so you can come with us soon. Lift your bottom off of the mattress as much as you can."

I said, "You'll be able to ride along with us in the golf carts in 3 weeks if you start lifting your bottom off the bed." I said, "lift yourself right now." She said "no." I persisted and moved her hands to her sides and she lifted her bottom up. I said "that's what I did after that texting truck driver crashed into me from behind. You'll be in shape in weeks if you just push your bottom up off the bed every time you think about it."

None of the assistants or Dad can stop Mom from doing this exercise like they do with

the standing exercise machine, the potty chair, assisted standing at the side of the bed, or getting in and out of the scooter or shower. Even if someone holds Mom's stomach down trying to stop her from lifting her abdomen, she will still be getting exercise by pushing her feet, hands and head into the bed.

10:45 Brian arrived, brought Christmas presents and tried to talk to Mom for a little while. I got dressed upstairs.

After a few minutes you can tell Brian gets past the family gossip mind set and starts acting like a normal person.

11:00 I finished picking out the clubs I was going to use today and Dad started telling us about handicaps. He calculated them and printed them out to take with us.

11:30 We left to play golf.

When brothers involve Mom and Dad in activities like this for 8 hours a day Mom and Dad won't be able to destroy each other with their ridiculous competition developed in isolation during the 40 years my brothers and I worked on our careers and families.

2:30 We went to a restaurant and ate too much.

4:30 We arrived back at the house and Mom was still barely responsive. I gave Darion and Mom tacos from the restaurant. It looked like Darion ate hers but I didn't see if Mom ate hers.

It was clear Dad drugged Mom before we left for golf because Darion said three times, "Betty was upset with me while you were gone." So it was obvious Mom had a terrifying hysterical event with the full dose of drugs Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescribed.

I guess that's why Dad didn't play golf today for most of the time. He rode in the cart out of guilt. The one time I asked him about it he became a little hot-headed at the restaurant and said he pulled a muscle last time he played which was still sore.

Mark offered to drive Darion home but Darion's mother was already on her way to pick her up. I fell asleep in the chair in the living room watching TV. I occasionally woke up and looked at Mom knocked out in bed.

5:00 I went upstairs and fell asleep till the evening was over.

11:00 I sent another text for help to get Mom to the dentist.

Text to brothers.

It will definitely be worth the \$1,000 because you will have to keep Dad from drugging Mom for 3 hours at least before the dental visit.

11:45 Dad and I scared each other going to the kitchen for a midnight snack. He didn't know I was in the kitchen so he didn't signal as he entered with our new signals. I was eating leftovers from the restaurant and Dad got an ice cream sickle for him and Mom.

12/16/24 Betty Broome Report

5:30 I heard dad getting breakfast.

I went in the bedroom and saw Dad was feeding Mom using the new bed table she hates.

I told them there was fruit salad already fixed in the fridge.

Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I watched TV for a while in the living room.

7:00 Dad came in the living room, had a putting competition with me and went over a few of the rules of golf. He won again.

7:30 I fixed cereal for myself and sat with Mom and Dad. I asked Mom what she wanted for lunch. She said she didn't know. I asked if she would like Swiss steak and she asked Dad if he would like it. Dad said yes. I said I'll start it now because it's going to take 3 and 1/2 hours.

8:00 I finished fixing it and started it simmering. So it will be finished at 11:00.

I told Mom and Dad it would be ready at 11:00. Dad went in the kitchen and I asked Mom what she wanted to do today. She said she wanted to rest. I said she needed to get up and do things so she would be able to get up and do more things. I said she shouldn't let it get her down that all these people from the hospice came and brought all this

equipment.

I told her, "We just asked for someone to come help Dad change your diapers at night so he could sleep and this is what they are doing." I said, "Darion offered to work at night so Dad can sleep but I think It was too inconvenient for the hospice people to actually come in, see what was going on here and adjust to our needs."

I said, "They evidently just have a system at Vantage hospice, where they come and sit and talk to you for a few minutes, you to sign papers and have someone stop in once a week after they deliver a bunch of equipment. There's no actual care involved. Just forms to fill out and equipment to deliver."

Mom said, "let them do what they do." and Dad came back in the bedroom. I went in the living room and fell asleep on the chair.

11:30 I served everyone Swiss steak with rice. I ate in the living room.

12:00 I asked Mom if she ate much. Mom said she ate a lot but I didn't see her. I asked her to let me help her stand up for a minute and she said no. I asked her to press her arms legs and head into the bed and lift her bottom up. She did it three times and I reminded her she needs to do that every time she thinks of it so she can get up soon.

Darion cleaned up part of the kitchen.

12:30 another assistant arrived to help Darion give Mom a bed bath.

1:00 I cleaned up the the pots and pans from lunch and went in to ask Mom if she wanted to go outside for some vitamin D. Dad was obviously upset and said he didn't want Mom to do anything but sleep. Mom was clearly awake scratching her head and rubbing her eyes.

This was a terrible moment for Dad who had already convinced Darion for Mom not to get up and she isn't drugged. So he was on edge, worried that Mom would consent to getting up and doing something.

Darion is all in now and made faces corroborating Dads worry about Mom getting up.

I continued asking Mom for an answer because she was obviously awake and continued rubbing her eyes. Dad shouted "Joe" very upset. I said "Mom, do you want to go outside on the scooter for just a little bit gets in vitamin D." Dad said "she's not going outside.

She needs her sleep."

I said to Dad, "you have stopped her from having any activity for 3 weeks now." Dad said, "yes." I don't think he knew what he was saying at this point. I continued to ask Mom if she wanted to get up and go get in the sun and Dad stood up next to the bed. Mom looked at Dad who was out of control with anger and she said "no."

I said, "okay," I patted her feet and left the room."

My brothers rarely to talk to my dad because of his repeated stories, Dad feels he is in competition with me against all the obvious evidence he needs help with Mom at night and Mom's medications. Yet this 91 year old person in charge of Mom's dangerous hysterics and sedation inducing medications.

I think he thought everyone was convinced including me Mom was beyond help when the hospice people took over. He got Mom down to no incentive and he didn't think he would have to defend himself any further. He is clearly very angry he still has to create the hideous illusion of Mom's permanent incapacitation.

1:30 The representative from the SOS oxygen equipment company came and got the oxygen machine and all of the oxygen bottles except for the one delivered by the hospice company.

Darion came running out of the bedroom and told the delivery man Dad had given him permission to come in. I feel sorry for Darion caught in the middle of all this and trying to keep her job.

I thanked the gentleman who we saw over the years, "for always coming so quickly to deal with any concerns about the equipment." He seemed grateful but nervous because of the obvious awkward atmosphere created by my Dad and Darion.

He asked if he could have access to the bottles in the garage. I said, he could drive around to pick them up. I opened the garage door and put the bottles out on the driveway.

I fell asleep again watching television in the living room and finally went upstairs to watch YouTube videos.

5:00 I went downstairs to see what Mom and Dad wanted for supper. I asked if they wanted barbecue sausage sandwiches and Dad said that sounded a little heavy. I asked if

they wanted fruit salad. Dad asked Mom if she wanted it but Mom was babbling with medication again.

Dad apologize for getting upset with me earlier in the day. He said, "when she is asleep he didn't want me to wake her." I said, "she was awake, scratching her head and rubbing her eyes." Dad made a face like what I was saying wasn't true.

I brought Mom and Dad fruit salads with cottage cheese and poppy seed dressing. As I was leaving the bedroom Mark arrived with a box of diapers from Amazon. Mark asked me to lock the front door as he left.

6:00 I started my PBS exercise news.

7:00 I finished exercise, said good night to Mom and Dad and went upstairs.

12/15/24 Betty Broome Report

Mark left the living room television on last night. I think Mark may have been caught up in Dad's performance unwittingly. They are drinking buddies and Dad may use that time to con Mark like he does Mom when she's drugged.

6:00 I knocked on Mom and Dad's door and couldn't hear any response over the new loud oxygen machine. I went in and asked if Mom and Dad wanted eggs and bacon. Dad was holding a blanket over Mom standing next to the bed and said, "no." Mom was moving her head side to side so I went out.

I went back upstairs and fell asleep.

8:30 I heard the television go off in the living room and I went downstairs. Mark was taking a bag and umbrella from the dining room and said he was going home to take a shower. He told me he straightened up some things in the kitchen so it wouldn't be so crowded. I asked if Mom ate. He said, "tons." I asked, "what did they eat for breakfast?" Mark said he was talking about what they ate yesterday but they we're awake now "especially Mom," they wanted to sleep and haven't eaten breakfast.

He said Mom wanted to sleep today because she didn't sleep all night. I said "that's what

Dad told her to tell you." He said, "no I could see she was", he paused and said, "she was signaling to me to get out of the room waving me away."

I said, "it will take 3 weeks for you to understand what she is communicating to you." I really hope he stays long enough to see what's going on in the house.

9:00 I heard activity downstairs and I guessed it was the Sunday assistant arriving. I'm sure Dad gave her the same mournful line about not being able to sleep last night. The reality is, Mom is not being stimulated to get up or do anything to build her quality of life. And Dad is carefully deflecting any opportunity Mom gets to display her character or do physical activity.

The door was closed and I watched television until Mark returned at 11:00.

11:00 When I entered the bedroom I saw Darion, not the Sunday Assistant. I told Darion "I thought it would be the Sunday girl" and Darion said, "No I'm working this weekend." She was acting very serious trying to gather the supplies to wash Mom's hair.

Mark and Dad were in the kitchen for a few minutes and I asked Mom if she was okay. Mom said "I'm waiting." She paused for a while as if she was trying to remember what she was told to say. I said, "Are you waiting for everyone to stop telling you you're already dead?" She laughed and said, "stop it."

11:15 I asked Mom if she would stand up for a few minutes and she said "no." I said, "it's almost 11:45, your exercise time." Darion said she already had Mom sit up on the chair and she was about to wash Mom's hair. Mom became angry and said "get out of here!" I said "Please don't say the mean things Dad tells you to say to your oldest son. Think for yourself Mom." She didn't answer and Darion was assembling the hair washing equipment.

Mark heated Mom some broth he brought to Dad and Darion, but Mom wouldn't drink it. I told him, "if it was tempting Mom would eat." Mark said, "it was simple broth and was perfect for her." Mark fixed an awesome looking salad with lots of feta cheese. I didn't see if she ate it.

I don't know why no one else thinks to bring Mom fresh and dried fruit which she always eats from me.

11:40 Mark said he was going to run to his house and he would be right back. He was

gone for a little while.

12:30 Mark and Dad are talking in the living room.

2:30 the door was open to the bedroom and I asked Mom if she wanted some dates. She was already predisposed to be angry with me but said, "yes." I got her some dates and she started eating.

It was obvious she would answer my questions, so I asked her if there was something she wanted to do. Dad interrupted and said, "Tell us about your trip to Austin." I told them about the whole trip and Mom got a kick out of the details. I showed her pictures of the wedding and my backyard in Austin where I worked on one of the trees this weekend.

Mom started to wake up and talk. Mark cleaned up the garage. Mark came in as I finished telling about my trip to Austin and I asked if Mark took a picture of his clean up job and he said no. I just happened to have taken a picture of the garage while he was cleaning it and showed it to Mom. She was so pleased. Mom really likes it when people work in the garage.

Mom said she needed her diaper changed so we left the bedroom.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off but the bedroom door was closed.

4:30 the bedroom door was open when I went downstairs and I asked Mom if she wanted some hot tea. She said, "yes!"

Dad came in the kitchen while I was fixing tea and said, "I caught you!" I asked him what he wanted for supper and he said "whatever you can find to fix would be good."

I fixed fruit salad with poppy seed dressing, boiled egg slices and stir fried pieces of honey glazed ham. I gave Mom mixed fruit juice and Dad grapefruit juice.

5:00 I served Mom and Dad and sat with them watching a detective show. They ate virtually everything and it was a fairly large meal. That was a big success. But Mom was still babbling about her ostomy. So she still hadn't got over the 3:30 medication.

I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea before I went to bed and she said, "yes." I asked Dad if he wanted cold tea and he said yes. He made a statement about the proportions of sweet and unsweet tea I didn't understand.

When I asked him about it he took the time to explain. He was saying I needed to make more sweet tea now he is using sweet tea to mix with his grapefruit juice. I thanked him for clarifying and brought Mom her hot tea. She wouldn't drink it unless I was telling her to take a taste one sip at a time. So she is pretty knocked out.

I said good night to them and went upstairs.

Since we requested night time help so dad could sleep and didn't have to change Mom's diapers all night the hospice was triggered and Dad has mom convinced she is dying more quickly this week. He won't be able to keep her down long in spite of all the hoopla with the hospice team. Mom will get tired of participating in the performances. She'll politely pretend to be at death store because she knows it's expected of her as long as she can. But she is far too defiant and willful to allow it to go on very long.

The longest Dad has been able to convince her to be fed by hand and stop getting up to do things was when she fell when they were drinking a couple of years ago. Mom and Dad really need their boys to come occupy them with thoughtful and actually tempting activities.

Just like the food needs to be actually tempting to get Mom to eat it her choices of activities need to be coaxing. When I first arrived 3 years ago the meals were spam, hot dogs and frozen pizza in alternation.

It was easy back then to get Mom to think life was over. Now it takes a whole team of hospice professionals and house full of new equipment to get her to pretend she's incapable of anything.

All it would take is for a professional nurse to come for one day and keep the medication away from Mom. An objective nurse would meet the real Mom and not Dad's drug zombie. Once an outsider recognizes Mom's character they would not let it be drugged away again.

12/14/24 Betty Broome Report

I went to the wedding, got my mail from the neighbors and came home at 9:00 p.m.

9:00 The door was locked so I rang the front door bell and Dad came to the door and said, "we don't want any." He opened the door. I visited Mom and I kissed her forehead. She said, "good boy." I said, "I'll see y'all in the morning."

Dad asked if I spoke to Mark. I said "I haven't" and he said, "Mark just went home to get his laptop."

I looked at my phone and saw that at 7:15 Mark texted while I was driving, saying to "contact him and he will leave the door unlocked." I texted Mark saying, "I'm here and Dad let me in."

I went upstairs and heard the television come on in living room. It was Mark on the couch. I said, "I didn't expect you to come back tonight." and he said, "I have to be here."

He said, "we have to start locking the doors because someone came last night asking for directions." I said, "that sounds suspicious."

I'm glad Mark is here to help in case of emergencies but he left the television on all night in the living room so I couldn't hear if Mom got upset.

12/13/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I went in their bedroom to see Mom and Dad after they had a bit of a noisy morning at 5:30. Dad was in the kitchen getting peaches for Mom and shredded wheat for himself. Mom was upset and told me to remove the rolling table the Vantage hospice people delivered yesterday. I was rolling it out the bedroom door when Dad came from the kitchen.

There was a third oxygen machine outside Mom and Dad's bedroom which must have arrived since the second one arrived yesterday from the Vantage hospice people. I asked Dad where the new oxygen machine came from and he said they brought it last night when he called because Mom wasn't able to breathe. He said, "it's a 10 liter machine instead of the smaller kind Vantage delivered." Mom said she wanted her diaper change

and was copying Dad's angry face, so I went in the living room.

6:30 I was watching television because the bedroom door was closed.

7:30 Dad was keeping the door closed so I went upstairs.

9:30 Terri a nurse arrived and told us Lupe (our new weekly nurse) wasn't able to come today but would come every week. She also told us and a social worker would come and see us in an hour. I asked why they delivered duplicates of all the equipment we have in the house. Terri said we have been renting equipment but now Mom is in the Medicare hospice program they have to bring their own equipment which is free. Terri did not look confident with that statement.

I said, "the new breathing machine didn't work until Dad called and got a replacement." No one responded.

Mom went through a lot of suffering with the new machine last night while we tried changing all the tubes and trying to comfort her.

I wish I would have thought to say that the optics of bringing in a bunch of hospice equipment and a breathing machine that didn't work made Mom give up yesterday when there was so much attention called to her situation.

I told Terri about the drugs knocking Mom out, the missing irrigation of the ostomy which was so badly needed to stop Mom's stomach cramps and to make Mom regular. Mom was listening the whole time. But of course she was sedated and just waiting for us to stop bothering her like she has been since November 6th 2019 when the doctors prescribed the deadly drugs

I said, "we need a nurse to teach us how to use the irrigation kit Dad was supplied 13 years ago but never used." Dad started in with his usual speech about how he has been changing Mom's ostomy bags for 13 years and how he teaches everyone else how to do it. I said, "the ostomy bags do need to be changed but I'm talking about the irrigation to stop Mom from her cramps and to start making her regular."

The nurse said twice, "I never used an irrigation kit and it's natural to feel cramps when you have to go to the bathroom." Darion said, she feels terrible suffering with cramps every time she has to go to the bathroom.

Imagine having everyone working against mom like this. I said, "Mom is not able to sit up

and hasn't been able to for years without terrible discomfort because of her unirrigated ostomy." I said "I know it's a distasteful job but Mom needs to be motivated with comfort to get up and move. She can very easily get up and do things when she's not drugged and not in pain from constipation."

Dad said, "don't talk about constipation or bowel movements around mom." I said "Mom is a big girl and she needs to be in on the adult conversations and not talked over."

I told Terri about how Xarelto and the antidepressant drugs make Mom have terrible hallucinations and then 3 hours of sleep when she needs to get physical therapy. Terri said "Xarelto doesn't make you have hallucinations." I said, "You're not allowed to drive with Xarelto and the combination of Xarelto and the other drugs do cause mom to hallucinate violently for between 15 and 30 minutes and then sleep for 3 hours."

Terri seemed to take some warped dominant pleasure saying, "Betty doesn't get physical therapy anymore. We just make her comfortable."

I looked at Mom and she was desperately waiting for all of us to leave. I said, "Mom, You hear how they are talking about you?" I said several times, "tell the nurse here what you want to do. Talk like you do when Dad isn't around. I know you're full of drugs but you're going to have to fight through it and explain to these people what you want."

Mom became upset with me and said, "I don't do drugs." Terry asked Dad what drugs she was taking and Dad started as usual listing the drugs she's been taking since she had her thyroid removed in her twenties.

I couldn't believe this nurse didn't know what drugs Mom was taking and was still prepared to railroad Mom into death.

I told Terri, "yesterday Mom waited till they left and said, everyone is waiting for me to die." Dad said to me, "you're the only one who's talking about dying." Darion freaked out saying, "we shouldn't talk this way in front of Mom." I said, "Mom needs to hear what's going on so she doesn't get railroaded."

Terri asked Mom (in baby talk,) "Is there anything you want to say to me?" Mom said, "I want everyone to be in agreement and for this to be over with." That was an unfortunate choice of words because she was obviously just trying to get us out of the room. But it showed incredible diplomacy by meeting all of the needs of the people in

the room. I don't know why no one takes into consideration that Mom chooses her words to meet Dad's need to put her to sleep, Darion's need to show her comfort level, the nurses need to hear what she wants to complete her paperwork and what I want to get her up and independent with every opportunity.

Terri said, "we are here to make you comfortable for as long as you live." Dad interrupted and said, "which could be a couple more years." Send Dad started his speech about how they've had a beautiful life together.

I said to Mom again, "Mom you need to talk to them like you do to me. Tell them what you want to do."

Mom is mostly interested in meeting everyone else's needs and it's confusing when she has a room full of people who want different things from her. She knows Dad wants her to shut up and be quiet like a good '50s housewife, she knows the Vantage people have the system set up to assist her death and she knows I want her to tell them she wants to get off of the zombie drugs, do her physical therapy and irrigate her ostomy to stop her gut cramps.

Dad kept giving Mom drugs whenever it was time for Byran to give her physical therapy and so Byran couldn't work with Mom. Now Dad is doing the same thing with Friday shower days with Darion.

Mom is capable of much more complex thought and activities than anyone knows because they don't talk to her or even invite her to do things. It's very convenient for Dad to talk over Mom. But someone needs to start listening to Mom before they convince Mom to be worse than she is. Already she is politely lying in bed 24 hours a day so she won't bother Dad or anyone who comes to assist her.

Terri left.

10:00 Marie the social worker arrived and I introduced myself. I started to go into the bedroom with her but Dad put his arm in the way and closed the door.

Women don't have a chance in this world because women don't trust women and men only want them when it's convenient. Mom is in Dad's way now. The Me Too movement didn't work because the tradition of men and women controlling women has not died out.

I left to go to Austin to do household repairs and for one of my students wedding. I had to remove a tree in the backyard that died in the 3 years I've been living in Houston off and on. The moisture in my house caused pictures and curtains to fall off the walls from moist drywall.

My entire family is negligent about caring for Mom and after I reported my Dad to the Adult Protective Services 4 times and the police I received no assistance. I feel certain the main reason no one wants to help is because Mom has an ostomy and any help provided will have something to do with Mom's feces.

It's an ugly situation for which everyone has complicated reasons to keep them selves at a distance.

12/12/24 Betty Broome Report

Does Vanguard hospice company really not know their oxygen concentration machine doesn't work? They sent it to someone who they say they believe is dying.

6:00 I went downstairs to wait for Mom and Dad to wake up. The door was open and Dad was sleeping on his side with a heating pad on top of his shoulder.

I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and she said eggs and bacon. Dad didn't respond so I figured I would get the same thing for him.

I fixed eggs, iced coffee, bacon and jelly toast, hard boiled eggs for mom and scrambled for Dad.

6:30 Mom didn't eat her hard boiled eggs and Dad only ate half of his scrambled egg but they both ate everything else. I asked, what kind of eggs I need to fix because they're not eating their eggs in the mornings. Mom said she wanted hard boiled eggs the other day, but she was ready for scrambled eggs today like Dad had.

Dad was sitting next to Mom as if he has given her a strong dose of medication and needs to stop her from stepping out of bed.

They were watching Columbo on television so I asked when the televisions started

working. Dad said he doesn't think they are fully working yet.

7:00 Mom said, "I'm about to give up on you Joe." No one responded but Dad looked completely confused. I said, "let's get up and go in the living room or take a moment to go outside and feel the crisp cold air for a second." Mom said, "no."

Mom was obviously starting to be affected by the medication. So it must have been given to her a little before 6:30. It takes about 30 minutes to start confusing Mom The same way it did to Aunt Jeannie.

7:30 Dad took the trash out and I told Mom, "you need to tell Dad you want to start doing things." She was bordering on unresponsive now but said, "no I don't want to do anything." I missed my opportunity to talk to her earlier but the tension was high then and I didn't want to tussle with Dad.

I went in the living room and watched TV for a while.

9:00 Darion arrived and didn't talk to me when she passed. I guess there's still some confusion about how the hospice people will affect her.

9:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and sat with me in the living room. We were watching the news and responded to some of the issues that came up. When the topic was football I knew I couldn't respond to what he was talking about and I asked if, Darion really knows about football.

Dad called Darion into the living room and she came out of the bedroom. She looked worried about what we were going to say and I felt bad about that. Dad started talking about football and Darion was completely aware of everything he discussed. She was able to add her opinion about every topic Dad brought up.

10:00 When Darian finished talking to Dad I went with her into the bedroom and asked Mom to get up and do something with me. I read one of the discussion prompts Brian left in the house and it asked, "What do you do to keep your personality intact?"

I thought that one was a little deep for her drugged state but she instantly responded saying, "I just keep my personality intact." I said, "I can't think of a better answer than that, except for maybe journaling." Darion agreed. I read the next question which said, "what would you like to do in the rest of your life."

Mom said, "read." I think she was being facetious because that was something she could

do in bed but I said, "can I read something to you right now?" I said, "I don't know what happened to the book I bought you and was reading to you by Brian Tyler Cohen, but you might like to at least finish listening to the talking book of True Grit"

Mom started getting mad and telling me to get out. She looked at Darion and seemed to be wanting her to ask me to leave, so I left the room.

11:35 I started to cook and fixed fruit salad for Mom, Darion and Dad.

11:40 Two uniformed women came to the door but Dad wasn't here and Darion called him to get approval for them to talk to Mom.

11:50 Darion was changing Mom's diaper when I brought in the tray of fruit salad and when I was halfway in the room Darion said, "You're going to have to bring that in later." I said, "it'll keep" and I put it on the table. Darion was obviously upset by the circumstances and said, "You don't listen."

12:00 The two Vanguard women came out of the bedroom with Darion to find Mom's medications in the refrigerator. I asked the women who they were and what were their responsibilities. They said they were here to begin Mom's hospice program.

I said, "you need to know Mom is almost constantly too medicated to do her prescribed physical therapy and to communicate appropriately and Dad is in charge of the medication exclusively."

The Vanguard representative said, "sometimes people need drugs for comfort." I said, "she can't think for herself whether she's comfortable or not because she's full of drugs. Most of the time during the day she is unable to respond appropriately because she's constantly drugged." I told them, "I'm the only one who is here for the past 3 years and sees what she's capable of when she is not knocked out." I said, "Dad can't keep her knocked out 24 hours a day." I said, "Mom needs to be given a chance to build up her strength and confidence."

It seemed to be an inconvenience for the Vanguard women, to hear anything other than signing Mom up for their program and getting the required questions answered.

Dad came home and remarked about the size of the mixing bowl I was eating from. It was what I mixed the fruit salad in I served in the bedroom.

I told Dad he has visitors and he went through to the bedroom. The Vanguard women

must have told Dad they needed to see moms medications. Dad went in the kitchen and brought back arms full of bottles.

12:10 Darian came out and got a chair so everyone could sit in the bedroom.

12:30 The Vanguard women left. Mom ate all of her fruit salad except for the apples and everyone else ate all of theirs.

By that time I finished cooking the steaks buttered rice and cold asparagus.

Mom wouldn't eat any of the meal. I probably shouldn't have given her fruit salad as an appetizer. Dad said he saved Mom's steak for later.

1:00 Darion cleaned up the kitchen. And I went upstairs.

2:30 Mark arrived and was talking to Dad in the living room when a delivery person arrived with equipment from the Vanguard hospice people. It seemed very strange for them to deliver duplicates of the equipment we already have in the house. Dad seemed to be rationalizing that Vanguard required they have their own equipment.

But when The delivery man said he was about to unload a hospital bed which didn't fit in the bedroom door and would have to be in assembled inside the bedroom that's where Dad drew the line.

The other items looked newer so we kept them and connected the the oxygen concentrating machine to Mom. It was encouraging, the regulator had indicators which went to five instead of just three like our previous machine.

But we couldn't feel any air coming out of it and it looks like about \$10,000 worth of equipment based on the prices I've seen of previous medical equipment.

4:30 Mark drove Darion home.

5:00 I put toilet paper rolls on Mom's new table and she created flower decorations for the bathrooms with toilet paper. Mom seemed to be struggling to breathe.

6:00 Children were brought to the house from the local swim team in a trailer and sang Christmas carols to Mom.

Video of the kids singing.

<https://youtu.be/o0W3JKEsOf4?si=XyM4-qCSnM3bD8QL>

After the kids left mom was really upset that she couldn't breathe. I felt the end of her nostril tubes and couldn't feel any air coming out Dad did the same but he thought he could feel the air coming out. I changed the tubes to the new ones supplied with the new air concentrator machine.

Mom still said she couldn't breathe. Dad switched the tubes that directly attached to Mom's head with no improvement. I finally had to go in the living room where I stashed the old oxygen concentrator and connected it to Mom again. She was able to breathe at last.

6:30 I told her I was going to do my exercise news. I asked her if she would come in the living room and exercise her legs while I was doing my exercise. She said no.

I started my exercise news.

7:30 I finished my exercise and asked Mom and Dad if they wanted me to make them a sandwich. Dad said make us each half a sandwich.

I made sandwiches with the barbecue beef I didn't eat at lunch. Dad tried very hard to encourage mom to eat but she ate two bites. Almost none. She ate one piece of chocolate.

Mom's attitude is completely changed since the Vanguard hospice people yesterday. Mom appears to have given up.

Dad seems conflicted between being terrified about these recent hospice developments that are falling into place and at the same time he seems very pleased with himself for having caused a successful coup against his wife and competitor.

They have been in isolation for about 40 years, since my brothers and I left them alone in their retirement. It's the most disgusting psychological environment I've ever seen with my own eyes.

A few days ago I asked Darion to ask her bosses for Dad to have help at night changing Mom's diapers so Dad could sleep. I have also been asking to have Mom's ostomy irrigated so she would stop having stomach cramps. Darion said having 24-hour care triggers hospice care with some insurance companies.

It looks like, because we mentioned Dad needing help at night the hospice people came in and scared Mom, destroying Mom's confidence. And they sent us duplicate equipment we already had in the house!

I feel like the litigious atmosphere in Houston maybe trying to push us to contact lawyers about Dad innocently trusting doctors. The doctors are having unhealthy effects on him and Mom but I don't have money for lawyers.

It all seems to boil down to the fact, no one wants to get stuck with Mom's ostomy. So they are rattling distractions of hospice and expensive useless equipment.

What's worse is, the insurance people had Dad sign papers he didn't read. Dad said, "the last time I signed papers I didn't read, I ended up in the Air Force for 3 years." The Vanguard women chuckled.

I know Dad was kidding but Mom is in danger of being railroaded into even worse health just because Dad trusts doctors. And now they have filled the house with duplicate expensive equipment, the most expensive of which, doesn't work.

Do they really not know their breathing equipment doesn't work?

12/11/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I went downstairs to wait for Mom and Dad to wake up.

6:30 I knocked on the door and Dad said come in. Dad was in the middle of changing Mom so I wondered why he asked me to come in but I talked through the door and asked if they were ready for breakfast. Dad said, "yes."

Mom has been asking for sliced boiled eggs so I fixed them today with honey glazed sautéed ham, iced coffee and a couple of pieces of fruit.

7:00 Dad seemed upset with the breakfast but I asked if they wanted me to find something on the TV. I tried for a while but it just kept buffering. Something is going on

with either the Wi-Fi or the television. My television upstairs is having the same problem. Only the newest television works downstairs in the living room.

I asked Mom if the breakfast is what she was asking for, referring to the sliced boiled egg and ham. She looked at Dad and said, "yes." Dad said, "thanks Joe." But he didn't eat the sautéed ham. Mom ate everything.

7:30 Mom and Dad finished breakfast and Mom asked me to take the tray away. It seemed like Dad must have told her to be mad at me because it looked fake and out of character when she said twice. "Get the tray out of here." My guess is that she got her medication at 7:00 and was now becoming irritable.

I gave Mom the newspaper and she seemed really happy to get it. She started reading immediately when I put on her glasses.

I sent a text to my brothers telling them, "one of them should come and stay with Mom and Dad when I go to the wedding this weekend." Mark texted back and said he would.

9:00 Teresa (The house cleaner) arrived and started in to talk to Mom. Dad said to wait for a few minutes, then he let us in.

Dad was talking to Connie on FaceTime in her car. They couldn't hear each other so Dad hung up and called back. He asked if he called her and she said, "yes." He said, "I'm sorry I accidentally dialed your number." I said, "maybe Connie sounded upset because you called her while she was driving." Dad said "and with FaceTime that makes it worse."

I asked Mom if she would get in the scooter and go to the living room so Teresa could clean her bedroom. She said, "no." Dad said, "we're about to have a FaceTime call with Dr Taylor in 10 minutes so we'll move in the living room after that."

I wish I would have had the guts to remind Mom to tell Dr Taylor, she needs her medication changed so she can do her physical therapy and she needs her ostomy irrigated so she can sit up without abdominal cramps.

I asked Mom if she wanted more iced coffee and she said angrily, "no I don't want anything else." Dad said, "I've been giving her hot coffee all morning. That's why she's so awake right now for the FaceTime call."

I'm sure he felt he had to say that to me in the context of all my reports telling how Mom is medicated for the FaceTime doctor's appointments. She clearly is able to

communicate but she seems to be disoriented with what Dad calls Mom's antifussy pills.

I'm sure Dad knows I know he adjusted the medication to allow her to speak this time. I hope it will benefit Mom and the doctor can make some adjustment to Mom's medication and ostomy irrigation.

Mom has been taking harsh medications that cause her excruciating hallucinations and/or sedating events where she can't talk to anyone appropriately since November 6th 2019.

Dr Venkatesh 281 807 7676

I hope Mom remembers to ask Dr Taylor to have someone change her medications so she can do her physical therapy and communicate appropriately. She should also ask for someone to come teach Dad and Darion to irrigate Mom's ostomy so she can sit up without abdominal cramps. If she had the guts and a break in her sedation to ask for a change of medication and irrigation it could change her life in a matter of days. I have been a witness to her having spells of enormous physical improvement when she isn't medicated so often.

9:40 I asked again if Mom wanted to go in the living room so Teresa could clean up the bedroom. Dad answered for her and said, "we're waiting for the doctor's phone call. It was supposed to happen at 9:10."

10:00 Margaret (The Wednesday nurse) arrived and Mom yelled at me to get out of the bedroom and to shut up. I guess Dad's going to get the performance he wants out of Mom for the doctors FaceTime call.

I guess he didn't want to drug her out completely in front of me so he is telling Mom she's upset with me to keep me at a distance.

10:30 Darion brought Mom out into the living room chair so Teresa could clean the bedroom. Mom was no longer yelling at me but was thoroughly confused asking about pillows on the fireplace and none of us could identify the flower she wanted to know about on the kitchen window sill. So I can imagine what the conversation with doctor Taylor must have been like.

Mark brought coffee and Margaret left.

Mom wanted to go back in the bedroom so Darion moved her back in bed.

Video of mom in her chair.

<https://youtu.be/dLJi7KpHVg0?si=7P3oilbAgM3ljx-Y>

In the bedroom I threw a balloon at Mom, she said she didn't want to play, but she hit it back. I said it's hard to play with a small balloon. Dad said all the balloons are small now so I blew up a new one and we hit the balloon around for a fairly long time. Mom had a pretty good workout.

Video of the end of the balloon game.

<https://youtu.be/2zWVn8VMImU?si=IsFp1fuXHVutHhTv>

11:00 a woman named Roxanne I think arrived from Vantage hospice company 713 398 3204

and the first thing Mom said was, "they are playing." She was referring to the balloon that was being hit around. Dad asked for us to leave him, Mom and the hospice woman alone in the bedroom.

In the living room I asked Darion if this hospice representative visit could have been triggered by Dad's need for Mom to have night time care. Darion said, "maybe so." Darion was the one who told me earlier that 24-hour care triggers hospice representatives. Darion experienced this with previous clients.

Two women doctors visited next and the only thing I heard from them was, "Betty is eligible for the program."

I went in the bedroom to see Mom and she said, "everyone is waiting for me to die!" That shut Dad up. I said "everyone is waiting for you to start exercising and get back on your feet." Dad seemed stunned.

I should have told the hospice woman and the doctors Mom is not being given a fair chance to recover because of the poor choices of prescription medicines from Dr Taylor, Dr Venkatesh and Dad's creative use of them.

Dr Taylor (281) 469-3949

Being visited by the hospice people was a shocker and made me realize I needed to look at the walker again so we have the right tools to get her up and active.

I found the walker was extremely cheap and the brakes didn't work. That was probably why she fell the last time and had to go to the hospital. I tried to fix the brakes on the

walker and they still don't work on the right side, no matter how much I tighten them. I'll get a better walker as soon as I get my social security check this month.

12:00 Dad went to get barbecue sandwiches for everyone in the house. I called the Vantage Hospice phone number supplied to us by the representative. 281 579 5660

They said they would call back.

2:30 they called back and I asked if there was anything they wanted to know which we weren't allowed to say in Dad's presence. She said, the questions were answered by Dad and the papers were signed so Mom could enter the program. She said a nurse would be coming tomorrow and once a week to help Dad.

I said there is a nurse coming every Wednesday already but that doesn't help. I asked if the nurse they provide is going to help with the medications. She talked about adding more medications and I said, "Medications are the problem now. Mom is over medicated and unable to do her physical therapy or talk to people appropriately."

The Vantage representative said, "we talked to Betty today and she was able to communicate." I said, "I was glad she got communicated a little but that isn't what Mom is like when she is unmedicated. She has a good sense of humor and is able to participate in conversations. She is able to talk about what she wants to do."

I said if the nurse can stop the bad medications, Mom will be able to care for herself better, give Dad a break so he can sleep at night and Mom can stop the constant suffering drifting in and out of a medicated stupor.

She said, she will make a note of that and let the nurse know. The woman didn't sound like she had very much time to talk and wanted to move on, so I thanked her. I hope the nurse they provide is more intuitive than the professionals who have visited Mom and who avoided mom's ostomy in the past.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off. I went downstairs but the door was closed. I started exercising hoping I would get the opportunity for Mom to see me and for me to talk Mom into some activity. Mark came in with boxes of diapers.

Darion left at 4:30 and said her boss told her she would continue to work with Mom. I asked how does that help with the 91 year old Dad needing help changing Mom at night. She said, she didn't know.

I said, "it doesn't seem to make sense, adding an additional daytime nurse once a week unless she teaches us how to irrigate Mom's ostomy. This wasn't going to relieve the load on Dad at night or shed any light on Mom's need to be taken off medications that cause her to hallucinate and/or sleep all day.

I have to hope the nurse will improve the situation about Mom's ostomy being cared for with irrigation. I have to hope the nurse will finally convince Dad to use the toilet chair and irrigation kit he never used since Mom first got the ostomy 13 years ago.

I continued to exercise till Dad came out of the bedroom and I talked to Mom. I told her to tell Dad, she wants to live. I told her dad is accidentally giving the wrong messages to the nurses like he did the adult protective services and the police. Mom looked serious and finally stopped repeating Dad's gas lit comments and facial expressions.

4:30 Dad asked me to fix the frozen fried shrimp. So I put some in the oven, he put some shredded beets in individual containers on the tray and I cooked steamed corn on the cob.

5:00 I served Mom and Dad and it looked like Mom ate most of it. Mark left while I was fixing food so I ate what I fixed for him.

Dad is acting completely different tonight. He appears to finally understand the gravity of the trajectory he has been pushing for so long by convincing everyone Mom is incapable of rehabilitation. I think the visit with the hospice people today and him signing the papers, that made him feel in control, also made him feel like a deer in the headlights frightened about what he has put into motion.

He's still acting as if he has been right all along, but for his whole life his contrariness has worked in his favor. He has always been able to justify what he was working on in competition with his brother, his dad and fellow employees at Texaco. His contrariness has led to his hyper success in everything he focuses attention on.

He was able to become the best at whatever he was working on or whomever he was competing with. But in this case he is winning by destroying Mom with prescription medications, gas lighting and not caring for her ostomy correctly.

Dad has successfully convinced doctors, assistants and family that mom is beyond help. He's innocent because he's 91 years old, charming and confused but no one considers Mom because she's complicit with Stockholm Syndrome and '50s housewife politeness.

Now Dad has signed over the responsibility to a senior Service hospice machine, the characterization he has worked so hard to create about Mom is now pushing out of his control.

Other busy professionals believe the lack of independence Mom displays on FaceTime doctor visits and when anyone visits the house, is really what Mom is like. In the same way immigrants vote against new immigrants, female adult protective service representatives seem to relish the dominance usually wielded by males in the still mostly misogynistic world. All the visitors today were women and they were all quick to judge Mom as ready for hospice, comfortable and cared for properly.

The characterization of mom's feebleness has required Dad's full attention and military commitment to keeping her inappropriately medicated for years. It will be a real challenge to get her to exercise once she is relieved of the chemical zombie cocktail. But that isn't what hospice professionals spend their efforts on.

Betty Broome Report Archive

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

12/10/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 There's a lot of noise downstairs but nothing scary.

7:00 I went down and saw there was leftover waffle makings and tried to make some for myself but the waffle iron was too sticky. I washed it and cleaned up the kitchen.

7:30 I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said yes. I could tell this was going to be a bad drug day. I brought Mom some peeled satsuma and some dried dates while the tea was heating. Mom didn't respond, so Dad said he was going to eat all the satsumas and dates, joking with passed out Mom. Veronica arrived and started washing Mom's hair the best she could.

Mark brought coffee from McDonald's. I decided to drink Mom's hot tea because Mom

already had Mark's coffee and Veronica was washing Mom's hair.

8:00 Dad, Mark and I were sitting in the living room talking about golf and I wrapped a package for the wedding I will attend soon.

9:00 Darion arrived and was taking care of barely conscious Mom.

Mark tried to visit with Mom a couple of times it was a bad day to get to talk to her. Dad seemed to have forgot Veronica was coming today and must have dosed Mom pretty well too make her unresponsive for me.

Dad pretended he was talking to Mom and said, "I forgot she had a FaceTime appointment with one of her doctors. She obviously isn't able to communicate with a doctor this morning."

Dad asked Mark to have some of Mom's diapers delivered to his house so it would not interfere with the monthly deliveries. Last month when Dad blamed the delivery people for an overabundance of diapers it seems to have caused them to skip one delivery dad made out of sequence recently.

Dad explained to Mark and I in detail about how he needed one order of diapers to access as the monthly deliveries run out just short of the number he needs each month.

It was uncomfortable to listen to his description of an orderly plan which doesn't match with the crazy over and under abundance of diapers delivered each month and the subsequent angry calls he makes blaming it on others.

10:00 I asked Dad if he would pay me back for the scooter, to save me a bounced auto-payment on the 11th of this month. This for equipment I purchased over the past few months for Mom. Dad wrote a check, I deposited it with my phone and paid my property tax for the year as well.

11:00 I asked Mom if she would get up and do a little exercise and she said, no. Mark was doing some things around the house, said he had to get on the computer at his house to order the diapers and he left. Darion talked Mom into sitting up for a minute and she scratched Mom's back.

12:00 I went to the grocery store and got some of the things Mom likes.

1:00 I returned to the house and found Mom had not eaten yet. She wasn't provided

with anything exciting enough to make her wake up. I asked her if she wanted barbecue chicken and she said, "yes." I fixed grocery store rotisserie barbecue chicken and fruit salad for everyone.

Dad cut Mom's chicken to small peices so she could eat it. He was in his obsessive toddler state of mind from prescription drugs or guilt about keeping Mom drugged all day. It was awkward working around him while I tried to get lunch ready.

1:30 Darion said Mom ate most of the chicken Dad cut off the bone. Mom also ate a couple of bites of the fruit salad.

2:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to ride into the dining room and eat some German chocolate cake or an ice cream bar. She said, she didn't want to. Darion and Dad went in the living room for a while and I talked Mom into sitting up again. I scratched Mom's back. It appears she was given the anti-fussy pills all day today.

Darion and Dad came back in the room and I asked if Mom wanted to sing along with the TV karaoke. I turned on her favorite song and we all sang parts of the song while she was listening. But it was a bad karaoke that didn't have the correct words with all the parts of the instrumentation.

While we were singing karaoke Darion sat Mom up again and said Mom would be able to sing better if she sat up.

It seems like when Mom comes out of the drugs she can't really believe Dad would turn her brain off again. She's eternally trusting at more than 90 years old. That's what makes this situation even more horrifying. As she comes out of the drugs each time she thinks it will never happen again.

Another precious day of Mom's life was wasted with prescription drugs provided by her trusted life partner who is certain he can do anything he wants to her because that's the way they were raised in the 30s and '40s.

4:30 Darion left for the day. She tries to be as positive as she can.

I didn't want to see tonight's zombie performance so I went upstairs.

5:30 there was a bit of commotion downstairs but I didn't get involved and fell asleep till 10:30.

Some things to do with Mom and Dad.

1. Water plants, work in the garden and get sun.
2. Breakfast at the table.
3. Balloon volleyball.
4. Audio books.
5. Mom and Dad's memoir book notes.
6. Read the paper and books.
7. Ride in the scooter and find honeydew jobs for everyone.
8. Darion gives a good hot shower. Wash Mom's hair.
9. Start going to the bathroom with the potty chair.
10. Sing-along with YouTube karaoke.
11. Learn how to use the phone and call people.
12. Use the stand up exercise chair to strengthen legs.
13. Lunch at the table.
14. Dust the low places in the house from the scooter.
15. Help Joe to come up with a list of songs to work on.
16. Mom pays the women and lawn people who help around the house.
17. Leg lifts. Leg, head and arm press down into the bed. Bottom and chest lift exercises in bed.
18. Supper at the table.
19. Irrigate the ostomy to stop cramps and create a dependable bowel movement routine.
20. Beauty work, hair, fingernails, toenails skin.
21. Riding in the car. Go to the doctors and dentist.
22. Writing letters at the kitchen table.
23. Visit Brothers.
24. List artwork to be made.
25. Scan and label pictures.
26. Play golf and Mom and Darion ride with us.

12/09/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 there was a loud sound. I went downstairs and Mom was calling for Dad. He was laying next to her. She was asking for her phone. She said she wanted to see what time it

is. Dad handed her his phone. I didn't know the password so she didn't know what to do with it. She clearly wants to learn to use a phone because she sees us using our phones all the time.

I looked around and found her phone next to Dad. Mom looked at the phone and we were both surprised to find there is no indicator whether it's a.m. or p.m. While we were handling the phone we accidentally called Neal and he was good enough to answer so early in the morning. He said he would call her on this phone when he gets up.

Mom thought it was still afternoon. I reminded her last that night on the 8th at 9:00 p.m. we all ate leftover Swiss Steak. She remembered and said, "I ate that." I asked if Mom and Dad wanted eggs and bacon for breakfast. Dad was still asleep but Mom said she's been thinking about sliced boiled egg. I asked her what she wanted with it. She said jelly toast.

While I was cooking the boiled eggs I cut up some avocado with salt and olive oil and some satsuma slices with her jelly toast. She ate the jelly toast first then the satsuma slices and only a taste of avocado. She went to the trouble of putting the rest of her avocado in with Dad's. She smiled because she knew I caught her. I ate the rest of her avocado.

Dad didn't wake up so I ate his avocado jelly toast and satsuma slices. When I thought the boiled eggs were ready I peeled them and sliced them. But they were slightly soft boiled. The yellow still held together but it was too soft boiled for Mom.

I need to cook them for 10 minutes next time. But Mom had had enough with the toast and orange slices.

5:30 I turned on America's funniest home videos without the sound so Mom would have something to watch while she was waiting for Dad to wake up.

We watched the funny videos for a long time and talked about how most of them appeared to have alcohol involved. A lot of them were dangerous. She remarked that she never noticed that before.

6:46 Mom asked Dad twice to take her to the bathroom. I sent a group text to brothers.

"Mom is clear as a bell after she wakes up in the mornings. She asked Dad to take her to the bathroom. Dad said I'll change your diaper. She said I want to go to the bathroom.

Dad said I'll change your diaper. Mom needs pull up diapers that can pull up and pull down when she goes to the bathroom. I don't have any money for a while, that's why I asked you guys to get her some pull up diapers a month or so ago. We have to make it possible for Mom to get better. Dad gives her plenty of obstacles. She should at least be able to take off her diaper herself."

I went out of the bedroom so Dad could change Mom's diaper.

7:00 I could hear them talking downstairs.

Mom was still watching funny videos with no sound and I sat and watch them with her for a while.

9:00 Dad said Darion was going to be a little late today.

9:20 Darion arrived and Mark took Dad to the doctor after giving me a set of Allen wrenches to fix Darion's bathroom.

It took a while to assemble the bathroom roll dispenser but it finally worked and I told Mom. She was still awake and that was encouraging.

10:00 I brought Mom some toilet paper rolls and showed her how to make flowers on the top of them so we could put them in Darion's bathroom. Darion is not used to letting mom struggle before she starts doing tasks like assembling the little flowers but she is starting to realize how Mom has to be coaxed to become focused after all of her years of inappropriate medication.

I got to talk to Mom for a little while and she told me she wanted to get up more often. This is the most common statement she makes even when she's knocked out. "I've got to get up!"

I went upstairs and got dressed for golf.

10:30 Dad called and said he was going straight to the golf course and I should meet them there.

11:30 I arrived at the golf course and they were already on the practice putting green and driving range.

We had our best game ever and there was absolutely no conflict that I heard.

2:00 We returned from golf and Darion was giving Mom a bed bath. I asked Mom how she felt and she said she felt good but she was sleepy. I fixed everyone coke floats and they all drank them.

Dad was tired from golf and we all slept for a couple of hours.

4:30 Darion left for the day.

5:00 Mom was alert and talkative but I didn't involve her in an activity like I should have. I was watching television in the living room looking at her watching television in the bedroom.

5:30 I was startled when I turned and Mom was sitting up by herself in the bed. This would normally be a wonderful thing if we kept the scooter next to the bed so she could sit herself in it and do whatever she wants to do. But it's always a sign that she is medicated with the hallucinogenic combination of medications. She was hanging onto the armrest of the bed and recognizing she couldn't stand.

It's always a sign Dad is showing his power over the household when she gets the full hallucinogenic dosage or combination of prescribed medicine. This time it was more dangerous than usual because he was in the shower and couldn't hear her.

I brought the scooter in the bedroom and asked if she would like to go around the house. She said no she needed to lay back down. I helped her get comfortable laying back down and Dad came out of the bathroom.

Mom asked where he was several times and each time he said, "you told me to take a shower" and he chuckled.

Outsiders and Adult Protective Service representative don't understand the significance of dangerous situations like this. Mom and Dad's living conditions are too comfortable compared to the terrifying situations they see. But Mom could have an extraordinary quality of life and her constant misery could be stopped permanently by removing or adjusting the medication and irrigating her ostomy.

6:00 I started my PBS exercise news but was too upset to continue and went upstairs for the night.

12/08/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 a.m. I heard Mom yelling. I ran downstairs. Dad had just changed Mom's diaper. I asked if they wanted croissants. Dad said yes. I asked Mom if she wanted them sweet or buttered. She said sweet. Dad said I'll have the same.

I went in the kitchen and saw there were no croissants so I went and told Mom and Dad I could make biscuits with honey and butter. I asked Mom if she would go to the table to eat where it would be easier to eat something messy. She said, no she didn't want to get up. It looked to me like she was putting on an undrugged performance for Dad. I said, okay I'll bring it in as quick as I can.

5:00 I brought Mom and Dad biscuits with honey. I gave them both towels to use as a bib because of the messy honey and biscuits. We all ate honey and biscuits together.

5:30 Dad was trying to find something on the television. He said the Roku was working perfectly but he was looking under some menus that didn't work for free. I asked him to let me try and I found a movie and it came on.

6:00 Mom asked me to take the tray to the kitchen, I did and I cleaned up the kitchen.

6:30 Dad came out and went in the kitchen. He left the bedroom door open.

9:00 Jody arrived, I waved at Mom and Jody as I passed the bedroom going to the kitchen. Dad had most of the supplies for the Swiss Steak laid out. He asked me to cook Swiss steak for Jody the new assistant, yesterday. I assembled most of the ingredients and started it simmering. Dad came home from the grocery store and shouted, "no we're cooking it in the crock pot."

I have only cooked Swiss Steak five times previously and didn't know how to change the recipe to do it in the crock pot so I suggested he take over the job of making lunch. He said, "you're already well into this so you better finish it this time, but we need to start using the better tool in the future."

I cut up the remaining vegetables Dad brought from the grocery and put them in the pot. Dad said he made two trips to the grocery store this morning and joked it was to keep him from having to carry a lot of groceries.

I went in and visited Mom and Jody. Mom was completely awake and Jody was moisturizing Mom with lotion. Mom seemed very happy and possibly even unmedicated.

I went back in the kitchen to check if the simmering Swiss Steak was at the right temperature and Dad came in and said, "three quarters of the wine I took pictures of and mentioned in my reports cooked away in various recipes."

I said, "the only time I ever took pictures was when there were seven bottles of hard liquor in the top of the pantry." Dad said, "don't interrupt." I asked him if he was going to tell a lie. He said, "you must have got it in your head I was serving wine to your mother and it's part of what any outsider would see as an Oedipus complex."

I said, "how does that match with the fact that the only picture I've ever taken was of all the bottles of hard liquor and not the wine. I mentioned the wine in my reports when you bring a glass or a cup to Mom. But you must have been planning this comment for some time for you to remember such a long complaint."

Dad left the kitchen saying, "It's cruel to the way you have miss represented what is going on in the house." I said, "all I have done is describe what's going on here very accurately." He continued saying, "it's cruel." I said, "which is cruel, you torturing Mom or me describing it?"

I hope Dad is only mad because I may have stopped him from overdosing Mom for Jody on her first day. But we will see in the next few hours what medication combination Mom receives and what Jody's experience will be like on her first day.

10:30 I checked the Swiss Steak and it is simmering on one end of the new electric skillet. It appears to be unevenly heating so I may have to flip the ingredients a couple of times during the process of cooking. It will be done around 12:30.

11:45 I went in and told Mom it was time for her exercise. She said, "no!" I said if you're going to go visit Brant in Seattle you're going to need to be more mobile than you are. I said please at least let me stand you up next to the bed for a minute. You need to stand on your feet.

She threw off the covers so I knew she was going to participate. I pulled the scooter next to the bed after getting her legs down onto the floor and sitting up. Jody appeared

shocked and stayed out of the way at first.

I scratched Mom's back for a few minutes and let her get used to sitting up on the bed. I unplugged her oxygen and started the mobile oxygen machine attached to the back of her scooter. Jody was watching intensely and was obviously preparing to be able to do these things herself.

I asked Mom to put her arms around my neck and told her to stand up as if she was standing up by herself. She stood up and even though it was a little awkward having to walk toward the scooter and then turn around she flipped herself around expertly and then I put her hand on the armrest of the scooter and allowed her to set herself down slowly.

Mom asked what should she do next. I said, "use the controls to drive into the living room." I started her by backing her up a little bit and she drove through the door and haltingly to the window in the living room. We talked there for a little while but Mom needs her ostomy irrigated so she can have comfort in her abdomen. She was obviously starting to cramp and wanted to go back to the bedroom.

I asked her to use the buttons and she made her way to the front door to look out and then to the bedroom to get back into bed.

This is where Mom really surprised me. I didn't bring her scooter all the way up to the bed. I asked her to put her arms around my neck and to stand up and she walked three steps to the bed. It was a real shocker! I was really encouraged and I was very glad Jody saw that.

Video of Moms short scooter trip.

<https://youtu.be/KprlLTnjoM?si=sYTtD5tgf0XHkBcF>

I asked Mom and Jody if they wanted hot tea and they both said yes. I asked Dad if he wanted iced tea and he said yes. I brought everyone their tea.

Jody cleaned up in the kitchen and was very polite and friendly.

1:30 Jody left for the day and said goodbye to everyone. She said she would see us next Sunday.

I kept watching Mom through the The bedroom door while I watched television in the living room.

3:00 my alarm went off for Mom to exercise but by this time the bedroom door was closed.

3:30 Dad came out and asked if I wanted cake and ice cream. He got the treats for Mom while I went in to speak to her. I asked her if she liked Jody and she said yes. I asked her if she would do her 3:00 exercise a little bit late. She said, "no."

I showed her a new exercise which would be easier for her to do in bed and have the maximum isometric effect on all of her muscles. She did it five or six times and again I was very encouraged. I said that's what you're going to need to do if you are going to make a trip to Europe soon.

Dad brought the cake and ice cream and I went back in the living room.

I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said no. I told her I was going to do my exercise news. She had been alert all day today and I hope Dad can remember things are better when he doesn't drug her. One of the main things Dad doesn't like is that Mom wants to go to the bathroom rather than have her diaper changed. This seems like a huge step backwards to him.

4:00 I started my PBS exercise news.

4:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs because the bedroom door was closed.

6:00 A couple of times I heard Dad go in the kitchen.

8:00 I went downstairs to get a snack and saw Mom and Dad's door open so I stopped in and asked if they wanted a milkshake. Dad asked Mom if she would like some of the Swiss Steak that was left from lunch. Mom asked if Dad wanted some and Dad said he did if she wanted some. So she said yes and I fixed us all bowls of food.

They were watching a movie about a young boy who was a genius and his mother was balking about allowing him to be in genius programs. We were all getting into the movie and Dad went to the kitchen. I told Mom I thought she must have liked having a day where she was able to talk and stay awake when she wanted to. She said she did.

9:00 We talked a little bit about the movie and then Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed. I said I was going to go to bed. Mom seemed really disappointed I was

going to bed. I wish now I would have told her I would wait outside till she has her diaper changed.

12/07/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I knocked on the bedroom door and no one answered. I looked in and they were both asleep. I turned off the lights and opened the curtains.

I started watching TV in the living room.

7:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and said he was going to make waffles. He asked if I wanted some. I said, yes.

Dad went in the kitchen and I went in the bedroom and spoke to Mom. I asked if she wanted to go in the kitchen to eat at the table and she said, no. I restarted her audiobook of True Grit which is set in her hometown area in Oklahoma. Mom drifted in and out of sleep listening to the audiobook. Dad came in with good waffles.

8:00 Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair and Dad asked her to please wait a few minutes while Mom finished eating. Mom was eating the waffles having been set up straight by Dad. Veronica was reading something.

8:30 Veronica finished washing Mom's hair and left.

9:30 I went to Mom and Dad's bedroom to meet Jody, the new trainee, and Dad whispered too Darion and Jody "don't say anything about it." And he stepped into the bedroom away from us.

It's uncomfortable to have someone with the tactics of a toddler in charge of such important matters as caring for Mom's medication.

10:00 Darion finish showing Jody the things needed around the house and Jody walked next to me. I ask her what she thought of the job. She nervously moved past me and said, "I don't know." It appears I may have been the topic to the new assistant with unnecessary warnings. I guess she's afraid to speak to me.

Mom was completely knocked out all morning so Jody didn't get to introduce herself, but she left and is scheduled to come and stay with Mom tomorrow.

Mom never came out of her medicated stupor, even when I served her, Dad and Darion seafood spaghetti at 12:30. Darion thought the spaghetti sauce might be too spicy and brought Mom some chocolate cake and ice cream hoping she would eat something.

Mom knows Dad is drugging her more often because I'm there in the house reporting what's going on. She knows Dad is harder on her with medications because of me. That includes the childish gas lighting Dad does against me. But I have to hope it's worth it for me to be here 24/7 watching in case of emergencies and getting to see her personality when she isn't drugged. When she does come out of the drugs she acts extremely grateful and thankful I haven't left.

My brothers believe Dad when he says Mom is not able to move because of painful cancer in her belly. But they have almost never seen Mom when she isn't badly medicated. They haven't seen Mom's undrugged personality in at least two years. It's convenient to want that part of their lives to be over with even though Mom is going through grizzly suffering everyday with constipation and miserable hysterical medication hallucinations.

I still couldn't communicate with Mom at 3:00 when it was time for her exercise so I sent off the daily reports.

3:30 I went down and spoke to Mom. I asked her to push her arms head and feet into the bed and try to lift up her bottom for exercise. She did it one good time but wouldn't do anymore.

I asked her if she would get up and eat at the kitchen table and she said she wasn't hungry.

4:00 I helped Mom call several of my brothers. I think they should take turns calling her everyday and involving her in thoughtful conversation. That isn't happening yet. They will have to call often to catch her undrugged.

Video of some of moms calls.

https://youtu.be/ac_MZRmn4al?si=gx5KzZG7pdOvGKIC

I started my PBS exercise news and Dad came out of the bedroom asking if I wanted

cottage cheese fruit and poppy seed dressing. I thanked him and told him I just ate.

4:30 I finished exercising and went upstairs early.

I feel sorry for Mom going through so much drugging just because the doctor's prescribed the terrible drugs on November 6th 2019. Dad follows their instructions when he chooses.

The doctors stopped Dad from doing some of their prescribed drugs when the drugs made his walking wobbly. I don't know why they won't stop giving drugs to Mom when the drugs have kept her from walking, having regular bowel movements, and communicating normally with the doctors themselves for over two years.

The Me Too movement needs to extend into the lives of chemically oppressed women. My whole family is like Trump voters voting against Mom's health with their inaction. All it would take is one day where Dad was not physically capable of sneaking Mom the drugs. Observers need to see the difference in Mom's ability to be motivated, even at her advanced age.

12/06/24 Betty Broome Report

Yesterday Mom was only drugged with anti-depression medicine for most of the day. It wasn't until the evening she was thoroughly tortured with the full dosage seemingly as a punishment for having a full day discussing independent ideas like visiting her sons, going to Europe, using the potty chair and learning to put on makeup again from YouTube videos.

9:00 Darion arrived and Mom is awake but mildly confused with medication. I asked if Mom wanted hot tea and she said, yes. I got her tea but she wouldn't drink it. Dad was talking to a lawyer in Oklahoma and providing an unsettling amount of personal information.

9:30 Dad asked if I knew the street next to Mom's property and I attempted to find it on Google maps but was unsuccessful.

I was trying to answer Dad's questions about family phone numbers and addresses when Darion came in the room and was hinting she wanted to sit next to Mom. Darion is more likely to clear her throat and call attention to herself waiting for her chair after she has listened to Dad complain about me in my absence. I remained seated and answered Dad's questions about family members. He even promised the lawyer on the phone, he wouldn't make any decisions without consulting them first.

I brought Mom some dried mango and pitted dates. She ate a piece of dried mango and started to wake up a little.

Dad asked me to type something for him to send to the lawyer.

Mom asked to have her diaper changed and Darion started working with Mom while Dad and I went in the living room. I typed addresses Dad wanted me to type. He said "this is great!" I was glad I could help. But Dad said he had to type it over again because he didn't save it.

Dad asked Mark to type it for him and Mark typed it twice more trying to print it and it didn't print. Mom was talking to Darion and Dad said, "so do you think she's sick now?" I asked what he meant and he didn't answer. It was probably something to do with my critical reports. He takes them personally and doesn't seem to consider taking better care of Mom with less drugs and irrigating her ostomy.

I went in and spoke to Mom and she was starting to wake up. Mark and Brian came in and we all talked to Mom for a good long time. Mom was mostly involved in the conversation and only occasionally said something off topic or drug influenced.

At one point I went outside and got the sculpture I started yesterday. Darion was sitting at the kitchen table letting all of us talk to Mom. When I entered the room she said she would wash Mom's hair today. Mom said it was oily. Dad heard us and said, "we don't wash Betty's hair in the shower because we have to rush through the shower because of her oxygen levels."

What Dad calls Mom's low oxygen levels is when she's drugged out. What actually happens is that Dad makes sure mom is medicated, and showers are extremely complicated with Mom unable to participate holding herself up.

But this is just one of the list of rules Dad uses to keep Mom dependent and pitiful in the

family's eyes.

Partial list of dad's rules.

Mom is not allowed to have her hair washed in the shower.

Mom is not allowed to ride in her scooter without someone holding onto it.

Mom is not allowed in the potty chair to go to the bathroom.

Mom is not allowed to have her ostomy irritated.

Mom is not allowed to have a shower without dad in the room.

Mom is not allowed to go to the dentist or any doctor outside of the house since July 2019.

Mom is not allowed to have her medications cared for by anyone other than Dad.

Mom is not allowed to stand on her own and is supposed to be lifted into and out of bed in one lurch.

Mom and Dad have to be allowed to mix alcohol with their medications.

Mom is not allowed to discuss walking because Dad says it will make her feel sad.

Mom's medication schedule changes to interfere with any activities that repeat. This includes physical therapy, exercise games, television shows, meals or repeat visitors.

Mom is not allowed to discuss her side of the family without Dad's critical contributions.

10:30 I suggested I go to the grocery store and get lobster bisque. Dad said he doesn't like lobster bisque and asked if I would get clam chowder. I said yes and left for the grocery store after getting \$60 cash from Dad and Brian. Darion asked for exfoliant to scrub Mom in the shower. The chowder, clams and skin exfoliant cost \$73.

12:00 Mark asked for clam chowder without any sautéed onions or clams and thanked me for fixing lunch. Dad said he wanted a cup of clam chowder. I asked if he wanted it before it was heated up or did he want to wait for me to finish fixing it. He said never mind.

I fixed a tray with everyone's cup of soup and brought it to them. Mom was completely drugged. Darion said Mom took a couple of bites and was asking for ham. I told Darian Mom might ask for monkey piss when she's this high on medication.

I asked Mom a couple of times if she wanted me to go to the store for ham. I reminded her how I cried on the train when when I was a 6-year-old asking for a ham sandwich. I told her I would get her ham if she wants it.

I asked if she would like a bacon sandwich? She was passing out.

The printer wasn't printing properly and displayed a buffering symbol. I said the televisions are displaying buffering symbols as well and Dad needs to call the internet access company. For some reason Dad didn't want to call the internet company.

12:00 While we were all in the living room talking about YouTube views, the internet not working and Dad's repeated stories, Mom was growling with medicated anguish in the bedroom. Darion was attending to her.

1:00 Brian said he needs to go before the traffic starts and Mark took Dad to the doctor. So Darion was stuck unable to give Mom her shower without Dad being there.

1:45 Mom is still growling with medication in her sleep.

Dad must have given Mom a cruel dose so she couldn't enjoy visiting with sons or her weekly shower.

Dad returned from the doctor with Mark and they tried to get to get the printer to work again. We all knew Dad needed to call the internet provider. I told Dad the reason Darion wasn't able to watch television with Mom all day was because the internet is not working. That was why Dad's wifi printer wasn't working.

He called the internet provider and handed the phone to me. While I was talking to the representative Dad called me to see the error message on the screen which Darion found. I read the error message to the internet representative and we were all trying to guess what the problem was.

The representative asked about the times I shut down the router with the off switch and he knew the exact times I tried it. So their equipment has the ability to see those attempts I made in the past couple of days. He suggested I unplug the router completely, wait for 10 minutes and then turn it on again.

I felt bad about bothering the internet representative because I should have known to do this myself. All of the televisions in the house came on and were functioning.

Dad was able to print the letter he wanted to send to the lawyers about the land he thinks he owns.

4:00 I went to the grocery store and got ham for Mom and fixed a plate for her and Darion. Mom was very angry using Dad's angry facial expressions and tone of voice to

yell at me saying she didn't want anything. I put a couple of bites in her mouth and she ate it but she was too drug angry to eat.

She must have received a full dose at around 3:30. Any idiot with the authority to separate Mom from the drugs for a day would know she needs to be rehabilitated and motivated and not drugged to death.

430 Mark returned and picked up Darion to take her home. We all said goodbye. She said she would see us in the morning with the woman she is training to stay with Mom on some Sundays.

I fell asleep on the couch.

6:00 I woke up and started my PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

A lot depends on home care professionals. Our experience with home care professionals, since they started working here last November, indicate there are very few who have the life experience to deal with such psychological and physical traumas and disgusting tasks.

Darion has witnessed profound life lessons by living with various dieing clients. In our house she has seen the best possible husband who has turned into a tormenter and slow killer after being left isolated for decades. Hopefully he'll snap out of it soon.

Darion has developed her self as an extraordinary friend and assistant for Mom, having been through extremes of drug hallucinations and frightening defiance.

The standard pay must be below survival level for home care givers like Darion. I don't think she would work all day and all night if she was paid appropriately.

She has learned that doing her job well means making herself obsolete over time by making her client independent. This is a huge mental adjustment because it's tempting to watch clients sleep. Incentives require enormous personal energy and effort but are required more often the closer the client comes to death.

Darion has obviously learned the challenge of dealing with psychologically confused family "caregivers" and clients who have to be negotiated with for her to be allowed to provide care. It's almost like she has to fight to be able to do her job while walking on

eggshells at the same time.

Darion appears to have learned that people with a lighter skin and more upper class accents are promoted past her and she is required to train them for tasks they would never lower themselves to do.

She has never mentioned any of these things to me but she has lived with us in the Broome house for more than half a year now. She is a witness to and has to tolerate intense obstacles after never having a childhood of her own. Her own abusive family members have to be cared for by Darion simultaneously while caring for her elderly clients.

I hope she finds opportunities for education and additional growth. She deserves it.

12/05/24 Betty Broome Report

8:30 I went downstairs and Dad said Mom and he had already eaten. Mom was talking to Teresa and I joined in with them. Mom was very talkative but obviously medicated.

Dad seems delighted when he finds the exact combination or dosage of medications to make mom act crazy but not jump out of bed screaming.

I told Mom we need to get in the chair and go in the living room and she said "yes." I pulled the scooter up to the bed and helped her get in. She walked very well with me supporting her to the scooter. Immediately when she sits up or stands you can see that her abdominal cramps remind her why she wants back in bed so often.

Mom drove straight through the door without hesitating, into the living room. Then Dad started hanging over her and saying we should hold the chair. This caused Mom to start saying she's sick, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick."

Mom started complaining to Dad that she couldn't drive the scooter and she couldn't breathe. That was the end of her independence for this trip out of the bedroom and we took her back in the bedroom.

I watched TV for a while.

11:00 I visited Mom. Darion and I talked to Mom for a while about making a trip to Crete to visit Neal's friends. Mom became really energized even though she was quite medicated. She said she can't get out of bed. Darion said, "you can if you exercise." I said, "you are not doing what it takes to get out of bed. You have to exercise every time you think of it."

I asked her to stand up and she scooted over to the edge of the bed. She put her arms around my shoulders and I lifted her standing. Darion was very polite about it because she had just straightened Mom out and cleaned her up so it was a little extra work to have to get her back straightened in the bed. Teresa said goodbye for the week.

I told Mom she looked really good when she was saying goodbye to Teresa so I went to get the clay and set it up to start sculpting her from that angle.

Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed, so I left the room.

Dad asked me to help him plate the chicken rice and gravy so I did. Dad went in the bedroom with Mom's lunch and I started to bring in the rest of the meals but Dad said he would take them into the bedroom. I went upstairs. I can't guess what Dad was thinking but it looked like Dad wanted to make sure he got the accolades for having fixed such a nice lunch.

He did all the work and that's just fine but he seemed very interested in keeping me out of the bedroom when he brought the food in. That's not the way Dad was when he was young, generous and prolific.

Now Dad has seen the clay I had ready to sculpt Mom. I thought he will drug her with her lunch so she'll be knocked out the rest of the day. But instead he just kept the door closed.

12:00 I could hear Darion talking loudly so I knew Mom was probably still awake.

3:30 I heard Mom talking loudly downstairs. I took video of them leading mom around again in the scooter. Normally I would think this was a good thing except that Mom was raving and won't remember or benefit with physical exercise. It's just another one of Dad's performances using Mom as a zombie doll.

I went down with them and asked Mom if she wanted to go outside and see the decorations next door. Mom was obviously cramping in her stomach and just trying to

survive for a little while before they put her back in bed. We discovered the lights weren't on across the street anyway. Dad said he brought her to the kitchen table and talked to her for a while before I got there.

Mom couldn't take the stomach pain so she started saying she needed to go back to the bedroom.

To Dad this seems to meet his need to show Darion, Mom is mentally incapacitated, but it's obvious to anyone who is around the house Mom is drugged and we have to listen to Dad's explanations to survive another day.

4:00 Darion and I were talking to Mom while Dad was dealing with a piece of land he is in dispute about. Darion did a great job of making Mom feel clean and fresh while I was working on Mom's sculpture. I know Mom liked the attention and she brought it up herself saying that she needed to learn how to do her makeup again.

Darion said we will watch a video about makeup tomorrow. I said turn it on now let's see what we can find. Darion agreed there are lots of makeup videos. They started watching and Mom told Darion which colors she liked. Mom said the woman in the video didn't add as much color as she liked.

I finished Mom's practice sculpture and went into the backyard and burned out the armature. It looks like it's really going to work well so I will do another one tomorrow if Dad doesn't want to use the one I made for him. Darion left for the day after staying late to watch the makeup video with Mom.

4:30 I asked what Mom wanted for supper and she said she wasn't hungry. Dad said we'll just have some apple pie. Dad fixed apple pie but I didn't want any because I was starting my PBS exercise news after Darion left.

5:00 Dad must have given Mom another dose of drugs with the apple pie because Mom was trying to climb out of the bed again and I could see her from the stationary bike. Dad was in the living room talking to someone on the phone about this piece of land he was trying to sell.

I asked Mom if she wanted me to get her toilet chair and she seemed confused about which chair she wanted.

Dad came in the room and got upset saying, "Betty is not going to use the toilet chair."

Mom started calling for Dad who was standing right next to her.

Mom was out of her mind trying to get out of bed and I put her in the scooter and Dad started riding her around the house.

Video of today's scooter trips.

<https://youtu.be/VjgCcTvDS3w?si=9evA04sUXpe1iasE>

Dad was short-tempered because he was busy with his pretend negotiations. We came back to the bedroom and Dad went on with a repetitive description of the negotiations he was going through. Of course Mom could barely focus but she said, "One of the parties involved in the land negotiation came to visit us at the house."

If Fiona's puppet Neal wants to be the decision maker for the family he should be involved in this land transaction and probably should have got it over with last time he visited rather than hum hawing around and doing nothing.

6:00 I went upstairs and sent off yesterday's reports. Then I heard Mom screaming.

I ran downstairs and Mom said, "I had a psychotic breakdown." I guess Dad must have come up with that terminology before I came downstairs. I asked her what was the problem. She said, "I was in the scooter." Dad said, "Mom urinated on the bed and he had to change the fitted sheets and that's always a big problem."

It's obvious they need an overnight assistant to make sure they both have a decent night's sleep, someone who would control the medications and so Dad doesn't have to take care of Mom's constant diaper changes.

Dad creates these constant nightmarish circumstances by giving Mom various dosages of drugs and then complains about having to deal with Mom's outbursts. There needs to be someone with the authority to separate Mom from the drugs for at least one day so everyone knows it's the drugs that make her out of control and sleep for 3 hours after each drugging.

Dad has been using the antifussy drugs during some days to keep Mom sleeping most of the day when that is useful to meet his need to control people's perception of Mom. Most of the time a hysterical outburst dosage is not necessary to make his point.

I had to listen to another one of Dad's gaslighting stories from Mom while he was still working on the land transaction.

Mom said, "Soon we'll be going to the happy hunting grounds and you be able to spend more time with your brothers."

I told her the truth, "I will never risk my life associating with my torture murderer family ever again if you die under these hideous circumstances."

All I can do is hope Dad will come to his senses, stop drugging Mom, allow her ostomy to be irrigated so she can sit up and ride in the scooter. Dad needs to allow Mom to do physical therapy without the sedating drugs, so she will be able to go to the dentist and other doctors.

She will be able to visit her family and become independent again in the bathroom and sleeping through the night after being active during the days. No one will remember the hideous monsters my family became when Dad lets them all become a safe family again by removing the cruel drug combinations.

12/04/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom's ostomy isn't working properly and never has for the past 13 or so years since it was installed. It may have been functional if Dad used the irrigation equipment he was provided when she first had the operation. She has tolerated it for a great many years and now it is the source of constant gut pain whenever she sits up or gets in a chair. She regularly begs to get up but then when she sits up she remembers why she's been laying there for many years.

One of my friends said her son's dad is isolating him too. In her TBI care giver support group, one of the largest issues is family members making care harder. It felt a little better to know this is a hug problem for so many.

7:30 Dad said they already had breakfast. He said I should come help him get the art supplies ready.

I had already dressed to play golf and I went downstairs and ask Mom if my clothes looked presentable to play golf. Mom looked very surprised and said you're going to play golf? And I said, yes if it doesn't rain too much. She said my clothes looked fine for

playing golf, but a little sloppier than usual. I said I'm going out into the garage to set up the sculpture supplies.

It took over an hour to get clay on the armature for a bust of mom.

9:00 Dad came out to see me working on the sculpture and reminded me of several items he thought I should be thinking about while I was doing the sculpture.

10:00 Dad gave us all ice cream on a stick. It took another hour to sculpt the basic features on the bus and I covered it with plastic and went inside.

10:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and suggested we have the steaks for lunch.

11:00 I fixed steaks, cottage cheese and fruit with poppy seed dressing, asparagus. Darion asked for more steak sauce. It was a little tasteless with no fat and I overcooked it following the instructions from the YouTube video.

12:00 Mom was still unable to focus. I asked Darion if Mom ate and she said she ate some.

1: 00. I practiced my songs for a few hours and spoke to Mom a couple of times about exercising but she wouldn't move.

4:30 I brought Darion, Mom and Dad stew I made from a packet and some pre-cooked meat from Costco, which was really excellent but Mom only had a little bit of the broth and mostly ate the large bowl of satsumas I put on the side for dessert.

5:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise but went upstairs instead.

Here are the suggestions from my nurse friend.

1. _Concern for loved one's safety_: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."

2. _Impact on quality of life_: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."

3. _Recognition of caregiver's struggles_: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."

4. _Importance of professional expertise_: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work together to find a solution."
5. _Honesty about damage caused_: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."
6. _Empathy and support_: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."
7. _Focus on emotional support_: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."
8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional nurse caregiver, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

12/03/24 Betty Broome Report

730 Veronica arrived and Dad went in the living room while I went in the kitchen to start fixing breakfast.

Dad walked in the kitchen and jokingly said, "I caught you!" He said, "I'll go lay in bed and prepare to be served."

I finished fixing fruit salad with poppy seed dressing on cottage cheese and iced coffee. I brought the tray in the living room where Dad was waiting by the door and said, "Veronica has Mom's shirt off," so I left the tray outside the door. Dad started eating his fruit salad right away sitting on the couch.

8:00 After Veronica finished washing Mom's hair she left and I brought Mom her fruit salad. Mom awkwardly asked for me to feed her for the first time ever. I fed her previously when she was too medicated, but Mom never asked me to before this. I sense Dad's hand in this. I fed her almost the whole large bowl of fruit salad and cottage

cheese. She only drank a little of the iced coffee.

8:15 I told her I was going to drink the rest of the iced coffee and she had some more before I finished it off.

9:00 I was talking to Mom about what we were seeing on the news, which was snow in the northern states. She said she wished it snowed here and I said, "that's what you say now until you had to drive around in it." She laughed.

We had a bet to see when Darion would arrive. I said 9:09 and Mom said 9:14. We were both wrong because Darion arrived at 9:07. I gave Darion her chair next to Mom and we talked about the snow some more. Darion said she doesn't like to be cold. Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I left the room.

10:00 Dad asked me if I wanted to go to Costco. I got dressed and we went and got quite a few good things for the house. But I didn't know he was supposed to be getting rubber gloves. Darion sent me a text but I didn't see it while we were at the store. Dad seems shocked it was around \$350. I feel like I should have told him it cost me that much each time I go to the grocery for them.

When we returned from Costco Darion said she had never seen Mom so dangerous and violent. She said, Mom was telling Darion to get away from her. So it was obvious Dad gave Mom a hallucination level dose before we left to the grocery.

There's no way to anticipate exactly when or why he does this but it's probably something to do with convincing Darion and I, Mom is less mentally and physically capable than he is. The only indicator is how determined he becomes to leave the house after he has provided her with a large dose of medication. I think he's afraid to have something interfere with his exit.

Dad has spared my brothers and their wives the hallucination level dosage of medications because that doesn't meet his wishes to keep other assistants or a professional nurse out of the house. If my brothers ever saw Mom out of her mind they would make sure professionals were hired to separate both Mom and Dad from the drugs and alcohol to determine the proper dosage, irrigate Mom's ostomy so she could sit up without abdominal pain and allow them both to be active during the day. This is all necessary so they can both sleep at night.

12:00 We served everyone steamed shrimp with sauces. It was very good. But Mom kept

asking to have her diaper changed because she was still so medicated.

2:30 Mark came to get Dad to go to the doctor.

Mom started coming out of the medication enough to read the paper and helped me pick out wedding presents for the wedding I will be attending soon. I asked Mom what I should say to the groom at the wedding and Mom said, I should let him know he is a good friend. I said, that's a good idea. I said, people don't communicate face to face very much anymore so they could think we have abandoned them when we really always feel as close as we ever were.

I showed Mom pictures of Crete where family friends live and have invited us to come and visit them. Mom seemed very encouraged but didn't discuss it very long until we brought up the idea of taking Darion with us. I think Mom really likes the idea of going places with Darion's help and to let Darion see something new.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off and I started trying to get her to stand up. I picked up a balloon and she said for me to start hitting it around. This was very encouraging and Darion, Mom and I hit the balloon around for a little while.

I got Mom to sit up so I could scratch her back and then she stood up for a minute on her feet. She was hanging onto my shoulders but she soon wanted to lay back down. It's vitally important she start having her ostomy irrigated so she's not living with stomach cramps 24 hours a day whenever she sits up or moves.

I got Mom's dentist's phone number and asked her to let me call but she wouldn't do it. I told her I know she would probably be uncomfortable for a trip to the dentist but she has to push through it because she will feel better when she realizes she can do things outside of the house.

I said, "the dentist should probably be first since you haven't had an appointment since June of 2019." She seemed receptive but was still coming out of the afternoon drugging and wouldn't commit to talking to the receptionist if I made the call for her.

3:30 Mom was complaining of pain in her gut and Darion located it at her surgery mark. I told Mom it could be pressure from needing to go to the bathroom and I asked her if she wanted hot tea to help her have a bowel movement. She said, "yes." I brought her hot tea and she drank almost all of it, which is unusual.

Mom was starting to be more communicative and I told her she should apologize to Darion for screaming at her while we were at Costco. Darion said, "she probably doesn't know she got so upset." I said, "well Mom you should tell Dad he should apologize to Darion for giving her the drugs that make you crazy when Darion is trying to take care of you." Mom didn't respond this time, Even though she was very much awake by now. This was obviously a challenge for her understanding of what's going on with the drugs.

30 or more years of isolation with so few family visits led to this, out of character, behavior of Dad's. His controlling Mom with medications and during medication stupors, has to be very challenging for Mom to consider. But Mom is the only one who could probably convince Dad to stop. And how can she convince him if she doesn't know when she exhibits dangerous behavior, because she is given the full destructive dosages.

4:00 Darion said "Mom ate some more fruit salad it was really working for her." Mark and Dad came home from the doctor. Mark said, "Dad's doctor asked to see Dad again on Friday at 2:00." Mark talked to Mom and Dad for a little while.

4:30 Mark said, "Brian is still very sick with coughing, possibly the flu and Cindy is safe from Brian in corpus Christi." He said, "Brian probably can't play golf tomorrow."

5:00 Mark went home and Dad was preparing for his Tuesday night bridge game. I told them about a movie I thought they might like and Dad said to start it. We started it and Dad was interested but Mom said she didn't like it and wanted to sleep. There was still time before Dad's online bridge game but we turned on Christmas music really quietly so Mom could try to sleep next to him.

I started my PBS NewsHour exercise. Dad went outside and got the mail and went through it with Mom. Dad said we will set up art supplies tomorrow in the kitchen to work on projects. I said, I was going to work on sculpture in the garage but that sounds great.

6:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

Receivers of poor custodial care with condescending treatment like Mom gets off and on by Dad with his disrespectful medication applications, comments and implications are rebelled against in subtle ways by Mom. Especially when The recipient of the poor treatment cares for and is dependent on the caregiver the way Mom is with Dad.

But Mom tries to avoid Dad's unconscious mental torment, by pretending to sleep, stewing and/or shutting down just before visitors arrive.

12/02/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom needs a real nurse to teach Dad and Darion (Mom and Dad's assistant) to take control of their medications, irrigate Mom's ostomy and help Mom do her physical therapy. But the most important requirement is to allow Mom to be active during the day so she can have healthy sleep at night. It may be Mom and Dad's unhealthy sleep habits for the past three decades that have led to all their mental and physical challenges. There is nothing more healing than well regulated sleep.

4:00 Dad got breakfast or coffee from the kitchen.

6:00 I went in the kitchen and got breakfast for myself and saw they ate shredded wheat earlier. I went to the bedroom and knocked on the door. The TV was loud and I asked if they wanted cinnamon croissants. Neither of them answered.

8:30 Dad called me and said, "her Majesty requests sweet rolls and bacon with no eggs." I said, "got it." And I went down and started cooking.

9:00 I brought Mom and Dad sweet rolls, bacon and milk. Dad was rubbing Mom's back. She was laying on her side which causes her shoulder pain and he was reciting the Raven by Edgar Allan Poe.

I left the tray and went in the living room and turned on Christmas music.

9:09 Darion arrived. Dad sent Darion out of the room for a few minutes and I asked if Mom was eating. Darion said, "yes she's eating now."

Darion went back in the bedroom and was talking to Mom or Dad. Dad came out in the living room and I told him about an idea I have for streamlining sculptural busts so it won't cause anymore silicone coughing like it did years before.

9:30 I went upstairs and practiced my songs.

10:30 I tried to talk to Mom but she was unresponsive when I shook her and spoke to

her. Dad must have medicated Mom around 9:00.

11:00 Darion came out of the bedroom to get the laundry. I told her I would fold it if she would take in the hot tea I made for her and Dad. She took the tray of hot tea. But I looked in the bedroom shortly after and Mom must not have tried to drink it.

12:00 Dad asked if I wanted a chicken sandwich and I said yes. He left the house and I went in to talk to Mom but she could barely answer. I told her Dad was coming back with sandwiches and I asked if she would get up in the scooter so she can eat at the table. She said no repeatedly. I asked her if she would get up and stand next to the bed with me for just a minute. She said no.

1:00 Dad returned with chicken sandwiches but Mom only ate a little piece of it.

I watched television in the living room looking to see if Mom ever got up but she didn't.

3:00 Darion came out of the bedroom and asked if I wanted a milkshake. I said I would make them for everyone. Darion said there was no ice cream so I knew this was probably one of Dad's games.

I made a lot of milkshakes for Mom and Dad the past week or so and used up all but the very last of the ice cream and I finished off the little bits in the cartons the night before. I didn't used to include these little immature events in the reports but I think it's helpful to get a realistic picture of how dad has started pointing his lack of responsibilities to petty little theatrics against me many times each day.

My brothers need to involve Dad in more activities to help him get his memory back so he's not trapped in this terrible loop of medicating Mom to show his power and build his ego.

I told Darion I would go to the store and get ice cream to fix everyone milkshakes.

3:30 I returned from the store and asked Mom whether she wanted a milkshake or an ice cream float. She seemed to be getting her signals from Darion. She wants Darion to be happy. Mom barely opened her eyes and said, "Coke float."

I fixed coke floats and chicken salad finger sandwiches for everyone. I brought them in the bedroom and Mom was starting to wake up.

The sad thing is that I knew Dad would probably drug her again sometime around 4:30.

4:45 Darion left for the day.

5:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise.

6:00 I finished exercise.

Mom needs a real nurse to teach Dad and Darion to take control of the medication, irrigate Mom's ostomy and help Mom do her physical therapy. But the most important requirement is to allow Mom to be active during the day so she can have healthy sleep at night. It may be Mom and Dad's unhealthy sleep habits for the past three decades that have led to all their mental and physical challenges. There is nothing more healing than well regulated sleep.

Introducing In-Home Care When Your Loved One Says 'No'

By Family Caregiver Alliance

Desperate though caregivers may be for a temporary respite from their care responsibilities, many care recipients are resistant to strangers coming into their home to help. The help may be perceived as an invasion of privacy, a loss of independence, or a waste of money. Yet in-home assistance is often critical in offering caregivers a break and time to relax and rejuvenate.

There are ways to make this transition easier. Here are some tips for making your loved one feel more comfortable with in-home help:

1. Start gradually.

Begin by having the aide come only a couple of hours each week, then add hours as your loved one builds a relationship with the helper. If you feel comfortable with the attendant running errands or preparing meals that can be brought to the house, you can start with those services, which can be done outside the home.

2. Listen to your loved one's fears and reasons for not wanting in-home care.

Express your understanding of those feelings. If possible, get your loved one involved in choosing the aide. He or she will feel more invested and comfortable with the decision.

3. "This is for me. I know you don't need help."

Expressing the need as yours, rather than the your loved one's, helps maintain her sense of dignity and independence. You can also add that having someone stay at home allows you not to worry while you are gone. Make it clear that you will be coming back.

4. “This is prescribed by the doctor.”

Doctors are often seen as authority figures and your loved one may be more willing to accept help if she feels that she is required to do so.

5. “I need someone to help clean.”

Even if this is not the real reason, often people will allow someone in to clean when they “don’t need” care for themselves.

6. “This is a free service.”

This strategy may work if other family members are paying for the home care or if it is, in fact, provided without charge. Your loved one may be more open to using the service since she does not feel that she is spending money for it.

7. “This is my friend.”

By pretending that the attendant is a friend of yours you are relating the home care worker to the family. This can help with establishing trust and rapport. You can also say that your “friend” is the one who needs company and that by having him or her over your loved one is helping him out.

8. “This is only temporary.”

This strategy depends on the condition of your loved one’s memory. If she often forgets what you say, then she may also forget that you said this. By presenting the situation as short-term, you will give some time for your loved one to form a relationship or become comfortable with home care as part of her daily routine, and give you a chance for a well-deserved break.

For more detailed information about employing someone in your home, see the FCA fact sheet Hiring In-Home Help.

This tip sheet was prepared by Family Caregiver Alliance. ©2012 Family Caregiver Alliance. All rights reserved.

235 Montgomery Street | Suite 930 | San Francisco, CA 94104

800.445.8106 toll-free | 415.434.3388 local

Copyright © 1996-2023 Family Caregiver Alliance. All right reserved. Privacy Policy.

12/01/24 Betty Broome Report

7:30 Mom was in the middle of having her diaper changed and Dad was in the bathroom so I went in the kitchen and started the water boiling for tea. Mom saw me and started yelling to me but Dad thought she was yelling to him and he lost his temper saying, "I'm in the bathroom! I'm on the potty! As if Mom is responsible for her drugged state.

Dad came in the kitchen saying, "Betty wanted to know what you are doing." He could see I was fixing tea and he said, "I'm going to tell her you are fixing scrambled eggs and bacon for us." I said "good" so far it was easy not to get drawn into his confusion. I started fixing eggs and bacon.

When Dad is defensive, either because he has drugged Mom with Dr Taylor's prescriptions and can't control her and/or he is full of medication or alcohol himself, it makes for childish interactions.

Dad came in the kitchen and started preparing the tray to receive the food I was making. He was saying, "the neighbor misinformed me about the decorations he was going to put in our yard."

I said, "It was very kind of the neighbor to include us in his huge decorations." Dad seemed to have found a mildly nefarious motive or something to complain about when he misunderstood the neighbors use of the term "Grinch" describing the whole installation of the Grinch, the dog and the lights connecting them.

When the neighbor said he was going to have the Grinch in our yard, he must not have meant the whole Grinch installation. Only the dog portion of the installation was on our property and Dad was in a little tiff with me about the specifics of having the Grinch character on his property, which was what he expected.

I attempted twice to explain that the neighbor must have meant only part of the "Grinch installation" rather than the "Grinch character" Dad seems to have wanted to have on our property.

When Dad is defensive anything can become a competition rather than a clarification.

But then Dad started interfering with my serving him and Mom breakfast and I let him

finish on his own and take the tray in the bedroom. As usual he wanted to exercise control over something and he said "Mom never wants juice for breakfast again." When Dad was young he never would have got caught up into such childish territorial and or binary traps.

Mom drinks juice with enthusiasm almost every time I serve it, so the evidence doesn't match his controlling statement. But he keeps adding rules to the house that would limit Mom's choices if he remembered them.

I hope Dad isn't trying to limit mom's intake of juice because it causes her to have more regular bowel movements.

If my brother's involved Dad in more activities it would improve his blood circulation and I think that would help his memory and decision making.

While Dad was preparing the tray with breakfast for him and Mom I went in to see Mom and told her Dad was coming with breakfast.

She looked terrified she might have to think of an answer in her drugged state. She said angrily, "We eat breakfast at 4:00 in the afternoon."

I said today Dad's bringing it at 8:00 in the morning and I pointed at the clock. Just then Dad came in with the tray and I went back and cleaned up the kitchen.

Mom was making loud noises. Dad was leaning back as if prepared to make some profound nasty comment about my breakfast so I left them alone.

8:00 I went upstairs to finish and send off yesterday's report.

9:12 Darion arrived. I asked her if Mom got a shower yesterday and she said yes. I told her Mom did some exercises at 3:00 yesterday and Darion was happy to hear that. I also told her about the trip to see the Christmas lights last night. Darion said, "we've got to get her out more."

11:30 I told Mom it was almost time for her exercise but Mom got upset with me and said she didn't want to do anything. I turned on Christmas music in the living room hoping it could be soothing.

Darion tried several times to talk to Mom but Mom wouldn't even eat lunch.

12:00 Dad was heating up potato soup from yesterday and I suggested he add some cut up hot dogs to it like I did for myself.

I tried one more time to get Mom to stand up for a few minutes but she was drugged and got upset with me while Dad was talking on the phone about resubscribing for computer repairs.

I sent a text to the brothers asking if they knew the timing of Dad's purchase of the computer in case they could help Dad with his subscription for repairs.

Brian responded asking about the AC repair man who visited last week and how much it cost. I told him what Dad told me, it was a free yearly visit. The brother who has power of attorney seems to think all he needs to do is pay for something occasionally. He doesn't realize mom and dad are a 24-hour a day job.

12:30 I went back upstairs.

I practiced my songs for many hours and didn't go downstairs when Mom's 3:00 exercise alarm went off. I didn't want to go through any more conflicts today.

Maybe this is the brave new world Aldous Huxley was talking about.

It may be that a significant number of women, possibly as much as a half of them are complicit in their own drugging and isolation at the hands their doctors, spouses and developers of pharmaceuticals. It's mostly women who seem to have adopted language which they are confident to share on social media describing how they "need medication to live".

But at the same time they have chosen to isolate themselves, other than the bare minimum travel required to get to doctors and back and forth from work. It may very well be the same with men but the language men use is different.

With men there is a type of braggadocio in which they seem to think they have gamed the system by doing things like moving close to the pharmacy and having a predictable source of medical prescriptions.

I have personally seen four family members forced to continue taking a combination of prescriptions which have the same isolating effects but which was maintained by seemingly well-meaning other family members. Family members who diligently provide

the drugs prescribed by doctors.

If it weren't for the desperate facial expressions and comments made by the receivers of the medications in the pitiful final months of life, this nightmare would have gone unnoticed by me. The recipients of the drugs recognize their deadly fate just as their drug addled brains and bodies become untrusted by visitors.

Imagine what it's like dying and having your final visitors look at you like your personality doesn't matter anymore.

I never would have questioned this ubiquitous pharmaceutical tidal wave if I hadn't visited as drugged family members started to show defiance in their last months of life.

It may be, the reason conservatives are so easily triggered by conservative leadership about addictive drugs like fentanyl coming across the borders. Families may not make the conscious connection between the loss of family members and "prescribed drugs." But they saw the death of loved ones at the hands of their "trusted" doctors and possibly even at their own hands honestly attempting to help.

Possibly huge swaths of rural America are suffering after having participated in the drug deaths of their own loved ones.

11/30/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I asked what mom and dad wanted for breakfast and Dad said they had already eaten shredded wheat. Mom was asleep or passed out so I didn't bother her.

8:30 Dad had a putting contest with me and he won.

9:10 Darion arrived

9:30 Mom was talking to Darion so she must be waking up.

I watched TV checking on Mom through the door till Dad served us pizza for lunch.

12:00 Dad cooked frozen pizza for all of us. It was best served with parmesan cheese

because it was partially burned. But that made it crunchy and good. We need to remember that.

I practiced my songs for a few hours.

3:00 I went to visit Mom while Dad was in the kitchen. I told her it was 3:00 and time to do her exercise. I was surprised when she didn't go against me. I stood her up next to the bed several times. She stood on her feet really well but finally said her feet were hurting and she wanted to lay back down again.

I asked if Veronica had come to wash her hair and she said she didn't think so. It was obvious her hair was not washed and that's why I asked. I hope Dad hasn't turned Veronica away by making Mom unresponsive during her visits, like he did Byran the physical therapist.

I watched Dr Martin with Mom for two episodes and Dad was cooking soup.

Mom was completely alert and focused. Her sense of humor is completely different when she's not medicated. Her personality is obvious, clever and she contributes to the conversation. She joked about how the doctor in the television series kept getting into such deadly situations in that small town.

Mom had Dad change her diaper so I went upstairs.

4:00 Dad told me the potato soup was ready. It was excellent and I had a huge container of it. Dad and I drank our soup in the living room.

4:30 I asked Mom if she would get up and go to the Christmas tree and put some decorations on it. Dad encouraged her and she road on the scooter for a little while, put one decoration on the tree but she was still really uncomfortable in her abdomen. She needs to have it irrigated until she has regular bound movements at a predictable time each day.

Video of Mom mom just coming on to medication and riding the scooter.

<https://youtu.be/I3I8IE30NIY?si=2Lz4QHcNkZWNoJrL>

5:00 I started my PBS exercise news and Dad left the house. He leaves the house after he gives Mom her medication so we have to see what she's like when she's upset. But if she is kept busy or reminded it's just the drugs she can cope through the hysterical portion of the drug event.

I asked Mom if she would go outside and look at the neighbors Christmas lights. She said no. She was obviously coming on to medication she must have received around 4:00. So she was very much suggestible but confused. I thought it would be a rare opportunity for her to see the lights outside, so I persisted and she said she would look at the neighbor's lights.

5:30 I put her in the scooter and helped her out to the driveway where the neighbors were just finishing up for the day. They told us the new things they added and apologized for the ladder which they removed. Both Mom and I gushed with praise about the elaborate display and Mom thanked them for including us in the decorations.

She asked for me to take her back inside. She asked for the little frog decoration next to the entrance of the backyard be stood up straight. She said the yard was nicely cut. I tried to get her to drive the scooter into the back door but she wouldn't do it. When she was back in the house she did drive it around and back to the bed.

Video of mom riding the scooter back to the bedroom after seeing the neighbor's lights.
<https://youtu.be/40HUz1ADfPA?si=sbFYe8tUyMylzt6Q>

Mom asked for some iced tea so I made some for her. As Dad was coming into the house Mom was drinking her tea and she became upset asking to have her diaper changed.

6:00 I told them both good night and went upstairs for the night.

You would think the adult protect protection institutions would have enough experience to come out to the house and see what Mom is like without medication. Then make sure she was given the proper doses or combinations which allow her to be independent and enjoy the last years of her life.

11/29/24 Betty Broome Report

10:00 I woke up late and visited Mom and Dad. Mom was completely alert and awake like she hasn't been for the week leading up to Thanksgiving visitors yesterday when she was knocked out all day.

Dad started reciting the "A Dillard Dollar" poem. Mom asked what that was and Dad said it was a poem about Joe getting up after we have already eaten breakfast. I opened the curtains to let the light in.

Darion returned to the bedroom and I gave her the seat next to Mom and left the room. The bedroom door closed. I filled the bird feeders with seed.

1:30 I practiced my guitar for a couple of hours, cooked the waffle batter Dad left for me and watched television until Darion came out. I asked her if Dad let Mom have a shower today.

Darion said she was going to be here tomorrow (Saturday) so she would do it then. I said great. Darion also asked if I wanted a chicken salad sandwich and I said, no thank you. She fixed sandwiches for Mom and Dad and her.

Dad came out of the bedroom and I went in to see Mom. She looked worried but alert. She obviously didn't want to talk to me but when I asked how she was doing she said she was fine. I asked what she was watching on TV and Dad walked in and said "we don't know Darion chose it." Darion brought in sandwiches.

I went back upstairs to practice my songs.

5:00 Dad called me for spinach salad. It was pretty good when I added Parmesan cheese to it.

6:00 I told Dad his salad was good and I saw they were eating apple pie. I went in the kitchen and tasted the apple pie which was not cooked thoroughly. Dad left a note in the kitchen hanging in an obvious place saying to pick up what needs to be cleaned as we leave the kitchen.

It appears he wrote the note as a roundabout way to ask me to empty the dishwasher and in his frustration that both his dishwasher and oven are falling apart. He may have also been drinking because he writes notes and stacks up food supplies for the following day meals when he's drinking.

I started emptying the dishwasher and discovered some of the glasses were not clean. I replaced them and put the rest of the dishes from the sink into the dishwasher and left a note telling him what I did. I also left a note on the apple pie telling him it may not be too late to finish cooking the apple pie.

I started my PBS exercise news.

6:30 Dad went in the kitchen. I checked on Mom and asked if she was okay. She just looked at me without saying anything. I said, "I guess you're not okay." and went back to my exercising. Dad went back in the bedroom and closed the door.

7:30 I finished my exercise news and went upstairs for the night.

I didn't see Mom more than two minutes in total today but I'm sure Dad doesn't remember when I first moved in with them, off and on, 3 years ago, Dad wouldn't let me see Mom for more than a few minutes a week. Mom was shut up in the bedroom like she was today.

I'm sure it's Dad's short-term memory issue that keeps him from realizing he could stop drugging Mom and both him and Mom can start living both of their lives rather than his morbid protecting of Mom's inactivity. Maybe his own recent improved activity will improve his blood circulation and his memory so he can recognize the days are a long stream of monotony for Mom.

Rather than addressing each moment habitually with repeated routines he thinks are clever and resourceful, he will require actual interesting variety for himself and Mom.

He tells me, I'm stopping them from enjoying their lives but he doesn't remember the decade it took him to destroy Mom to this point, by isolating her and convincing the family Mom doesn't want to talk to anyone.

For now, all Dad's effort is focused on convincing Mom she doesn't want to talk to anyone. Dr Taylor's drugs make that an easy task.

Mom's mad at me because Dad tells her she doesn't want to be bothered with any of the activities I try to involve her with, as prescribed by the physical therapist. She also knows she gets another terrible drugging each time she starts to show independence.

Talk to Mom for any length of time when she isn't medicated and she is completely committed to going to the bathroom on her own, irrigating her ostomy so she can sit up without pain, exercising so she can walk, visiting her sons, especially Brant in Seattle and going to see the hidden graveyard we found in the neighborhood.

But she catches us off guard when she requests to go to the bathroom against Dad's

wishes or requests to do anything independent. We need the whole family taking turns and alert every moment when Mom is ready to do things and escape from her prison.

It doesn't take any time for Dad to destroy Mom's enthusiasm. He is her only connection to the world and controls everything from the television remote to her diaper changes, gas lighting and medication.

11/28/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 Dad was changing Mom when I went to visit so I continue to watch TV while Dad changed Mom.

Dad came out of the bedroom to get something in the kitchen and I told him there were Macy's day parade proceedings on the NBC channel.

I checked on Mom but she was completely knocked out.

9:00 I went upstairs and started getting cleaned up for Thanksgiving company.

10:00 Neal, Fiona and Douglas arrived. I checked on Mom and tried to ask her to go out in the living room and talk with us. Mom was completely drugged out for the holiday so we all sat in the living room and talked about inspiration and politics. Douglas played the guitar.

11:30 Neal, Fiona and Douglas went to the grocery store for a few odds and ends for Mark and Connie. Or that was their subtle way to exit without including me. I tried to talk to Mom again and she opened her eyes and close them again.

Dad laid down with incapacitated Mom.

12:30 Dad brought food from Mark and Connie's house and we all ate except for Mom who was still too badly drugged to participate in our satellite Thanksgiving dinner.

1:00 Dad fed some of the Thanksgiving dinner to Mom after talking to her like she could understand what he was saying.

I went upstairs and fell asleep like a traditional turkey eater.

3:00 Carly and Emilio arrived and were talking to Dad so I didn't disturb them.

4:00 Carly and Emilio started speaking to someone on the phone. So I figured it was a good time to join the conversation as they were finishing their phone conversation.

I talked to them a little bit and went and checked on Mom. Darion left for the holiday and Mom could not be wakened.

4:30 Carly and Emilio left and Mom tried to lift her head to say goodbye.

5:00 Dad came to me in the living room where I was watching television and said, "I know you think I'm drugging Mom for visitors but that's a mistake so don't make that mistake anymore."

He just finished drugging Mom all day, so his family would be convinced she is further along in mental and physical loss than he is. And he comes to me like a big dumb baby and says, it's a mistake to think he's drugging mom for visitors.

I know Dad's short-term memory is confusing for him but you would think he would have some grasp of the 3 years I've spent calling his attention to this macabre medication nightmare.

5:30 I started my PBS exercise news.

6:30 I finished exercising.

It's perfectly understandable my family would want to protect their dignity by gossiping among each other with explanations for their unforgivable behavior. Neglecting Mom, must be a huge burden.

But it would only require one day, without warning, to keep Dad away from Mom to see how Mom comes alive and even does her exercise when she isn't drugged. So there's no excuse to continue pretending after 3 years of my living in the house and reporting how Mom's beautiful personality is being destroyed, for the most blatant misogynist and power satisfying reasons.

Psychology is subtle and easily forgotten whether a bad habit is maintained or adjusted to. We move on the next day as if nothing happened if a bad habit disappears. But the

drugging for visitors nightmare continues, partially because we don't want to think about other family members we allowed to be slowly destroyed this way.

Patriarchal bad habits are in the news everyday. It seems like our family tragedy would be noticeable as we watch daily news of authoritarian leaders being allowed to destroy whole countries for the same power joy.

It seems like families would be able to make the comparison to our little lives. Our isolated family members with dangerous habits could be easily addressed compared to huge wars seeking valuable real estate.

But that's the nature of the male dominated world which has convinced both women and men, we can do anything we want to the weak without consequences.

Putin was allowed to line up all his rusty tanks from Russia to Kiev and we just watched them run out of gas on TV. He still has 20% of the Ukraine for his trouble.

The almighty doctors who prescribed Mom's death medicine are just waiting to see if this lucrative prescription drug addicted world is going to notice women being whittled down to nothing. Men dispose of old women without consequences.

Putin, Netanyahu and Dad can't believe they got away with it this long. But for some historical reason, men and women have come to accept, women are no good, in spite of all the clear evidence to the contrary.

11/27/24 Betty Broome Report

You would think even the most submissive and loyal '50s housewife would defy their husbands who start gas lighting them about what great lives they've had before they were incapacitated mentally and physically by purposeful inactivity and medication.

6:00 Dad was doing something in the kitchen. I was having a real bad allergy attack so I didn't get up.

9:30 I talked to Mom and she was glaring at me and yelling saying, "You're going to find out what's going to happen to you." "You're going to have to leave." I said, "I know Dad's

been saying he will call the police for 6 months but if they come get me it will be more reason for you to get up and visit me in prison." Mom didn't think that was funny.

I think Dad must have realized It's not a competition between him and I because when Mom went on later about what to do with me Dad said, "Thank him." Referring to me. I guess she realized he had gone too far with the gas lighting against her oldest son today.

10:00 I talked to Teresa and Dad in the living room and Teresa was happy to have her daughter home for the holiday.

10:30 Mom was taken out of the bedroom and into the living room so Teresa could clean the bedroom. Mom asked about where the rest of the Christmas decorations are so I looked in the attic and got another box.

I found the specific decoration she was asking for and started putting them up. I told Mom she should help put them up on the Christmas tree but Mom said, "no I'm not going to!"

11:00 Margaret (The Wednesday nurse) arrived and Mom parroted her gas lit "no pain" statements for Margaret. Darion brought Margaret her documentation sheets and she jotted down Mom's vitals as usual.

Mom's only connection to the doctors missed an opportunity missed her chance to help again. Mom needs someone to help with her constant gut cramps whenever she sits up.

11:24 I sent Margaret a text.
Text to Margaret.

The reason Mom wants to go back to the bed all the time is because she is only comfortable when she is not sitting up. This is because of constant abdominal cramps and disorientation due to inappropriate medication.

Dad gas light's mom so she will never say she has pain, diaper rash or any discomfort around you.

12:00 Dad reheated the lasagna for the third day and it was excellent. He made another petty comment about the soup I made a few days before so I know he is still gossiping with the family, gaslighting Mom and possibly Darion because he doesn't want any interference with his control over Mom. I just have to keep that in mind while I motivate Mom as much as I can to exercise her legs through the volatile holidays.

1:00 As Dad was leaving to go to the grocery store he told me the neighbor wanted me to help him decorate the yard. I went to the neighbor's house and he said he didn't want any help but he wanted permission to have his decorations spill over into our yard. He said he thought it might be something which would motivate Mom to get out of bed and watch.

1:30 I went in the house and asked Mom if she wanted to come see the neighbor decorating our yard. Mom was still angrily gaslighted and said, "no." I asked her several times and she finally said, "You must be embarrassed to go out by myself."

I wish I would have been fast thinking enough to say, "yes, please come with me so I'll feel comfortable visiting the neighbor." Maybe she would have been motivated to go along with me but I said, "I was just out there with the neighbors and they are very pleasant. They just thought you would like to see them decorate our yard with some of their decorations." Mom said she was not going to get up and do anything.

I went upstairs and fell asleep.

6:00 The neighbor visited again and asked me if Mom wanted to come out and look at the lights he put up in our yard. I took his message to Mom and Dad.

Dad said , "You are not following the house rules so we're not going to go along with what you want to do." I was embarrassed to see him act like such a baby but I calmly said, "I only want to do what is fun and healthy for you and Mom." I also asked Mom what she wanted me to tell the neighbor. I said, "I could tell them we hate them for not communicating with us for 16 years" and I laughed. Mom said, "tell them I'm sick." I went outside and told the neighbor Mom was feeling ill and Dad followed and talked to the neighbor as well.

I went upstairs for the night.

7:00 I heard Mom and Dad moving around downstairs. I quickly went down and they were already headed back into the bedroom. Dad said Mom wanted to get up and ride in the scooter. I don't know what this was about but it was all over before it began and mom was drugged out beyond communication.

Video of moms drugged scooter rides today.

https://youtu.be/_CQSoa-XObI?si=DLOKl4Uu3PuQtZtC

I sent another message to the White House with their suggestion web page.

When poorly trained adult protective service professionals can't justify terrifying an elderly person by removing them from the environment they are habituated to, in spite of deadly habits and routines, they should adjust their tactics and remove any substances the elderly abuse.

A side effect of leaving the elderly to fend for themselves is that all the participants and family judge their own lack of action justified. The family politely talks to each other at a distance waiting for the death of the aging and constantly suffering family members.

Help my Mom!

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

11/26/24 Betty Broome Report

When backed into a corner about why he doesn't give Mom a chance to escape from the zombie drugs, Dad becomes hyperbolic and says, "Your mother is dying!" or "They are prescribed drugs!" Both comments must provide some kind of comfort for Dad by seeming to take the responsibility out of his hands.

Eerily, I have seen this in other family members so I know it must be a universal problem.

When he is in his depressive state Dad lies to himself and others. Mom's ability to sit up and communicate is all completely under Dad's control with Dr Taylor's prescriptions.

If Mom would have died shortly after November 6th 2019 when Dr Venkatesh pronounced Mom only had months to live, our family would have had the wool pulled over our eyes. I wouldn't have discovered the medication prescribed by a Dr Venkatesh and continued prescribing by Dr Taylor, is causing Mom to die a 5 year slow torturous death so far. Instead It could have been a 5 year or longer enjoyable life. Healthy family activities could have and still can contribute to Mom's length and quality of life the way it has improved Dad's life so much from just one additional activity.

7:00 I rode into Mom and Dad's bedroom on the scooter. I brought a bowl of trail mix and they were already eating shredded wheat with cut up strawberries for breakfast. I

helped Mom get her last bite slivered strawberry on her spoon and she ate it. She asked me to take the tray to the kitchen.

On my way out of the bedroom I asked Mom if she wanted to go for a ride on the scooter and she laughed. I said you'll feel better if you get up and look around. She got mad and said "no!" Then she said, out of context, "I don't have to do anything I don't want to." It sounded like Dad's training which is part of the recent family gossip crescendo.

7:30 I took the tray to the kitchen still riding the scooter.

As I left the room Dad said, "5 minutes!" Meaning he was changing Mom's diaper.

7:40 Dad called out again "5 minutes!" So Mom is full of medication and demanding to have her diaper changed often.

8:38 Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair. That must have been a challenge with Mom knocked out.

8:45 Dad gave me a putting lesson to help for our game at 10:40. Veronica left and Dad called out, "5 minutes!" for Mom to have her diaper changed.

9:08 Darion arrived and Dad said, "5 minutes." For another diaper change which was more than usual this morning. I also think Dad is having more trouble with his memory and/or medication this morning. Luckily we have a golf game planned to keep him focused. He may have over done his own medication.

9:30 Dad and I left to play golf.

We had a great game. But it's the first time I ever beat him and his memory and focus issue was clearly visible to everyone around him. If someone in the family cared they would probably have his medication changed. But he persisted thought the game with everyone saying they hope they can "play like him at the age of 91."

Maybe Dad gets his own medication and mental facilities back, he and the family will discover and correct the constant grueling abuse they are inflicting on Mom.

I'm capable of being polite to a family of unintentional torcher murderers as long as there's hope they will snap out of it. Most people don't realize withholding extra incentives for a fulfilling life is tantamount to murder for elderly individuals who are still

feeling inappropriately responsible for assisting their children.

We played a foursome with strangers Don and Prentice. Prentice had an encouraging story to tell about his sister for whom he is caring like we are for Mom. He and his sister moved in together a year and a half ago when she was morbidly obese, incapable of walking and looking for a liver transplant.

In the year and a half he has been working with his sister she cut her medication down to almost nothing, she lost almost 200 lbs and no longer requires diabetes insulin. She is still waiting for a transplant because the doctor who scheduled her surgery went to jail for taking bribes. He was changing the sequence of individuals requiring the surgery list. Some doctors are bad like I am suggesting our doctor is at the very least negligent.

I told Prentice I was having the same problem with my mother, who is incapable of doing her physical therapy because of reckless medications provided by doctors who have not seen Mom in several years.

Dad and I went out to eat after the game at the Italian restaurant near the golf course. Dad gave one of his compasses to a family sitting next to us and they were very grateful. They secretly paid for our meal.

2:00 We returned home and Darion said Mom ate some pumpkin pie. She also said, out of context, "We are not supposed to tell her what we like or don't like." I guess we'll learn more about that later. I asked if Mom remembers what happened while we were gone. Darion said she knows how to keep Betty's attention. I guess that means it was a struggle to keep mom's attention while we were playing golf.

I sat in the living room chair and Dad walked past saying, he was going to try to get me removed from the house so I would only visit on weekdays. He said they would like to have the weekends to themselves. He also said he wanted me to stop writing reports to my brothers.

I said, "That's easy, all you have to do is stop medicating Mom so she can do her physical therapy, she can have regular bowel movements and sleep at night." Medication is the job of a nurse when they are both over 90 years old.

Dad shouted "Your mother is dying!" He doesn't fall back on that hyperbolic statement until he is cornered and knows there's nothing else he can say. He doesn't like the feeling of being trapped by either stopping the zombie drugs or dealing with the promise I

made to Mom for me to stay until she can walk again.

The rest of my criminally lazy family can look at my reports to see the weekend are a likely time for Mom's terminal overdose.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

Dad needs to reawaken his adulthood and become a hopeful hero escaping from the same misogyny which is ruling the world with ugly Trump like gas lit deaths.

3:30 I told Mom she missed her 3:00 exercise and she was starting to become alert. I threw a balloon at her and she hit it back. We started hitting the balloon around the room between Darion, Dad Mom for about 5 minutes.

Mom stopped and didn't want to play anymore. Dad found the movie he was watching with Darion yesterday and they continued where they left off.

I went upstairs, watched videos and fell asleep.

5:00 Dad called to me upstairs and asked if I wanted a hot dog. I told him, "no thank you."

I wonder if Mom's entrapment in unirrigated ostomy and zombie drugs started before I retired when I was still busy teaching. Was I complicit in Mom's torture death like the rest of my family is complicit now because it's so convenient to believe the patriarch of the family.

11/25/24 Betty Broome Report

In November 2023 last year my ex-wife wanted to visit my parents and asked me to go with her to my parent's house. She brought homemade chutney and she was horrified about how Dad was neglecting Mom. I immediately used Indeed employment website to find a registered nurse that specialized in 1.medication, 2.ostomy irrigation and 3.physical therapy. Maribel was very personable and highly competent but Dad wouldn't allow her to work with Mom except four times in the month I employed her for \$256 a day.

That was one year ago and I hoped calling attention to the situation would cause Dad to wake up and become objective about his manipulative medicating of mom. I hoped that hiring a nurse would cause my brothers and their families to unite to involve mom and Dad in activities to help my parents escape their codependent inactively suicidal behavior. I also thought having a professional nurse there might stop the doctors from providing Dad with the deadly medications that constipate Mom and keep her from doing her physical therapy.

After a year Dad is much more healthy from activity but it hasn't happened happens for Mom.

Coincidentally we've seen an obviously deranged and incompetent television character returned to the White House.

So logic isn't any part of the process of assisting aging people. Mom and Dad were left alone for 40 years while their kids built careers and families. Isolation led to devastating but I'm confident, reversible mental illness. All we have to do is involve Mom and Dad in activities like they did for us and they can enjoy the last years of their lives.

Mom still needs her ostomy irrigated, Dad still needs to stop giving Mom various combinations of medications that keep her sleeping most days during the day and up all night. And they both need more physical therapy to take advantage of their remaining years.

At least Dad started having assistants come most days of the week allowing me to buy back the loan I made for the nurse. Ironically the Caring Senior Services assistants companies serve as an additional obstacle to Mom and Dad's mental and physical fitness.

They won't be inconvenienced by irrigating Mom's ostomy. So Mom has constant intestinal pain whenever she sits up or gets in her expensive scooter.

Dad will not relinquish control of the medications he uses to keep Mom as a zombie for any visits from family, doctors, nurses or assistants. The feeling of control is too powerful for him to give away anyone else yet.

I'm still hopeful my birthday or my brothers could inspire Dad to be snapped into objectivity about releasing Mom from the constant drifting in and out of consciousness. He's got to stop using Dr Taylor's prescriptions, in various combinations, for various

effects and audiences.

7:30 I went in the kitchen and Dad was getting coffee for Mom. They had already eaten breakfast so I watched part of a television show he suggested about a detective named Gentle. It was a little violent for my taste and Mom was already out of her mind asking to have the Christmas tree lights taken off and saying that her side was wet. "It's wet it's wet!"

8:00 So I sent off yesterday's report to the usual 16 individuals and institutions.

I heard Darion arrive and I knew Mom would be watched over so I fell asleep.

11:30 I went downstairs and asked what Mom and Darion wanted for lunch. Mom was still pretty out of it but I was able to get her to exercise her legs for a few minutes. I think Darion was surprised Mom exercised.

I asked if Mom wanted a sausage sandwich and she said, yes. I went in the kitchen and Dad suggested the soup he made last week. So I cut up sausage and put it in the soup to make it more meaty. Dad seemed surprised Mom was responsive. He took it for granted she was still "sleepy." That seemed a little suspicious.

I didn't heat the soup enough, so Mom didn't eat much of hers but Dad reheated and ate his.

12:00 Dad had been working on lasagna for quite some time so I had the opportunity to speak to Mom. Darion said a trainee was coming to see what it's like to work here in the house on the weekends. I asked Mom if she had heard that before. Did she know there was someone coming to be trained in the house? Mom barely responded "yes."

Darion said she was going to work here on most weekends herself when she can, but sometimes she needs to have time off. I could see this was a challenge for Darion. I know Darion would love to work with Mom 24 hours a day if she could, but as she was describing the assistant helping in the house, she was clearly torn about how often the new assistant would be needed.

This new assistant is a new revelation and I hope it works out well for Mom and Darion so Mom isn't constantly drugged on the weekends like she has been for months. The weekends have been very hard on Mom as one can read in the reports.

The archive of Betty Broome Reports. Refresh it if you have uploaded it previously.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

So far, having Darion here has not detoured Dad from keeping Mom medicated to the point of being knocked out when Darion is here much of the time. This is especially so when we leave the house and Dad often gives Mom a full dose for Darion to have to deal with. He asks Darion to leave the room for 5 minutes or so and it's obvious what happens at those times.

12:30 I gave Mom some chocolate colored peanuts she enjoyed very much. She seems to be breaking through the cognitive dissonance of the two states of mind she has to keep up with around Dad and I.

Mom recognizes objective reality when she sees it coming from me with natural conversation and requests for logical needed improvements. But Mom also tolerates the weird gas lighting world and medicated zombie states she survives because of Dad and her own Stockholm Syndrome participating in his warped self-destructive plans.

I told Mom I was going to go get cleaned up and dressed for the new assistant Darion was going to train and I went upstairs.

1:00 I changed my clothes and went back downstairs. I rode the scooter into the room and asked Mom if she wanted some hot tea. Mom said yes.

I brought Mom hot tea but the door was closed so I watch TV in the living room and waited for Darion to finish changing Mom's diaper. Darion opened the door and I gave them both hot tea.

I reminded Mom she didn't eat very much lunch and asked if she wanted pie. She said yes and I stuck the frozen pie Dad bought yesterday in the oven. I came back and told her the pie was not going to be ready for an hour and she said that was okay because she wasn't hungry.

1:30 I got the Oculus 3D glasses to show Mom her neighborhood and after 6 or 7 attempts I was not able to get her to be able to see the first GPS location I found. But I could tell Mom was coming out of the medication because she persisted through all of those attempts to get the Oculus to work. I finally discovered I wasn't in a close enough position to Mom for the Oculus to remain working properly when I put it on her head.

Dad went in the kitchen again and was working on his lasagna. This allowed me to sit

next to Mom and the Oculus started working. It allowed Mom to see the bridge her father built. Mom was obviously delighted and made an excited sound I hadn't heard in a while.

2:00 Dad returned and I gave him his place and a familiar movie was coming on the television. It was the Blues Brothers and they continued to watch it. Mom started falling asleep so I suspected Dad might have given her more medication.

Mom asked to have her diaper changed and told me to leave the room. I could hear them watching the movie without me.

3:00 The lasagna had cooled enough for me to try it. It was pretty good so I cut out a full size piece for myself.

The bedroom door was finally opened and I asked Mom if she wanted some lasagna. She made an ugly face and I told her the pie would be ready soon.

I went upstairs and practiced songs for a while.

3:30 Dad called and said the pie was ready and it was excellent. It was the best pumpkin pie I have ever eaten and I was still full from a huge plate of Dad's lasagna.

Dad was acting sneaky for some reason and said that Mark and Brian were not going to play golf tomorrow because Mark was worried about everyone having Thanksgiving at his house and Brian was sick. I didn't look into the situation but I took a bunch of diaper boxes out to the trash to crush them.

I went back upstairs and I could hear the end of the blues Brothers movie.

6:00 I guess they ate lasagna for supper because a lot of it was missing when I went down to have some chocolate milk. So I wasn't worried about fixing them anything for supper. Dad said Mom ate two pieces of pie.

So I went upstairs for the night.

11/24/24 Betty Broome Report

My brothers and their wives are not energetic enough to help Mom and Dad. They only do what they have to do and Mom's constant suffering isn't high in their priorities.

Quiet almost all night.

8:00 Dad's watching his plane crash videos on YouTube and said, "She didn't need her cereal this morning you want to fix something just for her." He said, "you should just wait a while because she's sleeping pretty hard." It's hard to know when to call attention to the fact that he keeps her sleeping all day and she can't sleep at night. Or call attention to the drugs that cause this unnatural sleep and hallucination cycle.

I said I'll wait until Meet the Press comes on and Dad said, "9:30." It seems like this morning his plan is to keep control of Mom by pretending she's sleeping. No hysterical combination of drugs or maybe that came earlier and now she's simply exhausted.

9:30 I came downstairs and fixed eggs, bacon and leftover croissant for Mom. Mom drank some of the grapefruit juice and ate some of the bacon on her own but had to be fed the croissant and eggs.

10:00 Dad took the tray in the kitchen and I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said, yes. I brought her hot tea and had to hold the cup up to her mouth 10 or so times to take sips and then she took one drink herself and fell asleep almost dropping the cup. Dad caught the cup and Dad and I were watching government shows.

10:00 I told Mom and Dad I was going to fill the bird feeders. The one in the backyard got rained on and the birds couldn't get the seeds out. Then I went upstairs to practice my songs.

11:30 Dad left to go to the grocery store and said I should listen for Mom. Mom was hallucinating and barely able to communicate.

12:00

I sent off yesterday's report.

12:10 Mark called but we didn't get to the phone in time to answer it. Mom was too drugged out to call him back. I tried four or five times to get her to call him but she wouldn't do it.

12:20 Dad arrived from the grocery and I asked him if he had more to bring in. He said no and he asked if Mom was still asleep and I said yes. I don't know how often to remind him that he needs to stop medicating her all the time so she can be active and independent.

1:30 Mark called and asked for Mom's dressing recipe. I sent it to everyone in a group text. Dad had just finished making a lunch of excellent salmon, toast and gravy. Mom is drugged out and unable to eat.

Dad is at the table filling the drug distribution container. Sometimes this part of how he tries to convince me and everyone else Mom is just naturally incapable of standing up or doing anything. He feels the container or leaves a dose of drugs on the counter implying she hasn't received any. But I have informed adult protective services and everyone involved Dad has his non-fussy pills he uses at his discretion to create the illusion mom is permanently disabled mentally and physically.

2:00 I asked Mom if she was ready for her salmon and she said she didn't want it. In fact she said she didn't like salmon. I don't know if this is just a short-term thing but she was adamant about it after I tried many times to tell her it was good.

I asked if she wanted fruit salad with poppy seed dressing and she was obviously aroused by that idea. Mom was eating her fruit salad I brought her and Dad came in with the salmon. The whole family knows I am stupidly family-oriented and always have been, so Dad knows I asked Mom at least four times to eat her salmon Dad fixed for her.

This is the kind of constant drama Mom has to deal with and her drugged and drunken stupors, because Dad doesn't think about her needs.

3:00 Mom was drugged almost all day today so she lost another precious day of her life.

5:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted some hot chocolate milk. Dad said maybe she will be awake when you bring it in. But he said, "I just want to tall glass of iced tea."

I brought Dad his iced tea and then brought Mom her hot chocolate. I had to stay with her and give her sips because she was almost completely out of it. Dad said this would probably be her supper because she hasn't eaten much all day.

I turned on PBS exercise news and watched Mom drink her cocoa the best she could. After a while she must have asked Dad to take it away because she didn't have it

anymore.

Dad closed the bedroom door.

6:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs. I got a call from one of my ex students who reports to me about one of my other ex students who is trapped by a neglectful family. It was good talking to someone from the 90s.

11/23/24 Betty Broome Report

The only time Mom dares to say what she really wants is when she's overdosed with medication. Ironically Dad overdoses her to convince those around her Mom is more mentally affected by age than he is. He could stop with the drugs at any time and everyone would breathe a huge sigh of relief.

4:00 a.m. Dad was up all night changing Mom.

7:30 Valerie came and washed Mom's hair.

9:00 Mom was picking at her shirt out of control telling me, "You need to take this away." I asked what she wanted for breakfast. Dad said, "she said she wanted rolls." Mom said "sweet."

The air conditioning man arrived. I led him upstairs and then into the attic where he was working when I went back downstairs to fix Mom and Dad's breakfast.

9:30 Dad said he was going to the store. I asked him if he had spoken to the air conditioning man.

Dad said he would go and talk to him. He went upstairs for a long time.

10:00 Dad started to leave to go to the store again but ask how long it would be before the croissants were done. I said 2 minutes. Dad said he would have one when he gets back.

10:15 Dad went to the store. He was very urgent about leaving and didn't have a croissant so I know he has left with Mom drugged as a zombie performance for me.

I brought Mom her cinnamon croissants with molasses and she started pulling off pieces of the paper napkin and eating it. I told her she was eating the paper and she said, "I know it." I turned on the light and helped her get one of the croissants out of the tissue lined basket.

Mom started eating croissants. I apologize to her for not realizing how much she likes bread sooner. She'll even eat disgusting donuts to have something similar good hot bread.

Then I got more information for her memoirs about her father. She told me to go upstairs and get the map of Poteau so she could point out the places she was describing. I reminded her, "Dad told me he threw it away. It isn't up there in the kids bedroom anymore."

Mom was surprised when I told her again, Dad said he thought he threw away her precious big map of Poteau. I said, "we should have given it to the Poteau museum when we gave them all those items." I reminded her we found Dr Hardy's booth when we were there last time and the roof was leaking on the stairway.

Mom used Dad's common sentence and tone of voice saying, "I think you are remembering incorrectly." Then she reminded me, "Dr Hardy's display was a table and it wasn't upstairs. It was downstairs in the room with the awnings we donated to the museum." Mom was very happy when I said she was right about the location of Dr Hardy's table and the awnings.

10:45 Mom finished eating four big croissants and was losing consciousness with the medication. She was holding her pointer finger using the fingers of her opposite hand, reaching toward me and said she needed to give this to me.

I said, "you're holding your own finger." She became very upset using the facial expression and tone of voice dad uses when he's upset and Mom said, "Joe, I don't do that."

I said, "You did hold up your own finger and try to give it to me just now, and that's why I'm talking to you about it right now." I said, "You're drugged right now but you need to remember to tell Dad to stop giving you the bad medications that make you miss your physical therapy and make it so hard for Darion to take care of you." "Dad will do what you say if you repeat it often enough."

I said, "If you didn't sleep all day on medication you would be able to have a normal sleep at night." I said, "That would be easier for Dad too, because he wouldn't be up all night having to change your diapers and ostomy."

Mom fell asleep.

12:00 Dad came home with groceries and heated soup for Mom. I reminded him that before he left to get groceries he said he was going to have one of the croissants when he got back. He said, "I forgot about that." I told him, I saved it for him. I told him, "Mom had just finished 4 big croissants less than 2 hours ago." Dad brought the soup to Mom and then put it away in the refrigerator when she didn't eat it.

1:00 Dad asked where the putter was. I told him It was in the living room and I went downstairs but he had already gone in the bedroom.

2:00 Dad was putting again and I talked to him about getting a new indoor putt hole because that one doesn't work effectively. He said that he had just got one in the whole and it wasn't a fair challenge because of the lines in the carpet which can be used to get in the hole every time. But I never saw him get one in the hole and I wasn't able to do it myself. He went back in the bedroom.

5:00 I knocked on the door and Dad said, "5 minutes." I asked through the door if Mom and Dad wanted something good to eat for supper. Dad said they had just eaten 2 hours before. I fixed mushroom, beef and spinach ramen noodle soup.

5:30 I brought little bowls of soup for Mom, Dad and myself. Dad said "thank you" but after a couple of bites he asked what it was. I said beef and noodle soup. "Dad said ramen noodles?" I said yes and he put down the the soup bowl. Mom continued to eat for a while but didn't eat much of it. I ate the leftovers in the pot. It was really great but I guess I should have brought it to them later in the evening.

Mom must have been medicated again at around 5:00 because she started trying to get out of bed to go to the bathroom. I said, "I'll help you get in the bathroom." Dad said, "Do you really want to go to the bathroom?"

I got her potty chair next to the bed. Dad said "we're not using the potty chair." Mom was obviously hallucinating with medication but it didn't matter to Dad what she wanted. Dad creates these situations with Dr Taylor's drugs and then it doesn't matter

what Mom wants. Mom said she was peeing and she needed a new diaper. I left the bedroom and closed the door.

I sent off yesterday's report.

6:00 Dad had to have medicated Mom again tonight and she was hallucinating intensely about being in the wrong house, saying, "I want to get up and go to the bathroom." I said "I can help you walk to the toilet if you concentrate while I'm holding you up."

Then she started saying, "I want to go upstairs to see what pictures are up there." I said, "Climb on my back and I'll carry you upstairs."

It's at these times Dad can't control what she says. Ironically it's Dad that creates these windows into Mom's hopefulness when he drugs her to convince me she is less competent than he is.

She wants to sit on the toilet instead of having to use a diaper. She wants to be able to walk again. She wants me to help her in spite of all of the gas lighting Dad has done against me. All these hopes of Mom's are easily dashed by Dad with medication and gas lighting.

Dad is 91 and was left alone with his ego for 40 years with only Mom there to exercise control over. She participated in his gradually more cruel domination as long as she could, but now Dad is making her into a drug zombie and there are windows into her unconscious desires.

She's done what Dad wants all her life but she doesn't want him to kill her with Dr Taylor's drugs.

Mom is in almost constant misery except when visitors come and she is told she has no pain. Her actual comfort and mental state don't factor into Dad's calculations about having control over her and putting her on display for family, doctors and Mom's assistants.

Now Dad has been exposed for years in writing, so he medicates Mom for weeks at a time. Both he and Mom are exhausted. Her only glimpse of reality is usually overnight when Mom stays up exerting her only control requesting for Dad to change her diapers and ostomy.

Late at night Dad loses track of the fact that he has caused this situation with Dr Taylor's

drugs and he becomes upset with Mom for making him deal with her waist so many times all night.

My brother's encourage Dad for his noble commitment to Mom because it's inconvenient to think about assisting with the disgusting situation. They are intensely annoyed by Dad's repetitive stories and attempts to control insignificant points in conversation but they don't connect Dad's crazy talk with the fact that they have left him in control of Mom's horrible medication combinations.

They don't want to know how hideous Dad's habits have become in the 40 years we all left him and Mom alone. Mom and Dad didn't get enough feedback to remain mentally healthy when the only human contact they got was 3 days a year during holidays.

I have kept the brothers, doctors, the adult protective Services, the police, the local news and even the state and national attorney general's office informed of this medical emergency. But because there's human waste involved everyone is keeping their distance.

So there will be enormous relief when Dad recognizes his entrenched monstrous habits and fills his time with productive behavior instead of exercising misogynistic control over Mom. He will be a hero for having gone against the international trend of male ego destroying patient women.

11/22/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad blames mom for keeping them both up all night when he drugs her to sleep during the day. Of course she can't sleep at night. Ask Mom why she doesn't sleep at night and she'll say what Dad tells her to say about how she's old and she can do whatever she wants to.

3:00 a.m. Dad's in the kitchen.

3:30 Dad went outside. I guess to see if the trash had been put out.

6:45 I went in the kitchen to start breakfast and there was the tray from breakfast they

had already eaten.

7:00 I went in and talked to Mom. Dad went in the kitchen. I asked Mom if she had any more ideas about her book and she said, "There were people she knew in the house across the street from her house in Poteau. I started taking notes.

I got the Oculus to look at her neighborhood but it was out of batteries so I plugged it in and she continued to talk about her neighborhood.

She said, her Dad and her brother built a lot of the houses in the neighborhood. Her dad was very busy organizing and building a bridge and houses when he was the county commissioner. She said she went to the openings and special events for her dad Frank Huddleston, when she was a young girl.

7:30 Dad came in the bedroom with coffee and whipped cream. He heard us talking about Poteau (their hometown). He suggested we talk about Mary Lou. There was some Peyton Place situation where Mary Lou came into the family and at one point she moved in to the house with Mom, James and her Father. Dad's contributions to Mom's stories are often the dark side of the family.

Mom said Mary Lou moved in for high school and she was a couple of years older than Mom. Mary Lou and her older brother James had more in common because Mary Lou was in the band and her brother was on the football team.

Mary Lou had a boyfriend in Wister and they said they had a strawberry patch they tended there. I joked saying, maybe they only said they had a strawberry patch. Mom chuckled. I asked if they ever brought any strawberries home. Mom said, "when they were in season." Mom was starting to act a bit medicated.

I didn't want to call attention to it because I didn't want to have an argument in front of Mom when she was becoming med sensitive and overreacting.

8:00 Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed and I went outside. I got some yogurt for breakfast and as I came out of the kitchen Dad was taking all the bedding from their bed into the washing machine. So there must have been incident.

10:00 Mark arrived with a lighted Christmas tree, he put up in the living room and gave everyone breakfast biscuits. I was shaving so I thanked him and asked him to put mine in the fridge.

10:30 Mark and Dad went to the doctor and Mom said she wanted the house decorated to go with Mark's tree. Mom was pretty badly medicated but she told us where she wanted the decorations to go and I took a video so she could see what we were doing to the house.

12:00 I fixed toasted chicken salad sandwiches with fruit salad and poppy seed dressing for Mom and Darion. Mom ate almost all hers except for some of the crust. I asked if she wanted me to cut off the crust from now on. She said she likes some crust so I shouldn't cut it all off. I heated up the McDonald's breakfast sandwich for myself and added jelly.

Video of the decorations.

<https://youtu.be/we0iSj2muNw?si=FLTrO1wkN02Qi0E3>

1:00 Dad came back from the doctor with a four rating. So his cancer blood count is negligible. Shortly after he and Mark left the house again again to prepare for Thanksgiving.

Mom is absolutely sure, after decades of few visits from family that she can read our facial expressions and instantly start turning us away with sleepiness or grumpiness. She thinks she knows we don't want to spend time with her. But with a little persistence Mom comes to life and she's the girl from Poteau Oklahoma who wants to get up and do something with her strong mind and body.

If we can just stop Dad from medicating her so she is not fighting against the medication as well as her own insecurity. We can revive Mom like Dad has revived himself with family activities after all those decades without visits from the family.

2:00 Darion and I got Mom up out of bed for a few minutes so we could put her sheets back on the bed after they had been washing and drying since the morning. Mom had another 20 minute leg workout after we told her she needs to get to Seattle to see Brant. Even when Mom is coming out of a morning of medication she can be motivated if we are persistent and Dad isn't there too say "she already said no."

3:00 Mark and Dad returned. I asked Mom if she wanted to go in the living room so Dad could get some sleep. She said she didn't want to get up. Darion sat with them.

4:00 I could tell they were going to let Mom go without her shower today if I didn't say something. So I went in the bedroom and told Mom she needs to get ready for her shower. Dad started asking Mom if she wanted to let Darion give her a shower. He has a

discouraging way when he pretends to get permission but convinces her not to participate.

Darion told Dad, Mom very much needed a shower because there was an emergency with a lot of waste when he was gone during the day. Dad became more urgent telling Mom to take a shower.

Mom said she needs to get up and get a shower. I closed the door and Dad watched Darion give Mom a shower. Dad went to the store to get soup for supper.

4:30 Dad returned from the store with clam chowder soup and convinced Darion to stay late and have some with us.

5:00 I asked Mom to exercise her legs while I do my PBS news hour exercise. Mom looked exhausted.

5:15 Dad ask if I wanted to watch a Tennessee Williams movie with them. I went to see what it was and it looked like a modern production of one of the old Tennessee Williams stories so I said I didn't want to see this one. I also told him I was going to be watching a documentary I was told about on Facebook and recommended it to him.

The door was mostly closed so I couldn't watch Mom but we were partially visible to each other while I did my exercise on the stationary bike.

6:30 I finished my exercise and watched the documentary which was somehow flattering, cynical and critical of Texas.

Just as the documentary was finishing Dad came and got something out of the kitchen and said he and Mom didn't care for the Tennessee Williams show very much but it kept their attention. I said I didn't care for the documentary either but it was well made decades ago.

I went upstairs for the night.

Most of my family
are neglectful monsters who
will hate their karma.

11/21/24 Betty Broome Report

6:30 I got up and fixed eggs, bacon and jelly toast for Mom and Dad.

7:00 I brought them breakfast and they ate almost all of it. We need to find something different for Mom to eat because she doesn't eat her eggs.

Mom said she needs her diaper changed and dad closed the door. I watch TV until Mark came and got Dad to go to the doctor.

Before Dad left he gave me a \$50 bill to get sandwiches for everyone. He was specific about the barbecue sandwiches and the location.

10:00 Mark and Dad left to go to the doctor. Mom had not been medicated since early in the morning if at all today so I was able to convince her to exercise her legs for almost 30 minutes. This was really great because she hadn't exercised for more than a few seconds for many weeks and she received no physical therapy in about the same amount of time.

I asked her to get up but she wouldn't go out to get sun. I talked to Mom and told her how great it was to get to know her as a personality instead of just someone helping me all my life. I think that statement was part of the reason she exercised so long.

Darion was astounded Mom exercised for such a long time today. Hopefully this will motivate her to motivate Mom with more confidence.

It would be really helpful if we could convince Dad not to give Mom medication that keeps her from exercising. My brothers should have more time to exercise her legs regularly. It would only take 28 days for her to change her habits and then not much longer than that for her to be able to feel comfortable getting in and out of the car to visit family, go to the doctor and get up and do daily chores which make her feel empowered and useful.

11:30 I went to get sandwiches. It ended up costing \$64.

12:00 I returned just in time when Dad and Mark returned from the doctor. I had sandwiches for everyone.

Mark left for the day and I practice songs.

2:00 Dad brought mom in the living room on the scooter with Mom saying she was sick

the whole way. Dad said to Mom, "You know you say you feel sick when you're about to have a bowel movement." He was obviously speaking indirectly to me when he said, "You just had a bowel movement but you probably need to do more."

I said to Mom, "We'll figure out your stomach." Dad got upset saying, "We already have it figured out." I said, "It's been years of Mom saying she's sick and she just said it now, so we don't have it figured out." Dad didn't respond but helped Mom steer into the bedroom on her scooter.

If we can just stop Dad from hovering over Mom, keeping her dependent, and then, at the same time, let Mom have her ostomy irrigated so she doesn't have stomach cramps when she sits up, she can improve.

Darion said she's going to be off for 4 days so we need for brothers to take over.

Video of mom in the scooter today.

https://youtu.be/agAxMWI34NU?si=pwl9WwSu0A_M8q2_

2:30 Mom and Dad were both asleep in their bed.

4:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to get up and do something but she was not responding.

4:30 Dad fixed excellent fried chicken breast, rice and gravy. I didn't see how much Mom ate but Darion left shortly after.

I went upstairs early and practice songs for the evening.

11/20/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom is super intelligent and has a great sense of humor when she's not medicated.

Dad used to describe people's thoughts and ideas as being like a mental bowl with a button at the bottom. A marble is rolling around in that bowl and that marble is our attention. Our attention-marble may roll around the bowl, but it will always roll across and end up at the curved bottom of the bowl with our main habits and favorite

thoughts.

But Dad used to say, there may be a loop for people who have bad habits or mental illness. Loops of bad habits and thoughts.

Popa Ogie (Dad's native American father) and Bob, (Dad's older brother) were psychologically wounded by disappointments when they were younger and felt unconsciously obligated to teach Dad their loop, "there is a limit to happiness" or "life is cruel."

That's why Dad shows so much interest in cleverly sad poems and songs. He lovingly shared the sad arts with his boys. Dad's harsh lessons from his Dad and brother are influencing his need to control the ending of his and his wife's life prematurely.

What is at the bottom of Dad's bowl is a need to control and match his life to the sad poems and songs he learned, from his Dad and brother. The only way to change such deeply ingrained bad habits is to fill the time with highly involving activities like golf has worked for him to pull him out of his crippled retirement posture and repetitive stories.

Now we have to do the same thing for Mom. But Dad is inadvertently serving as an obstacle to Mom's fitness.

Dad tries to connect the hysterical reaction Mom has to a full dose of medication with the fussiness she exhibits when she is allowed to be free of medication.

Mom is somewhat fussy and reminds us of chores she wants us to complete. This is her personality. But when she's given a full dose of medication she is hysterical and thinks she's in the wrong house. These two behaviors are not linked. One is drugs and one is her own sweet fussiness.

People who visit should not consider her hysterical druggings as part of her behavior that requires medication. It is caused by her medication. Her natural fussiness is one of the most charming things about her.

2:00 Noise downstairs.

4:30 Noise downstairs.

6:00 Noise downstairs. Mom is going to have a hard day today.

9:00 I was talking to Teresa when Dad told me not to wake Mom. He's exhausted from dealing with medicated Mom early this morning. He hasn't made a connection yet about how he is causing his own misery along with Moms.

9:30 Mom is still knocked out. Dad makes sure mom is incapable of being moved on Wednesday mornings because we started a tradition of her getting in the scooter and leaving the bedroom to let Teresa clean it. This is a chance to feel powerful breaking our little routine, until he snaps out of this terrible competition he has with Mom.

10:00 Mark came to get Dad to go to the doctor. Mom can barely talk.

11:00 Darion did a great job of getting Mom out of the bedroom so Teresa could change the bedding. It was challenging because Mom was so medicated but Dad wasn't around to discourage Mom so she dealt with it very well in spite of repeatedly saying "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick."

Video of mom headed back to the bedroom.

https://youtu.be/_81uI9pjIhM?si=af1le6-2L8deGw2E

11:30 Margaret the nurse visited and I set Mom up to let Margaret see what it's like when Mom has abdominal cramps. But Mom said she was fine. I'm sure she's just being defiant and contrary to meet Dad's expectations.

12:00 I served pizza, celery and Coke float and Mom, Darion and I ate all of it.

12:30 I played songs for Mom and I tried to talk her into getting up and doing something. I started pestering her and she asked me to leave.

Mark brought Dad home from the doctor. It takes being 100% alert 24 hours a day to be prepared for assisting family members correctly.

4:00 I checked in on Mom and Dad and Mom was asleep. I said I was just checking to see if she wanted to do some leg exercises. Dad was working on his computer and said he would call me when she wakes up.

4:30 Darion left for the day.

6:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for supper and Dad said he gave Mom the leftover pizza from lunch. That was pizza for two meals in a row. I fixed them little finger sandwiches of chicken salad and pumpkin pie with whipped cream and hot tea.

6:30 I did my exercise news and went upstairs for the night.

Mom was given a deadly diagnosis on November 6 th 2019. At that time Dad was given Mom's list of prescriptions with side effects causing Mom to lose control of her thoughts and her body. Instead of questioning the doctor's choice of medications Dad has incapacitated Mom since November 6th of 2019, for visitors and doctor's appointments.

The diagnosis that triggered Dad is as follows...

"Other pulmonary embolism without acute cor pulmonale unspecified chronicity"

<https://www.icd10data.com/ICD10CM/Codes/I00-I99/I26-I28/I26-/I26.99>

I'm sure if Mom received the same diagnosis and prescriptions for Dad she would have got a second opinion rather than immobilizing Dad for visitors all these years.

11/19/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted eggs and bacon for breakfast. Mom was very upset and said, "No I don't want anything." Dad said, "How about just rolls?" Mom said, "okay" I said do you want them sweet cinnamon croissants or regular and she said, "sweet."

7:30 I served Mom and Dad sweet crescent rolls with honey and cinnamon and mixed fruit juice. Mom made a big deal out of saying, " I don't want anything." She was acting way out of proportion as if she had been prompted.

It was a real show, so something's going on. She wouldn't even smell the hot pastry she usually loves intensely. She did take the coffee cup in her hand but didn't drink any.

8:30 Dad said Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair.

9:00 I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said, no. Darion arrived and spent time fixing up Mom and it seemed to come her down.

10:00 Dad asked Darion to leave the bedroom for a few minutes so she went and sat in

the kitchen. Dad does this quite often. Darion used to sit in the dark dining room but now she's more comfortable in the house and she sits wherever she wants when Dad asks her to leave the bedroom for a few minutes.

Mark and Dad went to the doctor.

Darion is better than anyone at being able to keep Mom up trying to talk but she's no match for Dad's medication.

Mom is absolutely convinced she doesn't have to do physical therapy anymore. Neither Byran or Glenn have come to exercise with Mom or evaluate her for further exercise in weeks. Dad knows exactly when to keep Mom knocked out so no one will attempt to help her become independent.

12:30 Mark and Dad came back from the doctor and left the house again to go to the garden nursery.

It was another cruel morning with Mom medicated and unable to communicate normally. She could barely ask to have her diaper changed. I asked Mom if she would mind if I hired a doctor to do a house call and check on her. Mom said it was okay but she is really too drugged for me to determine if she knows what I was asking. I'll ask again tomorrow.

I think my uninvolved family members, the doctors who supply the drugs and the adult protection institutions deserve jail time for allowing an aged husband to treat Mom this way for all these years.

Mark and Dad came back from the nursery and Mark said, they didn't have the kind of tree Mom wanted more of in the yard. Mark stood for a long time in the living room typing on his phone.

4:00 Mom was put in the scooter and taken out to the window. Dad went outside where Mom could see him water the plants.

I guess he wanted to defy what I wrote about him yesterday because Mom was not medicated with the hysterical combination of pills for this trip out of the bedroom. She was just completely exhausted from a long day of antifussy depression pills.

This trip out of the bedroom was especially short because Mom asked to be returned to the bedroom almost immediately. Mom knows when she's on display and even though

It's obvious she thinks the performances are wasteful, she knows she has to participate with her 24-hour capture caregiver husband.

With Dad actively attempting to thwart anyone from recognizing Mom's manipulated mental state, it's extremely hard for family, doctors or visitors to determine anything other than, Mom is incapacitated in her old age. But they are not doing due diligence.

Mom is perfectly capable of building up her strength like Dad has and Mom is aware she should be using her time more wisely. Sometimes even when she's drugged she asks me to "do something smart with her."

When she's not drugged or not exhausted from being drugged all day, Mom is as clear-headed as anyone.

But it's also very frustrating for Dad when anyone catches Mom alert and interested in escaping her nightmarish medicated zombie prison. He has worked so hard over the past five years since he received the medications, to create the perception in everyone who visits, Mom is more mentally disabled than he is.

The five years of druggings are the most insidious part of a competition he has with Mom since he retired 33 years ago. Only involving Mom and Dad in constant activities scheduled on the family's calendars can create an environment stimulating enough to lead them out of this wasteful and disgusting nightmare. Maybe a similar activity schedule could distract Netanyahu from mercilessly destroying Gaza women and children.

Mom and Dad's codependent and self-destructive mental state gradually grew because they were isolated and only visited three times a year for decades. Dad was patient with me when I was reckless and young, so I have to be patient with him so he can return to objective and ethical thinking.

430 Darion left for the day.

I stayed upstairs and practiced my songs for a couple of hours.

6:00 I came downstairs and turned on my PBS exercise news in the living room. Before I begin I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for supper and Dad said, "Mom asked for a peanut butter sandwich which she has already eaten." This is how he took care of Mom before his online Tuesday night bridge game.

I told Mom, "Darion and I ate most of the sausage salad but there is some left for you." Mom said, "I'm ready for it." This caught me off guard after she had just eaten a peanut butter sandwich and I asked her again if she wanted the sausage salad and she said, "yes." So I fixed her some spinach sausage salad and toast. She ate all of it.

Dad was doing his Tuesday night online Bridge competition and Mom took almost half an hour to eat while I kept an eye on her from the stationary bike in the living room. Dad took the tray to the kitchen when Mom finished eating. I was still exercising when Dad closed the bedroom door saying, "5 minutes," that means he's changing her diaper.

I finished my exercise and ask Dad if he won his bridge competition and he said he is always a little more than 50%. I told them both good night and went upstairs.

11/18/24 Betty Broome Report

Changing our habits means thoroughly filling our time with purposely chosen behaviors until the undesirable behaviors are squeezed out or extinguished from our routines. So we pick a calendar full of involving and desirable tasks and chores and stick with them for at least 28 days.

Mom is only 28 days away from not being a medicated zombie with constant abdominal cramps.

5:30 a.m. Dad was in the kitchen and I went in to see Mom. When you first speak to Mom before she's medicated she's alert enough to realize how uncomfortable and claustrophobic her life is. So she can be fussy. I can understand how Dad is tempted to give her what he calls the anti-fussy pills that keep her quiet. But drugging people is not a long-term answer, as much of America learned in the '70s.

Mom asked me what Lisa and George talked about yesterday at the restaurant after we left the house. I told her everything I could remember and she asked questions about specifics of what George does, what Lisa said about the houses she owns and how Lisa and George met. I remembered as much as I could and she became very specific with some of her questioning regarding how Lisa got started participating in races. Dad called attention to the beautiful little town in Italy where they have a house.

I told Mom, Lisa made a big deal about inviting us to visit her in Italy and I said Mom could use that as motivation to get herself up and get her legs working. She said, "yep."

I sat her up with the electric bed and that seemed to set dad off. I imagine it must be kind of offensive to move Mom's side of the bed so she can eat, but Dad's side of the bed is moved simultaneously.

After about an hour, after eating some apple pie with vanilla ice cream and Dad attempting to take the plate away from Mom unsuccessfully, she said she wanted to take a nap. So I turned off the lamp and Dad adjusted the bed back down.

Controlling the bed seems to be very important to Dad and it may be an opportunity to exchange beds that have separate controls for each side of the bed.

6:30 I went upstairs to get cleaned and dressed.

9:00 I came downstairs ready to go play golf. There was plenty of time to talk to Mom some more about Lisa's visit and to watch some things on television.

9:28 Darion arrived and said she needed to run to the store for personal reasons.

9:35 I sent a text to brothers telling them we would be on time to tee off but we wouldn't be there too hit any practice balls because Darion had an emergency.

10:30 We teed off and had an extraordinary game of golf. If I could just convince brothers and their wives to involve Mom and Dad in activities like this all day every day and into the evenings consistently for 28 days we could get past this nightmare.

There would be so many hours filled Dad would shake off this doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde nightmare medicating Mom and not having her ostomy irrigated.

1:00 We came home from golf and Mom had already eaten soup. I fixed everyone coffee milkshakes and tried to get Mom to get up and sit at the table.

1:30 I fell asleep upstairs.

3:00 I guess Dad felt pretty full of endorphins from the golf game and camaraderie with his sons, so he had to call attention to his superiority over Mom in front of Darion by exercising control over the only thing he thinks he still has control over. But it isn't control when Mom lets him have Stockholm Syndrome power over her.

Maybe he thought he needed to prove his virility by drugging Mom with the more obvious combination of drugs which causes her to be hysterical for 15 to 30 minutes and then to be sleepy and disoriented for two or three hours.

It doesn't matter what an emotional roller coaster it is for his wife slave. In his mind anything he does to Mom is justified because of the roles they've played since the '50s. This will continue until we snap him out of this macabre state of mind with productive activities for both him and Mom.

3:30 Mom was hysterical and Dad had Mom paraded around the house with the help of Darion. Usually I'm the one who has to lead Mom around in her scooter like a hysterical dog on a leash. But Darion had to laugh at Dad's pompous humor at Mom's expense. Her job depends on placating dad.

I sent off the report for the previous day but didn't go down stairs to participate in the performance.

3:40 Mom wanted to get back in bed.

4:00 Darion was trying to laugh it off with Mom and Dad as she moved Mom back in the bedroom. Then Mom started pestering Darion to go home.

4:30 Darion brushed Mom's hair, cleaned up the kitchen and left for the day.

5:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted barbecue sausage sandwiches. Dad said they had just eaten fruit and he didn't want anything. Mom looked like she wanted to eat but she went along with Dad. I brought them a tray of dried apricots and trail mix.

Mom started eating it right away. I tried to talk to her but she looked mad at me as if it was a problem I hadn't participated in her performance earlier in the scooter.

5:30 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise and shortly thereafter the television went out with an error message saying there was no internet connection. I asked Dad if his TV was working and he said it was not. I told him about the error message and he said it was probably the internet company. He called their number and started going through a list of possible problems when it all came back on again. The interruption probably was due to the rain that had just finished.

I resumed my exercise and Dad closed the bedroom door after about 10 minutes.

6:30 I finished my exercise and went in Mom and Dad's bedroom where Mom was watching TV too quiet for her to hear and playing too far back to see. I turned it up a little bit, raised her head and found the container of apricots and trail mix had been turned over and most of it put back in the serving tray.

I said, it looks like the trail mix got knocked over. She looked at me like she was mad, and said "I guess so." I told her I would find something wider that did not turn over so easily for her snacks.

I kissed her on the forehead and told them I would see them in the morning as Dad came back from the kitchen.

11/17/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted bacon and eggs for breakfast. Mom said "no" several times. Dad asked if it was ready. I said, "no I was just asking first." Then I asked Mom if she wanted cinnamon croissants and she said, "yes." I gave her her coffee that was warm sitting next to her. So Dad must have been up a little earlier.

6:30 I brought Mom and Dad cinnamon croissants, strawberries and iced coffee. They ate two apiece, their strawberries and drank their iced coffee. I asked if Mom wanted me to open the curtains and she said, " yes. "

7:00 I took away their tray and we watched the news for a little while.

7:30 I asked if I should wear a dress shirt for lunch. Mom ask why. I said Mark had been looking for a nice place for us to eat lunch with Lisa. Dad asked, "Is that today." I said, "yes."

Dad said, "Darion is coming at 10:00 so I can go to the restaurant and pay for it." Mom seemed disappointed she was left out of the plans. I asked her to lift her knees to get ready to go to the next event outside of the house. She lifted her knees a few times but it wasn't a real workout.

10:30 Brian arrived and was talking to Dad in the kitchen. Mom had been clearly convinced she was to pretend to sleep. I told Mom, "Lisa is going to arrive soon."

Mom had gauze taped onto the nostril pipes on the side of her face for maximum pathetic appearance. I took off the gauze on one side so she looked a little more normal. She started to sit up. I asked her to go and talk with us at the kitchen table and she said, "no."

Dad came in the bedroom and he said, "Mom decided she was going to stay in the bedroom during Lisa's visit." I would have liked to have been there for that conversation.

Mark and Connie arrived and we were all talking around Mom in the bedroom. Mark said twice, "the focus should be on Mom because Lisa is Mom's niece." Dad repeated, "yes let's focus on Mom."

11:00 Darion arrived and started wiping Mom's face with a warm washcloth and making her look nice, combing her hair. Lisa and George arrived and we all sat around talking to each other.

A few times Mom asked questions and contributed to the conversation but we didn't stick to our plan to involve Mom very much.

12:00 Darion asked what Mom wanted for lunch and Dad said for her to heat up the soup from the refrigerator again. I suggested she could heat up some of the sausage and put it in the soup to make the soup more meaty.

We went to a restaurant together and had great meals. George is a great guy and I felt confident things will work with Lisa. It seems we all have a bad habit of talking with our mouths full. Maybe it's a family thing. Lisa told us about the challenges which came with buying a house in Italy and asked us to come visit her there. We said we would.

1:30 We finished eating and said goodbye to Lisa and George. Neither Brian or Mark and Connie wanted to give Dad and I a ride home so Dad and I had to walk back and forth a couple of times and got Brian to drive us back to the house.

Darion was in a good mood talking to Mom when we arrived. I asked if Mom wanted a Coke float and she said, "no." Dad asked what Mom ate for lunch and Darion said Mom had a hamburger and she ate a steak burger which was delivered.

3:30 I woke up on the couch and checked in on Mom. Dad and Mom were watching a

Christmas movie and I watched it with them for a little while.

4:30 Mom said she needed to get up. I said, "I'll help you get up. Can I help you get in the scooter?" She said, "no I've got to go to the bathroom. I've got to pee." She sent me out of the bedroom so Dad could change her diaper.

5:00 I asked if they wanted toasted chicken salad sandwiches and they both said, "yes." Before I left the room Dad said twice, they wanted only one sandwich split in half.

5:15 I brought them each a half of a toasted chicken salad sandwich and some mixed fruit juice. Mom ate and drink all of hers.

Dad asked if I was a member of PBS and I told him I was. I said I haven't used the television streaming service in the years I've been in Houston with them but it was a good idea if he wanted to sign up for the free British comedies and dramas. We both tried to sign him up for about 30 minutes but were not able to accomplish it.

6:00 I told Mom I was going to do my PBS News exercise. I turned it on and exercised with the stationary bike while checking on Mom through the door. She seemed to be drifting off.

6:30 I finished my exercise, told Mom and Dad good night and went upstairs.

11/16/24 Betty Broome Report

7:30 Veronica came and washed mom's hair.

8:00 Veronica left and I asked if Mom and Dad wanted eggs and leftover salmon croquettes for breakfast. Dad said he did and Mom said, okay.

8:15 I reminded Mom, it would be a huge improvement if she would push herself to eat her meals at the table on the scooter. Mom said, "I know it." I said let's go! You'll digest your food better. I served Mom and Dad iced coffee, fried eggs, toasted cinnamon raisin bread and warmed up salmon croquettes. Mom ate all hers and Dad left a little of his. Mom got big pieces of food on her chest and I thought it might be a signal she wanted to start eating at the table.

8:45 I took away their tray and Mom was still alert. I asked Mom if she wanted more coffee and she said, yes. I specified whether she wanted iced or hot coffee and she said hot. So I got the last of the coffee out of the pot and added milk and sugar for her.

I watched TV while the bedroom door was closed. I went upstairs and practiced songs.

12:00 Dad called me upstairs and said there were sandwiches downstairs. For months he had been splitting a sandwich with Mom but the meat on the Chick-fil-A sandwiches was so small he got one for each of them today. It was a coincidence that this time the meat on the sandwiches was larger and we had a chuckle about that.

12:30 Dad came in the living room to tell me about a YouTube video on disinformation. It was obvious he was making reference to my daily reports and his claim that I am not being honest. But it's also obvious his cognitive dissonance about in his own dishonesty regarding Mom's medication and constant abdominal cramps doesn't allow him to say things directly.

He can't ever have a polite conversation about the things he feels guilty about.

This is the video he suggested I watch. It was excellent but it would have been more important for him to see it all the way through. It addresses how people are affected by and sharing disinformation with and without knowing what is true, among other things.
<https://youtu.be/R27gKwDhvM8?si=QW9VCrN-0Seg2caw>

Dad closed the door again but only enough where I could see Mom and they were in the bedroom for more hours.

2:00 Dad left the house and Mom seemed to be finishing one of her medications for the day. Mom can talk. I asked her to exercise her legs and she started lifting one and then the other for a while. But it wasn't a thorough workout and it's been weeks since the physical therapist was here.

Mom asked, if Mark has found someplace to take Lisa and her fiance out for lunch on Sunday. I said, I haven't been a part of any of the coordination texts or phone calls for Lisa's visit if there have been any. Mom said Mark found a place but it isn't open on Sundays. I told her, I'm the one who told you about that.

I asked Mom why she talks crazy and uses baby talk when she's talking to Dad. At that moment Dad came in the bedroom.

3:00 Dad came home with bird seed so I went outside and got the bags out of the trunk and filled the bird feeders.

4:00 Dad brought Mom a big piece of chocolate pie so I guess they are having dessert for supper because of the large sandwich they ate for lunch.

5:00 I watch PBS News and didn't exercise.

6:00 I went upstairs and took a shower. Dad called me when I was getting out of the shower so I don't know how long he had been calling. He said, "I'm going to start the process of having you removed from the house." I said "whatever you say."

My brothers spend enormous amounts of time and money micromanaging household repairs but they allow their 91-year-old father to stay up all night changing Mom's diapers and controlling her with medications.

11/15/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I slept through the night.

7:00 Dad was taking the breakfast tray out of the bedroom and I met him to take the tray. I kissed Mom on the forehead and she was terrified. Dad went and got coffee for Mom and I asked her if she was okay. She said "no no no." I could see she was in the hysterical portion of her medication event.

I said "can I get a warm washcloth for your eyes" and she got upset and said, "no." I took the tray to the kitchen and ate dad's leftover croissants from last night with milk.

I came back to the television room and found Dad had placed the television remote under a piece of paper on the table next to the TV chair. So it made sense why he was acting so strangely last night about the remote.

I turned on the television while Mom was telling Dad loudly, "I need to get up, I need to get up I need to get up." "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." Dad was placating her saying "what does it feel like." Mom said, "I don't know! I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." Dad has an

enormous amount of stamina to keep dealing with the medicated hysteria he causes himself w in the Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

11:00 Dad went to the grocery store. I went to visit Mom and reread the song we are working on together. She was completely medicated and unable to open her eyes but she responded sweetly to the song at the appropriate parts.

Where are you? Rewrite 5
by Betty and Joe2

Sometimes when I'm by myself I
wonder where you are.
Could still be here with me but
relocated far.

Mostly we've been busy with our
complicated life.
Noone grateful to check in
if you are still all right.

Everybody thinks about
someone who's far away.
Think what they would do together
what we both would say.

Mostly people don't have time to
dwell on what is done.
Still we try distractions with
some memory that's fun.

Nothing stops the memories of
those tiny sweetest times.
Someone made us laugh or
listened to our little rhymes.

All inside our head, it can
never burn away.
Even though we lived our life and
knew we couldn't stay.

Chorus

In my mother's words now, I hear
she's just like me.
Memories haunt her asking where
someone she loved might be?

Where are you? Is what
she whispered waking from a dream.
Where are you? with no one here
to see her laughter beam.

Where are you? I hear you cry with
no one here to help.
Where are you? I try to reach and
lift you up myself.

Those who were not trained to
listen
can't provide a way
to stop the disappointment
and the lies her loved ones say.

Family takes for granted
all your quiet slavery.
Never had a grateful moment
for her majesty.

Now it's time to give it back
a billion tasks of love.
Gathering a trillion plans
requires us to be tough.

Gratefulness is not in words
we write or let you hear.
Gratefulness is active calendars
we live all year.

Darion said she was going to give Mom a shower today because she didn't get one

yesterday. But waiting for a window when Mom is not too drugged to hold her head up is a challenge for Darion and Byran the physical therapist. I told Mom she needs to get up and move around so she can be strong when Lisa arrives on Sunday. Mom didn't respond at all so I went upstairs.

12:00 I asked what Mom wanted for lunch. She was still completely out of it but it seemed like she didn't mind when I mentioned salmon croquettes. Darion said Dad was at the store getting take out lunch and latex gloves for her to work with.

12:15 Darion called me upstairs and said Dad wouldn't be back for 30 minutes and I should make salmon croquettes.

12:45 I served mom and Darion salmon croquettes with pickled beets. Darion had to feed them to Mom because Mom was too medicated.

1:30 Dad came home and didn't touch his tray with salmon croquettes. It looks like Mark may have been with Dad because he came in the house.

2:30 Mark left.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off and I went in the bedroom finding no one there. Then I could hear the shower running and I realized Darion was giving Mom a shower so I went back upstairs.

4:00 I got a call from Walgreens saying I needed to take my flu and COVID vaccine. I went downstairs and asked if they needed anything from Walgreens. Darion said She still needed latex gloves, so I said I would get them.

I just got paid for the month so I took the two remaining framed quilt stars to UPS and mailed them off. I went to the grocery store, got some basics and then got my shots at Walgreen. There was no one in line to get shots but I had to wait for 45 minutes.

It was really uncomfortable sitting there but I'm glad I got that over with for the fall season. I'll go back and get my RSV as soon as I know there won't be any reaction to these two vaccines.

I returned from the grocery store where I got lots of treats. I asked Mom if she wanted pie or iced coffee and she was still completely out of it. It was obviously a terrible day for her drugged all day.

Mom must know that Dad is intent on sabotaging her reunion with Lisa on Sunday. But we have to be patient with Dad to snap out of this Dr Jekyll Mr Hyde thing himself. After long bouts of medication, since the video of her riding the scooter so well a few weeks ago, Mom is mad at me for causing dad to be so dedicated to her druggings for these past few weeks.

6:00 I started my exercise news and Dad left the door open but Mom never looked up from her drugged stupor.

7:00 I finished my exercise news and went upstairs for the night.

I think part of what has caused Dad to persist with putting mom out of her misery, is a lifetime of disappointment he won't face directly. In fact he has a series of phrases he uses all the time to describe his life which are almost Utopian.

But ask him to read a short story, play music or read a poem and you will see his underlying sadness he needs to overcome so he can allow Mom to be cared for properly.

The same gradual disappointment Dad felt about not having the fun which was so well advertised and popular in the '60s, caused Mom and my youngest brothers to feel neglected by the family. Dad controlled Mom when she was young with his logic and the responsibilities of five boys, but when Dad retired those methods of control didn't work anymore.

We all started being less cared for by Dad but the older brothers had received a lot more one-on-one time and were resilient. Once dad retired Mom started lashing back when Dad would yell at her to "go cook something" or "fold the clothes." His old angry tones of voice didn't work the way they used to when she was overwhelmed with responsibilities.

So when the doctors botched Mom's intestinal surgery and later provided Dad with a combination of medications that made her immobilized, it seemed ideal at first. Mom became the excuse for leaving family events, cutting back on visitors to the family house and providing Dad more satisfying control of Mom.

But then the medications caused Dad to become responsible for Mom's mobility and feces. It was the straw that broke the camel's back and Dad became dishonest and strategic about wanting the independence he felt was taken away from him unfairly. And which was now so available to see examples of in popular movies. He never thought of

Mom as a person so it doesn't dawn on him that she had her independence taken away at the same time and by the same sleep of reason that causes most children to be born.

It appears the doctors are participating in Dad's incredibly slow euthanasia plan. Mom is strong as an ox so she's lasted longer than expected. Even now she's perfectly functional when she's not medicated.

I retired and had time to figure out what was going on. I called Dr Taylor to get Mom some different medication so she could do her physical therapy. Doctor Taylor said, "you are being selfish." I thought that was revealing of the doctors ambiguous participation in Dad's reckless care for Mom.

Now Dad says my presence in the house is going to make Mom die more quickly. And Mom definitely knows what he means because he drugs her much more often to convince me she's incapacitated. But it's a catch-22 where I have to stay and watch for emergencies and catch fleeting glimpses of Mom's personality Dad occasionally slips and lets me see.

The adult protection service says that Mom is drifting in and out of consciousness because she's old. But that doesn't match with the coordination and perfect timing of her hysterical beginnings of each medication event. Mom gets drugged when anyone visits and lately all day long because of the videos of her being so independent.

I don't mind being here helping against the wishes of Dad and my brothers. I can respond anytime of the day or night. Mom and Dad did the same thing for me through my entire youth. This has only been 3 years for me so far.

11/14/24 Betty Broome Report

1:00 a.m. Dad's up putting away the dishes in the dishwasher.

7:30 Dad's doing something in the kitchen.

8:00 Dad has mom in the living room looking out of the window. He went outside to water the plants and Mom's watching. I had a good conversation with Mom about Lisa

visiting Sunday and she said, "I like how Mark was trying to find a place where Lisa could eat with her restricted diet."

Mom said, she didn't like how Lisa's visit was at lunch time when it was going to be hard for her to be a part of it. I said, "Maybe Lisa would stay after lunch and there would be time for eating out and visiting with her." Of course I reminded her she needs to exercise so she can entertain family and she needs to convince Dad or her doctors to stop and incapacitating her with medications.

Dad came in the house and Mom started talking like she was crazy, repeating words and saying Dad should control the scooter. I feel like I should have asked why Mom started acting that way when Dad came in. But I didn't want to have a conflict.

Dad asked if Mom would sit in the living room chair for a while and he moved her clumsily into the chair. He's not supposed to do this with his bad back.

Dad asked me to help pull Mom up into a comfortable position so I did. Dad got Mom some coffee and she drank it very slowly after she said she needed her head lifted up. Dad seems to like to show people Mom can't make up her mind about whether she wants her head up or down. It has become an awkward performance in which Mom participates.

We talked for a while and then Mia arrived. Mom wanted the bug blanket removed from the living room until we need it when it gets cold. I moved it into Dad's office in their bedroom.

Mom asked Mia if she has seen the quilt stars her mother made and that we sent out to everyone in the family. Mia took the one off the fireplace and read the information on the back. She said, "this us new. There wasn't anything on the back last time I saw the quilt stars." I told Dad I could mail off the last two of them and buy some fresh fruit for the house when I get paid on the 15th.

10:00 I called the number on the back of the Choctaw food money card and they let me know the program ended in September. Mom asked to go back in the bedroom and they moved her there. Mia said she gave Mom a good shower and washed her hair. Mom glared at Mia but said she felt a lot better. I asked Mom if she wanted to call Mark to tell him to get us some bird seed for the feeders. I helped Mom call Mark and she left a message for him.

I went upstairs.

11:00 Mark arrived and asked if he could go in the bedroom. They let him in.

Natalie came to visit, talked to us all and had a glass of wine.

12:00 Dad fixed excellent salmon and asparagus with wine sauce.

12:30 Mark and Natalie left to take Natalie to the airport. We all said goodbye to Natalie and I light-heartedly said, she shouldn't fuss with her dad on the way to the airport. She said, "why would I?" I said, "wine" and she left.

I practiced songs for a while. Mark came home and picked up Dad to get a haircut.

2:00 I got to talk to Mom and I tried to get Mom to tell me some ideas for things to do with Lisa. Mom said she would think about it. I played several songs for Mom and tried to get her to sing "somewhere over the rainbow" but she is very quiet for Mia.

I think Mom finds it easier to be still for some of her assistants so they don't have any work to do. Mom knows what her assistants want from her and Mia wants quiet to look at her computer and phone.

3:00 Mark brought Dad home and Dad had another great haircut. Mark went home. Mom was telling Mia to leave like she does with all of her assistants as the end of the day approaches.

Mia clearly wanted to go and asked Mom if she was sure.

3:07 Mia left for the day. Dad said he wanted to sleep after his haircut. I asked Mom to get in the scooter and go watch a movie with me in the living room so Dad could get some sleep. Mom's didn't seem to know what to say at first but finally said she didn't want to get up. Afterwards I felt like Mom would have got up to watch a movie with me if I had been more persistent and playful.

I went in the living room and Dad shut the bedroom door.

4:00 Mom was making noise so I guess that Dad didn't get much sleep. I guess the physical therapist isn't coming again this week.

5:00 I knocked on the door and Dad was changing Mom's diaper, so I spoke through the

door. I asked if they wanted me to fix something good from the leftovers in the refrigerator. Dad said, "yes."

I fixed potatoes agraton with pieces of hot dog, asparagus and crescent rolls. Mom ate all of it but Dad made a big deal out of putting his plate down loudly after eating very little of his.

This is a trick he uses to get Mom to notice he is not eating. Sometimes it stops Mom from eating but this time she was hungry after being drugged so much of the day. Mom asked Dad two times, if that was all he was going to eat.

I took away the tray and ate Dad's meal in the kitchen. I put away the dishes from the dishwasher and put all the dishes from the sink into the dishwasher. Darion often washes dishes or empties the dishwasher. We don't usually have a pile up of dishes in the sink but when Mia is here she doesn't do that little contribution.

Dad asked if Mom wanted to watch the news and she said, "I don't care." I turned on the PBS NewsHour and was going to exercise in the bedroom on the stationary bike but Dad said he was tired of the news and wanted to watch something else.

He wanted to finish watching the movie "high noon." I'm not sure why he wants to watch this movie so often. I found the movie and started playing it where it resumed from the last time he was watching it.

I went in the living room to do my exercise news but I couldn't find the remote control. I went back in Mom and Dad's bedroom and looked around the room. Mom asked what I was looking for and I said, "I can't find the remote for the living room." Dad said, "I have never touched it and I don't think anyone else ever touched it." So I knew something was up and I went upstairs for the night.

A journal calendar may help.

Maybe an hourly calendar could help Mom and Dad become more aware of the time they unconsciously hide their unwanted habits. An unintended consequence of intentional falsehoods involving Mom's assistants is that one of them attempted to lie to us today saying she gave Mom a shower. Dad's attempts to prepare assistance for his characterization of me is so manipulated it has become a confusing bundle of falsehoods he thinks he needs to unload on those who may have contact with me.

Mia evidently thought, since the truth doesn't matter in the Broome house, she could get away with accepting accolades from us and her Caring Senior Services (her employer) for documenting giving Mom a shower. When Mia left the house I asked Mom if she feels better after her shower and Mom acted mad and said, "Mia didn't give me a shower today. She gave me a bed bath."

I knew Mom and Mia were acting suspiciously when Mia told us Mom's hair was especially oily and she understood why Mom wanted to be cleaned up today.

11/13/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom keeps getting surprised when anyone mentions Lisa's visit this Sunday. It looks like she can't believe she doesn't remember or hasn't been allowed to play more of a role in preparations.

The same persistence my parents dedicated to make me educated with a master's degree and healthy into my '70s, makes it possible for me to revive my parents in old age. It's the least I can do after leaving them alone for 40 years. But after 40 years of my brothers and I visiting only three times a year, Mom and Dad have habits they hide from themselves unconsciously.

3:00 a.m. the TV was loud most of the night tonight.

7:00 I asked Dad and Mom if they wanted cinnamon buns for breakfast. Mom wasn't able to answer but Dad said, "Yes." I made the cinnamon buns using the fluffy bread we brought home from the Italian restaurant yesterday. It had a slight touch of garlic which added strange touch to honey cinnamon buns, but it didn't take away from the enjoyment. Mom only ate one and Dad ate two.

I fell asleep on the chair in the living room in front of the TV. Occasionally Darion came out of the bedroom but she seems careful not to interact with me as Dad has instructed.

12:00 Dad made soggy grilled cheese sandwiches with tomato. Tomatoes need to be carefully dried with a napkin for grilled cheese sandwiches I guess.

1:00 Mark and the do-nothing Wednesday nurse arrived. Mark was going to join us in a

shipping competition but he spoke to Mom and she requested a hamburger. Sometimes I think Mark is around Mom enough to recognize when Mom is medicated and when she is not.

1:30 Dad and I were going to play a golf pitching competition in the backyard without Mark till he returns. While Dad was setting things up for the competition I ran inside and asked Mom if she wanted to come and see us play in the backyard. Mom said she didn't want to get up. She said she wanted to rest. I said that she rests all the time. Don't you want to have fun and come see us hit the golf balls while she sits up and eats her hamburger when Mark gets back? She said maybe later.

Mom was very alert and her voice was not crusty like it is when she is medicated. I suggested Mom should ask Dad if she could be unmedicated when Lisa arrives on Sunday. I suggested she keep a journal so she knows when she's unmedicated and when she's conscious. I said it would help us with the book we are writing of her life as well.

I told her if she didn't feel like writing she could dictate her hourly journal into the calendar on her phone. Darion came back from the bathroom so I left Mom alone with Mom. I went outside to compete with Dad in the chipping contest. We played several games and developed the rules for the chipping game before Mark arrived with the hamburgers. 1 point to hit the box, 5 points for hitting into the box and 10 points for the final ball.

2:00 Mark returned with hamburgers. When he came outside to join the competition with Dad and I, I asked if Mom ate her burger and he said every bit of it. He seemed happy to have been able to contribute a meal that Mom ate. But he doesn't seem to think about why we have to look so hard to find conscious moments when Mom can act normally, eating and having conversations.

Maybe it will help to have a twice in a lifetime visit from Mom's niece Lisa. You would think Dad would allow Mom to be alert except that he spends most of his habitual days timing medications to create the impression Mom is incapacitated mentally and/or trusting his doctors.

With his use of medication he has stripped away Mom's self-confidence and dignity. With his misuse of mom's ostomy Mom fights against her own life saving activity to avoid abdominal pain.

Lisa, Mom's niece, spent decades caring for Haitian women during childbirth so you

would think she would know enough about medicine and medication to participate with encouraging comments, in Mom's return to health when she visits Sunday.

So far anyone who thinks they might have to participate with Mom's ostomy, chooses to believe Dads care for Mom is correct. He keeps everyone else from having to deal with Mom's feces directly. If Dad took away Moms constant abdominal pain by allowing us to irrigate Mom's ostomy, she would not cry, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick" when she sits up in bed or rides her scooter.

Mark, Dad and I had a good competition for golf chipping in the backyard in which I finally won at something at golf. I won without pitching the last hit I made and sacrificed the skillful arc for a direct hit against the outside of the box for one point.

It reminded me of how Trump has been announcing at all of his last campaign events that he didn't need any votes. It didn't require any skill for me to make the winning point by blading the ball against the box instead of using skill to chip the ball into the box. I only needed the one winning point so I bent the rules by not participating in what the game was based on. Chipping.

3:00 Mark left for the day and I practiced my songs in the living room and went upstairs.

5:00 I checked to see what I could fix for supper. I could see the placement Dad made in the front of the refrigerator for me. He wasted the leftover salad and put it in the refrigerator uncovered. This is one of Dad's little backhanded tricks to give Mom food I made or suggested when she's medicated and unable to eat.

Dad came in the kitchen and nervously said he was going to fix potato agratton. He said he didn't think it was nutritional but it tastes pretty good and he thought mom would eat it. He asked if I wanted any and I said I had already eaten but I was looking for something to fix for them. I suggested he add asparagus to the meal and it would be more nutritious.

While Dad was in the kitchen I visited Mom in the bedroom. Mom was medicated and angry with me. While I was talking to Mom Dad came in the door for a second and asked if I wanted fruit and cottage cheese. I said, no thank you. Dad went back in the kitchen.

I asked Mom if she wanted to do any preparations for Lisa's visit on Sunday. Mom became very angry and said, "I want you out of here. I want you to go home!" I calmly reminded her I promised I wouldn't leave until she can walk. She said, "you are wasting

your life here!" It was very theatrical with Mom making Mads angry face and vocal expressions. I felt bad Mom had to go through the long gas lighting it took to upset her like this.

I said, "when you're old you have to be more organized about activities that make the end of your life more pleasant." I said, "it should be fun to get ready for Lisa's visit."

She said she would think about it. I suggested we start a journal to help her write her book. I said, "There are so many people who could benefit by reading about life in Poteau Oklahoma in the '30s and '40s." I said, "people should also read about someone who gets better after being trapped in such a terrible situation with ill health.

I said I could help her start a regular calendar journal and it would help her see when she is alert and able to contribute to it and when she is medicated and unable to remember.

Mom said, "maybe tomorrow." I told Mom I was going to do my exercise news. She said okay and Dad brought her food closing the bedroom door.

I decided not to exercise today and went upstairs for the evening.

11/12/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 Dad's in the kitchen.

6:00 Dad is emptying the dishwasher and I asked if he wanted bacon and eggs. He said, "yes scrambled." I asked Mom if she wanted the leftover croissants from yesterday and she said, "yes."

Back in the kitchen Dad said, "You drank half of the wine that was in the bottle which was in the trash." He was referring to the fact I told the police about the wine bottles in the trash can.

I asked, "how did I do that?" He said, he cooked it into the salmon sauce. I said, "it tasted great and when it's cooked into food it's not alcoholic." I didn't want to confront him this morning about how they are not supposed to be drinking cups of wine in the evenings

with their medications. But this was one of Dad's little petty competitions he plays with me. I hope he'll get beyond this before long if we can plan enough activities with the family.

I fixed bacon and eggs and warmed the croissants. Mom ate everything but she was obviously mad at me the whole time while they were watching several episodes of Archie Bunker.

Coincidentally, one of the episodes was about Archie forging a contract with his wife's name and I hoped Mom thought about how loving husbands can think they are correct when they make mistakes. Mom needs to snap out of this Stockholm Syndrome that allows her to remain so unhealthy.

7:00 I asked Mom to exercise her legs but she was angry and said, "no."

I went upstairs and fell asleep.

9:00 Dad called me and asked if I would be ready to play golf in 10 minutes. I said, "yes" and went downstairs. I said hello to Darion and got in the driver's seat of the car after Dad gave me the keys.

9:30 Dad, Mark, Brian and I played a great game of golf and went out to eat Italian afterward. The only 3 moments I thought were ugly were

1. Mark continually asked me to be quiet during the golf game
2. Dad said the length of Mom's niece Lisa's visit this Sunday, would depend on when Mom starts to thank everyone for visiting her, indicating it was time to leave Mom alone. Dad said this as if the level of medication Dad gives mom before Lisa's visit doesn't have anything to do with whether Mom is in control of herself or not and finally,
3. at the restaurant, I suggested we call and ask Darion and Mom if they wanted something from the restaurant. Dad said "I asked them to reheat the soup for lunch." I said "that would be Mom's third day eating the soup in a row." Dad became a little upset and said, "they will reheat the soup!"

3:00 We arrived home and I gave Mom Brian's leftover chocolate cake from the restaurant. I asked Darion if Mom was upset while we were gone and she said "no. She watch TV and laughed a little." There was leftover take out food in the refrigerator so Mom and Darion must have had plenty to eat.

3:30 Dad was changing Mom's ostomy and I asked Mom, are you ready to do some exercise, we missed your 3:00 exercise." Mom didn't respond very well, but she seemed to shake her head "no." So she's either medicated or pretending to sleep.

I went back upstairs and practiced my songs.

4:30 Darion was leaving and Dad was going to the grocery store. I got my guitar and sang some songs for Mom. She stopped being mad at me. I need to remember that. She became very involved in the conversation between songs when I joked about finding someone with which too have a kid at my age. She said, "of course you can." One of the songs I played was about raising children and that's how the topic came up.

I told her I could show her how I write songs and I used the song title she provided to start this one.

Where are you?
by Betty and Joe2

Sometimes when I'm by myself I
wonder where you are.
Could still be here near me or
you relocated far.

Mostly we've been busy with our
complicated life.
So there's no one grateful to
check in if she's all right.

Everybody thinks about
someone who's far away.
Think what they would do together
what we both would say.

Mostly people don't have time to
dwell on what is done.
Still we try distractions with
some foolish thing that's fun. But

nothing stops the memories of

those tiny sweetest times.
Someone made us laugh or
listened to our little rhymes. It's

all inside our head and it can
never burn away.
Even though we lived our life and
knew we couldn't stay.

Chorus

I see in my mother's thoughts how
she is just like me.
Memories haunt her asking
where someone she loved might be?

Where are you? Is what
she whispered waking from a dream.
Where are you? with no one there
to see her laughter beam.

Where are you? I hear you cry with
no one here to help.
Where are you? I try to reach and
lift you up myself.

Those who were not trained to
listen
can't provide a way to
stop the disappointment
and the lies her loved ones say.

Family takes for granted
all your quiet slavery.
Never had a grateful moment
for her majesty.

Now it's time to give it back
a billion tasks of love.

Gather with a million plans
to show our active love.

Gratefulness is not in words
we write or let you hear.
Gratefulness is active calendars
we live all year.

Mom didn't let me finish writing and distracted me asking if Dad played golf with me today. I said he did and I showed her pictures of us on the golf course. She asked where I was in the pictures, and we both said at the same time, "I was taking the pictures."

Mom said she wanted to sit up, so I leaned her up sitting on the edge of the bed for a while. She was completely focused, but sitting up causes her great discomfort in her abdomen. I could see her wincing in pain several times and holding her stomach.

There was nothing coming out of her ostomy but she was complaining. I reminded her again, she should advocate for herself to Dad so he will be comfortable with the idea of irrigating her ostomy. She first repeated the exact words with Dad's vocal tone, she has repeated for the past few weeks "I never want to do that."

I told her it's obvious when Dad tells her something to say like that. She uses the exact same words and dad's angry tone. She calmed down and I said, "if you and Dad will practice and get used to that unusual apparatus (The irrigation kit) you will be much more comfortable getting up to go to the doctor, use the exercise machine and travel around in the scooter.

I told her it would be much easier if her doctors or Dad would stop giving her the medications that turn her into a zombie for so much of each day. I said, "even if he does keep giving you the zombie medication for a while, you should at least tell Dad clearly you want to start getting in shape when he lets you talk." I said. "you have obviously lost weight so it will be much easier for you to do your exercise."

Mom asked, "don't you think It's too late for me?" I said "it's never too late to make the rest of your life more pleasant by caring for your muscles and your insides with fun family activities and exercise."

I told her about my arthritis diagnosis right after I retired. I explained how the bass

player I play with and myself were having problems with our fingers and he was suggesting maybe he was in the wrong business. Meaning the music business.

I told Mom how I went to the doctor and the doctor told me she could schedule surgery or I could start exercising my fingers. The doctor said, "the human body repairs itself with exercise, good food and thoughts."

I told the Mom how I immediately started exercising my fingers and playing my guitar much more. I told her how I suggested the bass player do the same.

I told Mom, "I don't worry about my fingers anymore even though there is still discomfort, it doesn't interfere with my playing music."

Dad arrived from the grocery store as I was finishing the story and he went in the bathroom. I continued to tell Mom she needs to want to get up and do things so she can do a growing number of things as each activity builds on the previous activity.

She seemed very motivated. Dad came out of the bathroom and Mom said she wanted her ostomy looked at. It seemed suspicious Dad chose to change it even though almost no feces had reached the ostomy bag. I'm not sure but that may have been another perfect time to bring up the idea of irrigating Mom's ostomy. Maybe Dad will be motivated to try if I am there to assist. But I left the room and told them I was going to do my exercise news.

6:00 I did my exercise and halfway through it Dad came out and went to get the mail.

6:30 I asked Mom if she wanted Dad's leftover salad from the restaurant and Mom said, "no. I'm not hungry for anything right now." I told her it was in a Tupperware in the fridge when she wants it later. Dad came in and said, "for sure the meat would still be good."

I told Mom, she needs to move her knees as if she's walking, even though she's laying in bed. She started moving her knees. I told her, "you see how long I exercise everyday where you can see me in the living room. I'm trying to be a good example for you." She said, "you're a good boy." Dad returned from the kitchen, closed the door and I finished my exercise.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

11/11/24 Betty Broome Report

It's terrible that Dad doesn't know he's doing so much damage to Mom. He seems to think he's completely absolved of responsibility because it is prescribed drugs he's using to make her into a zombie so much of the time.

Dad knows how easy it is to build up his strength and confidence with just a few activities each week. That's the way human bodies work with their restorative qualities. But he has built up a lifetime of oppressive habits towards Mom he's completely unaware of.

I have to keep remembering how much trouble I was to him when I was young. I can persist and keep my promise to Mom that I won't abandon her even when Dad convinces Mom to push me away in a hundred ways.

The trick is to buy only things that are too big to fit in the trash can. Dad throws away everything which promotes Mom's independence, by medicating her, getting her to say she doesn't want it and then he secretly gets rid of it.

Dad can snap out of this because he's perfectly charming and logical when he communicates with anyone else other than Mom. He's even gracious and kind to Mom on the surface in front of other people. The trick is to busy him and Mom so constantly, they exit their 40 years of competitive suffering habits.

They gradually developed deadly habits in absence of their children who are now retiring and have time to dedicate to Mom and Dad the way Mom and Dad did with us when we were young.

2:00 a.m. Mom called out but loudly. Both seemed to be sleeping when I got downstairs. I slept on the living room couch listening to their loud TV with Doc Martin playing.

4:00 Still listening to Doc Martin in the living room.

5:00 The TV went off.

6:00 The TV is back on and Mom is upset. Dad went to the bathroom. I asked if Mom

wanted croissants and she calmed down and said, "yes."

6:30 I brought Mom and Dad croissants stuffed with sausage and Mom only ate a little bit but Dad ate all of his. Mom was barely able to lift a glass or taste the food. I put Mom's rejected croissants in a baggie in the refrigerator for later.

I went up to my room when Darion arrived and fell asleep.

11:00 Dad started heating soup for everyone and I had a chicken salad sandwich.

2:00 Most of the day the door was closed. Mom sounded like she was talking but I couldn't hear and Darion was laughing.

2:30 I went upstairs for a while and didn't see who it was, but someone was leaving the house saying they would see us next next time. Mark is visiting and left with Dad.

4:00 Mark and Dad came home loudly.

5:00 Dad called me to come eat salmon and asparagus he made, which was excellent.

5:30 Dad was using a box in the backyard to practice his pitch iron. I practiced with him and we had a competition which resulted in a tie.

Video of chip competition

<https://youtu.be/3eNCcythkV8?si=kkYVuSH5sLm6mX3Q>

6:00 I spoke to Mom for a while. She was coming out of medication but she was still upset with me for calling the police yesterday.

I told her I was going to do my exercise news.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

My brothers need to sign up on a calendar, taking turns everyday of the week watching Mom all during the day for the times when there are breaks between medications. There are plenty of activities we can do with Mom and Dad to build them up and fill their time so they aren't competitive with each other and destructive to each other's health.

1. Water plants, work in the garden and get sun.

2. Breakfast at the table.
3. Balloon volleyball.
4. Audio books.
5. Mom and Dad's memoir book notes.
6. Read the paper and books.
7. Ride in the scooter and find honeydew jobs for everyone.
8. Take a good hot shower. Wash Mom's hair.
9. Start going to the bathroom with the potty chair.
10. Sing-along with YouTube karaoke.
11. Learn how to use the phone and call people.
12. Use the stand up exercise chair to strengthen legs.
13. Lunch at the table.
14. Dust the low places in the house from the scooter.
15. Help Joe to come up with a list of songs to work on. 1.Where are you?
16. Pay women and lawn people who help around the house.
17. Leg lifts. Leg, head and arm press down into the bed. Bottom and chest lift exercises in bed.
18. Supper at the table
19. Irrigate the ostomy to create a dependable bowel movement routine.
20. Beauty work, hair, fingernails, toenails skin.
21. Riding in the car. Go to the doctors.
22. Writing letters at the kitchen table.

23. Visit Brothers.

24. List paintings to be made.

25. Scan and label pictures.

26. Play golf and Mom ride along with us.

11/10/24 Betty Broome Report

I think I could see in Dad's face, I never got through to him and he never thought clearly how dangerous his excuses are, until the police and the EMS were there listening today. I explained, Mom needs her ostomy irritated to stop her constant abdominal cramping and Dad needs to change Mom's medication so she can do her physical therapy and won't have hysterical fits or sleep through every visit of family, doctors and assistants.

If Dad didn't have such an overwhelming short term memory issue I think he would have snapped out of the habits of discouraging Mom's independence after today. Being confronted with Mom's logical requirements and his own embarrassing list of complaints against me in front of the police and ambulance workers would be enough to change things if he would remember.

A criminal can be elected president politely and elder neglect can be committed in such a comfortable environment they slip through the legal cracks.

7:00 Dad got shredded wheat for Mom.

The bedroom door was closed all morning so I didn't get to talk to either of them until Dad's left to go to the grocery store.

10:30 I got to speak to Mom for a little bit and asked her to start advocating for herself about irrigating her ostomy and changing her medication so she can stop the abdominal cramping and be awake when people visit. Mom was clearly warned not to talk to me before Dad left to the store so she didn't respond much.

11:00 Dad returned from the grocery store and I helped him bring groceries in from the car. Dad was working on soup and twice mom asked me to get Dad to change her diaper. Twice Dad went into the bedroom and close the door.

12:00 Dad asked me to make chicken salad sandwiches and toasted four pieces of bread. I made two sandwiches and brought one to Mom and ate one myself. I knew dad was expecting Mom to only eat half of her sandwich but she finished it quickly and he asked for one for himself. I fixed the chicken salad sandwich for him. I went upstairs.

1:00 Mom screamed to me loud enough for me to hear upstairs and called me down to put the air conditioning vent into the dishwasher. This is something she does when she's received the hallucination dose of medications. I told her she would get past this in about 30 minutes because it was just the medication making her hysterical.

Dad said, "Joe has mental problems so we can't really respond to him." I went back upstairs but was immediately called back down My mom's repeated yelling, "Joe!" Mom was hysterical asking me to take the ceiling vent off because there was dust on it.

I said again, "the drugs will wear off in about 15 minutes and you'll be very sleepy, so just relax and make your way through this." Dad was changing Mom's ostomy so this was a busy moment for him. I wish I would have said that if he stops drugging her I would take over the ostomy and start irrigating it so she won't have cramps and can sit up and move around.

But we aren't communicating very well and I went back upstairs.

For the third time Mom yelled at me several times as I came downstairs and I told Dad I would have to call the police. I told Dad, "the last time I called the police they forwarded me to one of the adult protective Services and I've been communicating with them since." But we need an actual police officer now.

1:28 I called 911 and made a report.

I guess Dad thought I was faking because he began telling Mom his list of comments he uses to pacify himself about my being in the house. He said, "you have come into my house and you are disrupting the family." He said, "you are mentally disturbed and don't know what you're doing." He said, "the people at the APS and your brothers have agreed, "you are unstable and I am just letting you stay in the house because you are

deranged."

Dad went in the kitchen and started working on his soup while I had a conversation with the police at 911. They told me an officer would be there soon and asked a few questions. I told them The officer would be safe coming in the house and Mom would no longer be hysterical by the time they arrived. Mom was invigorated by the focused attention on her. She asked questions about what I was going to tell the officers. She seemed to know this was a chance for some relief but she also knows enough about what Dad will expect from her to have little hope. Stockholm syndrome is the dominant force in their relationship.

2:00 An officer arrived and asked what the problem was. I began by saying, This is going to be a challenge to your objectivity because my dad is very charming. I told him Dad gives Mom prescribed medicines that cause her to be unhealthy and he is not irrigating Mom's ostomy with the kit he was provided 13 years ago.

The officer seemed very thoughtful and asked Mom questions she wasn't able to answer about who was the president and what month it is. I said that if the officer had been here 30 minutes earlier Mom would be hysterical raving with medication.

The officer asked if I thought Dad was doing it on purpose. I said, I thought it could be his medication, Lyme disease, age or just being by himself with Mom for 40 years while his family was building our careers.

The officer said I'm trying not to be objective. I said, "objective means understanding the truth and facts. So you're trying to be objective." The officer breezed over that.

The officer asked if I was a Momma's boy and if I wanted to to take over her care. I said, "I have offered to take over if I was given responsibility for the medications as well. I said, "Mom can't be cared for properly until she stops being incapacitated with the drugs." I said, "after 40 years alone Mom and Dad developed dangerous bad habits.

The officer asked Mom if she developed bad habits over the years. Mom shook her head "no."

Mom blurted out, "Joe never gives me medication!"

Dad lied saying, "I will give Mom her medication now to show they are harmless. I said, "Dad knows what to give Mom to have the desired reaction." Dad became angry and

said, "Joe is not honest. That is a damn lie." I said Dad doesn't ever lose his temper unless he's caught in a lie.

The officer could see nothing but an elderly man taking care of an elderly woman in a nice house. But he can't see the hysterical reactions to the medication or her inability to sit up without constant abdominal cramps.

I told the officer, "if Mom sits up right now or if we put her in the scooter she will start saying "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick" even though we are talking about it now. Her gut cramps are too overwhelming for her to sit up or do anything because her ostomy is never irrigated."

The officer asked Mom if she wanted to get up and get in the scooter. Mom said, "I don't know." I suggested we get up and do something. The officer asked if Mom wanted to go to the park. Mom said she would like to go to the graveyard around the corner. This shocked the officer but when we explained there is a graveyard in our neighborhood he understood. But he didn't stick with the idea of getting Mom to sit up to see what happens to her pain level. No one ever does.

2:30 The officer called EMS to have them check her vitals.

3:00 Megan and Christy of EMS arrived and found Mom's vitals to be very good in spite of her battery powered oxygen level tester just indicating her oxygen was a low 71. Dad seemed surprised about the normal oxygen reading because it didn't match with what we were just discussing about why she couldn't get up. This is Dad's latest reasoning my mom is unable to get up. He keeps saying that it's her low oxygen level. The oxygen tester may be faulty or running out of batteries but Dad only gets mom up out of bed when she is hysterical in the first hour of a medication event.

The EMS women asked what the problem was. I explained my concern that Dad is not letting Mom go to the doctor or do her physical therapy because he is misusing the prescribed medications. I told them Mom is also unable to be active because of her constant abdominal cramps from an unirrigated ostomy.

They were all very polite and said they didn't see anything they could respond to other than make the report as a record.

3:30 EMS and the officer left. The officer said he was going to return tomorrow to provide us with contact information.

The EMS dirtied the carpet and I cleaned it up after they left.

4:00 Dad is shutting doors downstairs louder than usual.

5:00 Dad called me to eat the vegetable beef soup he made, which was excellent and very traditional flavored.

I went in to see Mom and she was very clearly coming out of the medication from earlier. I got her to do some leg lifts and she seemed energized by the experiences of the day knowing that somebody cared about her future.

5:15 I convinced Mom to call her niece Francis to find out if she received the present we sent her. Francis immediately called back and explained she didn't recognize the phone number. Mom told her this was her new phone. Mom and Francis had a long excellent conversation and we found out the address was correct and Francis had received the present.

Francis also said Mom should have received the letter she wrote to her. So while Mom was talking about family in Tennessee I ran out to the mailbox and sure enough there was a letter from Francis. Mom had a good long talk with Francis and then opened the letter.

She read part of the letter to Dad and I. Then the handwriting was too small on part of the letter and I read the rest. This is what it should be like with Mom all the time undrugged and participating with family.

Video of mom reading part of Francis's letter.

<https://youtu.be/XTmOLHxNmfw?si=43akDQ0Ty4R2SmF7>

5:30 I told Mom I was going to do my exercise. Apparently Dad didn't like how independent Mom was reading Francis's letter and talking to her on the phone. He must have drugged mom around 5:30.

6:00 Mom was out of her mind again and this was unusually cruel for this time of night. Mom yelled out to me while I was exercising, "You can sleep in one of the downstairs bedrooms!" You don't have to go upstairs. You don't have to go upstairs!"

Dad started explaining to Mom there were no other bedrooms downstairs and had to move next to her to keep her from climbing out of bed. It seems like the adult protective

institutions have enough women in them they wouldn't allow Dad to to manipulate Mom like this.

I wished then I had the phone number the police officer said he was going to give me tomorrow to contact him. But there are constant opportunities to let the police officers see Dad's abuse of medications if that's what it's going to come to. Dad could just talk to the doctor about making the medications appropriate and irrigate moms ostomy.

6:30 I finished my PBS News exercise and went upstairs for the night.

Changing Dad's mind.

Dad has developed a few cynical comments he repeats about me. He has repeated them often enough to convince himself they are true. And apparently those cynical ideas are being corroborated by other absent family members. So he was really surprised when the professional visitors weren't convinced by the hyperbolic comments he is used to keeping as his excuses for drugging and keeping mom unirrigated. I could see in his face he knew it sounded foolish to talk about the Oedipus complex, thinking he had to explain to the officer about the story of Oedipus killing his father to be with his mother. Dad also seemed extremely awkward saying his excuse for not having me removed from the house.

If Dad didn't have such short-term memory problems he would have benefited greatly from this eye-opening awkwardness hearing himself say his own irrational excuses. If he could remember yesterday he would benefit greatly by hearing the things I haven't been able to discuss with him quietly.

It seemed to surprise Dad to hear, my focus was on Mom's physical therapy, the irrigation of the ostomy and changing the medications. For just a moment Dad seemed to realize it wasn't a competition between he and his brother. It's all about Mom getting healthy.

11/09/24 Betty Broome Report

People think it's cool to be crazy unless it's mean crazy. Dad convincing mom to participate of her own demise is the meanest crazy thing I've ever witnessed personally.

4:30 There's a wine bottle in the trash from last night and Dad is getting Mom some breakfast.

7:30 The door is closed so I fell asleep in the living room.

10:00 Dad left to get lunch.

11:00 Dad returned with chicken sandwiches. He said he got the wrong order but the biscuit sandwich was good.

11:30 Dad closed the door.

12:00 Still closed.

1:00 Dad came out of bedroom for a second and went back in.

1:30 Dad brought Mom out of the bedroom in the scooter but she was too medicated to drive herself. We took her outside in the sun for a few minutes but she started immediately saying she was sick. Dad kept saying that when she says she's sick, that means she's having a bowel movement. That's partially true. But bowel movements doesn't eliminate all the feces that cause her stomach cramping every time she sits up.

Dad took her back to the bedroom and was doing something in the kitchen. Mom was upset and asked for Dad to come and change her ostomy. I feel that may have been an opportunity to introduce the idea of trying out the irrigation kit. But I do have to catch mom when she is both unmedicated and after a bowel movement for us to practice with the irrigation equipment with the maximum amount of success and encouragement to continue.

Video of Mom's scooter trip on drugs.

<https://youtu.be/SX74gxSLDPk?si=mGR2XOARgqwgmoWd>

2:00 The door is closed.

5:00 Dad said he knew I already ate and he fixed something for Mom. I suggested he fix some sausage because it's really good when it's warmed up for 30 seconds in the microwave. He said he was making peanut butter sandwiches.

I told Mom she needs to advocate for herself and she started to get upset. She angrily

asked me what I mean by advocating. I said you have to be allowed to be able to think and ask for a change of medication so you can sit up and get your ostomy irrigated.

She seemed encouraged but I feel like I should have said something today about practicing with the irrigation equipment. My excuse this time was that she was medicated so much of the day and she's got to be both unmedicated and willing to participate with the new equipment.

Dad's gas lighting against the irrigation equipment is a huge obstacle but he would go along with it if she asks for it and she's given a moment to think for herself without the drugs.

11/08/24 Betty Broome Report

1:20 Dad has Mom howling with a late night drunk, scare or medication to make a point he is in control. And I guess if he has to get up he wants me to get up also. So I'm on call on the couch in the living room tonight.

4:30 I went back upstairs.

6:00 Dad's getting food.

I went back downstairs and stayed in the living room. Mom was "sleeping."

9:30 I brought Mom, Dad and Darion some snacks of peeled clementines, trail mix and dried apricots. Mom makes sure to give Darion Clementine which are mom's favorite.

11: 00 Dad started fixing lunch.

12:00 Dad finished making some excellent fried chicken breasts with rice and gravy. Mom had to be fed by hand. It seems important to Dad that everyone sees Mom incapacitated more than usual since I posted video of mom up and competent.

12:30 Mom was alone in the bedroom when Darion and Dad were cleaning up the kitchen and I asked Mom if she was okay. She said "yes." I asked if she was ready to go out and get some sun and she said she needed to rest. But it looked like a performance

she was trained to act out or she's being polite thinking no one would want to bother with her. She said she needed her diaper changed when Darion came back in the bedroom so I went in the living room. I stayed in the chair where I could watch Mom when they open the door.

2:00 Darion cleaned up around the house but Mom wasn't really capable of communicating. It seems like Dad would have let Mom be up and capable of responding with Natalie, mom's granddaughter, in town.

Natalie came to visit and talked to Mom and Dad. Dad mostly dominated the conversation with stories. Even when Natalie began to tell a story Dad interrupted and continued with another one. I tried to speak to them but listening to Dad's inadvertently racist stories and his continually dominating the conversation is intolerable. So I went back in the living room to let him talk.

Natalie appears to have been in the house long enough during this visit to discover the focus, in Mom's presence, is not always about Natalie. But she appears to have adopted a laugh which she expects people to respond to whether she has said something funny or not.

I don't think Natalie realizes she's attempting to break uncomfortable silence or distract from the deadly elephant in the room with Mom moaning. Mom's constant sedation and suffering distract from Natalie's attention seeking. But Natalie is very young and can't be expected to be continually empathic.

4:00 I met Natalie in the kitchen where she was making fried rice and I asked if she had the opportunity to talk to Mom at all today and she said, "not really." I told her I thought Dad should have let Mom be alert today for her (Natalie's) short visit.

5:00 Natalie served us all fried rice which was excellent and naturally sweet with vegetables. Halfway through the meal Natalie gave me soy sauce which turned it into a savory dish which was good as well.

5:30 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise and Natalie cleaned up the kitchen. She said goodbye to Mom, Dad and me and I thanked her for doing something with Mom and Dad. I said the best thing she can do is to plan activities with Mom and Dad whether they do them or not because it plants a seed of activity.

6:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

Edited summary request for help.

Giving up two and a half and years and an unknown number of years in the future, attempting to expose and reverse a deadly family problem, I've got nothing to complain about compared to Mom's constant gut pain that causes her to want to constantly lay in bed perfectly still. And Dad's confusing medications and or Lyme disease keep him from benefiting by improvements due to memory issues.

The physical therapist is frustrated both Mom and Dad go to extreme lengths to keep Mom in bed and Dad missed his first physical therapy session this week. Mom obviously needs constant activity. She's almost constantly sedated with, what Dad calls "antifussy pills." She needs to start moving for her bowels and muscles to work properly.

Dad is Mom's 91-year-old nursemaid and when he isn't changing her diapers and ostomy all night he's keeping Mom sedated with prescribed medicines during the day. He developed an unintentional rationale to convince visitors and assistants, Mom is incapable of independence. When I suggest he should have a night time assistant for Mom, Dad implies, I want the job so I can see Mom naked or some other sexual purpose. He says "you're sick." This is just one example of the extreme tactics Dad drifts in and out of when he is more or less rational with his own mind altering medications and/or alcohol.

When I first retired I thought I was smart recognizing Dad's misbehaviors and complaining to him. That is the stage I've understanding my brothers are now, complaining to Dad about his obvious mistakes especially when he's medicated or they are drinking.

But the situation requires someone constantly available to respond with appropriate conversation and activities. It would be best at least one of us brothers were here at all times. Dad is just like anyone else who developed extremely dangerous habits in isolation over almost 40 years while my brothers and I were focused on careers and family.

Dad knows Mom needs constant encouragement to be active, but even Mom herself wants nothing more than to stop the gut pain and get back in bed whenever she is moved onto her scooter or simply sits up in bed for a back rub from one of her sons. The family members are understandably easy to discourage from visiting, even during major holidays for the past six or seven years when Mom is usually so medicated she doesn't

appear to be able to remember the visit anyway.

Life is hard enough without going against Dad's requests when he says, "Mom is feeling bad and we should keep our distance for another holiday." Four or five times a year my family gathers around Mom for a couple of awkward hours, when she's sedated or hiding her gut pain. The family sits around in a circle as if they are viewing her body at a funeral.

Mom and Dad have had far too much time in isolation to keep healthy mental and physical habits. Good habits require constant feedback and activity in the outside world, especially when driving a dangerous car.

But the family will have to understand the psychological concept of, constant feedback (managed impressions and reflected appraisals) and personal adjustment, for them to be assertive about visiting when they are tempted to keep their distance. Using excuses from Dad and Mom has dragged on for decades especially while we were busy with our careers.

Nationally, we have ended up with poorly educated conservative isolated throughout significant portions of the United States. Isolated people are wounded psychologically in absence of push back on steadily more extreme bad habits and ego building controlling behavior. Isolated people attach themselves to someone they think they know from television or develop destructive competition with their family, neighbors and co-workers.

Dad was given the tool to care for Mom's ostomy with irrigation but he had enough time in isolation to decide the contraption was unnecessary. The tool is deceptively more involved with feces when it actually protects assistants from what Dad calls emergencies, when Mom finally has a reasonable bowel movement once a week.

Dad was supplied an irrigation kit which disappeared piece by piece over 13 years after Mom received her botched bowel operation. He may have been like me and didn't know what the confusing device was but Dad was also provided with sedating drugs to stop Mom complaining.

He calls them "auntie-fussy pills." After enough years passed without using the irrigation kit he must have committed himself to thinking it was absolutely unnecessary when he could keep mom quiet with auntie fussy pills. But when Dad's own collection of Dr prescribed drugs started causing him to lose his balance the doctor told him to stop

taking them. Dad says he has regained some of his balance. He has started playing golf again. Something similar has to happen for Mom who hasn't been face to face with a doctor in several years. She hasn't been to a dentist since July of 2019.

The combination of pharmaceuticals which cause Mom to hallucinate or just sleep all day, don't always hide mom's capabilities because family members occasionally catch Mom awake and they see and hear her suffering. Dad is prepared with useless antacids pretending Mom has an upset stomach rather than feces cramps. I have been suggesting for over a year that Mom start using irrigation equipment suggested by most ostomy experts to relieve her constant abdominal cramps. The weekly nurse and senior service administrator said, "She is beyond that." They certainly don't want to deal with Mom's feces.

Mom knows the antacids aren't helping her abdominal cramps but she participates in the theater especially when she is sedated to the point of uncontrollable spasming sleep or hallucinating. The hallucinations happen because of an unfortunate combination of prescribed drugs and only last about 15 to 45 minutes at the beginning of a full drug event. Dad has various combinations of drugs for more or less control of Mom's abilities and appearance. At her worst mom can either look like she's having a facial stroke or a violent hysterical event.

All she can do is shout, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick!" During the more terrifying drug events Dad says too Mom, "There's nothing I can do" and he gives her another antacid. At hysterical moments like this I feel confident Dad actually believes there is nothing he can do. When Mom's freaking out and trying to climb out of bed Dad forgets he caused Mom's roller coaster suffering with the prescription drugs from his doctors. Mom suffers this neglect of her family and the various Adult Protective Services I report to each day and keep up with the archive at the following URL.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

When the family hears Mom's complaints they don't recognize it as abdominal pain. It's just another reason to avoid visiting the house. Even the weekly nurse doesn't require Mom to move when she mechanically asks Mom if she's in pain.

Dad convinces Mom not to complain and to lay perfectly still during nurse and telephone doctor visits. I think It's easy to convince Mom to disguise her suffering because both Mom and Dad don't want to bother anyone with complaints. But this isn't justified when Mom has constant belly cramps and/or medicated confusion.

Most of our family submits to Dad's wishes for them to stay away. Mom is not a good hostess when she is either hallucinating or sedated on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs and/or wincing in pain unnecessarily with her unirrigated ostomy.

The various Adult Protective Services don't want to deal with Mom's bedridden feces bag, so they are easy to convince there's nothing they can do. Especially when 91 year old Dad states it directly and is constantly there 24 hours a day to protect Mom from some kinds of harm. Buddy also protects mom from independent activities.

The protective Services do not do the obvious. They should separate the 91-year-old, 24-hour caregiver from his and his wives crippling medications and alcohol. They should do this without removal of Mom from the house which they have suggested is their only tool of assistance. It's easier for everyone to accept 91 year old Dad's requests to let him take care of everything himself.

The world wonders how a known criminal can run for the highest office and be reelected as president but It's a similar kind of polite cruelty which no one wants to address with Home Care and my parents house. There is plenty of science to address this overwhelming international problem of aging parents. Better home care choices stop self-destructively polite 92-year-old women from constant gut cramps and hysterical medicated growling.

The conservative strategy is what my Dad has adopted to hide and make excuses for anything that costs money, outside effort or accountability. Mom continues to suffer politely then howls each morning begging Dad to change her 8th diaper of the night after he is completely exhausted.

It's ironic I am being used as excuses for neglect and abuse by Dad with his medications and my brothers keeping their distance. But as a result I get to be the only one who talks to Mom in the brief windows when Dad can't continually medicate her. And occasionally I get to be the one who holds Mom's hand when she's hallucinating and terrified from the combination of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

But most of the time it seems best for me to be visible from the other room and document when Dad gives Mom too much medication. He has said, my being in the house is going to make Mom die sooner. And like Trump he is not able to stop himself from admitting his abuses as if that was a means of relieving himself of the responsibility for constantly drugging Mom.

Merrick Garland, Ken Paxton and my Dad don't have the psychological training to unravel this issue of prescription medicine abuse. Professional nurses have the training specific to this issue but they must be too expensive and would interfere with the untrained intuitive attempts these men and their poorly educated administrators have already committed to. They are busy using propaganda to control manipulative strategy instead of applying the loving ethics which comes from science.

11/07/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 Dad fixed cereal.

7:00 I watched TV.

9:18 Darion arrived. Darian is amazing navigating this impossible psychological environment but she hasn't been given permission to irrigate Mom's ostomy and relieve Mom's constant gut pain. So she has become complicit assisting Mom in her sedentary routine.

10:30 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for lunch and told Mom it was a beautiful day to go outside. Mom said she would, so I was encouraged. I brought them a tray of trail mix, peeled clementines and dried apricots.

11:00 I asked Mom if she would go outside with me and Dad asked her to go with me. But there was a weird element of collusion as if they had agreed to participate unwillingly. Darion moved Mom into the scooter and we went outside. Mom started out really positive but complaining about her gut as usual. We went straight outside and sat in the sun where Mom gave me some instructions to sweep up in the garage and take the chair out of the yard.

It wasn't long before she was ready to go back inside but she was having trouble controlling the scooter. She is medicated and isn't enjoying total control today.

11:30 Darion moved mom back into the bed and Mom was mad at me saying, "shut up." when I said she was doing a good job. I think her complaints were a performance for Dad who's lying in the bed next to her.

Not much time in the scooter today for video.

https://youtu.be/Sd_Kl_nGEzs?si=Lk5NOjXW15HvNIQp

Dad started fixing Rubens for lunch.

12:00 Dad served Ruben's to everyone but Mom couldn't eat any of it. Dad said we were going to have a visitor but he wouldn't tell me who it was.

1:00 Natalie and Mark arrived and we all had a great conversation with Mom doing the best she could under sedation. Mark lost his temper twice because he thought I was contributing too much to the conversation and when I attempted to involve Mom and her visitors in a game of balloon volleyball.

1:30 Margaret returned with some equipment and we all left the room to let her sit with Mom.

2:00 Natalie took Mark home and said she would return to Mom and Dad's house. Darion is laughing with Mom in the bedroom.

3:00 Natalie returned, helped me get photographs for social media and talked to Mom. Natalie said she was going to visit again before she goes back to Florida. I asked what Mom and Dad were going to want for supper and Dad said to make the spam. I said he could be in charge of that garbage. This provoked a little back and forth but it remained polite and we let each other know we disagree about serving spam to Mom.

4:00 After Mom said several times she wanted to go to a beauty parlor Dad went to the one she went to last time and hired them to visit the house. So much for that opportunity to be independent.

Lee came with an assistant and did Mom's fingernails and toenails. Of course it was expertly done. But in response to the bright pink nails Mom got last time she may have overreacted with a pink that is more subdued than she would have liked.

It looks like Byran has been turned away again.

5:00 Dad fixed food for Mom and I had sausage and cottage cheese.

6:00 I said good night too Mom and Dad.

Giving up two and a half and years and an unknown number of years in the future, attempting to expose and reverse a deadly family problem, I've got nothing to complain about compared to Mom's constant gut pain that causes her to want to constantly lay in bed perfectly still.

The physical therapist is frustrated that both Mom and Dad go to extreme lengths to keep Mom in bed. And when Mom obviously needs constant activity she's almost constantly sedated with, what Dad calls "antifussy pills." We humans need to move for our bowels and our muscles to continue to work.

Dad is Mom's 91-year-old nursemaid and when he isn't changing her diapers and ostomy all night he's keeping Mom sedated with prescribed medicines during the day. It seems he has developed an unintentional rationale to convince visitors and assistants, Mom is incapable of independence. When I suggest he should have a night time assistant for Mom, Dad implies, I want the job so I can see Mom naked or some other sexual purpose. He says "you're sick."

I thought I was smart recognizing Dad's misbehaviors and complaining to him years ago. That is the stage my brothers are in now complaining to Dad about his obvious mistakes. But the situation requires someone constantly available to respond with appropriate conversation and activities. Dad is just like anyone else who developed extremely dangerous habits in isolation over almost 40 years while my brothers and I were focused on careers and family.

Dad knows Mom needs constant encouragement to be active, but even Mom herself wants nothing more than to stop the gut pain and get back in bed whenever she is moved onto her scooter or simply sits up in bed for a back rub from one of her sons. The rest of the family is understandably easy to discourage from visiting, even during major holidays for the past six or seven years.

Life is hard enough without going against Dad's requests when he says, "Mom is feeling bad and we should keep our distance for another holiday." Instead my family gathers around Mom for a couple of awkward hours, when she's sedated or hiding her gut pain. They sit around in a circle as if they are viewing her body at a funeral.

Mom and Dad have had far too much time in isolation to keep healthy mental and physical habits. Good habits require constant feedback from the outside world especially when driving a dangerous car.

But family would have to understand the psychological concept of, constant feedback and personal adjustment, for them to be assertive for visiting when they are tempted to keep their distance. Following excuses from Dad and Mom can drag on for decades.

This is how we end up with conservatives who are wounded psychologically in isolation and attach themselves to someone they think they know from television or some destructive competition with their life partners.

I think it must have seemed unnecessary to Dad, for him to use the irrigation kit he was supplied 13 years ago when Mom received her botched bowel operation. Or maybe he was like me and didn't know what the confusing device was. Dad has provided Mom with sedating drugs to stop her complaining which he calls, "auntie-fussy pills." After enough years passed without using the irrigation kit he must have committed himself to thinking it was absolutely unnecessary.

The combination of pharmaceuticals which cause Mom to hallucinate or just sleep all day, don't meet the needs of the public and family who occasionally catch Mom awake and they see and hear her suffering. Dad is prepared with useless antacids pretending Mom has an upset stomach rather than feces cramps.

Mom knows the antacids aren't helping her abdominal cramps but she participates in the theater especially if she is sedated to the point of uncontrollable sleep or hallucinating. The hallucinations happen because of an unfortunate combination of prescribed drugs and only last about 30 to 45 minutes at the beginning of a drug event.

All she can do is shout, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick!" When push comes to shove Dad says, "there's nothing I can do" and he gives her another antacid. At hysterical moments like this I feel confident Dad actually believes there is nothing he can do, even though he causes Mom's roller coaster suffering with the help of his doctors. Mom suffers with the neglect of her family and the various Adult Protective Services reported to each day.

When the family hears Mom's complaints they don't recognize it as abdominal pain. It's just another reason to avoid visiting the house. Even the weekly nurse doesn't require Mom to move when she mechanically asks Mom if she's in pain.

Dad has convinced Mom not to complain and to lay perfectly still during nurse and telephone doctor visits. I think it's easy to convince Mom to disguise her suffering because both Mom and Dad really don't want to bother anyone with complaints. But this isn't justified when Mom has constant belly cramps and/or medicated confusion.

Most of our family submits to Dad's wishes for them to stay away. Mom is not a good host when she is either hallucinating or sedated on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs and/or wincing in pain unnecessarily with her unirrigated ostomy.

The various Adult Protective Services don't want to deal with Mom's bedridden feces bag, so they are easy to convince there's nothing they can do. Especially when Dad states it directly and is constantly there 24 hours a day to protect Mom from some harms and independence.

The protective Services do not do the obvious. They should separate the 91-year-old, 24-hour caregiver from his and his wife's crippling medications and alcohol. They should do this without destroying the family with a removal of Mom from the house which they have suggested is their only tool of assistance. It's easier for everyone to accept Dad's requests to let him take care of everything himself.

The world wonders how a known criminal can run for the highest office and even be reelected as president but It's a similar kind of polite cruelty which no one wants to address with Medicare Home Care. Better home care choices must stop a self-destructively polite 92-year-old woman from constant gut cramps and hysterical medicated growling.

The conservative strategy is what my Dad has adopted to hide and make excuses for anything that costs money, outside effort or accountability. Mom continues to suffer politely then howls each morning begging Dad to change her 8th diaper of the night.

11/07/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 Dad fixed cereal.

7:00 I watched TV.

9:18 Darion arrived. Darian is amazing navigating this impossible psychological environment but she hasn't been given permission to irrigate Mom's ostomy and relieve Mom's constant gut pain. So she has become complicit assisting Mom in her sedentary routine.

10:30 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for lunch and told Mom it was a beautiful day to go outside. Mom said she would, so I was encouraged. I brought them a tray of trail mix, peeled clementines and dried apricots.

11:00 I asked Mom if she would go outside with me and Dad asked her to go with me. But there was a weird element of collusion as if they had agreed to participate unwillingly. Darion moved Mom into the scooter and we went outside. Mom started out really positive but complaining about her gut as usual. We went straight outside and sat in the sun where Mom gave me some instructions to sweep up in the garage and take the chair out of the yard.

It wasn't long before she was ready to go back inside but she was having trouble controlling the scooter. She is medicated and isn't enjoying total control today.

11:30 Darion moved mom back into the bed and Mom was mad at me saying, "shut up." when I said she was doing a good job. I think her complaints were a performance for Dad who's lying in the bed next to her.

Not much time in the scooter today for video.

https://youtu.be/Sd_Kl_nGEzs?si=Lk5NOjXW15HvNIQp

Dad started fixing Rubens for lunch.

12:00 Dad served Ruben's to everyone but Mom couldn't eat any of it. Dad said we were going to have a visitor but he wouldn't tell me who it was.

1:00 Natalie and Mark arrived and we all had a great conversation with Mom doing the best she could under sedation. Mark lost his temper twice because he thought I was contributing too much to the conversation and when I attempted to involve Mom and her visitors in a game of balloon volleyball.

1:30 Margaret returned with some equipment and we all left the room to let her sit with Mom.

2:00 Natalie took Mark home and said she would return to Mom and Dad's house. Darion is laughing with Mom in the bedroom.

3:00 Natalie returned, helped me get photographs for social media and talked to Mom. Natalie said she was going to visit again before she goes back to Florida. I asked what

Mom and Dad were going to wait for supper and Dad said to make the spam. I said he could be in charge of that garbage. This provoked a little back and forth but it remained polite and we let each other know we disagree about serving spam to Mom.

4:00 After Mom said several times she wanted to go to a beauty parlor Dad went to the one she went to last time and hired them to visit the house. So much for that opportunity to be independent.

Lee came with an assistant and did Mom's fingernails and toenails. Of course it was expertly done. But in response to the bright pink nails Mom got last time she may have overreacted with a pink that is more subdued than she would have liked.

It looks like Byran has been turned away again.

5:00 Dad fixed food for Mom and I had sausage and cottage cheese.

6:00 I said good night too Mom and Dad.

Giving up two and a half years and an unknown number of years in the future, attempting to expose and reverse a deadly family problem, I've got nothing to complain about compared to Mom's constant gut pain that causes her to want to constantly lay in bed perfectly still.

The physical therapist is frustrated that both Mom and Dad go to extreme lengths to keep Mom in bed. And when Mom obviously needs constant activity she's almost constantly sedated with, what Dad calls "antifussy pills." We humans need to move for our bowels and our muscles to continue to work.

Dad is Mom's 91-year-old nursemaid and when he isn't changing her diapers and ostomy all night he's keeping Mom sedated with prescribed medicines during the day. It seems he has developed an unintentional rationale to convince visitors and assistants, Mom is incapable of independence. When I suggest he should have a night time assistant for Mom, Dad implies, I want the job so I can see Mom naked or some other sexual purpose. He says "you're sick."

I thought I was smart recognizing Dad's misbehaviors and complaining to him years ago. That is the stage my brothers are in now complaining to Dad about his obvious mistakes. But the situation requires someone constantly available to respond with appropriate conversation and activities. Dad is just like anyone else who developed extremely

dangerous habits in isolation over almost 40 years while my brothers and I were focused on careers and family.

Dad knows Mom needs constant encouragement to be active, but even Mom herself wants nothing more than to stop the gut pain and get back in bed whenever she is moved onto her scooter or simply sits up in bed for a back rub from one of her sons. The rest of the family is understandably easy to discourage from visiting, even during major holidays for the past six or seven years.

Life is hard enough without going against Dad's requests when he says, "Mom is feeling bad and we should keep our distance for another holiday." Instead my family gathers around Mom for a couple of awkward hours, when she's sedated or hiding her gut pain. They sit around in a circle as if they are viewing her body at a funeral.

Mom and Dad have had far too much time in isolation to keep healthy mental and physical habits. Good habits require constant feedback from the outside world especially when driving a dangerous car.

But family would have to understand the psychological concept of, constant feedback and personal adjustment, for them to be assertive for visiting when they are tempted to keep their distance. Following excuses from Dad and Mom can drag on for decades.

This is how we end up with conservatives who are wounded psychologically in isolation and attach themselves to someone they think they know from television or some destructive competition with their life partners.

I think it must have seemed unnecessary to Dad, for him to use the irrigation kit he was supplied 13 years ago when Mom received her botched bowel operation. Or maybe he was like me and didn't know what the confusing device was. Dad has provided Mom with sedating drugs to stop her complaining which he calls, "auntie-fussy pills." After enough years passed without using the irrigation kit he must have committed himself to thinking it was absolutely unnecessary.

The combination of pharmaceuticals which cause Mom to hallucinate or just sleep all day, don't meet the needs of the public and family who occasionally catch Mom awake and they see and hear her suffering. Dad is prepared with useless antacids pretending Mom has an upset stomach rather than feces cramps.

Mom knows the antacids aren't helping her abdominal cramps but she participates in

the theater especially if she is sedated to the point of uncontrollable sleep or hallucinating. The hallucinations happen because of an unfortunate combination of prescribed drugs and only last about 30 to 45 minutes at the beginning of a drug event.

All she can do is shout, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick!" When push comes to shove Dad says, "there's nothing I can do" and he gives her another antacid. At hysterical moments like this I feel confident Dad actually believes there is nothing he can do, even though he causes Mom's roller coaster suffering with the help of his doctors. Mom suffers with the neglect of her family and the various Adult Protective Services reported to each day.

When the family hears Mom's complaints they don't recognize it as abdominal pain. It's just another reason to avoid visiting the house. Even the weekly nurse doesn't require Mom to move when she mechanically asks Mom if she's in pain.

Dad has convinced Mom not to complain and to lay perfectly still during nurse and telephone doctor visits. I think It's easy to convince Mom to disguise her suffering because both Mom and Dad really don't want to bother anyone with complaints. But this isn't justified when Mom has constant belly cramps and/or medicated confusion.

Most of our family submits to Dad's wishes for them to stay away. Mom is not a good host when she is either hallucinating or sedated on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs and/or wincing in pain unnecessarily with her unirrigated ostomy.

The various Adult Protective Services don't want to deal with Mom's bedridden feces bag, so they are easy to convince there's nothing they can do. Especially when Dad states it directly and is constantly there 24 hours a day to protect Mom from some harms and independence.

The protective Services do not do the obvious. They should separate the 91-year-old, 24-hour caregiver from his and his wife's crippling medications and alcohol. They should do this without destroying the family with a removal of Mom from the house which they have suggested is their only tool of assistance. It's easier for everyone to accept Dad's requests to let him take care of everything himself.

The world wonders how a known criminal can run for the highest office and even be reelected as president but It's a similar kind of polite cruelty which no one wants to address with Medicare Home Care. Better home care choices must stop a self-destructively polite 92-year-old woman from constant gut cramps and hysterical medicated growling.

The conservative strategy is what my Dad has adopted to hide and make excuses for anything that costs money, outside effort or accountability. Mom continues to suffer politely then howls each morning begging Dad to change her 8th diaper of the night.

11/06/24 Betty Broome Report

Giving up two and a half and years and an unknown number of years in the future, attempting to expose and reverse a deadly family problem, I've got nothing to complain about compared to Mom's constant gut pain that causes her to want to constantly lay in bed perfectly still.

The physical therapist is extremely frustrated that both Mom and Dad go to extreme lengths to keep Mom in bed. And when Mom obviously needs constant activity she's almost constantly sedated with, what Dad calls "antifussy pills." We humans need to move for our bowels and our muscles to continue to work.

Dad is Mom's 91-year-old nursemaid and when he isn't changing her diapers and ostomy all night he's keeping Mom sedated with prescribed medicines during the day. It seems he has developed an unintentional rationale to convince visitors and assistants, Mom is incapable of independence. When I suggest he should have a night time assistant for Mom, Dad implies, I want the job so I can see Mom naked. He says "you're sick."

Just like my brothers believe now, I thought I was smart just recognizing Dads misbehavior and complaining to him for years. But the situation requires someone constantly available to respond with appropriate conversation and activities. Dad is just like anyone else who developed extremely dangerous habits in isolation over almost 40 years while my brothers and I were focused on careers and family.

Dad knows Mom needs constant encouragement to be active, but Mom herself wants nothing more than to stop the gut pain and get back in bed whenever she is moved onto her scooter or even simply sits up in bed for a back rub from one of my brothers. The rest of the family is understandably easily discouraged from visiting, even during major holidays for the past six or seven years.

Life is hard enough without going against Dad's requests saying that Mom is feeling bad

and we should keep our distance for another holiday. Instead my family gathers around Mom for a couple of awkward hours, when she's sedated or hiding her gut pain. They sit around in a circle as if they are viewing her body at a funeral.

Mom and Dad have had far too much time in isolation to keep healthy mental and physical habits. Good habits require constant feedback from the outside world especially when driving a dangerous car.

But family would have to understand the psychological concept of constant feedback and personal adjustment, for them to be assertive when they are tempted to keep their distance. Following excuses from Dad and Mom can drag out for a decade, easily.

This is how you end up with conservatives who are wounded psychologically in isolation and attach themselves to someone they think they know from television or some destructive competition with their life partners.

I think it must have seemed unnecessary to Dad, for him to use the irrigation kit he was supplied 13 years ago when Mom received her botched bowel operation. Or maybe he was like me and didn't know what the confusing device was. Dad has provided Mom with sedating drugs to stop her complaining which he has chosen to call, "auntie-fussy pills." After enough years past without using the irrigation kit he must have committed himself to thinking it was absolutely unnecessary.

The combination of pharmaceuticals which cause Mom to hallucinate or just sleep all day, don't meet the needs of the public and family who occasionally catch Mom awake and they see and hear her suffering. Dad is prepared with useless antacids pretending Mom has an upset stomach rather than feces cramps.

Mom knows the antacids aren't helping her abdominal cramps but she participates in the theater especially if she is sedated to the point of uncontrollable sleep or hallucinating. The hallucinations happen because of an unfortunate combination of prescribed drugs.

All she can do is shout, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick!" When push comes to shove Dad says, "there's nothing I can do" and he gives her another antacid. At hysterical moments like this I feel confident Dad actually believes there is nothing he can do and he believes he has done everything he can, even though he causes Mom's roller coaster suffering with help of his doctors. He causes Mom's suffering in the absence of his family and the various Adult Protective Services reported to each day.

When the family hears Mom's complaints they don't recognize it as abdominal pain. It's just another reason to avoid visiting the house. Even the weekly nurse doesn't require Mom to move when she mechanically asks Mom if she is in pain.

Dad has convinced Mom not to complain and to lay perfectly still during nurse and doctor visits. I think It's easy to convince Mom to disguise her suffering because they both really don't want to bother anyone with complaints. But this isn't justified when Mom has constant belly cramps and/or medicated confusion.

Most of our family submits to Dad's wishes for them to stay away. Mom is not a good host when she is either hallucinating or sedated on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs and/or wincing in pain unnecessarily with her unirrigated ostomy.

The various Adult Protective Services don't want to deal with Mom's unnecessarily bedridden feces bag so they are easy to convince there's nothing they can do. Especially when Dad states it directly and is constantly there 24 hours a day to protect Mom from harm and independence. The protective Services do not do the obvious. They should separate the 91-year-old, 24-hour caregiver from his and his wife's crippling medications and alcohol. They should do this without destroying the family with a removal of Mom from the house which they have admitted to having as their only tool of assistance. It's easier for everyone to accept Dad's requests to let him take care of everything himself.

The world wonders how a known criminal can run for the highest office and even be reelected as president but It's that kind of polite cruelty in which no one wants to address Medicare Home Care. It must stop a self-destructively polite 92-year-old woman from constant gut cramps and hysterical growling.

The conservative strategy is what my Dad has adopted to hide and make excuses for anything that costs money, outside effort or accountability. Mom continues to suffer politely. Then she howls each morning begging Dad to change her 8th diaper of the night.

Understandably, Dad would rather wait till 9:30 or so when his assistant arrives. But even then he usually does the first change during Mom's assistant's appointed time. He can't help himself but be a polite martyr.

Dad is completely unaware of the idea he could be doing something wrong. When I call his attention to any of this he thinks I'm competing with him.

6:00 Mom and Dad were up but I didn't want to get involved after the terrible election news.

8:00 Mom and Dad had cereal and I stayed upstairs.

9:00 I came downstairs and talked to Teresa. Darion was taking care of Mom and Dad was sitting quietly on the couch. I told Dad I was going upstairs to get cleaned up.

9:30 Darion brought Mom in the living room and they were looking out the window.

10:00 Darion brought Mom outside in the sun. Dad started fixing pizza and corn on the cob for lunch.

10:30 Mom listened to her audiobook for about 30 minutes.

11:00 We did several items from her to do list including when she asked that the plants be watered in the house and we added to her memoir book about a new interesting story of selling vegetables out of the family shed when she was approximately 11 years old.

Darion often interrupts but doesn't often stop the process of keeping Mom active. She seems to be responding to Dad rolling his eyes and moaning whenever I involve Mom in activities. This is very similar to my aunt when her caregivers laughed at me, "saying how cute it was that I thought Aunt Jeanie was actually responding to me in conversation."

I can't stop remembering Aunt Jeannie looking up in contempt at her caregivers who said in front of me, "We can do this the easy way or the hard way" as they held her prescribed drugs in front of her mouth. When aunt Jeannie couldn't hear us talking I suggested that they trust Aunt Jeannie when she says, "she would rather be able to think clearly." Her caregivers yelled, "It is prescribed medicine!"

1130 Margaret arrived when Mom was being moved to the bedroom. She was obviously medicated or exhausted and wouldn't control the scooter herself at this point.

Mom's sedated scooter trips yesterday and today.

Today

https://youtu.be/f7RulcrnlSc?si=Td1OEIKWCqH2TN__

Yesterday

<https://youtu.be/4DvmOhCx6wU?si=F0d8FRVkuXsYsihO>

Dad brought in the pizza and corn on the cob and said he wished he cooked more for Margaret. Dad added ingredients to frozen pizza and it was pretty good. The corn was very sweet but overdone.

I visited Mom a few times during the day when Darion was working in the kitchen and Dad was sleeping or watching TV. Mom was out of it most of the afternoon.

5:00 Dad fixed extraordinary spinach salad with a variety of ingredients. It was excellently flavored with a homemade dressing and we all ate all of it.

5:30 I brought Mom and Dad a little bit of Coke float for dessert and Mom said she didn't want it as she drank it. She seems to be coming out of today's long drugging. When Dad went out to go get the mail I asked Mom if she was okay and she said she slept all day except for the morning when she got to talk to Teresa. I reminded her of all the things we did when she was in the living room chair. I asked her if she wanted to call and make an appointment for fingernails and toenails and she said she would soon.

6:00 Mom and Dad we're watching some commentary on the election and I told Mom I was going to do my exercise and go upstairs for the night.

I finished my PBS NewsHour exercise and went upstairs.

11/05/24 Betty Broome Report

12:00 a.m. Dad turned on the television in the living room loudly. This is unusual at this time of night. I could see Dad was changing Mom's diaper but he brings these confusing late night episodes on himself by giving her medication and alcohol. I sat in the living room in case there was an emergency.

2:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and asked if I sleep in the living room. I told him I just come down when there's noise.

7:00 Dad woke me with a group text saying, "Joe is sick." Apparently in response to a text I sent to my brother's telling them that our exhausted Dad shouldn't be lifting Mom to change her diaper at 12:00 at night.

I figured there's no point in responding to the text because Dad won't remember in 30 minutes anyway. But he's in charge of Mom's deadly medications and the couple with power of attorney are dangerously absent from and oblivious to this merciless situation.

Neal and Fiona have a vested disinterest in turning away from a situation which parallels her father's need for the same activity-based family group therapy our Dad needs, to drag them out of their egotistical cruelty against their wives. Fiona recently lost her mother to a dramatically similar situation so she's not a logical source of empathic care for Mom's constant abdominal cramping and sedation with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

8:00 Veronica came and washed Mom's hair. I asked Mom if she wanted eggs and bacon and she said no. I asked if she wanted a kolache and she said yes. Mom was fairly alert and ate most of her large kolache which Neal bought the day before.

9:00 I got hot tea for Mom and iced tea for Dad. They were watching Doc Martin and Mom is now hallucinating. Neal called and Dad left the TV on loud or half of the call. Dad turned on the speaker phone and made a big deal out of announcing he was on speakerphone. Mom was pointing desperately at the TV attempting to say she can't hear the phone. I asked Dad to mute the television and he did. They finished the phone conversation and Dad left the television show muted for 5 minutes so I left the room.

9:20 I checked the peach cobbler Dad assembled the ingredients for and I'm baking. I turned on the timer for another 15 minutes hoping it would brown.

9:25 Darion arrived later than usual. Dad stirred up the peach cobbler so it was unappetizing. But I put it back in the oven on broil and browned the top. It was really good but the recipe asked for rising flour or biscuit mix rather than regular flour.

9:30 I gave Mom, Dad and Darion some peach cobbler with ice cream and they ate it so I guess it was as good as I thought it was.

11:00 Dad and Darion brought Mom into the living room but she was clearly medicated and unable to enjoy the experience. Dad mostly control the scooter which is awkward for everyone and not a learning experience for Mom.

12:00 Dad fixed something for Mom and Darion for lunch. I ate leftovers of the sausage sandwiches and the salmon croquettes from previous days.

1:00 Dad went to the grocery store to get milk. This gave me an opportunity to talk to Mom and remind her, she needed to go to all her doctor's. Darion gave her the phone and asked Mom to at least make an appointment for her fingernails and toenails.

Mom said she wanted to go to the nail shop herself and I said she would need to convince Dad not to drug her on those days when she goes to the doctor and the nail shop. Mom said, "Dad doesn't drug me." I said, "You don't know what's happening when you're medicated. That part of your life is lost every day."

I said, "Maybe if we make a lot of appointments to all the doctors, Dad will get too tired of making her incapacitated because it's too much trouble for him to move her to the offices when she's medicated. I reminded her, she has not been face-to-face with a doctor in years and the only time she does have appointments, she is medicated and can't reasonably talk to the doctor on FaceTime.

Darian said she was going to bring Mom out and let her drive the scooter.

3:00 Darion brought mom out in the living room and Dad returned from the grocery store.

Today both of Mom's trips in the scooter were just for show because she was too medicated to think of it as an advancement in her independence.

I stayed away from mom and dad for the afternoon and practiced my songs.

5:30 Dad came upstairs and said "I guess you want me to ask you to leave because you've written all this." Neal and Fiona must have added some emergency to Dad's reaction to the daily police report. The most recent one asks for the same medication changes and irrigated ostomy as they always do.

Dad got riled up for Neal and Fiona but he knows what's really going on in the house and anything that calls attention to the druggings and Mom's lack of ostomy irrigation cause him to have to balance his deceptions vs. reality. I keep hoping someone will convince Dad to get tested for Lyme's disease and/or he will just snap out of the memory issues that allow him to live with this cruel psychological balance of lies and unnecessary responsibility for a wife he keeps as a cramping and sedated zombie.

Rather than come and help their 91-year-old patriarch, Neal and Fiona appear to have worked Dad up to hysteria because I mentioned them in the daily police reports this

weekend.

Dad said, "Okay I'll report you!" And I said, "okay." I wish I would have called attention to him reading my reports carefully and considering changing his habits with regards to Mom's care instead of thinking of it as a competition like the rest of my psychologically uneducated family does.

6:00 It's time for my PBS NewsHour exercise.

I served sliced grapefruit and hot tea for Mom, Dad and myself. We ate it together and then I did my exercise. I think I need to get small individual tea bags because reheating ice tea is not satisfying to Mom and Dad. Especially when I bring it to Dad with Mom.

9:00 I asked if there were any positive results on the news and we watched for a few disappointing moments. I went upstairs for the night. The nation parallels my family very precisely. Doing what is best is not rewarded except internally.

Hopefully if he wins, Trump is too incompetent to accomplish the terrifying things he and his oligarchs have formerly said they will do.

The television was very loud all night.

11/04/24 Betty Broome Report

3:30a.m. He got up and got coffee for Mom but I didn't know, he must have also given her an unusually late night medication.

3:50 Mom was calling "Joe Joe."

I went downstairs and tried to hold Mom's hand but she was obviously in the manic portion of a drugging and she angrily said "no no no." Dad was facing away from Mom. I guess he was pretending to sleep because Mom was loud and active. I got Mom a washcloth for her eyes and she threw it away pulling her hair into her face. She was clearly prepared to be angry with me and full of the hallucinating combination of drugs.

She kept saying "I've got to get up, I've got to get up." I told her I would help her get in the living room on the scooter. She said, "no no no," "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." I said "we're going to get a nurse teach us too take care of your stomach cramps as soon as we can."

I turned off the loud TV and turned off the lights and Mom started saying, "I want coffee." Dad got up, I gave him Mom's coffee cup and he heated her coffee in the kitchen. He told me about a political program he wanted me to see.

Mom was unable to drink the coffee because she was out of her mind saying, "too hot, too hot, I've got to get up, I've got to get up, I'm sick." Dad tried to pour the coffee against her lips but she wouldn't accept it.

4:00 Mom is drug spasming, complaining and Dad turned on the YouTube show he wanted me to see. It was an excellent group of three important players in the election. https://youtu.be/4h01V_d3b8g?si=HNZD4uuS3NCkQZCi

4:30 Mom said she wanted more coffee and Dad went and got it for her.

Mom drank the coffee and fell asleep while Dad and I were watching the Democracy Docket show.

4:55 Mom woke up and asked, "Is this the show we watched last night?" Dad said, "yes" and Mom fell back to twitching fitful sleep.

This was an example of the sequence characteristic of Mom's drug events and how Dad innocently uses these drugging event to get confirmation from Mom of things he wants to throw away from the house and to manipulate family members, doctors and Mom's assistant.

This time he included me in the performance, seemingly because he wanted me to see a television show. All he would have had to do was send me a text and I would have watched the show with him. But he was seriously wounded by decades of isolation with Mom while his boys were building careers and families.

Be alerted to the timing and sequence of a typical medications event.

3:30 a.m. Coffee and drugs for Mom.

20 to 30 minutes drugs take effect.

3:50 Howling and/or angry drug fits.

15 to 45 minutes of manic drug rage. Yelling to get out of bed and drifting in and out of spasming unconsciousness. Short spells of angry consciousness asking for food coffee or diaper changes vengefully.

4:55 Surprised moments of lucidity as she emerges from a violent medication.

3 to 5 minutes of concern she missed something and participation as best she can in what's going on around her.

5:30 Two to three hours of reluctant groggy and confused sleep, complaining to be left alone and/or politely pretending to sleep so she doesn't bother anyone.

Morning

8:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast and Dad said eggs and bacon would be good. I asked what Mom wanted and she was knocked out seemingly with exhaustion. Dad said he would get her up when breakfast was ready.

8:30 I brought Mom and Dad eggs bacon and fruit salad with poppy seed dressing. Dad asked me to feed some of it to Mom and maybe she would get going. I gave her some of the fruit salad and she started to eat it herself.

Neal arrived while Mom and Dad were eating. Neal talked to Mom and Dad for a little while and left to go back to Austin. As the only brother with power of attorney, I hope Neal doesn't receive legal consequences for letting Dad commit constant cruelty to Mom with cramps from a lack of ostomy care and constant sedating medication. But Neal and his wife Fiona certainly deserve consequences for their neglect and the gas lighting they do to the rest of the family. Each time Neil visits and doesn't stop dad from medicating mom keep is encouraging dad for the neglectful lack of care he's giving to Mom.

At any time Dad could go too far and kill Mom with overdoses of prescription medication that cause her to bark and howl like an animal.

10:00 I checked on Mom and she was still incoherent with exhaustion or received more medication. Darion said she would give Mom a bed bath because she couldn't give her a shower in her present state. But Mom smelled bad so she had to be cleaned.

12:00 I fixed barbecue sausage sandwiches for Mom, Dad, Darion and myself. I thought they tasted fantastic but only Darion and myself ate the whole sandwich. Mom wasn't able to talk well yet but she did eat half a sandwich.

I stayed where I could hear any emergency but I didn't get involved most of the day.

5:00 I asked Mom if she wanted fruit salad for supper and she said yes. I made fruit salads for us but I didn't think that would be enough so I made croissants.

5:30 I told Mom and Dad I was going to start my PBS exercise news. I said the news will probably be interesting tonight because of the election tomorrow and Dad let me turn it on in their bedroom before I started exercising in the living room.

6:30 I finished exercising.

11:50 This is new! Dad turned on the TV in the living room really loud. I went downstairs and he looked exhausted trying to change Mom's diaper in the middle of the night. I didn't bother them but stayed in the living room in case of emergency.

Neal has the power of attorney so it's directly his and his wife Fiona fault a '91-year-old man is constantly exhausted and responsible for the hallucinogenic medications Dad trusts his doctors to prescribe.

After 3 years I'm officially out of money but Mom still needs thousands of dollars worth of items and she needs to stop being medicated so she can go to multiple doctors immediately. Shouldn't Neal and Fiona be forced by Adult Protective Services to help Mom and Dad because of their power of attorney? Why are they letting Mom and Dad suffer in spite of these daily reports? Mom is suffering right now with constant stomach cramps and decades exhausted Dad controls the doctor's prescriptions that don't let Mom exercise?

11/03/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast and Neal was in the bedroom and said they were getting cinnamon rolls.

8:30 After some conversation and working on Neal's phone they left to get cinnamon rolls and came back pretty quickly with donuts and kolaches.

9:00 Mark arrived and had already eaten breakfast. We all talked for a long time and

Mom was fairly alert.

9:30 Mom told Mark, Dad and Brian to go out in the living room. I was in the kitchen when everyone was sent out a mom's room but I went in with Mom and talked to her.

10:00 I went in the living room and talked to brothers and Dad and told everyone I was going to make salmon croquettes for lunch. We all talked for a while. Neal and Dad went to Home Depot to get a toilet seat, cock and a cable for Dad's CD drive.

11:00 I started to make salmon croquettes and Mark said he was going home to eat with his wife.

1:30 I had a long talk with Mom while we were riding letters to go with the quilt squares for some nieces. But Mom was medicated all day too Make sure Neal continues to she is incompetent.

I asked her if she wanted to read the paper and she said yes. Mom suggested everyone should go to the quilt festival but it was almost over. I sent a text to everyone anyway.

2:30 Neal and I had a competition to find easily accessible audiobooks on YouTube. Neal made the first suggestion for a family book to read about the location where our family originated in Oklahoma and Arkansas. Mom started listening to "True Grit" audiobook.

330 Neal installed the toilet and I caulked the ventilation fan in Mom and Dad's bathroom.

330 Dad took Mom in the scooter for a few minutes but she was medicated and upset the whole time.

Video of mom's drugged day.

https://youtu.be/sUmzZRhL_zU?si=vvvnJrQS9Cknwmg-

3:45 Mom's back in bed watching news. She said her fingernails were dirty so I got soapy water and the fingernail brush and scrubbed her fingernails.

5:00 Mom is calling for Dad to go change her diaper.

Neal left to go stay at Mark's

5:30 I heated some pie and Dad served some for himself and Mom.

Today was another day lost to drugs for Mom.

Lagniappe

3:30a.m. Here's a new drug trick from Dad. He got up and got coffee for Mom but I didn't know yet he had also given her a medication dosing.

3:50 Mom was calling "Joe Joe."

I went downstairs and tried to hold Mom's hand but she was obviously in the manic portion of a drugging and she angrily said "no no no." Dad was facing away from Mom. I guess he was pretending to sleep because Mom was loud and active. I got Mom a washcloth for her eyes and she threw it away. She was clearly prepared to be angry with me and full of the hallucinating combination of drugs.

She kept saying "I've got to get up, I've got to get up." I said I would help her get in the living room on the scooter. She said, "no no no," "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." I said "we're going to get a nurse teach us too take care of your stomach cramps as soon as we can."

I turned off the loud TV and turned off the lights and Mom started saying, "I want coffee." Dad got up, I gave him her coffee cup and he heated her coffee. He told me about a political program he wanted me to see. Mom was unable to drink the coffee because she was out of her mind saying, "too hot, too hot, I've got to get up, I've got to get up, I'm sick." Dad tried to pour the coffee into her mouth but she wouldn't accept it.

4:00 Mom is drug spasming, complaining and Dad turned on the YouTube show he wanted me to see. It was an excellent group of three important players in the election.
https://youtu.be/4h01V_d3b8g?si=HNZD4uuS3NCKQZCi

4:30 Mom said she wanted more coffee and Dad went and got it for her.

Mom drank the coffee and fell asleep while Dad and I were watching the democracy docket show.

4:55 Mom woke up and asked if this was the show we watched last night? Dad said yes and she fell back to twitching fitful sleep.

This was an exemplary sequence of Mom's drug events and how Dad uses them. This

time he included me in the performance, seemingly because he wanted me to see a television show. All you would have had to do was send me a text and I would have watched it.

3:30 a.m. Coffee and drugs for Mom.

20 to 30 minutes coming on to drugs

3:50 howling and angry drug fits

15 to 45 minutes of manic drug rage

4:30 yelling to get out of bed and drifting in and out of spasming unconsciousness. 5 5 to

15 minutes of short spells of angry consciousness asking for food coffee or diaper changes vengefully.

4:55 Surprised moments of lucidity as she emerges from a violent drugging.

3 to 5 minutes of concern she missed something and participation.

5:30 Two to three hours of reluctant groggy and confused sleep or complaining to be left alone.

11/02/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 Dad was getting breakfast for Mom.

9:00 I asked Mom if she wanted a snack. I suggested croissants and she said yes. Dad acted surprised she was hungry. As I was leaving the bedroom I told Mom the croissants take 15 minutes to cook and Dad said, "Neal is coming to cook shrimp for us for supper."

9:30 I brought them tea, croissants, peeled orange, trail mix and Halloween candy. While I was cooking Dad must have medicated mom. By the time she was finishing eating Mom was starting to hallucinate.

10:00 Mom was in the manic portion of her medication event. I knew it would only last about 30 minutes but it's hard to manage when she wants to pull off her ostomy. She said I want to go to the bathroom and she threw her legs off the bed. I went and got the potty chair and I was surprised Dad didn't interfere when I helped her on the chair. I moved her into the bathroom and she started asking for Dad to help her.

They were on the toilet for a little while and then Dad brought her back in the bedroom

and told me I would need to go to Office Depot, then he corrected himself and said, Home Depot because the toilet seat was broken.

He said it was already in bad shape and I said we can probably get a smaller one that's easier to slide the potty chair on top of. Dad called attention to the fact that I put the potty seat over the toilet with the seat down and that's what broke the seat. This was only the third time Mom was taken to the toilet rather than urinating in her diaper so I wasn't practiced at lifting the toilet seat before I moved Mom's potty chair over the toilet.

By this time Mom was out of her mind with medication saying, she wanted the ostomy removed. Dad changed her ostomy bag but she was crying saying she didn't want it on her. Dad said that's not appropriate, "the feces would come out." He was baby talking Mom like he does when he thinks it isn't obvious he medicated her. He acts like this is just her natural state.

Mom needs to be free to go to the bathroom and be irrigated so she isn't constantly cramping.

10:30 Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I left them in the bedroom.

12:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and said they wanted something light for lunch and I suggested fruit salad. Dad said he didn't want much fruit salad because he didn't want to spoil his appetite for Neal's shrimp meal this evening.

Dad said we should have lifted the toilet lid when Mom moved on to the toilet with the toilet chair. I said, "yes, I can't believe I didn't think of that."

Dad went on to say, "Betty never knows when she's going to go to the bathroom."

I said, "not when she's medicated." Dad said, "don't put down the medication, it is Doctor prescribed." I said, "the doctors don't know that Mom is out of control for hours every day because Mom hasn't seen them face-to-face in years."

Dad walked away into the kitchen. At least there was no yelling today.

I went in to talk to Mom and she was starting to come out of her medication. She was able to talk. Dad came back in the bedroom and I was telling Mom we were going to have fruit salad and poppy seed dressing for lunch. Dad said again, he wanted small fruit salads so it wouldn't ruin Neal's supper of shrimp.

It looks like Dad thinks he's creating some kind of competition between Neal and I about cooking. These are the little dramas Dad has going on in his thoughts that just complicate things because of the years of isolation. Brothers need to schedule every day full of activities so Dad doesn't have time for these little theatrics.

Dad said, "Betty is not getting into the female Matlock series." I said, "it is too technical to enjoy for light TV pleasure." Dad said, "Mom doesn't care for it much but he's going to give it a chance." I repeated, "it is too technical."

12:30 I went upstairs.

2:00 I went in Mom and Dad's bedroom and told Mom about a text written to me for her by Francis her niece.

While I was talking to Mom Neal Douglas waved to us from the living room but didn't come into the bedroom. Mom said she already talked to Neal.

Mom asked me to go and talk to Neal and Dad. I asked her to come with me on the scooter. She got mad and pointed me into the living room so I went in and sat down. I was just starting to hear what Neal and Dad were talking about when Mom called Neal.

Dad said Mom just kicked them out of the bedroom but we all went into talk to her. I tried a few times to get Dad to let Mom talk and she did get a few words in but it wasn't very successful. We did have a short volleyball game in which she got at least two good kicks but she mostly worked her arms. I rode the scooter back and forth in the bedroom occasionally asking Mom to show Neal how she can ride it.

2:30 Neal asked what time dinner should be ready and Mom and Dad said "they planned to have fruit salad but they didn't eat lunch." I told Neal he could probably start cooking anytime.

Neal started cooking shrimp risotto and it appears that Dad gave Mom medication at about 2:30 because, as it approached 3:00 Mom started getting loopy.

3:00 I told Neal he could witness an entire up and down 3 hour drug episode because it appears Mom was coming on to a dose.

3:15 Neal served risotto to everyone. Mom said, "Dad was fixing something for me in the other room." Mom appears to be hallucinating. The risotto was extraordinary.

3:30 Connie arrived and was talking to Mom, Dad and Neal while they were eating. I was eating in the living room. Mom appears to be alert enough to eat on her own. So it wasn't a full drugging.

Mark arrived and there were plenty of people to watch Mom so I went upstairs and fell asleep. They were there for a while and witnessed one of Dads drugged Mom performances. I can't imagine they got to say much to Mom or have her respond like a human being but at least she was surrounded by family and I could get a couple of hours of sleep.

5:00 I woke to do my PBS News exercise.

5:50 Dad came out of the bedroom and said he felt bad falling asleep five times while Connie was here. He went in the kitchen and I went into visit with Mom. She was getting pretty clear-headed and I asked if she wanted hot tea. She said yes but she asked me to tell Dad she needed the gas cleared out of her ostomy.

6:00 I fixed Mom some hot tea while dad was preparing the coffee maker for tomorrow morning. I told him, Mom needed her ostomy attended to.

I brought Mom her tea and I told Mom it was raining. She asked me to open the curtains. She asked me to turn off the lights so people couldn't see in the bedroom. We looked outside. Dad came in the bedroom with a paper towel and started telling me the story about what he said happened three times in the past 13 years when Mom's ostomy was completely filled with gas like it was now.

He said, if Mom had a bowel movement now it would pop and make a terrible mess. I didn't want to cause any trouble by telling him that he tells this story at least once a week or so. Dad started making a big deal out of telling Mom to hold up her nightgown, so she could fan the gas away from her when he released the gas.

He may be intoxicated from his trip out of the house today but I can't tell for sure.

25 Activities for brothers to schedule all day with Mom everyday.

1. Water plants and get sun.

2. Breakfast at the table.

3. Balloon volleyball.

4. Audio books.
5. Mom's memoir book notes.
6. Read the paper.
7. Ride in the scooter and find honeydew jobs for everyone.
8. Take a good hot shower. Wash Mom's hair.
9. Start going to the bathroom with the potty chair.
10. Sing-along with the TV and Joe 2
11. Learn how to use the phone and call people.
12. Use the stand up exercise chair to strengthen legs.
13. Lunch at the table.
14. Dust the low places in the house from the scooter
15. Help Joe to come up with a list of songs to work on.
16. Pay women and lawn people who help around the house.
17. Leg lifts. Leg and arm press and bottom and chest lift exercises in bed
18. Supper at the table
19. Irrigate the ostomy to create a dependable bowel movement routine.
20. Beauty work, hair, fingernails, toenails skin.
21. Riding in the car. Go to the doctors
22. Writing letters at the kitchen table.
23. Visit Brothers
24. List paintings for Joey to make.

25. Scan and label pictures

1. Mom needs to exercise using the standing PT chair the physical therapist told us to buy.
2. We need doctor and dental appointments for Mom.
3. Contact a registered nurse to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication.
4. Stop anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to family and doctors.
5. Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for a less harsh grunting and hallucinating effect when mixed with other medications.
6. Get Mom a subscription to the physical newspaper.
7. Give Mom practice using her phone.
8. More outside activities for Dad.
9. Stop Dad's demonizing everything that builds Mom's independence.

11/1/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I heard the television come on so I went downstairs. The door was open to Mom and Dad's bedroom. I asked if they wanted eggs and bacon and Dad said yes. Then he asked Mom if she wanted bacon and eggs. Mom didn't answer but Dad said yes.

6:30 I brought Mom and Dad eggs, bacon and jelly toast.

7:00 I picked up their tray and they had eaten everything except Mom didn't eat all her egg.

I watched the news in the living room.

9:15 Dad came in the living room and asked for the remote. He was trying to find a video about a golf swing to show me. He accidentally signed up for a golf channel on Roku that never did come on.

9:30 While Dad was trying to find a golf video Darion brought Dad's phone to him saying Dr Taylor was on the phone. It wasn't Dr Taylor but rather the phone number I gave Dad yesterday of the physical therapist Dr Taylor asked to contact Dad.

9:45 Dad called Dr Taylor's office and they didn't know what he was talking about. Dad said, "you just called me." I suggested that Dad click on the return button from the previous call. He said that was what he did but it wasn't what he did.

Dad went in the bedroom and stood over Mom for a few minutes and then got back in bed. Mom was unresponsive.

10:00 I turned off the golf channel Dad put on the television which was only an introductory screen. I went back to the news and watched for a while and then went upstairs.

10:30 I discovered someone I had been communicating with on Facebook for the past 3 days was a fake account. It may have been some kind of election troll.

12:00 Dad fixed left over Swiss steak for himself, Darion and Mom.

12:30 Dad asked me to move Mom to the living room and Darion protested saying it was her job and she was required to do it. Darion brought Mom in the living room and Mom was obviously a medicated. Mom said she wanted to go back to bed but Dad convinced her to get in the living room chair for a while.

Dad said, "Judy, Dr Taylor's secretary called about getting physical therapy." I told him It was the physical therapist who called. He said he wrote down the phone number but it was incorrect. I told him I was the one who gave him the phone number and I could give it to him again from my phone.

Dad called the number and confirmed that he had a physical therapy appointment on the 7th. I asked him where the appointment was and he said he didn't know. I told him I wasn't sent an email from Dr Taylor's physical therapist as they said they were going to send.

12:30 Dad went on for a long time with monologues we dared not interrupt. I told him I could help him with the notes his mother left about lost family money. He asked me about it last week and gave me some addresses but I told him he would need to sit with me with his laptop so that he could confirm with each step of the process.

Dad started with a bunch of long explanation's why he wasn't able to do it. He doesn't seem to realize he keeps clicking on commercial sites instead of sticking to the government ones.

He asked if I knew the name of a certain type of bird and I said that I didn't and he said I did.

I'm starting to think Dad is under the influence of medication part of the time as well as Mom. But maybe Dad doesn't know what the medications are doing to him. He trusts the Doctors and he doesn't realize when he's medicated. I don't think he recognizes how it alters his behavior.

1:00 Mom said, "how do I get back in the bed." Dad said, "all you have to do is tell us and we will take you." Mom said she wanted to get back in the bed and Darion helped her.

The door was closed most of the day so I didn't get involved with any more conflicts.

5:00 Dad said he was going to get barbecue sandwiches and asked if I wanted one. I said, "please yes." So I went to talk to Mom and she was much less medicated.

Video of mom highly medicated early in the day and less medicated later in the day.
<https://youtu.be/uEGWlwzlx3w?si=qitSfQYMRPJOS1->

6:00 Dad brought back sandwiches and we ate them. I told Mom it was time for my PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and I said good night to Mom and Dad.

25 Activities for brothers to schedule with Mom.

1. Water plants and get sun.
2. Breakfast at the table.
3. Balloon volleyball.
4. Audio books.
5. Mom's memoir book notes.
6. Read the paper.
7. Ride in the scooter and find honeydew jobs for everyone.

8. Take a good hot shower. Wash Mom's hair.
9. Start going to the bathroom with the potty chair.
10. Sing-along with the TV and Joe 2
11. Learn how to use the phone and call people.
12. Use the stand up exercise chair to strengthen legs.
13. Lunch at the table.
14. Dust the low places in the house from the scooter
15. Help Joe to come up with a list of songs to work on.
16. Pay women and lawn people who help around the house.
17. Leg lifts. Leg and arm press and bottom and chest lift exercises in bed
18. Supper at the table
19. Irrigate the ostomy to create a dependable bowel movement routine.
20. Beauty work, hair, fingernails, toenails skin.
21. Riding in the car. Go to the doctors
22. Writing letters at the kitchen table.
23. Visit Brothers
24. List paintings for Joey to make.
25. Scan and label pictures

10/31/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 Mom and Dad were asleep.

9:00 Dad asked me to make Swiss steak. It was obvious he wanted to keep me away from medicated Mom. I went in the kitchen and the steak was just out of the freezer and hard as a rock. But it had to be pounded for the recipe anyway, so a good long pounding made it workable.

10:00 I finished assembling the Swiss steak and it was simmering. I fixed trail mix peeled orange and dates for a snack for everyone. I let Mom, Dad and Darion know lunch would be at 1:00. I told them I was going to the grocery store to get Halloween candy and asked what they needed. Darion said Mom needed body wash. She said she was going to give Mom a shower today instead of tomorrow because Mom needed it. I agreed.

I asked what they wanted to drink. Dad wanted iced tea Mom wanted iced coffee and Darion wanted iced coffee so I fixed it for them.

I went to the grocery store and got Halloween candy, body wash for Mom and a newspaper.

10:30 Dad and Darion said they had to leave Mom alone in the bedroom because Mom was asking to have her diaper changed too often. Imagine leaving Mom alone when she was hysterical with drugs. Dad told me twice not to go in the bedroom.

Mom obviously received medications at 10:00 when I announce lunch was going to be ready at 1:00. I know Darion must recognize when Mom is being drugged but she has to agree with everything Dad says to keep her job.

I let Dad hear me dictate the explanation for Mom's medicated disagreeable behavior. Mom was asking for constant diaper changes. Mom's only barely conscious revenge for constant druggings is to ask for constant diaper changes. But Dad doesn't make the connection that he could put on panty diapers and use the toilet chair to give Mom independence by going to the toilet. He acts, in front of Darion, like Mom is the aggressor when she bothers them with multiple diaper change requests every hour.

Mom does act bossy and confused when she is in the 30 minute manic portion of a medication episode. But Dad or Mom's doctor could stop this at any time with a change of medication.

It seems impossible to outsiders, obviously hideous medications would continue for years, but that's just an indicator of how common it must be in households all over the world. And that's why it would be so helpful for Harris to implement home Medicare She is campaigning on.

10:40 I sent off yesterday's reports.

Dad must have seen the report because he promptly brought out all of the medicines from the refrigerator into the living room. He looked through all the bottles like a child wanting to show his control and his lack of opposition.

I'm sure Dad could be trained by a nurse to be competent to give Mom her medications but he is not capable now and is a danger to Mom because of memory issues which may be the result of Lyme's disease.

11:46 Dad's Doctor Taylor's physical therapist called me saying they weren't able to reach Dad for some time. I don't know how they got my phone number. They were trying to schedule Dad for physical therapy because of his problems with balance. I told Dad about it and I gave him the phone number to contact them.

12:00 Dad went in the bedroom and closed the door. Darion came out of the bedroom a few times during the day and I asked how Mom was doing. She said Mom was sleeping today. She said, Dad said Mom was up all night. This is Dad's latest explanation for Mom's inability to do her physical therapy and interact normally with family and friends. Dad says, she was up all night and she can't get up during the day.

1:00 Dad asked if he could help me serve the Swiss steak and he stood behind me for the last 10 minutes of preparation causing unnecessary disruptions. He was persistent about his annoying location and comments like a child. The Swiss steak came out better than it ever has but Mom was completely medicated and unable to eat it. I saved it in the refrigerator so she could have some later if Dad let her come out of medication.

I watched situation comedies and practiced my songs all day with Mom and Dad's bedroom door closed.

5:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise and dad left the house.

5:30 Mom was just starting to come out of a day of drugging. I told Mom, when Dad leaves like this it often means that he has drugged her. I said that he seems to want me

to see her acting strangely when he's not here so I have to deal with it and be convinced she has dementia. This must have worked for years for Dad not to know it's obvious when he drugs mom and leaves her for family or assistants to deal with.

I told Mom, "if you get uncomfortable for 30 minutes or an hour, you should not think stop trusting yourself." I told her, she should just relax and make her way through it, it's the drugs making her intolerant and it will be over in 30 minutes or so. Mom knows what's going on but she is completely controlled by Dad 24 hours a day.

Dad thinks it's unfair he has to care for Mom this way and it is. But instead of being vengeful and neglectful he needs to change the situation of which he has complete control. He needs to introduce a nurse who would not allow Mom to take drugs that cause her to lose her independence and the nurse would care for Mom's ostomy with irrigation. Mom needs to stop the constant abdominal cramping that makes her lie still.

Dad came back to the house inebriated.

5:45 It appears Dad is drunk and feels guilty about drugging Mom because his behavior is erratic. Mom said, she can't go out to do the trick or treating. Mom was raving, so she had obviously been given a full dose of medication.

Mom shouted "I want a drink." Obviously meaning alcohol. Dad was playing with the box of medications for the second time today. This time he had the box of medicines on the bed. It's a childish performance.

When I reminded Mom, she promised Darion photographs of herself giving out candy to the trick or treaters, Mom said, I can't go out." Mom was out of her mind with medication saying, "who's going to take care of me?" I told Mom "I'll take care of you, so you can go out in the scooter and give out candy."

Dad could see mom was desperate and still continued with his performance. But I did see a moment of empathy in response to Mom's pathetic plea for help. Then Dad started his usual gas lighting about me with his usual sentence beginning with, "Joe has come into this house," and where he usually says something about me interfering with their ideal life, he caught himself and finished his sentence saying "he's helping with some things."

I was still hopeful Mom would get up and give out candy, but I said, "it's obvious why you're afraid to go out to see the kids." I didn't have to mention the medication.

Dad yelled at Me and Mom at the same time telling her, "Joey wrote to everyone saying, I'm saying bad things about him to you." I told Dad "I can hear you saying terrible things about me outside the door." Dad said "you're a f***** liar. You are a goddamn f***** liar!"

I said, "now that you are comfortable lying it's easy for you to say that to me." I told Dad, "I can hear you telling Mom terrible things about me."

If he doesn't want me to hear him gas-lighting her he shouldn't talk so loud when he's doing it. And he certainly shouldn't keep using the exact same sentences. I left the bedroom and Dad closed the door.

6:00 I opened the front door of the house, put out a chair and the candy bowls. I was waiting in the living room when Dad stuck his head out of the bedroom and said he was sorry for yelling at me. I know Dad doesn't take these terrifying events into consideration for the effect they have on Mom.

To Dad, Mom has always been someone to manipulate without a personality. He never considered it an insult telling everyone she didn't have a sense of humor and he would say she didn't appreciate the arts the way he does. He seems to have become defensive in later years when Mom became sophisticated from reading the paper everyday and interjecting insightful comments, especially about personalities.

I think Dad's mostly unaware of the uncaring behavior he has, especially since he constantly says he loves her and describes how their relationship is so ideal as he drugs her and leaves her suffering with constipated pain.

No one would constantly drug and neglect a loved one unless it was a long-term gradually acquired habit born out of a '50s stereotype of women.

All he will have to do is start being ethical and everyone will continue from there thinking of him as ethical. We all think of him as loving in spite of a lifetime of neglect and emotional abuse against Mom. The whole family is complicit in his lack of ethics as they would if he became ethical in Mom's care. It would just be automatically accepted and they would enjoy Mom's new independence and revival.

7:00 The Halloween kids stopped coming to the door like clockwork. I didn't see it advertised on the news but there must have been a well distributed news story about

stopping at 7:00. Mom would have loved giving the kids candy. They were precious. Even the older teenagers who felt confident roaming the neighborhood and meeting their neighbors.

Dad apologized for not handling Halloween well but I think he said his mistake was not enough decorations to let kids know candy was waiting. I didn't hear his full statement. But he clearly said, there are very few kids that visit every year anyway. I told him it was a good crowd this year. I gave away most of the candy.

He didn't mention drugging Mom so she couldn't give out candy.

Dad is surrounded by family and assistants corroborating his job of slow deadly medication and ostomy neglect. It appears, everyone is afraid of having to address Mom's ostomy. Understandably so when Dad keeps Mom blithing with medication and everyone can guess from a distance that Mom is beyond help since November 6th 2019.

10/30/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 all is quiet.

8:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast and Dad said they already ate. Dad said they could eat a little treat like a cookie and I asked if they wanted tea. Both Mom and Dad said yes to tea and treats.

I brought them mounds bars, hot tea for Mom and Ice-T for Dad.

9:30 Darion arrived while I was taking away Mom and Dad's empties. They ate all of the mounds bars.

10:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to go outside and water the plants and Dad repeated my request to her. Mom said, "I need to get dressed and go outside." I started to lift the covers off of her and she said, "no!" So she is obviously medicated and is going to be confused. Dad stated his excuse for the day that Mom didn't sleep last night.

I moved the scooter next to the bed and told Mom "It's ready for her when you're ready

to get up." She said, "okay."

12:00 Dad called everyone telling us frozen pizza is ready and he brought a piece for Mom. I got to talk to Mom for a few minutes and she was very alert and focused. But ironically, sometimes when she is able to get up and do something she uses that comfort with being less medicated, to talk her way out of doing anything.

It's a vicious cycle which can only be broken by family planning exciting activities for her she will not be able to convince herself to miss. She already complains that Dad is having fun without her. So she's ready to start doing things once she has her ostomy irrigated regularly, stopping her stomach cramps and Dad stops her sedating medication.

I watched episodes of Leave It to Beaver and practiced some of my songs.

3:00 The exercise alarm rang and I got trail mix, dates and satsumas peeled and plated for Mom and Dad. Mom ate some right away as I asked her to go out in the sun. She looked interested but both Dad and Darion made excuses for her saying they already tried. Darion laughed. Mom politely laid back and gave into the majority.

Today was another wasted day for Mom when she could have done so many things and had fun.

The energy and intensity with which Dad and now Darion guard Mom from any activity could be used the way Dad did when he was young motivating me and my brothers to be active and interested in life.

Mom must have been drugged again at around 3:00 because she was knocked out and unable to wake for hours in the afternoon.

5:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted sausage wrapped biscuits and they said, no. Dad said they would have the soup he made yesterday. So I fixed sausage and apple slices for myself.

I didn't do any exercise today. I was having simultaneous arguments with people on Facebook.

I hope someone benefits by these reports because the usual institutions don't have the finesse to respond appropriately and I'm sure this must be an international problem as obvious but unaddressed as it has been in multiple branches of my family.

I receive occasional texts from the gossiping family which provide insights into the false information being passed around as excuses for their lack of participation in Mom and Dad's life. The destructive topics they pass around include outrageous claims like, "Mom would die if she sat up."

One of my brothers said he thought "Mom is permanently angry like my great Aunt Ella before she died and Mom even looks like she did before she died." Mom doesn't look like that but that's what he said as an excuse to leave Mom alone.

My brothers are saying, I (Joe 2) am profiting from staying at Mom and Dad's house. When the fact is, I've spent many thousands of dollars on exercise, transfer equipment and groceries. They say, "No one visits Mom because you're there at the house," meaning me. They are using me as an excuse for the neglect they have continuously inflicted on Mom and Dad for decades.

I understand their reluctance to participate because I did the same thing during my career building years. But Mom and Dad are in danger now with codependent deadly habits which can only be undone with actual interesting activities.

Disingenuously, my brothers appear to be feigning concern for my paying my property taxes, calling attention to my maxed out credit card I used to buy the many thousands of dollars of equipment and groceries for Mom.

They also frivolously complained, they thought I couldn't be exercising as much as I say in my daily posts because of how heavily I breathe in the videos I post of Mom driving her scooter. They say, I am posting my reports about Mom in order to get likes on social media.

Each family seems to be taking turns pretending how lucky I am they haven't sued me for exposing personal information about them when I describe their neglect of Mom and Dad. Recently they started making fun of my master's degree and educational background in general.

Curiously I have also been told my choosing not to accept my inheritance will have to be confirmed when parents pass away. They say I am making it complicated for a division of assets. I told them I don't want anything from the family except the photographs I already have.

Several times the gossip said, I was on the verge of receiving a restraining order, and at

another time I was given a police report form to fill out myself. I guess substance abuse makes them forget this cycle of complaints and threats at later times. This gossip roller coaster seems to be more of a distraction for them to have something to do rather than care for Mom and Dad.

My substance abusing brothers and their wives are projecting themselves into a ghoulish corner with their hyperbolic gossip bubble. I'm sure they think their level of substance intake is not influencing their choices. But it certainly is effective at satiating them to keep their distance.

I have reported the family situation to everyone from the national attorney general Merrick Garland, to Texas AG Ken Paxton's APS and the local news, in attempt to get assistance and to keep others from suffering this nightmare Mom lives every day. Her constant abdominal cramps and discouraging, medication and gas lighting are much worse than my family's comfortable excuse making.

All the helping institutions have one tool which is so extreme and dangerous they don't pull the trigger without permission from the reporter and the reported. So they are actually only there for individuals who are living in their own waste or beaten bloody and bruised.

Ironically the only thing that can save the family is the kind of activity Mom and Dad planned for us when we were young. My brothers don't seem to drink or do drugs when they play golf so they and my Dad focus on the game like they would activities directed at Mom.

So 3 of the 12 hours a week are provided to Dad as a good example because of a highly involving activity. But that isn't enough hours to snap him out of this drug routine with Mom. Often he even drugs her just as he's leaving to play golf to make sure no one sees Mom at her best while we're gone for hours.

My family must be exhausted hyping each other up with gossip as they neglect Mom's constant bowel cramps and inactivity. They must be desperate with guilt when they have lucid and objective moments. They could enjoy the fact that Mom is perfectly delightful to communicate with when she's not medicated.

But Mom desperately wants to do something when she's not pretending to be sleeping out of politeness to avoid bothering guests or when she's not mercilessly medicated or suffering almost constant abdominal cramps from the slightest movement of an

unirrigated ostomy.

I'm sure this is a common problem in families worldwide. But it's insidious because it's in plain sight and involves the egos of all the participants who don't want to admit long-standing lazy neglect they didn't recognize earlier or aren't doing anything about now.

10/29/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 it was a really quiet night. Mom acted really upset with me so I knew I was the topic of the morning.

Veronica washed Mom's hair. Mom said she was tired from the experience but she was mostly alert.

9:19 Dad must have given Mom her medication just before 9:00 because she was just coming on to it when Darion arrived. I had just given Mom hot tea and Darion was in for a rough ride with confusing conversation at the very least.

9:30 I started peeling vegetables to help Dad who was making potato soup but he didn't have butter so I ran to the store.

10:00 I brought back butter, iced coffee and the newspaper. As I walked in the bedroom I could see Mom didn't drink her hot tea from earlier and Darion said, "She just shut her eyes." Darion is part of the problem now because she has been convinced by Dad to keep Mom inactive.

I told Mom, I would wait to give her the newspaper when she is less medicated. Mom said, "I'm not medicated." Darion went and conspicuously looked at the medication dispenser box. Darion has to live with cognitive dissonance starting to recognize Mom's mental states drugged and undrugged, but having to pretend she doesn't know.

Mom got mad and asked for the paper but wouldn't accept the glasses that allowed her to see it. Dad convinced Mom more than a year ago that she doesn't like those glasses. Imagine the conflicting gas lighting required to make Mom that confused about a simple thing like reading the paper. But when she's medicated it's easy for Dad to confuse her with overt and covert messages.

I gave Mom the newspaper and a glass of iced coffee and she looked terrified. She said "what is this?" I said, "it's iced coffee." She said, "get out of here." I said, "don't you want to try it?" She took a sip. I said, "does it taste good?" And she said "yes." I left the bedroom.

Darion knows she has to please Dad to keep her job because of his household leadership. So Darion's focus is not on what is best for Mom. The reckless micromanaging of the poorly educated administrators of the senior assistant companies also relay confusing messages to Darion. So she just hunkers down and pushes forward with more responsibilities than a young person should have to bear.

Darion is much more active and helpful than any other assistant. But it doesn't matter when Mom needs a registered nurse to have the authority to separate her from the sedating prescription drugs and to irrigate Mom's ostomy, so she is not constantly cramping.

12:00 Dad served potato soup to everyone and then he found a video for us to watch about physics. He fell asleep a couple of times and I paused the video but it was too much for me to keep up with and I fell asleep.

A second physics video was on when I woke up and we watched that for a while but fell asleep again.

2:00 I woke up on the couch and Dad was in the bedroom with Mom.

3:00 The exercise alarm rang and I visited Mom. I asked Darion if Byran the physical therapist had visited yet and she said that Gregg the physical therapist administrator was supposed to come instead. I couldn't tell if this was just a ploy to look like Darion was contributing more to moms schedule. I asked Mom if she would come water her flowers.

I was excited when Mom started to sit up and I helped her into the scooter. We went outside for vitamin d and watering plants. Dad has convinced Darion the portable oxygen machine is not sufficient so she goes through a lot of trouble to maneuver the oxygen line from the large machine even when Mom goes outside.

I'm sure I will have to pay \$2,000 for a new portable machine. The Inogen representatives are very clever about not repairing older machines. Their last response to my call was to say that the machine senses the breathing of the patient and doesn't

blow out air until it senses that breathing.

Darion said Mom's oxygen goes down when she is active. This is what Dad has said all along and it is the opposite experience I have had. The more active mom is the higher her oxygen level is. But Mom is not active when she is just sitting in the scooter. Mom has to be physically active enough to break her habit of not taking deep breaths, to get her oxygen level up.

Darion started to lose her temper when I said sitting in the scooter was not enough exercise for Mom. But then she said to herself like she does in a mumbling voice. "I'm not going to get into a back and forth."

When Mom is fired up in the first 30 minutes of a drugging she can't help herself but be a little upset at Dad for having fun without her. Dad feels the same way when Mom has the wherewithal to state the obvious about wanting to get up and do something. Both Dad and Mom need to be involved in truly involving activities like they planned for their boys when we were young. It's the only way to naturally exit decades of bad habits in isolation. Families need to keep their elders authentically involved to avoid the profoundly confusing restoration process.

Dad has the power to stop medicating Mom and to have someone irrigate her ostomy so we could start doing it ourselves and Mom would never go through this constant cramping in her abdomen again. Mom needs to become active in her last years but Dad has protected her from activity and convinced everyone who doesn't see mom everyday Mom is incapable of activity.

3:30 We moved mom back into the bedroom and I reminded them about the new British series they may be interested in.

Mom's trip in the scooter today.

https://youtu.be/szKcLFkFEXQ?si=GblIH_yhmFMVbbgi

6:00 I asked what they wanted for supper. Dad said Mom was sleeping but she would wake up if I made half of a pimento cheese sandwich for each of them. I said I would make the sandwich and fruit salad. He said okay.

6:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise. I could see Mom eating her sandwich and then her fruit salad for a long time.

6:30 Dad brought out the tray and I asked if they like their supper and he said yes. It looked like all the food was gone so they must have enjoyed it.

7:00 I finished my exercise and asked if they wanted to look at the new British series I heard about. Dad looked upset and I realized he was starting his Tuesday night bridge. I didn't want to interfere and Mom said she wanted to see her news so I left them for the evening.

10/28/24 Betty Broome Report

9:00 I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and she said she already had grapefruit. We had some confusion about whether Brian was bringing breakfast or something to eat to the golf course. Dad said we are going to leave at 11:00.

He also said I should stop talking about Mom's medication every time I open my mouth. I wanted to ask if he would rather me talk about Mom's constant cramps from her unirrigated ostomy, but I didn't want to mess up the morning. Mom, like most women, is used to constant suffering.

9:30 I went upstairs to get dressed.

11:00 we left to play golf. Mark had a basket of balls for us to warm up and we all hit a few before we practiced putting.

The group in front of us left a little early so we started a little early. It was a great game with everyone communicating politely. There was one point where Dad suggested leaving early but it didn't happen so I guess he and Mark worked it out.

3:00 Dad and I went to the grocery store on the way home. It was a store I wasn't used to and I felt terrible leaving Dad in the car. I returned and he was reclined relaxed with the air conditioner. So he was fine.

We arrived home and Darion said they had hot dogs for lunch. I asked Mom if she wanted fruit salad and I made some for everyone when she said, yes. They all liked the fruit salad and Dad fixed an extra bowl for himself. So I'm going to make it more often.

I guess I was tired from the game and the sun and I slept through the afternoon.

6:00 I suggested salmon croquettes for supper and Dad said yes. Mom was barely responsive but I fixed them and they ate all but one. So the croquettes are another winning meal for Mom and Dad.

The only way to save a family from itself is scheduling activities that require too much concentration to allow for self-destructive habits. But so far I haven't been able to involve brothers in many activities with Mom and Dad.

When they come to visit Mom, it's almost like viewing Mom's dead body. Dad has Mom too medicated with Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions and he doesn't want to do the irrigation of her ostomy to stop her constant abdominal cramps. Though he has stopped giving her antacids so he must be starting to realize what's going on.

We have to hire a nurse who is ethically required to separate Mom from the prescription drugs and the constant cramps that keep her inactive.

My mother is an expert pretending she doesn't have constant abdominal cramps from her unirrigated ostomy, especially when my brother's visit. Then when Mom can't help herself and starts to complain saying, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick," because of her cramps, Dad can knock her out with a dose of medication and my brothers just think Mom is sleepy.

With a registered nurse in the house long enough to see what's going on here, adjust the medications and irrigate moms ostomy, we could start scheduling visits to each other's houses and plan involving activities to distract the family from self-destructive substance abuse and other bad habits.

A nurse friend provided suggestions.

1. _Concern for loved one's safety_: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."
2. _Impact on quality of life_: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."
3. _Recognition of caregiver's struggles_: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."

4. _Importance of professional expertise_: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work together to find a solution."
5. _Honesty about damage caused_: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."
6. _Empathy and support_: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."
7. _Focus on emotional support_: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."
8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional nurse caregiver, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

10/27/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 Dad brought Mom cereal. She wasn't able to talk from being sleepy or medicated. I got a large bowl of shredded wheat for myself and we all ate while watching the news. When I was finished I started to collect the bowls but Dad said they were going to get more, so I put away my bowl and went upstairs.

9:00 Everyone was asleep. I started the painting of mom's old house and found her house on the ocular to help me get a drawing.

10:00 I went into visit Mom and Dad with the ocular. Dad said not to wake up Mom but she was already waking up and I asked her if she wanted to see her old house. I told her, she would have to be facing the opposite direction. I sat her up on the bed and then transferred her to the scooter which was facing the right direction for her to see her house.

She looked at her house for some time. I guess it brought back memories. Dad

suggested, since she was already in the scooter she should go look out the living room window. Mom drove herself into the living room and then in to the dining room but she was too uncomfortable with her ostomy.

So she drove herself back into the bedroom where I gave her the paper to look at.

Video of Mom riding around today.

<https://youtu.be/dSx5TOYYkIc?si=2wvCoj9hWEMrMgcG>

12:00 dad brought mom and me some tamales and milk. They were kind of dry but they tasted good.

3:00 I brought Mom some grapefruit slices. She ate it all even though it was more than one serving. I asked Dad if he wanted some grapefruit or apple pie and he said no. Dad asked if I could find the football game he wanted to watch and luckily I found it.

5:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted pig in a blankets for supper. Mom said yes and Dad said he wanted just one. So I fixed them some biscuit wrapped sausage and some with cheese. They ate a lot of it and Dad said it was very enjoyable. But they left three of the eight.

I did my exercise while Mom and Dad were eating.

6:00 I finished my exercise and asked Mom if she wanted to watch a movie about empowering women. She said no.

It was a mostly wasted day because of medication but at least I never saw Mom do the grueling beginning of a full dose. If that happened it must have been in the morning.

But when she gets at least one big dose a day she feels exhausted and that added with her cramping ostomy can cause her to be irritable and not want to move.

I went upstairs for the evening.

When I was teaching for 30 years I always thought there was a structure that would be fired into action if I reported, student reports of abuse. But the only time I ever did report abuse a student reported to me about her father, was at a teacher's instructional meeting telling us about the requirement to report abuse.

I raised my hand and said "I know about an abuse case." The woman said, "are you reporting a personal experience?" I said "a student reported to me about her father." She said, "that's just a student report." I was completely thrown off guard and didn't bring it up again. I guess I should have made a huge deal about it but I adjusted to the administrator's dismissive response.

It so happened that the girl who reported to me told me I mustn't do anything about it because she reported it to the police previously and it only made things worse for her and her brother.

Now the second, third and fourth times I've turned in an abuse case of my codependent self-destructive parents have had very similar responses. If I'm not willing to commit to the removal of my mother and subsequent destruction of the family, the adult protection institutions are not willing to come into the house and

1. remove the prescribed medications which keep my mother from activity and normal communication and/or
2. require irrigation of my Mom's ostomy, the absence of which is killing her with inactivity due to constant cramps when she sits up or moves.

So there is essentially no institutional structure prepared to respond, in an individualized way, to the suffering of US citizens. When you only use a hammer you don't get any personalized or caring work done.

10/26/24 Betty Broome Report

10:00 I woke up extremely late and I was glad I slept so much.

I put on my clothes to go to the grocery store and went downstairs. Mom was obviously knocked out and Dad was either asleep or pretending to be, so I left them alone.

10:15 Mom started howling and hung her feet off the bed. I started to get up to stop her but Dad got up before me and started baby talking like he does when she's drugged.

I sent off yesterday's report and got ready to go to the grocery store.

10:30 I went to the grocery store and got 2 weeks of supplies. I did forget tea bags and

poppy seed dressing. I'll need to go back for them.

11:00 I returned from the grocery store and Mom was only partially medicated so I gave her some radishes I bought at the store. She ate them right away. We talked about politics and she asked me to scratch her back so I did for a good long time. Then while she was sitting up I asked her if she would go in the dining room to eat. Dad was fixing lunch.

She's getting easier and easier to transfer to the scooter and even though she was partially medicated she went in the living room and looked out the window. Then she went in the kitchen where she was going to wait to eat, but her unirrigated gut we're obviously starting to bother her and she started asking to go back to the bedroom. While we were in the kitchen Brian called and they talked for a while.

I thought she was going to come back to the table and eat but she decided to eat in bed and drove her scooter back to the bedroom.

Mom riding the scooter today.

<https://youtu.be/jcFFa445NTY?si=64f3qu8kvlcl9OjA>

12:00 Dad brought lunch and we all ate. Mom said she wanted her diaper changed and I went in the living room.

1:00 Everything was quiet for most of the day so I just watched a couple of movies and practiced my songs. I know Mom is constantly suffering from her unirrigated ostomy but Dad is going to have to come to that realization and let us take care of that so she can become active and more healthy.

3:00 The exercise alarm went off and I went into talk to Mom and Dad. I picked up one of the balloons and threw it at Mom and that began a long balloon volleyball game with the three of us. I thought that was really encouraging but Mom was worried about her ostomy. I don't think it was time to change it but she wanted me to go in the living room.

5:00 Mom still couldn't talk very well but she may have eaten some apple pie because some of it was missing. Dad came out and said I should come in the bedroom if no one answers when I knock. I don't know if this was for emergencies but it's good to know that I can go in and see if everything is okay when they don't answer.

7:00 I practiced some songs and went upstairs for the night.

10/25/24 Betty Broome Report

3:00 There was a lot of noise downstairs.

8:00 I went in to visit Mom and Dad. Dad was talking about a fellow Texaco employee who drown in Guadalupe River. It was someone whose kids I babysat for when I was young. Dad went through several long stories about people who lived in the neighborhood and when Mom tried to interject anything he continued through what she was saying.

There was never any moment to add anything or to contribute to a conversation. So I asked Mom a question when Dad took a breath. Dad stopped and said, "I know I shouldn't tell such long stories but you shouldn't interrupt."

Imagine how impossible it must be to live with Dad for decades with that kind of catch 22 never being allowed to contribute to the conversation. It was only a month ago Dad was lamenting about how he wished he had someone to have conversations with.

With this kind of mental trap added to Mom's confusing medications, it's another example of how Dad can rationalize anything he wants for the house he controls completely. This kind of control was fine when he was young and didn't make so many memory mistakes and when he wasn't in charge of Mom's hallucinogenic description drugs.

I persisted and asked two more times for Mom to answer my question about the school building across the street from our house in the '70s. Each time Mom started to say something and Dad said, "excuse me, that reminds me of the time," and he launched into another long story.

I finally went in the kitchen in the middle of one of his stories and he didn't notice. I got cold iced tea for Dad and hot tea for Mom and brought it to them. Dad turned on the television and I told him I was going to get cleaned up for the day. I went upstairs.

9:10 Mya arrived while Dad was changing Mom's s ostomy so Mya sat down at the table and ate half a hamburger. I made cinnamon rolls and put them outside the bedroom.

When Dad finished getting mom ready he called for Mya and he took the cinnamon rolls to Mom.

Three of the cinnamon rolls were not eaten so I guess they were not a big hit.

It's probably going to be necessary to find a senior care company to keep Mom from smelling bad. That's a strong indicator Mom is not being cared for properly. It is an extremely challenging job but it has to be done properly by someone who feels responsible for Mom and can persist against Dad's efforts to keep my subdued. Fridays are the day Mom is supposed to get a shower but she has not received one since Friday 2 weeks ago.

11:00 Dad sent us a text saying we had a golf game set for Monday at 12:10. I wrote back saying, "I'm always ready!"

11:30 Dad was gone somewhere and Mark arrived while I was singing songs with Mom. I guess Mark thought Mom wasn't listening because he started talking to Mom while I was singing.

Mark said he's going to vote. Dad came in and reminded Mom she mentioned going to ride in the car. When Mom said, no, Dad said okay. It was an awkward performance with a clearly expected outcome.

Mark and Dad went in the living room and talked for a while.

12:00 I asked Mom to go with me to water the flowers. She said, no. Mom and I started watching an episode of The Last of the Summer Wine, British comedy series.

12:30 Dad came in the bedroom and started talking and continually pausing the program. So I left the room and went to water the flowers.

Mark was outside pulling some weeds and said the flowers don't need watering yet. So I filled the bird bath with water and went inside.

2:30 I read Mom her list of daily chores and when I got to "beauty work" she held up her fingernails and they were disgusting. There was an eighth of an inch of dark discoloring substance under all of her nails. I had her soak her fingers in Neutrogena soapy water and scrubbed her fingernails with the fingernail brush.

I seem to have disturbed Mya who was pretty intent on looking at her phone all day. I

continued to read Mom's daily list of activities which included audio books. I helped Mom make a phone call to her youngest son who has a collection of audio books. Mom had a good conversation with Brant concluding with a promise they were going to find a way for Mom to listen to audiobooks.

I continued to read Mom's list of daily activities and when I read, Friday is her shower day and I said, she has not received a shower in 2 weeks, Mya said she would give Mom a shower and leave for the day.

3:00 Mya put Mom in the shower. I told her the hot water is set by Mark so it won't be too hot for Mom if she just has the hot turned on. Luckily Dad wasn't here to stop Mom with Mom's own excuses.

3:30 Mom was back in bed and seemed elated from being cleaned.

Dad and Mark returned obviously inebriated. When Dad saw Mom had been given a shower he told Mom, "it hurts me when you do something sneaky."

I borrowed \$20 from Mark to tip Mya for giving Mom a shower. Mark corrected me that I posted about his wife that she yelled at him. He said his wife is incapable of yelling at him. I said "then it's all on you." He said, "no it's all about wives." I said "no it's all about my guessing that your wife called you retarded and that was why I thought you called me retarded." I never could have imagined him thinking of that himself. We didn't continue the conversation.

4:30 Dad brought Mom out into the kitchen, supposedly for her to watch him cook. Mom was medicated again and was upset by the rushed attitude Dad was taking. He began to gather materials and say out loud what he was doing. This would have been a great idea if it wasn't so forced.

Mom said she wanted to go back to bed. I told her she hadn't watered the plants yet and she should at least do that before she goes back to her room. She rode around in the living room erratically. She would have enjoyed an unmedicated trip around the house. It would have been a beautiful thing if she watched Dad cook and participated where she could.

Video of Mom medicated and moving around the house in her scooter.

<https://youtu.be/y-2M6sF3Jpk?si=iTVx50UYGfR9EzAM>

5:00 Mom was pestering Dad while he was cooking. She wanted him to change her diaper. He asked me to take the salmon out of the oven. I put the meals on the trays and put them outside the bedroom door. It was extraordinary salmon with onion sauce and asparagus. It was fantastic! I think he may need to practice with the oven thermometer to get it slightly more rare but it was fantastic.

5:30 Mom took a long time to eat her meal but she ate all of it. I put away the trays and told her it was time for my PBS NewsHour and exercise. She told me to go do my exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and Dad was outside getting the mail. I went in their bedroom and said good night to Mom. When Dad came in I said good night to him and went upstairs.

Mom's 24 Activities

1. Water plants
2. Breakfast at the table
3. Balloon volleyball
4. Audio books
5. Mom's memoir book notes
6. Read the paper
7. Ride in the scooter and find honeydew jobs for everyone.
8. Take a good hot shower
9. Start going to the bathroom with the potty chair
10. Sing-along with the TV
11. Learn how to use the phone and call people.
12. Use the stand up exercise chair to strengthen legs.
13. Lunch at the table

14. Dust the low places in the house from the scooter
15. Help Joe to come up with a list of songs to work on
16. Pay people who help around the house
17. Leg lift and arm press and lift exercises in bed
18. Supper at the table
19. Irrigate the ostomy to create a dependable bowel movement routine.
20. Beauty work, hair, fingernails, toenails skin.
21. Riding in the car
22. Writing letters at the kitchen table.
23. Visit Brothers
24. List paintings for Joey to make.

10/24/24 Betty Broome Report

2:00 - 5:00 The TV was loud all night.

7:00 There was terrible wine diaper smell throughout the house and loud activity.

8:00 I didn't respond to the activity downstairs because they didn't call for me.

8:30 Dad was fixing breakfast. I talked to Mom for a few minutes. As I suspected, from the early morning noise, Mom had already been through one medication or alcohol event and was confused when I suggested she go outside and water her flowers.

I opened the bedroom window and Mom was repeating questions about the flowers. Dad quickly brought scrambled eggs that were too salty and he kept repeating how good

they were. I ate the toast with margarine that doesn't melt and jelly on top of the margarine. Dad explained how eggs should be partially glistening like he succeeded in doing this morning. He said Betty doesn't like hers glistening so he cooks her a little longer. Dad doesn't realize that he repeats this story every time he cooks scrambled eggs. Yet he is the one in charge of mom's medication.

Brian arrived to play golf and asked where are my pancakes. Dad said, "oh I forgot!" Brian said, "I was going to stop and get McDonald's but was forcefully told not to because there would be pancakes."

Brian did his best to involve Mom in conversation. He began telling her stories and I told them, I needed to get dressed. Dad said to be ready to leave at 9:30. I said, okay.

9:20 I came downstairs and Brian was still talking to Mom. I sat in the wheelchair at the foot of the bed and Dad was getting ready in the bathroom.

On the highly textured blanket of the bed Mom's usual combination of eight or 10 medications were spilled and were settled into the bed cover. Dad came out of the bathroom and started picking the tiny pills out of the fluffy blanket.

Mom asked what he was doing and he walked around to the side of the bed next to her and said, "I'm giving you your medication." Mom glared at him as if he was about to stab her with a knife. He put the pills up against her mouth and she took them like she does automatically.

Dad made a morbid joke saying he would charge her \$5 for a drink of water. She drank water from the metal water container through a straw.

I don't know why Dad would do this to Darion just before we left the house for hours. In about 30 minutes Darion would have to deal with the initial traumatic hysteria Mom goes through 30 minutes after she is drugged.

Then there would be about 30 minutes of total confusion and often attempts to get out of bed. Any physical therapy or activity Darion would attempt with Mom would be impossible for the hours of sedentary and fitful sleep that comes after the 30 minutes of terror.

This nightmare dad set into motion by giving Mom a mouth full of pills before we left for golf was infuriating to me but it's just part of the daily routine. Dad or his doctors are

going to have to stop the drugs so Mom can care for herself and give Dad a break from 24 hours a day caring for her.

It's a cruel karma which is predictable and unnecessary. It began November 6th 2019 when Mom was prescribed these hideous medications by Dr Venkatesh and Dad meticulously provides them to Mom before she receives any visitors or doctor visits.

9:30 Dad and I went to the car and left the house together. Brian drove in his car and so did Mark in his. The trip is just 20 minutes to the golf course but Dad got lost on the way and doubled our driving time. I was politely quiet about it but even when I started the GPS on my phone he didn't follow the directions it provided.

Dad needs to be allowed to drive much more often without getting mad at him so he can practice. But the same is true for Mom. The last time I rode with Mom was 2 years ago and she is a much calmer and better driver than Dad.

I think that's part of what's so upsetting for Dad. He is not objective about the differences in the effects of aging between him and Mom. I think he is suffering from Lyme's disease which could be reversed. I also question what medications he's receiving. He is not always erratic and making terrible decisions like he is this morning.

We got to the golf course and it was a crowded day because of the beautiful weather but that just made less opportunity for Dad to complain to us about keeping up with the people in front of us. There was never any question through the entire game that we were caught up with the people in front of us because they had to stop for the people in front of them constantly.

It sounds like that would be a problem except that it meant we were able to focus on the game and not having Dad correct us about the pace. When we finished we all realized it was an excellent experience. Dad asked us to get something to eat together and both Brian and Mark agreed.

Dad and I went out ahead to find a place to eat and we texted to Mark and Brian to come and meet us at a coffee house. Both Brian and Mark found their way there but the coffee house had not opened yet. Dad sent Brian ahead to find a place for us to eat and Mark had already found one. Mark sent a text to all of us and we followed his directions to an Italian restaurant he had been to previously.

It was an extraordinary meal. We got to talk about a variety of things and ate more than

we could handle. I ate so much I was uncomfortable and went out to the car while Dad was paying the check. We were given boxes to take what was left and we got home around 3:00.

3:00 Darion appeared to be upset and Mom wasn't prepared to talk. I asked Mom if she would get up and water the plants. She said she didn't want to. She said she needed to rest.

3:15 I fell asleep upstairs.

3:49 Someone called me representing Dr Taylor. The young woman said she was instructed to make a physical therapy appointment with Dad. Without volunteering who I was she asked if I was Dad's oldest son. I said yes and she said she already tried to reach him. She gave Dad's old phone number. I provided the woman Dad's new phone number and that was the end of the conversation.

4:00 I went downstairs but the door was closed so I went back to my room.

6:00 Dad was doing something in the kitchen and I asked Mom if she wanted leftover Italian food for supper? She said she didn't and I asked her if she wanted to see the exercise news. She said yes and I turned on PBS NewsHour and started exercising with the stationary bike next to their bed.

6:15 Dad came in the bedroom and Mom asked to have her ostomy attended too. I went in the kitchen and fixed fruit salad with poppy seed dressing. I put some of it in two small bowls.

I put the bowls outside the door of the bedroom and while I was eating my portion from the mixing bowl Dad came out of the bedroom and said he would take the fruit salad to Mom. I was sitting in the living room chair watching Mom intermittently through the door while I was finishing the news. Mom was eating the fruit salad for a long time, for such a small bowl.

7:00 I told Mom and Dad good night and went upstairs.

8:00 I heard Dad leave the house and went down stairs to talk to Mom. It was one of those times when she was completely unmedicated and able to have a real conversation. I called attention to her alertness and asked her to call the doctor and leave a message saying she doesn't want the medications that knock her out all day.

She said she wasn't going to call. I told her it wasn't her fault she stopped driving, walking and going to the bathroom herself. I told her she is an adult and she is going to have to take her life back now that she has been on drugs for enough years to know she isn't going to die like they thought she would with her diagnosis on November 6th 2019.

When Mom is alert and awake like this she can think for herself but it's still obviously very challenging for her to consider the idea of taking on Dad and the doctors. I asked her if she would do some leg exercises while Dad was gone. It was then I discovered that her leg exercise machine was moved into the dining room where we rarely visit.

I asked her if she didn't think it was suspicious that her expensive exercise machine, which was prescribed by the physical therapist, was now far away from her bedroom? I asked her why she thought Byran her physical therapist had not visited for the past two designated times?

She became angry for a moment and said "what if I don't want to do exercise." I said, when I was a kid I didn't want to go to school or exercise either. But you made me when I wasn't thinking right. I said, Dad didn't take the responsibility for you the way he did for us.

I said you are defiant about some things and I feel terrible that we made fun of you when you did anything other than fix food and look pretty when we all went out together as a family.

We were not very mature about how to help motivate an independent adult woman who had always been invisible to us and taking care of us.

I said, let's play balloon volleyball. And this is the first time I noticed, all the balloons are removed from the house. There were at least six or seven of them we kicked around constantly even yesterday.

I found one of them in the den and Mom seemed delighted to play with the balloon hitting it back and forth longer than usual. But even with the subject of my own participation in discouraging her natural delight and enthusiasm, I didn't allow for the unbridled playfulness she was prepared to exhibit.

Mom is highly tuned to facial expressions and subtle behavior. She backed off when I was surprised by her excitement with the balloon. We've got to somehow get out of this trap before Mom dies of this lack of happiness we are all caught up into continuing.

I have to guess that when Mom was medicated and suggestible sometime yesterday, Dad convinced her to say, she didn't want the exercise machine or the balloons and he removed them.

This is the usual routine around here. It has been worse since I started posting videos of Mom when she is alert and I should have posted video of her tonight because anyone would see that she is capable of independence.

Dad returned from the store while Mom and I were looking for something to watch on the television. She said just scroll through the choices on the TV. But when Dad walked in the bedroom he asked if I found Thursday night football. I asked Mom if she would mind watching a football game and she said, "no." She was shut down as usual. I should have suggested we go in the living room to watch the football game and let her find something she wanted to see but I am not always as quick as I think I am.

So I used the remote and said, "free Thursday night football" and a game popped up without any effort. I told them good night and went to bed for the evening.

10/23/24 Betty Broome Report

Only Dad or the doctors can stop incapacitating Mom without having her dragged away by one of the adult protective institutions. Being patient waiting for Dad to snap out of this deadly codependent trap is brutal to those capable of perceiving it but it's invisible to most people.

8:00 Mom and Dad were asleep. I found Mom with her oxygen off her nose as I entered the bedroom. I find her this way often lately, so it may be a new trick of Dad's to have Mom's oxygen down when Darion first arrives.

9:00 I met Teresa coming in the door. Dad said he had already given Mom fruit salad and then Darion arrived while Teresa was telling me how things were going for her family.

9:30 Dad and Darion moved Mom out of the bed, got the sheets off. Then back in the

bed instead of going in the living room like we often do on Wednesdays. Dad was saying Mom is not up to activities today.

Darion appears to be one of the indoctrinated now, believing Mom can't be moved. It's convenient. She stands over Mom with her documentation spiral notebook and pin as if writing does something to help Mom.

Darion is now similar to my brothers. They think their thoughts are the same as something being done. Mom needs constant stimulation to fight through all the medication Dad constantly knocks her out with.

Dad came to me in the living room and showed me a diagram he drew to explain that the bathroom fan doesn't stay on all the time. It was a crazy way to say what he wanted from the bathroom exhaust fan now. I told him he has to turn the light on for the fan to come on.

The installers said the exhaust fan is designed to be able to turn on separately from the lights but it would require adding a switch on the wall which was another couple of hundred dollars added to the installation. I also explained it has a sensor to detect moisture and will come on automatically when the moisture reaches a level chosen by a switch.

10:00 Dad went to the grocery store and I talked to Mom while she was a medicated almost unconscious. She occasionally responded as I told her I was making a list of things to do with her between druggings.

25 Activities for Mom

1. Water plants
2. Breakfast at the table
3. Balloon volleyball
4. Audio books
5. Mom's memoir book notes
6. Read the paper

7. Ride in the scooter and find honey-do jobs for everyone.
 8. Take a good hot shower
 9. Start going to the bathroom with the potty chair (pantie diapers needed)
 10. Sing-along with Joey and the TV karaoke
 11. Learn how to use the phone and call people.
 12. Use the stand up exercise chair to strengthen legs.
 13. Lunch at the table
 14. Dust the low places in the house from the scooter
 15. Help Joey come up with a list of songs to work on.
 16. Pay people who help around the house.
 17. Leg lift, arm press and lift exercises in bed or scooter.
 18. Supper at the table
 19. Irrigate the ostomy to create a dependable bowel movement routine and stop abdominal cramps when moved.
 20. Beauty work, hair, fingernails, toenails skin.
 21. Riding in the car. Doctor's appointments.
 22. Writing letters at the kitchen table.
 23. Visit Brothers.
 24. List paintings for Joey to make.
- 11:00 Dad came back from the grocery store and said he was making Ruben's for lunch. He said "I know you're tired of Ruben's." I said "I never get tired of Ruben's."
- 11:30 Margaret, the useless Wednesday nurse arrived, surprised Dad and told him the

doorbell isn't working. She asked about Dad's wounded leg and went in the bedroom to see Mom. She does not ask Mom to move and she doesn't see Mom is in constant bowel cramping pain with any movement.

Margaret should be the most likely to do or teach us irrigation but she remains as distant as possible from anything that will cause that likelihood.

1:00 Dad made excellent Reubens and gave them to everyone. I asked Mom if she would come and eat it at the table and she said, "no." I asked her if she wanted to go out and water her flowers and she said "no."

2:30 Mom was moved from bed for a trip outside. It's good Dad is allowing Mom to get up and move but it's nothing like the enjoyable trips she's makes when she isn't medicated.

Video of Moms trip into the sun today.

https://youtu.be/jsajZyrlxcE?si=pTQBEu4vH_UNdxNH

3:00 Dad, Mom and Darion are back in the bedroom and watching Dr Martin British comedy drama.

3:15 Darion left for the day.

4:00 Dad made spinach salad but Mom wouldn't or couldn't eat it.

5:00 I asked Dad if they wanted some noodle soup. Dad said Mom didn't eat much of her spinach salad so I could try it with her. I fixed some excellent pork and noodle soup.

I think Mom didn't eat much of hers because she thought she was leaving it for me but I really can't tell because Dad said "it isn't special." That may have put Mom off the meal. Dad creates terrible confusion around food with Mom.

Mom said she needed her diaper changed after a very confusing exchange. She's obviously too medicated to make a simple statement. I went in the living room and started my PBS News exercise.

7:00 Mom has been blithering all evening. Now she's sitting up on the edge of the bed and I went in as quickly as I could to catch her if she was going to fall. Dad was getting the scooter but it was engaged with the motor so he was having trouble moving it.

I showed him how he could disengage the motor and move it easily and then engage it again for security transferring Mom. I asked Mom to stand up and she grabbed my neck and stood up and slowly sat down in the scooter.

Dad started to back her away from the bed but she said, "no I want to get back in bed." So I helped her get back in the bed and Dad said, "good." Dad is obviously haggard and worn from keeping Mom medicated for several days. He is unable to rest when he feels he has to convince Darion and I that Mom is incapacitated. He has to stay with Mom every second and keep sneaking her medication, changing her diaper and watching that she doesn't climb out of bed.

Many people saw Mom in videos where she was not medicated last week and so Dad feels he has to go through almost a week of keeping Mom medicated.

What Dad accomplished with his marriage and five kids was more than he could appreciate fully while he was making a living and doing what he knew best at that time. I don't think he would go to so much trouble to destroy Mom's health if he realized what a successful team they had been raising their five boys.

Mom's diagnosis triggered Dad

Mom was given the diagnosis of "Other pulmonary embolism without acute cor pulmonal unspecified chronicity" on November 6th 2019 by Dr Venkatesh. Dad was also given a list of prescriptions with side effects causing Mom to lose control of her thoughts and her body.

Instead of questioning the doctor's choice of medications Dad has incapacitated Mom since November of 2019 whenever there are visitors or doctor's appointments.

The diagnosis that triggered Dad was,
"Other pulmonary embolism without acute cor pulmonal unspecified chronicity"

<https://www.icd10data.com/ICD10CM/Codes/I00-I99/I26-I28/I26-/I26.99>

What if it had been Mom who received the diagnosis for Dad on November 6th 2019 with the accompanying list of prescriptions that caused Dad to lose control of his arms, legs and his ability to talk? Mom would not have persisted in giving Dad those medications. As soon as Dad began to act terrified and out of control for the first 30 minutes of each medication event Mom would have questioned their effectiveness.

Mom would not defend the doctors combination of medications like Dad does. Dad is always defensive shouting, "they are prescribed!" whenever he is questioned. Mom would certainly not continue to give Dad that combination of medications till now when it interferes with care of her ostomy and physical therapy.

10/22/24 Betty Broome Report

6:30 I went downstairs and Mom and Dad were awake. Dad came out of the bedroom and said I could make eggs and bacon and I started fixing them with jelly toast.

7:00 Mom ate jelly toast and bacon right away but didn't eat all of her eggs. I tried to find the movie we watched last night to finish I but couldn't find it on the internet TV.

9:05 Darion and Mark, the Universal Wiring team leader arrived.

10:00 Dad brought Mom outside for about 30 minutes so she got enough sun for her daily vitamin D. She also watered her flowers.

10:30 Mom wanted to get back in the bed. She was obviously medicated and so she didn't really enjoy her trip outside but at least she got some sun. Mom was also too medicated to control her scooter with any comfort. Dad used the scooter control to move her out of the house and back in to the bedroom.

Video of moms trip outside today.

https://youtu.be/XQDkxp3d9Zw?si=zCOa_QNKaDoL_Cqy

11:00 Dad started cooking steak and potatoes.

11:30 The Universal Wiring work crew came and did the electrical connection for the exhaust fan in Mom and Dad's bathroom. They also repaired the wire I accidentally cut when I was trying to install the exhaust fan.

12:00 Dad served lunch. It was extraordinarily well cooked. Mom said she wouldn't go to the table to eat.

1:00 Mom is still mostly knocked out with medication and won't get up.

2:00 I started to make a list of activities for Mom. Mom obviously likes the idea of a list of activities but will not talk about it in front of Dad. Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I went into the living room.

4:00 Dad came out of the bedroom so I went in to see Mom and she was looking terrible. I told Mom I was going to get a warm washcloth to wipe her eyes and Darion said she would do it. Veronica sent a text to Dad saying she would wash Mom's hair on Thursday this week instead of today.

I sent off the reports for the last 3 days because nothing has changed in the house.

4:35 and Byran, the physical therapist, has not arrived.

5:00 I guess Dad canceled Byran again.

Mom looked and acted exhausted and medicated all day today but I never saw her go through her 30 minutes of initial medication fits.

6:30 I showed Mom some videos I found of extraordinary people addressing Congress like Mr Rogers, Stephen Fry and Carl Sagan. Dad was preparing for his 7:00 Tuesday night bridge game online.

7:00 Dad started his bridge game and I brought Mom some excellent fruit salad with poppy seed dressing. I started to watch Jeeves and Wooster with Mom but she was ready sleep while dad was playing his bridge game on the computer. So I took away their cups and saucers and went upstairs for the night.

Mom's diagnosis that triggered Dad

Mom was given the diagnosis below on November 6th 2019. Dad was also given her list of prescriptions with side effects causing Mom to lose control of her thoughts and her body. Instead of questioning the doctor's choice of medications Dad has incapacitated Mom since November of 2019, for visitors and doctor's appointments.

The diagnosis that triggered Dad is as follows...

"Other pulmonary embolism without acute cor pulmonal unspecified chronicity"

<https://www.icd10data.com/ICD10CM/Codes/I00-I99/I26-I28/I26-/I26.99>

I'm sure if Mom received the same diagnosis and prescriptions for Dad she would have got a second opinion rather than immobilizing Dad for visitors all these years.

10/21/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 I left the house to drive to Austin to vote.

I picked up my mail, voted and drove back to Austin.

12:00 I arrived back in Austin and Dad said there was a sandwich for me in the refrigerator.

Everyone seemed to be in a good mood except Mom who was intensely on her guard. Dad said Mom didn't like her sandwich and I asked her if she wanted part of mine with lots of extra pickles. She became upset and said, no. Mom said she needed her diaper changed and I should go in the living room. I think she's starting to associate me with punishment druggings dad provides when she shows independence.

1:30 I watched Leave it to Beaver for a couple of hours. Dad came out of the bedroom and got Darion who was in the kitchen. He said he wanted to show her something.

3:30 Darion came out to throw away some trash and I asked if Mom has been up today and she said, No, she said she didn't know what's going on.

I knew I didn't have to remind her that Mom requires motivation to get up to do something active like eat at the table, water the flowers or do a balloon volleyball game. But it must require extreme defiance to go against Dad when he's sitting right there telling Darion, Mom's having a bad day after he has given her the doctor's prescribed medicine that causes Mom to be asleep or just lay there all day.

It's easy to get Mom excited about almost any activity but there's no incentive to do it with Dad telling anyone who visits that Mom is having a low oxygen, sleepy or otherwise bad day.

4:00 Dad gave Mom grapefruit and she ate three bowls of it. Then we looked for an old 60 movie and started watching together. Dad ate a couple of bowls of grapefruit. Dad made a joke about how Mom didn't let him eat his grapefruit till she finished eating hers. Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I went in the living room for a while.

5:00 I gave Mom some chocolate cake while we started watching the movie "The Love Bug"

6:30 Dad and I fell asleep during the movie and I suggested we start looking for his Monday night football game. He said, "no let's finish this movie."

7:00 It was time for Dad's football game and Mom wanted her diaper changed again. So I thought I found Dad's game and I went upstairs for the night.

Someone with the right influence over Dad needs to get him tested for Lyme's disease to see if that will reverse his memory problems. The same person with influence over Dad needs to have a nurse irrigate Mom's ostomy and teach us how so Mom is not constantly cramping when she moves.

10/20/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 lots of activity downstairs.

6:00 I went downstairs to watch TV and the breakfast tray is in the kitchen. They had small bowls of shredded wheat.

9:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and said Mom was going outside, but I should wait a few minutes. He was standing over Mom in a controlling and suspicious way.

10:00 Now Mom is moaning and groaning like she does when she's been medicated with the doctor's full set of prescriptions.

I have three years of experience to know there is no point in trying to involve Mom when Dad is putting on a full medication performance with Mom's zombie body. It's

dangerous to move Mom when she's been thoroughly drugged.

11:00 Dad is cooking lunch even though he knows Mom won't be able to eat. He said he would try to wake her up. He was in a confused state of mind but produced an excellent lunch of chicken breast, rice and gravy.

11:30 While dad was cleaning the kitchen I tested Mom's ability to be somewhat active while she was coming out of being medicated. She knows there are opposing forces attempting to save her and attempting to control her activity. But when she's drugged so much of the time it's tempting to remain inactive and in bed.

This kind of real life extreme inactivity danger is not in the front of Mom's thoughts, especially when she's so often seriously medicated and hallucinating. This is a cruel situation but sometimes she can be convinced to get up and be active while still performing her "Medicated Mom" roll for Dad. She got up and rode the scooter out to the kitchen. But when she got to Dad she acted with non-participatory behaviors.

When Dad came spoke to her from the kitchen she acted as though she wasn't capable of anything and as though she wanted to get back in bed.

Video of mom in her scooter today, medicated and discouraged by Dad.

https://youtu.be/_l29iW9y92c?si=qlqEJE6D6LEmONFz

12:48 She went outside in the sun for a little while. Whenever I gave her the water hose to water her new flowers 4 times, she threw it back down on the ground. Then we moved her in the living room chair for a few minutes till she wanted to get back in bed.

5:00 Dad came out of the bedroom after a long silence saying he was ordering food delivered. He asked if I wanted a chicken sandwich and I said I didn't.

6:00 A barbecue sandwich with fried okra was delivered and he offered me some of the fried okra which I ate.

Mom was still medicated and was not able to hold her sandwich without continuous instruction from Dad. Dad still makes his job harder on himself with medication he knows is going to make Mom act out of control.

I have informed everyone from Merritt Garland's office to my entire family about our situation. It's controlling behavior Dad is unable to stop after 30 years of isolation with Mom. So you would think Dad would stop the pretense and let Mom get better now that

everyone knows. But no one wants to risk the possibility of dealing with Mom's ostomy.

Dad remains in constant control and exhausted from the 24/7 responsibilities. Responsibilities that do not end with assistance. Assistants and visitors just complicate the performance required to keep mom medicated and self-destructively inactive.

I have communicated to Dad many times that he isn't caring for Mom as well as he could be. Knowing he has memory problems that could possibly be fixed with Lyme disease treatment he is defensive.

Dad is capable of objectivity in live conversation but not when it comes to memory required caring for Mom. She needs an irrigated ostomy and release from her crippling medications.

5:30 I watched the PBS News weekend episode and went upstairs for the night. Coincidentally the episode included a story about antidepressant overdoses.
<https://youtu.be/XDPpJtxdH00?si=wUKseZo8CZCSeKxh>

10/19/24 Betty Broome Report

We need something interesting for Mom to do every time she gets up and especially when she leaves the bedroom. There has to be a list of things ready to keep her interested for her to start expecting to enjoy life again. When someone is sick from inactivity like Mom is it requires more planning not less.

My brothers seem to think they are smart and are constantly mad at Dad for the mistakes he makes, but they still leave him in charge of Mom's medications. Dad can't know he needs to change his habits unless people clearly tell him something is wrong. It could be Lyme's disease which could be cared for in a matter of days. Dad could get his memory back.

Why not test my hypothesis, Mom could be walking in three weeks if she were encouraged and allowed to do physical therapy every day like the physical therapist prescribed. This will require a change in medication so she is not often knocked out,

hysterical and/or howling. A plan to get her up on a walker will also require Mom getting her ostomy irrigated so she is not in constant abdominal cramping pain whenever she sits up or moves.

Mom knows she can become active but has been actively reduced to a simpering confused and angry zombie by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs. Dad doesn't want to give up the control he discovered when he started giving Mom the combinations of drugs.

5:00 There's activity downstairs but I didn't go see what it was.

7:00 Dad's having his morning sneezing fit and It made me think, I need to suggest he take an allergy tablet first thing in the mornings to avoid that risky pressure in his nostrils and circulation.

8:00 I visited Mom and Dad's bedroom and Veronica was just finishing washing Mom's hair. I'm concerned I wasn't appropriately flattering about the job Veronica did because I indicated I didn't know whether she was just starting or just finishing.

Dad and I started watching TV downstairs and Veronica came out of the bedroom saying goodbye to us and wishing for us to have a good weekend. We told her to drive safely.

9:00 Dad said, Mom and he had already eaten breakfast and gave me some paperwork to research my grandmother's possible lost money. Just a few hundred dollars. It looks like it will be easy to establish whether there is still money in old accounts but we will need Dad on his computer through the process to establish a line of inheritance.

11:00 Dad came and got chocolate cake for Mom and him. He brought it into the bedroom.

11:10 Dad came and got another piece of chocolate cake and brought it in the bedroom. Dad came out of the bedroom and started cooking lunch. He said it would be ready in about an hour.

I told Mom it was almost time for lunch and she was eating a piece of the chocolate cake. I don't know why she didn't eat her cake while Dad was in the room earlier. But I don't think she's comfortable eating around Dad.

I reminded Mom, she promised she would water her flowers but she said she didn't want to get up. I opened the curtains and saw the bird feeder was empty. I told Mom to

watch me fill the bird feeder through the window. She said okay and I waved to her from outside.

While Dad was cooking lunch I listened to Mom tell me she should have communicated more with her brother and his family.

1:00 After a little bit of motivational talk about taking on responsibilities for jobs in the house, Mom said, she was ready to get up in the scooter. Dad said he needs to change her diaper. That usually ends any activity. Dad changed her and then Mom said she didn't want to go on the scooter. The door remained closed for the next few hours.

4:00 Mom is starting to come out of another stupor. Dad said they wanted spam sandwiches for supper.

4:30 Dad asked if I wanted a hot dog and I said I didn't. Dad is making his and Mom's life miserable with isolation, medication alcohol and often the worst possible food. Since he and the doctors started controlling Mom with medication in 2019 Dad thinks he found efficient routines of food and medications no one could live with.

My brothers don't see Mom and Dad offering enough to realize, no one can live like this. They think it's enough to complain about their lack of activity, another healthy behaviors when Dad doesn't remember the suggestions my brothers make.

5:30 Dad came and got another piece of the chocolate cake. I bought the cake last week to celebrate Mom eating at the dining table for the first time in years. Mom has not returned to the table since because the table instantly became a challenge dad perceived against him and his choices for Mom.

Dad can be spoken to confidently as if there has never been any conflict and he will respond as if there hasn't been. But as long as anyone communicates with him, upset about requests for a change in habits or a previous conflict, Dad communicates with an extraordinary level of petty immaturity and profoundly cruel lack of empathy for his wife.

This obvious codependent and self-destructive behavior could only have developed in the isolation his boys created with our lack of visits for more than 30 years. The irony is, now I'm here to make up for lost time, Dad doesn't want me to expose what he's allowed him and Mom too become. It's all invisible to most people who don't want to risk any involvement in mom's ostomy.

Codependent Stockholm Syndrome and Munchausen syndrome by proxy, must be a pervasive and international problem as insidious and deadly as our family allowed it to become in three branches of the family. Maybe it's too subtle for most families to see or bad habits pass under the radar confused with family quarrels. These deadly bad habits are something we don't have psychological language to describe.

5:45 I started my PBS news exercise.

6:00 Dad opened the bedroom door, so I stopped exercising to kiss Mom on the forehead good night. She said she would see me in the morning and she would water the flowers then. Dad said yes she was going to "look at her flowers in the morning." I reminded Mom, it should be her job to water the flowers and she needs to take on household jobs to start building up excitement about life. She said, "okay Joe" dismissively.

I finished my PBS News exercise and went upstairs for the night.

10/18/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 The television is on loudly in Mom and Dad's room.

6:00 Dad was very active again this morning but I didn't go down to see what was up.

7:00 Mom is unwakable.

8:00 I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said she was too sleepy.

9:00 Dad opened the bedroom door, said they had already eaten breakfast and thanked me. It appears he was completely exhausted from a morning feeling with medicated Mom. It seems like the doctors who have created this nightmare would have some sympathy with Dad.

9:30 Dad said he was going his old credit union downtown to close his account. I told him I would drive and he said okay.

10:00 Dad and I went to 333 Clay Street downtown Houston to close his credit union

account. On the way we called Brian and made an appointment to eat at the Red Balloon on Clay Road. We never heard of the red balloon but Dad has always told us poem about a red balloon so he thought he would like to see what the restaurant looked like.

10:15 Dad's phone ran out of batteries so we switched to my phone and followed the directions to 333 Clay Street.

10:30 we arrived at 333 Clay Street which was a huge building where Dad walked around the lobby before he went up the stairs. I waited outside in the car. When he returned he said it took a while to find the office but the transaction was almost immediate.

10:45 We left the credit union and headed for the Red Balloon restaurant. On our way my phone ran out of batteries but the car GPS had already taken over the directions and we found ourselves at a huge hotel.

11:30 Dad went inside to see if he could call Brian and let him know our phones died and we were still trying to get to the red balloon, but it was already 11:30.

While Dad was in the hotel I looked in the glove compartment of the car and found a cable which allowed me to connect to the USB on my car. I began to charge my phone and sent Brian a text letting him know we were late.

By the time Dad returned from the hotel looking for a place to call Brian My phone was charged enough to begin GPS toward the red balloon.

12:00 We arrived at the red balloon at almost 12:00 and Brian arrived minutes later. We had an excellent meal and reminisced about family experiences.

1:00 We went our separate ways and mom called us to find out where we were. She began with a vibrant tone of voice but soon was acting feeble and I thought this was revealing.

1:30 we arrived at the house and Mom and Darion had already eaten fast food chicken sandwiches. Darion said Mom only ate half a sandwich. I asked Mom if she would get in the scooter and go to the kitchen table to eat some cake. She said she was resting after being bathed by Darion.

2:00 I went upstairs and fell asleep.

4:00 I came downstairs as Mark was leaving the house. It appears that he took Dad to his doctor appointment. Dad was putting spring rolls in the oven for Mom's supper but mom said she wanted chicken salad because she didn't have much lunch.

4:30 Darion said that Mom didn't eat the spring rolls and mom was still complaining she was hungry. I fixed mom a toasted chicken salad sandwich and put it on the bed next to her while dad was preparing to change her diaper. I watched several episodes of Better Call Saul.

6:00 I went upstairs for the evening.

10/17/24 Betty Broome Report

Caregivers can't say
they're giving their client's choice
and claim them inept.

6:00 Very little activity all night. I hope they got a good night sleep without the television.

7:00 There was a disturbance but they didn't call for me so I didn't interrupt.

8:00 I went downstairs to the kitchen and Dad has emptied his medication dispenser, washed it out and left it empty on the kitchen counter to dry.

9:00 Dad left the house and Darion arrived. Darion said, she's starting to feel better after her surgery. She said "Betty is sleep talking."

930 Darion came out of the bedroom and I asked if she would give Mom some grapefruit slices and hot tea when she wakes up. I put grapefruit slices in a bowl on the kitchen counter.

10:00 I went in and Dad hadn't returned to the house yet. I asked what Mom wanted and she said hot tea and donuts. I gave Mom hot tea and I went and mailed most of the quilt stars to family members. I got Mom iced coffee and donuts.

10:30 I returned home and Dad was in the kitchen putting pills in his pill dispenser. I gave him half of the iced coffee and gave Mom donuts and iced coffee. Dad went in the bedroom and said, "Joe should have heated the donuts."

11:00 I got an address for the last quilt star from Dad.

11:30 I mailed off the last of the quilt star and came home. I gave Mom hot tea while she was being massaged by Darion.

12:00 Dad called attention to the fact, I had filled the refrigerator with food but he said he was going to get fast food soup and egg rolls for us. I think he thinks he's subtly defying me by not accepting groceries and Mom's therapeutic equipment until he is too tempted by a dessert or a piece of equipment becomes too convenient for him to pass up.

As he left to purchase lunch he said, "I'm still mad at you but you're such a good guy I don't know what to do about you." He said, "don't quote me on that."

Dad is still very clever in spite of this Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde life he's living. I can understand why poorly educated people believe in demons because it's a profoundly confusing situation to witness the most clever and extraordinary man I have ever met personally, committing the most unethical and cruel acts to his own spouse with all his, still ingenious, mental abilities. His ability to coordinate druggings, discouraging comments and gestures and his ability to remain so charming is an extraordinary feat.

It's perfectly understandable how Mom has fallen into participation with Dad's cruelty towards her after years of gradually developing Stockholm Syndrome. If Mom were superstitious I'm sure she would think Dad has been taken over by some supernatural evil being.

But it's much less responsibility for those dealing with Mom and Dad to accept the characterization Dad has presented for their relationship, of a loving aging couple. This convenient characterization keeps family, doctors and helpers at a distance from Mom's ostomy and the distasteful job of irrigation she needs.

Most Russians don't question Putin because they are busy suffering. Most Israelis don't question Netanyahu and most families are trapped pretending to respect their patriarch if he develops, even deadly habits, in isolation like Dad has.

Darion, the assistant, certainly knows where her paycheck comes from and chuckles

with Dad when he makes fun of my discoveries of Mom's obviously growing capabilities.

When Mom is not overly medicated she wants to and does much more than Dad is comfortable letting people see her doing. But Darian is there all day most days and she has to participate in the theater. This is in spite of the requirement that caregivers are legally committed to report neglect and abuse.

1:00 I asked if Mom would go and eat at the table and she said, "yes." When I lifted the blanket to uncover her she smelled bad. That made me especially glad we were moving her because she is easily convinced to stay in bed hiding the cramps she feels from her unattended ostomy and hiding the lack of hygiene.

Darion interfered somewhat, but didn't stop me when I moved Mom into the scooter. Mom drove out into the living room. She was obviously still somewhat medicated from early this morning and possibly second dose just before Dad left to get lunch. Mom was starting to question her abilities now and repeat her usual list of complaints she can't control when she's medicated.

Mom drove herself into the dining room where we waited for Dad. She was talking to me about the quilt stars I mailed to everyone in the family. She made her usual complaints but we had her connected to the oxygen machine and her oxygen level went from 78 to 90 by the time Dad came in with fast food.

1:30 Dad said to move her back into the bedroom. I said, "She does whatever you say and nowadays it's always bad for her." Dad got mad and said, "Shut up, she said she can't breathe." I asked Mom to drive herself into the bedroom and she did.

Video of Mom's scooter trip today.

<https://youtu.be/Rw7gInaECgl?si=jtoM-F73-2QIWlj->

I lifted her into the bed and left her to Darion and Dad to feed her. I couldn't eat.

2:00 I went upstairs to get away from the nightmare. Dad actually doesn't seem to believe he is discouraging Mom from independence. I'm sure he believes he is helping Mom when he selects her most dependent, subservient and self-destructive sedentary comments and actions to encourage and act upon.

2:30 Dad came to the stairs and said, "sorry I yelled at you." I didn't really have anything to respond because I know he's just acting on impulse and doesn't remember any of

these interactions the following day.

3:00 Byran came and gave Mom a workout. I used to feel like I could trust Darion to provide me with good feedback about Byran's physical therapy workouts but when she is sitting with Dad observing her it doesn't mean much when she says Byran gave Mom thorough physical therapy. Byran doesn't even use the expensive standing exercise tool he suggested I purchase for Mom.

3:30 Byran left and everyone was laughing so the state of mind was positive.

4:00 I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said, no. I asked her if she had a good workout with Byran and she said, "I don't know." It appears she got a second dose of medication later in the day. Dad seemed pleased with himself saying, "You did a good job getting Mom in the kitchen earlier." Darion joined in with nervous accolades for me, as if it was a huge hurdle to get Mom to do what was best for her. It actually requires little effort when no one is discouraging Mom.

6:00 I started my PBS News exercise.

6:30 Dad went in the kitchen to get something and left the door open. I waved to Mom in the bedroom through the open door.

7:00 I finished my exercise news and went upstairs for the evening.

10/16/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 There were movements downstairs but it's still dark because of daylight savings time.

8:00 everyone is asleep again.

9:15 Teresa told me how things are going at her house and told me which cleaning supplies I needed to get at the grocery store. I went to the grocery store, got the cleaning supplies and some food.

10:00 I returned with the food and brought Mom some grapefruit slices. She said she

wanted to get up in the scooter but Dad said "she doesn't want to come out of the bedroom today." Mom looked up at me like she was trapped. Dad said, "do not fix food for us!" He repeated, "you're not welcome in this house until you start visiting only 3 days a week." I said, "I know and you can keep reminding me every time you see me."

Darion came out of the bedroom and got the scooter saying, "Betty wants to get up when she is finished with her grapefruit slices."

Darion complained of pain from the surgery she received this weekend. Teresa told her not to lift anything. I got up and said I would help lift Mom. She and Teresa had similar surgery experiences which they discussed. Darion said, "Betty can lift herself and it doesn't require effort lifting her."

I asked Darion to tell Mom, she needs to come water her new flowers when she gets in her chair this morning. Darion said she would.

10:15 The bedroom door was opened and I went in for a minute. Mom was completely alert and sitting in the scooter with everyone around her. Teresa was asking Mom to let her see her drive the scooter around. I agreed and said that Mom has a responsibility to water her new flowers. Dad said, "she saw the flowers yesterday and they want to stay in the bedroom today." Mom appeared to be caught in the middle trying to please everyone.

Dad is used to controlling everything in the family especially Mom and it is obvious to anyone who visits often, Dad has started to make mistakes with Mom's incentives and technology. I think he needs to be tested for Lyme disease which is reversible to give him back his decision making abilities.

Margaret, the Wednesday nurse, arrived and left.

11:30 Teresa left after Mom and Dad made a big deal out of writing her check. Dad seems to think the check writing is an opportunity for him to be a wheeler dealer boss and doesn't consider Teresa is a 30-year family friend whose feelings get hurt every time they make a big deal out of paying her.

12:00 Darion got chicken sandwiches delivered and I didn't see Mom all day because the bedroom door was shut.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off but there was silence in the bedroom.

4:00 Dad came in the kitchen when I was fixing myself a chicken salad sandwich. He said he was going to fix a sandwich like that for him and Mom. I told him they might rather have the fresh rotisserie chicken I brought from the store this morning and he said that's what he would fix.

4:15 Dad rushed a tray with three plates of chicken in the bedroom. His forehead was protruding and he was hunched over the way he is when he thinks he's being strategically clever.

4:30 Either he or Darion came out behind me and put away the tray and the dishes so I didn't see if Mom ate.

6:00 Dad went in the kitchen and left the door open so I went in to see Mom for the second time today. I asked, how she was doing and she was perfectly clear-eyed saying, she was fine. She said, "I thought you were going home today." I told her, "I promised you I wouldn't abandon you." I told her, "I'm not leaving until you can walk."

She said, "it might take a long time." I said, "it's already been 3 years and at any point in that time, you could have started getting your ostomy irrigated properly so it wouldn't be uncomfortable for you to move and you could have been doing standing exercises with the equipment."

Dad came in the bedroom and began his speech about my not being welcome in the house. He said, "we're mad at you." I went in the living room and started my PBS NewsHour exercise.

6:30 Dad opened the bedroom door and Mom could see me exercising for the second half of my exercise. It appears that Dad made a point of not medicating Mom today.

7:00 I finished my exercise and started watching Better call Saul episodes.

Dad appeared to be taking drinks into the bedroom.

8:00 Dad left the bedroom door open and Mom was sleeping. I went upstairs to bed for the night.

10/15/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I started cooking scrambled eggs and cinnamon buns for breakfast.

8:30 I brought Mom and Dad breakfast. Mom was barely capable of feeding herself. It wasn't going to be a beautiful independent morning like yesterday.

9:00 Mom ate all her eggs and cinnamon rolls. Dad didn't eat his eggs but he ate lots of rolls. Mom is obviously medicated, so it looks like Dad wants to punish her for being so independent yesterday and my reporting it. I went upstairs.

10:00 Dad's been watching television in the living room and coughing loudly for a long time.

10:30 Dad sent a text canceling golf for today.

I went in the living room to watch TV. Dad was explaining to Darion why he couldn't play golf. I couldn't hear the details.

If I couldn't have afforded to retire no one would have ever seen the codependent death spiral Mom and Dad seem to think they are being noble hiding.

Dad had long conversations on the phone and with Darion.

11:00 Mom is growling in her medicated sleep.

11:15 Dad spoke to Mom as she drifted in and out of consciousness. In baby talk Dad said, "Tell me where I can find my wife. Where's my wife?" Mom started pulling on her diaper and said, "I'm wet wet wet."

12:00 Byran (The physical therapist) arrived and left immediately. When Dad has Mom medicated it's easy to convince Byran, doctors, visitors or assistants they don't have anything to do or say to Mom.

12:30 Darion did a diaper change. Mom's waking up.

1:00 Dad cooked something for Mom, himself and Darion. He said to me. "We're mad at you till you start leaving for at least 3 days a week." He said, "You can stay in the house but we're going to cook for ourselves." It was a strange kind of threat.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off so I started looking for an opportunity to talk to Mom and get her to move.

3:30 Dad left the door open. I asked Mom if she wanted to go outside and get some vitamin D. She looked frightened out of her mind. She said she was feeling "sick sick sick." I said, "you'll feel better if you get up and wiggle." She said, "Darion is helping me." Darian chuckled nervously while she was unwrapping a diaper.

Dad came in the bedroom at that moment and said, "No we're mad at you till the weekend."

The doctors, family and assistants are responsible for Mom's lost the drug days like today. They all know what's going on in this house and they haven't put a stop to it. At any time they could change Mom's prescriptions and remove all alcohol from the house. They deserve what their consciences are going to do to them.

I practiced my songs.

5:00 Dad asked if I wanted some seafood take out. I said, "I'll have some of what you're having."

While Dad was getting supper Mom was starting to come out of her drugged fog for the day. She probably got a second dose around 1:00 by the looks of her consciousness now. She was exhausted. I told her, "if you would call brothers everyday and make a plan for each following day you could make the family active with your matriarchal power." She chuckled.

I reminded her, if she kept the scooter next to the bed she could get up and go get a drink of water anytime she wanted, whether someone was sitting with her or not. She wouldn't have to constantly call Dad and he could get some sleep.

She said, "I know I can and maybe I will start getting around soon."

I asked her if she wanted to use her phone to call Mark to come tomorrow (Wednesday) so he and Teresa could talk about their daughters and Mom could participate. She said, "Mark will probably come over tomorrow."

I told Mom I could help her call Brian and have him come over tomorrow afternoon and watch Better Call Saul with her and Dad. Brian acts like the lead actor in that TV series they've been watching for the past month.

As I was asking Mom to try calling her son's, Dad came in with food. I took a catfish piece and shrimp and left them to eat.

Dad came through the living room to get napkins and I warned him to warn Mom how hot the pieces of catfish are.

I got up and warned Mom myself and asked what she wanted to drink. She said Coke. I went and got her a glass of Coke with ice.

6:00 I started my PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and said good night to them.

9:00 Dad was in the kitchen when I went in to get some cereal. I asked if he wanted me to fix them something in particular for breakfast and he said, "no thank you."

It's particularly cruel for Dad to use Mom as a medicated zombie all day, for revenge when he's upset about my reports of him making Mom into a medicated zombie. Since November 6th 2019 Dad has felt he was given permission to make Mom incapacitated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

This must be an international problem for it to go on this long, as public as I have been about it and as reluctant as state and national authorities have been to assist. I reported the situation to several adult protective institutions, out of legal obligation. They are supposed to help against the drugs but the inconvenience of dealing with elderly individuals directly, especially those with ostomies like my mother seem to keep this nightmare grinding on. Maybe they are hoping Dad will snap out of it like I have been.

I wonder if the doctors and representatives of adult protective institutions are addicted to opioids themselves? Maybe they think Mom is lucky to be high so much of the time. She has been kept at a distance from the doctors for years, being cared for by her almost superhuman but weakened spouse. The doctors only communicate with Mom when she's incapacitated and over FaceTime on the phone. I wonder how bad and widespread is this drug situation is.

Maybe part of the reason conservative leadership can fuel rural fear of fictional immigrant fentanyl importation is ubiquitous addiction nationwide. Maybe addicts are afraid everyone else and their families will become addicted like they are. I certainly haven't figured out why this deadly subtle family problem is allowed to continue.

Archived reports.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

10/14/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 Dad was coughing loudly. So I started getting ready to go downstairs.

7:30 I got cleaned up and put on my clothes but fell asleep.

8:30 The most recent APS representative texted and thanked me for sending her the reports.

9:00 I finally went downstairs and asked if Mom wanted apple pie for breakfast and both mom and dad said yes. While we were eating apple pie a representative of Caring Senior Services called and told Dad Darion wasn't coming today.

After Dad was finished with the call he told us Darion was still ill from her surgery. But what he told us didn't match what he seemed to be discussing over the phone. Dad was reassuring the person on the phone, everything is all right.

9:30 Mom was completely alert and asking questions about Better Call Saul. She wanted to be caught up on everything because they've been watching the series for over a week and it was all seemed to be starting to fall into place for her. Dad received a call from one of his doctors asking about his back. Mom said that was good the doctor was checking up on him.

10:00 I asked Mom to go outside because it was cool but the sun would give her vitamin D. She started to slide her legs out of the bed to get up but then she said she needed her diaper changed and got back in bed.

Dad changed Mom's diaper or explained to her she wasn't ready for one, but he opened the bedroom door and let me back in the bedroom. Mom was ready to get in the scooter and quickly jumped in with my help. She was eager to demonstrate her ability with the scooter. She was clearly unmedicated.

10:30 Mom repeatedly suggested pansies for the planting boxes in the backyard and said to do something about the burnt spot in the middle of the yard.

11:00 Dad said he would go get flowers and left acting suspiciously.

11:15 Mom started coming on to a hallucinogenic combination of drugs. So Dad must have given Mom medications shortly before he left to get the flowers. Our conversation started to get erratic when Mom began asking what the object was outside the window. She began by saying it was a bird on the chimney of the neighbor's house but then couldn't explain herself and gave up.

I told her to pay attention to this state of mind because she can save herself a lot of suffering by recognizing when she is coming on to the first rush of medication. I told her she would calm down in 30 minutes or so and then she would want to sleep. For the first time she seemed to remember me telling her this and she was comforted even as her imaginings became more bizarre.

11:45 Dad returned with flowers and we started planting them. I came in the house a couple of times to check on Mom and she was upset from medication and yelling at me to go out and help Dad. It took about an hour but in the time we planted them Mark arrived so I didn't have to keep making trips to check on Mom.

12:00 Mark visited while we were planting the flowers. I greeted him and he nodded. I told Mom, Mark could watch her while we planted the flowers and I went outside to finish the job.

When I told Dad Mark was inside with Mom he rushed the second half of his planting, said he hoped Mark wasn't insulted we made a decision on the flowers without him and he went inside. I completed Dad's planting job and did the cleanup.

12:15 Dad left to get chicken sandwich take out and Mark was gone from the house. Mom thought Mark was somewhere in the house.

12:30 Mom was upset about having her ostomy full and she was still medicated. It's much harder to move Mom from the chair to the scooter or scooter back to the chair when she is medicated.

Dad still hasn't communicated with Mom's doctors about finding a medication that simplifies his job of caring for her. He blames mom's hallucinations and sedations on her

age.

Mom wanted to be moved into the bedroom so I put her on the scooter and used the controls to move her part of the way to the bedroom. She drove herself the rest of the way to the bed. She asked me to change her diaper and I said that was a job for Dad when he gets home with the sandwiches.

1:00 Dad came in with Mom yelling for him to change her ostomy and her diaper when he returned to the bedroom holding his phone. Dad tried to get Mom to eat first and I don't know if he was successful getting her to wait to have her diaper and ostomy changed till after they ate because the door was closed.

2:30 Dad took out the trash from the bedroom and Mom told me to change my sweaty shirt.

Dad seems to think it is a tactic to make Mom feel smart participating in his death plan when she is influencable in her medicated state. She is often defiant when I try to convince her to leave the bedroom or do anything that involves independence and she repeats any gas lit comment provided her recently about being old. I went upstairs while Dad attended to Mom's diaper.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off but I didn't want to get involved again so I stayed upstairs and practiced some songs.

5:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for supper and Mom said Dad was going to get hamburgers. Dad asked if I wanted one and I said I did not.

While Dad was gone to get hamburgers I asked Mom if she wanted to eat with us at the table. She hung her legs off the bed indicating she did want to get up and I told her I thought she should keep the scooter next to the bed so she can get up and go anytime she wants to.

I said, that it is obvious she could lift herself up and sit herself in the scooter anytime she wants to and go anywhere in or out of the house when she's not too medicated. Mom said she doesn't take any medication.

She has said this a lot recently, so Dad must be telling her she doesn't take medication. I showed her the medication holder Dad keeps next to the bed and she said that was Dad's medication. So I held up Dad's medication holder and showed her the difference

between the two.

Mom seemed determined to find out for herself if she could get in the scooter by herself. I feel bad I didn't let her do it completely on her own but she was still acting partially medicated as if she had received another dose this afternoon sometime.

5:30 It was easy for her to maneuver to the chair with my help and Dad was just returning with hamburgers. Mom drove herself into the dining area of the kitchen and I put the foot rest up so her knees were low enough to go under the table. She sat eating at the table. It's been more than a year since she sat at the table.

I sent pictures of her eating at the table and received the first natural comment from one of my brothers in quite some time. Anyone would have thought Mom would be very excited by this important turning point in her life but Dad seemed to be signaling to her to downplay the moment.

I can't know exactly what he's thinking but Mom certainly was not allowed to enjoy her first meal at the family table. When she finished her hamburger she wanted to go outside and that was enormous for me. She used the scooter to go outside backwards through the door with my help.

Again Dad was coughing and signaling disappointment as she told me what needed to be done in the backyard. I got out the hose pipe and let her spray off the mud from the planting we did earlier, but she looked up at Dad and threw down the hose.

Shortly, she was ready to go inside and Dad told me to push her in instead of using the motor of the chair. But she was already partially in the house and she drove in by herself bumping into the bannister of the stairs when she was inside and didn't stop in time.

This should have been time for a celebration and I wish I would have gone straight out to get a cake or something but the mood was determined by Dad and his quiet rejection of the whole event.

Video of Mom riding the scooter in the morning unmedicated and of Mom riding medicated for most of the rest of the day.

<https://youtu.be/7Utw0fcgoqg?si=2gftsqGrxCNUqQ80>

6:00 Mom was back in bed and I asked Dad if he found his Monday night football game. We searched for the game for quite some time and Mom was putting lotion on her arms

and picking at her teeth the way she does when she's medicated. Mom said she wanted her diaper changed so I went in the living room and started my exercise news.

Dad doesn't think anyone is aware when Mom is medicated or when he signals his discouragements to her.

7:00 I finished my exercise and asked Mom and Dad if they wanted a little bit of pomegranate lassi. Mom tasted it and Dad drank his but mom said it was too sour.

I tried again and found the football game Dad wanted to watch but there were all kinds of falsely advertised sports apps and channels. He handed me his credit card and had me call out the numbers so he could pay for a sports app. We will see if that works out. \$10 a week would definitely be a bargain if he gets to watch what he wants.

I told them good night and went up stairs for the evening.

10/13/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 Dad brought Mom breakfast.

8:00 I went in the living room to watch TV and wait for them to wake up again.

9:00 Dad brought me a printout from the internet and said I could help him fill out this police report against me.

10:00 Dad moved the scooter next to the bed. I put Mom in the scooter and she drove herself into the living room.

Mom drove herself up to the big window and looked outside before she said she wanted to sit in her big chair. Mom was up and that was good but she seemed to be participating in a performance that was confusing for her. I don't know what the plan is but she wasn't enjoying herself.

11:00 Mom said she wanted to go back in the bedroom. Dad moved her into the scooter and he used the controls to drive Mom into the bedroom. It seemed like Dad didn't want me to see Mom medicated at that particular time.

I asked them what they wanted for lunch. They said hot dogs. I made pigs in a blanket and brought it with the last of the iced coffee for Mom and iced tea for Dad.

11:30 Mom asked for the lunch tray to be taken away. She only ate one of her pigs in a blanket. The pigs in a blanket were large so it wasn't an reasonable lunch for her.

I watched a little bit of Better Call Saul with them and then went upstairs and the practiced my songs.

12:00 They are watching TV.

I watched more episodes of Better Call Saul with Mom and Dad.

2:00 Mom needed her diaper change so I went out into the living room.

3:30 I asked Mom if she wanted to sit up for a while and she said she already sat up and went in the living room today. We watched more of the comedy drama.

4:00 I asked them what they wanted for supper and Dad said he was fixing pizza. Mom repeated several times, she didn't want pizza. Dad said you eat it when I give it to you.

Mom made some insightful comments about the characters in the comedy drama. She also said, "My life is boring compared to the people in this show."

5:00 Dad brought us frozen pizza. Mom ate it but when Dad asked if she liked it she just made a disappointed sound. I said, I thought it tasted like pizza flavored toast." but it was good mom ate something.

I suggested they should probably watch something lighter in the evenings and coincidentally the last episode of Better Call Saul I saw with them tonight ended with a violent suffocation murder.

6:00 I did my PBS exercise news in the living room while they continue to watch more episodes.

6:30 I went upstairs for the evening.

Dad kept Mom only mildly medicated all day today so she couldn't communicate well but she was transportable. She smells badly because she hasn't been thoroughly bathed in over a week.

Dad seems to be very proud of himself for the accomplishment of avoiding a violent hallucination event today but still keeping Mom unable to communicate normally to me.

Mom needs to be given her unmedicated life back so she can have regular bowel movements and do her physical therapy. I have said many times I will take over the job of the ostomy if I am also given the responsibility of the medications so she is conscious enough to participate in her recovery.

I'm worry about the day I have to be absent from the house to vote.

A nurse friend provided suggestions.

Here are some empathetic reasons to share with Dad:

1. Concern for loved one's safety: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."
2. Impact on quality of life: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."
3. Recognition of caregiver's struggles: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."
4. Importance of professional expertise: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work together to find a solution."
5. Honesty about damage caused: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."
6. Empathy and support: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."
7. Focus on emotional support: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."

8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional nurse caregiver, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

10/12/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 Dad is making noise downstairs.

7:00 I thought I heard Mom call out Joey. I went downstairs and asked if they called me. Dad said they hadn't called me and they already ate breakfast. Mom was asleep and Dad was sitting with the lights on, looking upset and with the TV silent.

7:30 The television came on loudly downstairs so I started getting dressed.

8:00 I asked Mom if she wanted tea and she said yes. I brought her and Dad tea and peeled some satsumas.

8:30 I was watching television in the living room when I heard Mom call out, "I've got to get up! I've got to get up!" I decided to wait because there was already a conflict.

9:00 Dad opened and closed the bedroom door.

10:30 Dad opened the door and I pulled the scooter next to the bed. I demonstrated again for Mom how to use the controls and she drove herself into the living room, even though she was clearly medicated. Dad said, "don't talk to Mom so much." I guess he didn't want me to meddle with his job of gas lighting today.

Mom was obviously uncomfortable and Dad kept reminding her she was about to have a bowel movement. He seems to be trying to message to me that he understands something is going to have to be done differently with mom's ostomy but he is not direct about it.

He also participated in my suggestion, Mom doesn't need antacid medication. Instead of his constant key phrase about "Tums for her tummy" he said, he was going to get her Tylenol to help with the discomfort while she was waiting for a bowel movement. I'm not sure this is better for her but it's different.

I was glad to see that something was changing but he was very concerned and upset throughout the whole morning.

Mom was in the living room longer than she has been in quite some time. When she sits up in her living room chair she is constantly aware of her bowels, but she tolerated it today.

11:30 Dad fixed us a steak lunch with asparagus rice and gravy. It was extraordinary. Mom ate a lot of it.

12:00 Mom asked to go back to the bedroom to have her ostomy and diaper changed. She no longer wanted to participate in the baby talk she seemed to be prompted to use today.

As I was transferring her to the scooter I didn't have it locked and it slid out from under her. I let her down gently too the floor and quickly grabbed the lift. I put the exercise jacket under her arms, snapped the belt on her back and lifted her up so she was seated in the living room chair again. She complained profusely but she followed instructions.

Dad continued to eat but was not needed until it was time to get the scooter near the chair. He brought the scooter around and Mom grabbed me around the neck so I could lift her into the scooter. She drove herself into the bedroom.

Video of Mon driving into the bedroom.

https://youtube.com/shorts/1BNJbh7-Dgk?si=NqiTvap47Zm_01du

12:30 Mom kept saying she was sick "I'm sick I'm sick." Dad repeated, she needed to have a bowel movement. Dad seems to have made an adjustment in his thinking about using antacids as a response to her saying she's sick.

1:00 Dad was leaving the house to remail his and Moms ballots because they were returned to him after he mailed them in the original envelopes.

He also told me he had papers prepared to have me removed from the house. He did his dramatic speech he does about once a month saying, it will ruin his life to break up his family. He said again, "All he wants is a family."

I don't know how he excludes Mom's constant suffering at his hands in this "family" he describes, but this is how he complains about his situation at least once a month. He sometimes says he should have a say in how his house is run but he is controlling his

wife like a zombie with prescription medications.

He said, "you can visit 3 days a week but you need to go." He said, "You should think about it."

In the past I have asked him if Mom should have a say in the house. Shouldn't she have a say in being conscious and mobile? I have told him a hundred times I'm wasn't going to abandon Mom or leave until she can get up and fend for herself.

But this time I knew by the feverish gossip from some of my brothers Dad is not going to respond to logic or a description of the household circumstances. I have to let it play out because no one in the family is informing themselves about what Mom needs. They are all caught up in their own gossip fever bubble pretending to live their best life.

When Dad left to the mailbox, I checked on Mom and she was completely asleep.

1:30 Dad returned.

2:00 Dad closed the bedroom door and I sent off the reports for the previous day. I practiced songs and watched a pretty funny movie, "Trailer park boys, don't make it legal."

5:00 I asked if they were ready for supper. Dad said they they just ate sandwiches.

5:30 I asked if they wanted a banana shake. Mom said no but Dad said he would drink hers if she didn't want it. I brought them shakes.

6:00 I started my PBS News exercise. Mom and dad were still watching Better Call Saul. I was glad I found something they may be enjoying for a whole series of episodes.

6:30 I said good night and went upstairs.

There is hope.

Dad must have thought he was doing all the work in the family, supporting us and pushing Texaco into the future with his knowledge of computers. He certainly couldn't depend on his kids who were in their own world growing up or his wife who he considered inferior intellectually.

He must have thought he was doing it all himself and that's why conversations with him

seemed like he was just waiting for us to finish talking so he could say what was going to happen. He didn't make too many big mistakes as a Dad and husband but this self-isolation, taking on the world alone rather than involving the family team caused major problems at the end of their lives.

Life was too important to leave to someone else, so Dad didn't see that Mom grew past him intuitively after a lifetime of reading the paper each day, and his kids excelled in our individual fields branching out from the early experience he gave us with computers and the arts.

Then when we were out of Mom and Dad's lives for 30 years, except for holidays Mom got her diagnosis saying she only had a short time to live. Dad seems to have thought he was in charge of the terrible task of putting Mom out of her misery.

He didn't think it was time to continue thinking of her growth and quality of life. It was time to change Mom's diapers and ostomy and do the hard job of convincing the family, friends and doctors, Mom was a blithering, hallucinating fool on the verge of death.

But Mom is as strong as an ox and he didn't have the heart to do anything worse than keep her drugged for visitors, humiliate her with songs about being fat and prematurely talking about how lucky they were to have had a long happy life.

This characterization Dad created of his wife and family was convenient for anyone who doesn't know about the plasticity of the human brain or the almost 100% responsibility teachers have for the success of their students.

Dad was being successful but he didn't keep up with psychological curriculum for his family who he was starting to think no longer depended on him.

At any moment Dad's life can change and he can snap into the role he should have adopted earlier as a team member instead of the lonely mission boss. But he retired 30 years ago and built up bad habits which are extremely strong. Strong enough not to listen to the lone member of the family with the specific education required to call attention to the dangerous mistakes he is making.

If Mom died tomorrow she "knows what's going on" but has long ago learned to accept Dad's harsh choices he thought were necessary to keep his extraordinary wife and family in line. There are psychological traps like this in every family which are never sorted out.

Dad's grandmother hung herself rather than deal with being shunned by her family, for the affair that made Dad's Dad's life possible. At any time we have the possibility to become objective about ridiculous complexities and habits we cling to. We could all just start being smart, polite and methodical with scientific precision much like Dad did all of our lives until recently.

Mom needs her insides rinsed out so she can enjoy sitting up and then moving. If she moves enough she can become active and enjoy the last months or years of her life. My brother's believe my Dad because they are busy in their lives and don't know about developmental psychology. My brother's wives have their own families to worry about and were specialized in the non-psychological fields they capitalized on to survive.

Mom is the main emergency of the Broome team right now. She requires constant planned activity visits without being medicated and gas lit, so she is not annoyed by visitors. Mom requires independence with her assistants and neighbor friends while Dad builds his strength and confidence with outside activities.

Right now my brothers seem to think they are being loyal by by forgetting about Mom's constant gut pain and participating in the lies Dad thinks are best for the family as he and Mom exit the earth over the next years. Dad hasn't caught on yet that exiting the earth requires MORE focus on life skills right up until the end. The act of dying takes care of itself.

10/11/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad reminded me, the billionaire owners of Purdue Pharma were protected from lawsuits linked to the US opioid crisis in exchange for a \$6bn (£4.85bn) settlement.

Purdue, which filed for bankruptcy in 2019 amid thousands of lawsuits, made drugs like OxyContin and is blamed for fueling the crisis. An appeals court ruled that its owners, the Sackler family, would receive full immunity from civil suits. In exchange, they will pay \$6bn to help address opioid addiction.

BBC 2023

I think the families given drugs which turn out to be used to control each other and provided by greedy and egotistical doctors, will not be treated as well as the Sackler

family. When pervasive worldwide, plain site, slow motion, torture murders are revealed to an alert public, families will suffer, as usual, when sneaky end of life prescription drug misuse is exposed.

3:00 Dad is awake and doing something in the kitchen.

8:00 Everyone was asleep again so I started watching TV.

9:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if they wanted bacon and eggs. He said, "yes, I will wake Mom when it's ready."

I started making breakfast when Darion arrived. I asked her if she had eaten yet and she said, "no." I asked if she eats her eggs broken her unbroken and she said, "surprise me." Dad said, "unbroken."

9:15 I brought Mom, Dad and Darion fried egg, bacon and jelly toast. They all ate everything except Mom didn't finish her egg.

They were all watching Better Call Saul.

10:30 Mark arrived, said he'd been to two doctor's appointments this morning and asked if Mom wanted coffee. She must have said, yes.

10:45 Mark left to get coffee. Darion left for the day saying she had to go to the hospital among other things.

11:00 Dad closed the door. Mark returned with coffee and said, "You posted that Connie is uneducated." I asked, "What college did she go to?"

This short conversation referred to an incident early in the week when Mark lost his temper in a way I thought was out of character. At that time I guessed his outburst probably indicated he gets yelled at regularly by an uneducated person using the same terminology he used when he yelled at me. Mark didn't answer my question about Connie's college experience.

11:45 Mark left the house after a long visit in Mom and Dad's bedroom.

12:00 Dad went to the store.

I started watching a movie with Mom. We had a couple of good laughs with the movie,

Identity Theft. After a while Mom said she needed help with her ostomy and I went in the living room. I asked Dad if he remembers the name of the movie we were watching so I could turn it on in the other room. He pressed pause so I could see it displayed on the television.

Mom and Dad must have fallen to sleep because I didn't hear from them for a long time.

3:00 Glenn, the lead physical therapist, came to the door and gave Mom her physical therapy evaluation. He said, whenever he comes to evaluate Mom it takes the place of Byran's visit. (The biweekly physical therapist)

While we were waiting for Mom to have her diaper changed I told him I asked Byran about getting private physical therapy visits and I said, "we must have had a miscommunication because Byran said, he was only allowed a certain number a visits per week and at that time two visits a week were all that were allowed." I said to Glenn, "maybe I didn't make it clear I was asking about private physical therapy for Mom, payed for by me."

Mom and Dad let us in the bedroom and I asked Mom to show Glenn how well she can stand up holding my neck. Mom said she didn't want to because she was feeling sick. Dad told me to "let Glenn interrogate Mom."

I told Glenn I was working on getting Mom help to feel better in her gut. Dad said, he's been caring for Mom's gut perfectly for 13 years. I pointed at mom and said, "Mom doesn't look or sound like you are caring for her perfectly."

Just then wasn't the time to mention, Dad was given an ostomy irrigation kit when Mom first got her operation and he never used it. I feel terrible it took me so long to make the relationship between Mom's constant abdominal cramps whenever she moves crying, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick" with her lack of irrigation enemas all these years.

What's worse is that we are all drawn into the inadvertent neglect when Dad asks us to give Mom an antacid each time she's suffering daily with a belly full of cramping feces.

When Glenn was finished with his physical therapy Dad let him out of the bedroom and the door remained closed for hours.

I went upstairs and practiced songs.

5:00 Dad called me down from upstairs saying "There are sandwiches in the kitchen." I

went down and Dad was splitting a sandwich for him and Mom. We discussed the good deal he got from being a steady customer at the barbecue place nearby.

The door was closed till I went upstairs for the night.

The ostomy

When Dad was young his back started hurting badly and I don't know if it was the drugs he was given but he wrote a song

<https://youtu.be/yeFiTSr2WTE?si=xrq2g-haXyAi3C3Y>

and they did surgery connecting some of his vertebrae. After the surgery he said his back used to hurt sometimes but now it hurts all the time.

I would have thought he would have learned from that experience, like I did, avoiding and speaking out against surgery unless there was no other option. But he helped convince Mom get surgery when she was passing gas all the time and he found himself attending to Mom's ostomy daily.

I guess it was one step too much for him to learn to use the irrigation technology he was given immediately after her surgery. None of us knew what that irrigation contraption was, which disappeared piece by piece from their bathroom until there was only a plastic baggy tube with a clip attached to the base.

The irrigation tool relieves people with ostomies from suffering with bloating cramps and limits the amount of contact attendees have to deal with feces by relegating waste removal directly to the toilet again.

But the distasteful "idea" of irrigation is the stopping point in all relationships to Mom from family members, personal assistants, nurses and the doctors who prescribed the original surgery and subsequent misery inducing medications. Everyone stays away from Mom now that she has to remain still because of her unirrigated ostomy.

No one wants to consider dealing with the irrigation apparatus. Every possible intellectual, legal and medical excuse keeps everyone at a distance saying that Mom is passed help. But mom is extremely healthy, smart and has to witness her isolation and neglect with polite and hopeless patience drifting in and out of medicated unconsciousness.

Many times I have offered to take over the responsibility of Mom's ostomy if I am also

given the responsibility of her medication so I can stop her from being incapacitated. Dad has unconsciously become dependent on controlling Mom's ability to communicate or jump out of bed now he is not strong enough to stay alert 24 hours a day.

It took over a decade but the gradual process, controlling the perceptions of family members, friends and Mom's supposed medical protectors is complete. Using various combinations of prescribed medication and Mom's '50s housewife Stockholm Syndrome Mom participates in her own isolation and inactivity. I don't think most people understand the level of politeness that causes a woman to harm herself for decades.

You can see Dad is aware of the ethical challenge to his honesty when the topics of medication or irrigation are addressed. His responses are hyperbolic and out of character.

I think Dad could possibly be much more fit mentally if he were tested for Lyme's disease which could be cared for and his memory problems lessened or reversed. He can't possibly be satisfied with his present requirements to calculate medications, timings and gas lighting to keep mom isolated and inactive.

If the public can't tell the difference between con man Trump and Kamala Harris there must be a great many people trapped by prescription medicines like my parents.

10/10/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 Dad was making breakfast. Mom didn't eat her cereal.

7:00 I went in the living room and watched TV.

8:00 Dad came out of the bedroom, went in the kitchen and left the door open. I asked Mom if she wanted something more for breakfast. She said apple pie. I went in the kitchen and Dad was fixing Rice Krispies for Mom.

He said, "Mom asked for it." Dad was still obviously hostile towards me for the visit from APS yesterday. I said, "I guess we better wait on the apple pie." I told Mom, "Dad was already making breakfast for her, but I would get her hot tea and apple pie later."

I fixed hot tea for her. Dad was trying to feed Mom Rice Krispies. She stopped Dad from feeding her and finished it herself. I felt Dad would probably make her pay for defying him in front of me but she was obviously feeling defiant in spite of being medicated.

I asked Mom if she wanted to go outside in the cool air and she said, "no I want to go in there." I didn't realize till afterward, she was pointing at the bathroom, she might have wanted to use the bathroom chair to go in the bathroom.

It must be extremely frustrating to get mixed messages and be on the verge of possibly being cared for properly with Independence and ostomy irrigation after 13 years. She has been unconsciously tortured with sedating and hallucination-inducing prescription medicine since at least November 6th 2019.

I told her, "You must have had medication this morning because you aren't saying things clearly. She said "I always say crazy things."

That sounds like a statement clearly gas lit from Dad.

8:30 Mark arrived and Dad said he was working in the yard.

9:00 Dad went and looked for Mark and they left to go to the doctor.

9:10 Darion arrived and said Mom's ostomy was coming loose and it was about to make a big mess. She said she didn't have gloves. I was changing mom's nose attachment because the rubber was hardened again.

I had just given Mom a warm washcloth. She wiped her face and was very sensitive around her nostrils. Darion said the tubing became stiff and hard more quickly because the moisturizer was removed from the oxygen machine. I called the number on the oxygen machine and the woman said a filter was missing and a representative would come with one later today. The woman on the phone seemed very alerted to this issue so there must have been some other people who were concerned about their loved ones drowning from moisturizing water filling the tubes.

I went to the grocery store and got a couple of boxes of surgical gloves. I also got cotton gloves like Mom used to used to put on her hands when she put lotion on them.

9:30 By the time I returned I realized, now would be a good time to try to use the irrigation kit while Dad was at the doctor's office, if Mom was willing. But neither Darion or Mom seemed interested when It came right down to the reality of dealing with a new

process and technology.

I demonstrated how the apparatus works and I'm glad I got to show them the process and equipment that will relieve them from ever having to deal directly with feces once they learn how to use it while Mom is sitting on the toilet. The Darion seemed determined not to watch me demonstrate and Mom was making faces I felt she thought she needed to make to keep us from being inconvenienced by this new challenging technology.

I told them both I hope the APS will send someone to demonstrate how to use the irrigation kit. Darion looked relieved I wasn't going to try to do it right then. Darion is more committed than any other assistant but change is challenging. She has had two temper tantrums in my presence and I didn't want to see a third.

I don't know what it will take for Dad to accept irrigation after irresponsibly avoiding it 13 years ago. But I think he knows Mom can start being comfortable do physical therapy, sitting and standing up.

I think unconsciously, Dad's not willing to give up the hideous work he's done to get Mom down to this disgusting dependent level. I keep suggesting he get tested for Lyme's disease which might be causing his memory problems that exacerbate this uncaring and unkind behavior.

10:00 Veronica arrived and started to wash Mom's hair.

11:00 Mark and Dad came home from the doctor and Mark left again to get lunch.

11:30 Mark came back with sandwiches and gave me one but he was still obviously upset with me.

I fell asleep watching television, alternating waking and keeping an eye on Mom in the bedroom when the door was open.

2:00 Mark and Dad came home after leaving while I was asleep.

I practiced my songs for a few hours both downstairs and upstairs while there was some chatter in Mom and Dad's bedroom I couldn't hear.

5:00 Mom started screaming downstairs so I went down and Dad had her by the living room window in the old wheelchair. Dad pretended everything was normal when he

asked me to cook salmon and asparagus for supper but mom kept making ugly faces and saying "no no no."

Dad said the new wheelchair wasn't working and I told him he needed to engage the wheels for it to work. I rode it around the living room. Mom was still crying and then laughing and then yelling insults at me. She had obviously been given the full hallucination inducing combination of drugs and dad was as frightened by the situation as she was.

Dad often seems to need to prove to me he has control by giving Mom a harsh drugging. Or maybe he's reaching out, in a confusing way for us to stop him, as he uses over medicated Mom for a loud out of control suffering performance. Dad seems unaware of Mom's feelings at times like this and doesn't remember how bad it was last time, when he puts mom through this loud angry suffering.

Mom started screaming, "I want alcohol alcohol alcohol!" Then she started screaming at me.

She was screaming and crying saying, "You think you're so smart, riding around on the scooter." "Get out of here!" I asked Mom, "Who taught you to say those mean things." Dad said to Mom, "Joe thinks I taught you to say those things." Mom continued crying and laughing and suffering.

Then Dad started pretending to rationalize with Mom as if she was capable of thinking clearly medicated like this. A long lecture ensued about how she should stay calm and not get upset around me because I would report it.

It must be terribly confusing for Mom to have Dad tell her to stop being ugly and crude after being gas lit repeatedly to do just that. I don't think any of my brothers have ever seen one of these terrible events or they wouldn't be able to live with themselves in absentia.

Dad made a quiet comment about Mark's wife saying, "Connie was hurt by your comments." In this context it's obvious Dad is gas lighting the family and the family group gossip will take some time to be exposed and removed from their habits unless an authority figure steps in. Psychology is not the family's strong suit.

5:20 Mom was still raving and Dad was telling her to be polite. I could see Mom was obviously confused after all the drugging and gas lighting. I told Mom, "remember this is

just drugs and this scary part is going to be over in a few minutes."

Then Dad started putting Mom down saying he's worried about me documenting this event.

Imagine how confusing it is for Mom after successfully putting on the show Dad orchestrated. Life is a constant punishment for mom with her bowels full and fragile with feces and a roller coaster ride of confusing prescription medicines.

Finally I said to Dad, "You drugged her, you deal with her tonight." As I went upstairs Dad said "I'll cook the salmon."

6:00 Mom is still talking loudly and Dad is pretending to be caring explaining what they got in the mail and why he wants her to stay in the living room for a while.

6:15 Now Mom is laughing loudly downstairs and Dad called me. I called back asking, "yes sir?" Dad said "We need you."

I went downstairs and Dad had the scooter next to Mom's chair. So I bent over and asked Mom to put her arms around my neck. She was acting the exact opposite of the way she was just minutes before.

Mom was being very grateful and sweet to me. I asked her, "Stand up as if you are standing by yourself." and she leaned forward and stood up. I turned her around and sat her in the scooter.

I showed her she can put one finger on the controller and at any time she can let go of the control and the scooter will stop instantly. She backed up away from the chair she was sitting in previously and started turning the scooter between the chair and the couch to move toward the front door of the house. I walked ahead and opened the front door.

I asked her to use the scooter to come look outside. She used the controls on the scooter to ride into the entryway of the house stopping twice when people passed walking in front of the house. She's very sensitive about being seen in her bed clothes.

I reminded her, Teresa cleaned and wood treated the front door Wednesday. She said she wanted to look in the dining room and then she wanted us to close the blinds so people couldn't look in. Then she said "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick."

I said, "We'll figure out a way to take care of your stomach soon." She turned the scooter around and headed toward the bedroom. She got close to the bedroom door and was afraid to go through. I asked her to pull her elbows into the scooter so she wouldn't bump them and I said for her to push the control pointing at the center of the door so she would go straight through.

She moved forward and stopped a couple of times and then smoothly went right through the bedroom door. She rolled up next to the bed complaining about her abdomen. I leaned forward and asked her to grab my neck again and I lifted her over to the bed.

She was prepared to be upset but she calmed down when she could see she was back in bed. I handed her the trapeze and Dad pushed her legs so she pulled herself back at the head of the bed. She told Dad she didn't want to be covered up because she needed him to look at her diaper. So I went in the kitchen and started fixing salmon and asparagus.

6:30 Dad came in the kitchen and the food was almost ready. Dad acted extremely relieved and asked what he could do to help. I told him it was almost ready and he could take the tray into Mom as soon as the fish was done.

It was infuriating, Dad started apologizing for "Mom's behavior" saying it wasn't the drugs but that she is 92 years old. I could tell he has had long enough convincing himself, he seems to believe it when he's in this doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde state of mind.

It seems to be a similar state mind to the way men think of women when they are amorous compared to when they are not. We can think of ridiculous naughty phrases and attribute them to women when we're aroused based on our experience level.

Dad has a completely different way of thinking and treating Mom when he has committed himself to controlling her with medication. Add to that the inability to remember and you have a disastrous roller coaster ride Mom has to live with.

Dad started telling me his salmon was ready and I put his on his plate. Mom's needed a little bit more cooking. She doesn't like it soft poached like Dad does. After more minutes we put the remaining salmon on the tray, Dad took it to the bedroom after adding a little salt to everyone's.

6:45 We were all finishing eating and both Mom and Dad ate all of their salmon and asparagus. I was really glad I could give Mom something she liked enough to distract her

from her constantly suffering abdomen.

Something I forgot from Wednesday

I didn't write down a conversation I didn't realize was so significant Wednesday when Teresa and Darion were talking to each other about Mom's ostomy.

Teresa was asking Darion about Margaret, (the Wednesday nurse.) When I mentioned a nurse should teach us how to use the irrigation kit Teresa asked if Margaret changes Mom's ostomy bag or could she teach the irrigation I have been talking about for years. It was obvious Teresa is as frustrated as I am about the nonsensical fearful attitude everyone has about the irrigation which could make Mom's quality of life so much better.

Darion said, Margaret was not qualified to work with Mom's ostomy. Teresa asked "how are you qualified?" Darion seemed a little frustrated but somewhat superior saying something like, "I had to sign something saying I would commit to that part of the job."

Teresa seemed understandably confused that Margaret (the supposed professional nurse) would not have anything to do with the ostomy but Darion was allowed to change the ostomy and clean up Mom's feces several times a day.

Darion understandably appeared to take pride in this superiority she had over the nurse but I felt like she was waiting for me to comment on the difference she is paid compared to the lazy annoying nurse.

I constantly bring up fairness in our conversations but I missed this chance because I was occupied with something else while Darion and Teresa were having this conversation.

Now compare that conversation on Wednesday to this morning when Dad was gone to his doctor's appointment and I was demonstrating to Darion and Mom the irrigation equipment.

This morning Darion was very much averse to hearing about it, and Mom was making a distasteful facial expression. I don't know whether Darion was offended I didn't take the conversation further on Wednesday or if Darion is just like Dad when confronted with the reality of actually doing the first irrigation. The confusing apparatus may seem fraught with messy disgusting surprises, but Darion takes obvious pride in doing more for Mom than anyone else up to this point.

That's why I gave Darion an irrigation kit several months ago and told her she should watch videos about how much more control there is when the patient is sitting on the toilet with the long tube extended from her abdomen opening all the way down into the toilet. There is less opportunity for a messy experience than Mom's constant misery waiting for constipated weekly eruptions.

This morning when Darion told me Mom's ostomy was not put on correctly, I told her about how Mom had some bad experiences when it appeared over the years, Dad sabotaged Mom's active days by leaving the ostomy to spill whenever there were projects for Mom to do visiting her boys, cleaning or working in the garden. Mom gradually gave up over 13 years.

Darion knows all of this now but she must be going through what Dad went through 13 years ago when confronted with the irrigation kit. I don't think anyone but me asked what the kit was all those years ago.

Dad avoid explaining it until he threw it away piece by piece. The last piece that remained in the bathroom for years was the baggy tube with the clip attached to the bottom. And though I saw it for years I didn't put two and two together until 3 years ago when I started watching ostomy care videos which explained how athletes and celebrities live ordinary lives with their ostomy and irrigation kits.

I should have realized there was a problem when Dad was so hyperbolic about my watching ostomy videos and he was laughing saying I thought I knew more than the doctors and nurses.

But after years of avoiding the topic Dad became upset every time I mentioned irrigation. When I mentioned it to the lazy unassertive nurse Margaret, she said dismissively, "she is past that." Meaning that Mom was too incapacitated to sit on the toilet and be cared for properly.

Imagine what an irresponsible statement that was. This led to Mom having years of constant gut pain whenever she moves even slightly. Margaret will probably go through something similar herself after she put those in her care through this suffering.

But her reluctance to discuss irrigation explains why Margaret never moves mom during her weekly visits. I have been wondering about that for years. Margaret used to come in and pray with Mom and talk about her turtle and dogs. This fit with Dad's sedentary expected of Margaret. And Margaret was happy to comply letting Mom suffer and asking

Mom if she was in pain as Mom stayed perfectly still avoiding wrenching constipated cramping.

Most people who have to deal with Mom would rather believe Dad's characterization of Mom being mentally and physically incapacitated. Dad didn't want anyone to discuss Mom getting better. He even told me it made Mom sad for me to talk about her improving or walking again. I never made a connection with his avoidance of irrigation equipment provided to him 13 years ago.

7:00 I started doing my PBS NewsHour exercise. Dad left the door open so Mom could see me exercise almost the whole hour.

8:00 I finished my exercise and told them good night. The APS never contacted me and this is consistent with Ken Paxton run institutions. I feel sorry for the APS women who have come to the house with preconceived explanations why Mom's constant abdominal pain and hysterical druggings can't be cared for. I don't know how they live with themselves unless they have no intuition at all.

10/9/24 Betty Broome Report

3:00 a.m. There is a lot of activity down stairs tonight. If Dad would tell the doctors Mom needs a different combination of medications he wouldn't make caring for Mom so difficult on himself and others. It's particularly cruel to see how Mom gets upset late at night from the medications. Often they are both exhausted by morning.

6:00 Dad's getting breakfast.

7:00 I watched some TV waiting for them to wake up.

8:00 I asked if they wanted anything for a second breakfast and they said, "no." Mom appeared to be coming out of an early morning medication because she was confused, falling asleep but growling like an animal. I was watching the news about the hurricane with Dad.

9:00 When Teresa arrived to clean, Darion and I brought Mom in the living room So she could do the bedroom. Mom really looked happy to have Darion lift her up this morning. I played a song for Mom and Dad went in the bedroom to work on his computer. Mom

said she really liked my song this morning.

10:30 Mom was in the living room for a pretty long time. (Until she starts getting her ostomy irrigated she can't sit up for very long because of the cramps in her bowels.) Mom asked Darion to take her to the bedroom while Teresa and I were cleaning the entryway of the house. Mom really does like being lifted up by Darion but I know it must be tough on Darion's back.

10:40 Adult Protective Service arrived and I pointed the attractive young woman through the entryway and in to Mom and Dad's bedroom. Chasity was her name and she was in the closed bedroom for about thirty minutes before she asked for Darion to join them.

Darion came out of the bedroom a few minutes later and Chasity asked for Teresa to go in the bedroom. Teresa came out of the room after about 5 minutes.

Teresa said, "that didn't take long." Teresa and Darion were whispering to each other and I said I hope Chasity gets Mom to move or she won't see how any little movement causes Mom so much pain all day long.

Then Darion said, "you can only do an irrigation every once in awhile." I said, Mom has never received an irrigation in the 13 years she has had her ostomy." Teresa said, "I remember when your mother got that operation and it didn't seem right even back then to do that to an older woman." I agreed. I said, it didn't seem like Dr Taylor's team knew what they were doing.

10 minutes or so passed before Chasity came out of the bedroom, gave me her card and asked for an ink pen to write her new number it. She asked me to call her at 1:00. She said she would be done with her morning rounds by then and could pull over on the side of the road to talk to me.

As she was leaving Chasity said, "Your parent's house looks very similar to my parent's house." I tried to joke saying, "So if there's an emergency you can just run straight in and you'll know where to go." I guess she didn't get my joke because she said, "Yes I know where your parents bedroom is."

1:00 I called when she asked and she answered saying, "Please call back at 1:30," because she needed to pull over and open her laptop.

1:30 I called and it went to voicemail. I Left a message saying, "I would call her back

soon." I waited 15 minutes.

1:45 I left another voicemail telling Chasity, "I understand how hard it is to communicate with people when your job is on the road. Call me whenever you are free."

2:00 Dad started watching television in the living room and that usually means Mom and Darion asked him to leave the bedroom.

3:00 Margaret, the elderly Wednesday nurse arrived and took Mom's vitals. I brought Mom a bunch of peeled satsumas. As usual Margaret never moved Mom so she never sees how Mom is in constant pain from any slight movement. I have told Margaret for years that something needs to be done about how any movement upsets Mom's abdomen filled with feces. How mom is constantly fragile with abdominal cramps.

We had to listen to more stories about Margaret's dogs and then she left.

I fixed pulled barbecue chicken for myself. It was excellent.

3:30 I started watching an old '30s movie (our man in Havana) and I suggested it to Mom and Dad. Dad was doing something on his computer and Mom was sitting doing nothing. Dad said, Mom didn't want to watch TV.

I suggested Mom should come outside with me and get some vitamin D. I said she would feel better if she moved around. She just sat there next to Dad. She seemed alert but she wasn't communicating with me. I don't know exactly what that meant.

4:00 I tried to call the APS woman again and left a message saying, I hope she didn't forget about me.

I called my advocate and she said, when I do speak to Chasity I need to ask two questions. 1. Did Chasity move Mom to discover Mom's abdominal pain? and 2. what are Chasity's educational qualifications?

5:00 I went back downstairs and Mom was still sitting there next to Dad while he was working on his computer. I don't think Dad's aware how much time Mom sits there doing nothing next to him. There are enough family members to keep mom constantly occupied and stimulate her quality of life.

Mom asked what we were having for supper and I gave her a list of options. She said she wanted pimento cheese sandwiches and a vanilla shake. Dad approved and I went in the

kitchen and made them.

They ate two big pimento cheese sandwiches and drank their vanilla shakes. I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea to wash it all down and she said, "yes." But when I brought her the tea she said, "I don't like this for some reason."

I told Mom about having made the half gallon of honey tea the day before. I told her, since then I went to the grocery and bought more honey. I told her I would add more honey and heat it in the microwave. She said "okay."

I brought the tea back and she enjoyed every bit of it. She seemed really happy about having worked through the tea dilemma. It was a little strange to attach so much significance to tea but I'll take what I can get when she's been so upset and medicated lately.

Dad left the room for a little while and Mom and I were watching how, Kamala Harris was promoting the idea of "Home Care Medicare."

The clip we were watching.

https://youtu.be/rr6LIYWuFp8?si=SXcNOBR_lzBznvzr

I said "it's almost like Kamala Harris read my mind."

I've been saying how unhealthy it is for adult protective services and other aging health institutions to do clumsy and dangerous removals from family environments.

I said, "it was an amazing coincidence about the timing of Kamala Harris's announcement of Home Care Medicare and well paid/well-educated aging Health workers because it is what I was hoping for you and Dad."

I told Mom I think health workers have to come into homes and protect aging couples from each other. I said Medicare home care workers need to demonstrate, by example, how to reverse codependent deadly habits with good safe, quality of life habits. Mom said, she didn't think the changes would happen quickly.

I told Mom, "You and Dad are a perfect example but you have to think for themselves wow Kamala gets her act together." I said, "Dad should be entertained by really fun outside activities with me and the other brothers and, you should be separated from the sedating prescribed medications and stimulated with fun physical therapy activities." I said, "Everyone in the family will see you differently after you are capable of being

moved without gut pain. " I said, "you need professionally timed ostomy irrigations." I said, "caregivers should be paid enough and trained enough to really care. Mom agreed.

This was the TikTok we were watching about health care unions.

<https://www.instagram.com/reel/DA4aGkCygVx/?igsh=eDdlbjB3eWxlcmFz>

I told Mom, "So that's another benefit to electing Kamala Harris. She is at least mentioning Medicare Home Care during her campaign for president and unions are pushing to support and educate health workers who work with the aged."

6:00 I told Mom, I was going to do my PBS News exercise and I went in the living room. I waved to Mom in the bedroom from the stationary bike and mom waved back and smiled.

7:00 I finished my exercise and told Mom and Dad good night. I got a couple of encouraging comments from Facebook friends and watched a really funny movie.

10/8/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 Dad's in the kitchen.

8:00 Cereal bowls were being removed from the bedroom by Dad and then he went to the drugstore to get medicine.

9:00 Darion and I took Mom in the living room when I knocked the supporting blocks over on the bed. I was trying to straighten out the mattress under Mom when two of the riser blocks tipped over. While Mom was in the living room Dad return from the drug store.

Mom said she wanted to go back in the bedroom and I asked her if she would use the controller on the chair to drive herself into there. It was great to see that she has a complete control of the scooter even when she's medicated.

She rode herself up to the bed and I asked her to stand up so I could lean her into the bed. She can stand up on her own. She just needs to be given a different medication cocktail so she isn't incapacitated so much of the time.

10:00 I went to the grocery store.

12:00 On my way home from the grocery store Dad called and said not to bring food home because he was cooking frozen pizza. I had rotisserie chicken which was still hot when I arrived and I asked if they would rather have that. It looked to me like Mom was not allowed to eat the chicken because I interrupted Dad's pizza plans.

12:30 I blew up a large red balloon with the kayak pump and hung it in the backyard as a surprise for Dad. All our lives Dad repeated the poem called "Tragedy" by Jill Spargur

I always wanted a red balloon,
It only cost a dime;
But Ma said it was risky,
They broke so quickly,
And beside, she didn't have time,
And even if she did, she didn't
Think they were worth a dime.
We lived on a farm & I only went
To one circus and fair,
And all the balloons I ever saw were there:
There were yellow ones & blue ones,
But the kind I liked the best
Were the red, and I don't see why
She couldn't have stopped and said
That maybe I could have one -
But she didn't - I suppose that now
You can buy them anywheres,
And that they still sell red ones
At circuses and fairs.
I got a little money saved;
I got a lot of time,
I got no one to tell me how to spend my dime;
Plenty of balloons - but somehow
There's something died inside of me,
And I don't want one now.

I didn't have to explain the balloon to Darion because Dad had already told her the poem so many times.

1:30 Byran arrived and didn't use the leg exercise machine. He said Mom was weak today. I wish Byran would think for himself and not be influenced by everyone saying Mom is weak. It's true Mom needs to have her ostomy irrigated so she isn't fragile with an abdomen full of feces but until then, she needs all the physical therapy she can get.

When Byran saw the big red balloon outside the window Dad recited the poem to him.

2:30 I attempted to talk to Mom all day but she was either medicated, exhausted or both. Mom asked for her ostomy to be attended to so I left Dad to take care of it.

5:00 Dad fixed Ruben sandwiches for us. He complained that the bread I bought was too thick for his sandwiches.

6:00 I did my exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

10/7/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 It sounds like Dad is putting himself through a lot of problems this morning medicating Mom because he is coughing with his automatic nervous tick cough.

8:00 I went in the kitchen and could see Dad gave Mom apple pie earlier this morning. I'm glad I found something both of them like. I went in the living room and started watching television.

8:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if they wanted eggs and sausage. I fixed sausage, fried eggs and jelly toast. Mom ate everything except for a little bit of the sausage but she said she didn't like it. It looks like Dad used the early morning medication to gaslight Mom against me again.

Dad was attempting to add a screensaver on his television but it is still connected to my phone because of the reboot we had to do when the power went out. I'll have to set up his television with his phone again as soon as possible.

9:15 Darion arrived and started trying to perk Mom up. Mom said, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." Dad stopped working on the screensaver to help Darion with Mom who was complaining about her gut. Dad gave Mom useless antacids.

10:30 We left to play golf and had a great game.

11:10 We hit quite a few practice balls and started playing early.

1:30 We finished playing and Mark lost his temper complaining that I moved the car and made him walk. I told him Dad and I have been moving the car as close to the golf cart return as possible for several years. But he had it in his mind, I should have known to leave the car where we left it and he screamed as loud as he could at least four times, "You are f***** retarded!" He also yelled that Dad has to live with me and that must be hell.

I was disappointed by that more than most because I thought Mark is around the house often enough to see what progress I am making with Mom and Dad. I don't think Mark is aware at all of Mom's constipation and gut suffering.

I have to guess that Mark's uneducated wife must be taking advantage of the times when Mark is drinking and screams the same words at him. This is not the first time he is using the word "retarded" referring to me so he has to be getting the hyperbolic like term from a poorly educated source. Hopefully the adult assistance institutions will benefit from understanding the whole context of an obstructive family and the affect they have on the suffering matriarch.

2:00 We got home and Darion said she and Mom ate Chick-fil-A sandwiches. Dad complained, I was complaining about the way he takes care of Mom. Mom didn't eat much of her Chick-fil-A sandwich.

3:00 Mom said she's feeling very sick and I gestured to my abdomen and she nodded yes. She said, "I need to be cleaned out." I hope she remembers to let the APS know next time they visit.

I have said repeatedly, I will take over the entire distasteful job of her ostomy if Dad will give me control of Mom's medications so she will not be in constant pain from constipation and she will not miss so many opportunities to be active due to sedating medication. She needs to build up her health and it all begins with irrigating her ostomy so she doesn't feel pain with the slightest movement.

4:40 Darion left for the day Dad closed the door.

5:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and said don't get mad at your brother's. He said, "Mark would not have yelled for more than a second if I hadn't yelled back." He said he knows how tempting it is because he remembers a few weeks ago when he yelled at me and the rule applies to all of us.

Dad's intermittent objectivity is part of what has kept Mom from escaping her sedation and ostomy plight. His charm and sometimes clear thinking keeps people from questioning his choices about keeping Mom sedated, constipated and unirrigated.

5:30 Dr Martin was on in the bedroom and Mom was clearly coming out of medication for the day.

6:00 I gave Mom and Dad Ham sandwiches and hot tea. But Dad got started talking to a cable TV salesman so I put his supper away and Mom ate almost all of hers.

6:30 I did half of PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:00 Brian called and talked to Dad for a good while. I told Mom and Dad good night. As I left the bedroom Dad asked Mom if she wanted wine.

10/6/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 The bedroom door was closed so I watched Sunday morning government shows in the living room.

9:00 When Dad opened the door I asked if they wanted breakfast and Dad said they already had cereal.

10:00 Dad got the house ready for a visit from the neighbors. I don't know if he meant to but he got Mom upset about having visitors and she was pretending to sleep. But I was glad to see she wasn't medicated and could be spoken to.

10:30 Mark arrived and started fixing the water heater. Shortly after he had to leave to get parts.

11:00 APS called and asked how Mom is doing and what was the most important issue. I said the medication keeps Mom from having her physical therapy and her ostomy cared for properly with irrigations.

It seems impossible to stress the importance of one of Mom's emergency issues, when all three are so incredibly important. The APS keeps determining Mom's medication is correct by making their judgment based on the recommendation of the doctors that prescribe the sedating and/or agitating combination of medications.

Mom has not seen any doctor face-to-face and unmedicated in years. You can tell Dad's level of involvement and maintaining Mom's use of the drugs by his extreme overreactions when the topic comes up. But today Mom seems to be almost completely unaffected by medication, probably due to the climate created by our discussions of over medication in the past few days.

11:30 Mom said she was hungry and Dad was in the kitchen cooking steaks. I asked Mom if she would let me take her in the kitchen to watch Dad cook and to eat at the table with us. She let me put her in the scooter and we talked to Dad for a minute in the kitchen.

Then we went to the kitchen table where we found, the scooter neatly fits under the table if we take her feet off of the foot pedals to lower them.

She said she wanted to look out the living room window, so I started moving her there. I asked her if she would drive herself. She used the controls to drive herself to the window. She is easily able to control herself with the electric scooter but she is rarely allowed to be conscious enough to perform an enjoyable ride and she has been gas lit against it like poison.

After a little while she wanted to go to the bedroom because sitting up causes her to be extremely uncomfortable with gut cramps. She is not irrigated with an ostomy enema and has not been in the 13 years since she got the intestinal operation.

Hopefully soon we will convince Dad to let us clear out her insides so she can be comfortable and active. At present she is unable to sit up for any length of time without saying, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." Dad keeps giving her antacids that don't do anything.

1:00 Dad finished making steaks and brought them to Mom. He also made spinach salad and both were perfect. Mom didn't eat her spinach salad but she seemed to enjoy her steak very much.

Mark finished fixing the water heater and turned the water back on. He also found a television channel with a football game Sad wanted to see. Mom said she wanted to sleep so I turned down the volume on the game low enough where Dad could still hear it but it didn't disturb Mom too much. It was great that Mom seems to have been left unmedicated today but she is also attempting to avoid being bothered.

2:00 Dad continued to watch football games and told me about some of the rules which came into play with a tie game.

3:00 Dad was still watching football and I fell asleep on the couch.

4:00 The neighbors came over and Dad asked me to use tape to put up a sign over the door he drew with a magic marker. It was a sweet welcome sign and shortly after I put it up over the back door the neighbors came to the door. They could not have been sweeter and it was great that Mom was awake and unmedicated to talk to them, because they gave Mom a hand crocheted blanket that will be excellent for the winter.

We talked for it a while and they were very thoughtful and accommodating to Mom's few responses. After a while they left and both Mom and Dad were amazed the woman made a hand made gift. It will be a family heirloom.

4:30 I went in the bedroom and Dad left to go to the drugstore. Mom and I guessed what was going to happen as we watched an old movie with Kim Novak and Fred Astaire.

5:30 Dad brought back groceries and I told him, Mom wanted chicken salad sandwiches. I asked if he wanted one and he said, yes.

5:45 I brought sandwiches and dried apricots in the bedroom but Dad was still doing something in the kitchen.

6:00 Mom finished eating her sandwich, picked out her favorite news program and ate some of the apricots. When Dad finally came in the bedroom he sat down to eat his sandwich. I started my PBS NewsHour exercise in the living room.

6:30 I finished exercising and told Dad, Mom and I had been watching a movie he might be interested in. Dad said to put it on. I told him what we saw so far of the movie and Mom said she wanted to finish the movie.

7:30 We finished watching the movie which was unnecessarily drawn out and belabored at the end. Mom said, she was glad it was over. I said good night to them and went upstairs.

This was the first day in a while which appears to have been without any medication. But only someone who has been in the house for a long time would know. Mom pretends to be sleepy when she doesn't want to bother someone or when she doesn't want to be bothered.

10/5/24 Betty Broome Report

6:30 Dad was up doing something but I didn't want to get involved.

8:00 I could see Mom was thoroughly medicated so I finished the reports for the previous day.

9:00 I went downstairs again and said hello to everyone including Mark. I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Dad said Mom didn't want anything this morning. I suggested cinnamon croissants and Dad talked mom into it.

9:15 Mark started working with hired people to weed and mulch the entire yard front and back. He says he didn't look forward to the project. I suggested he think of it as fun since he doesn't have to do the labor. That didn't seem to help.

9:30 I brought Mom and Dad buttery croissants with cinnamon sugar and vanilla. Also apricots and peeled satsumas. Mom was acting like she couldn't control her hands very well and she kept repeating that I should leave the room. She said "go outside." It appears Dad may have repeated these instructions a few times this morning. He's understandably upset about my continuing reports about his neglectful care of Mom's ostomy irrigation and medication.

10:00 I told Mom, "The men are working in the yard and Mark is telling them to do everything twice." Mom chuckled and said "that's good." I asked her if I could take her outside so she could watch the men working. She got a little mad at me but said she would do it when she is ready. I took their breakfast tray and Dad closed the bedroom door.

11:00 Mark and Dad took Mom around the house in the scooter chair. Then they put her in the living room chair and Dad gave her some granola pudding. I asked if they wanted chicken soup and I started to fix it when they both said yes.

A couple of days ago I bought chicken parts and onions to stir fry before I put them in the canned chicken soup but today Dad is obstinate. Dad said he didn't want me to add anything to the canned soup so I told him he could open the cans and I didn't want any. This is an example of Dad not being objective when he feels competitive like he does today. These petty conflicts affect Mom without his consideration.

1:00 Mom wanted to go back in the bed to have her diaper changed. Mark was cleaning the wheels on the scooter and found golf videos for old folks like us.

Mom was kept medicated most of the day and couldn't really communicate or even open her eyes very well in spite of being dragged around the house outside for the first time in months. I was really excited that she got some sun but she needs to be allowed to enjoy activities without the sedating medication.

3:00 I went in to try to talk to Mom but ended up having a conversation with Dad. Dad read a text I shared with him and brothers.

Several weeks ago Dad or one of brothers added Mom to our group texts. He said he was going to start reading the text Mom. This was as if I was the one who added Mom to the list of recipients in the group texts.

I don't think he knows he or one of the other brothers added Mom to the group. But I said, "I think it would be very valuable for Mom to hear what I'm writing in my daily reports."

Dad told Mom I said, in today's report, that he was sneaking mom sedating medication before visitors arrive. I said that happens most days. Dad said "that's a f***** lie." I should have said that he protests too much because he never uses inappropriate

language unless he has to try to make a point when he's caught in a lie.

But I really don't know if he believes what he's saying or not. I'm not sure exactly what is the extent of his mental decline. That's why I keep suggesting that he get tested for Lyme disease to find out if it's something that can be reversed. Dad said please leave, you are dismissed. Mom didn't react at all because she was medicated. Mom is desperately hoping for her life to improve with an irrigated ostomy and the chance to talk to her friends and family without sedatives.

5:00 Dad opened the bedroom door and I was exercising with PBS NewsHour. He went to get take out shrimp and I got to talk to Mom the best I could for a few minutes.

5:30 Dad came back with the shrimp and was feeding it to Mom, we ate and I finished my exercise till 6:30.

Today was pretty much a lost day for Mom on medication.

I have to guess Dad's thought process, why he can use his, still clever thinking processes to medicate Mom and keep her inactive. He always repeats that he is "doing what the doctors have prescribed."

He thinks no one noticed he discovered years ago, the drugs immobilize Mom and he has to adjust the medications to have a more terrifying or just sedating effect based on the audience who will see Mom.

Dad has been a well-adjusted and good father and husband most of his life but the past 30 or 40 years he has been isolated with Mom and extreme competitive rationalizations have crept into their habits. I feel confident Dad can snap out of this if he is instructed by an authority figure like an objective doctor or a registered nurse who visits long enough to see what's going on in the house.

Mom is a perfect example of Stockholm Syndrome, as a '50s and '60s housewife doing what she's told and happy to be sedated even if it means losing control of her legs and waste removal. But every time she has a lucid moment she shouts "I've got to get up." And then when she gets up her unirrigated bowels are cramping and full of feces so she says, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick."

Dad used Mom as his mouthpiece all his life to communicate messages to his boys. But he became offended when he got older and everyone continued to go to Mom for

instructions. He seems to have adopted this sedating medication to take back the authority he was in control of over the years but didn't get credit for.

Only in the isolation of 30 or 40 years could someone who was extremely ethical in their youth, become such a doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde terrifying torture murderer of his own spouse and be so organized about it.

Mom needs to have her ostomy irrigated regularly so she can stop the constant cramping and suffering whenever she moves. She can't exercise or be efficiently transferred to the toilet for irrigation when she is constantly over medicated by doctors who have not seen her face to face in years.

Only someone living in the house for weeks uninterrupted can recognize the vengeful timing of Dad's, mostly sedating but often terrifying medications supplied by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

10/4/24 Betty Broome Report

A whole family is afraid to defy Dad out of respect and he is in charge of a huge sedating medication obstacle to caring for Mom's ostomy appropriately with irrigation.

8:00 I asked Mom what they wanted for breakfast and Dad ask Mom. Dad said Mom wanted waffles and he fixed the batter. I cooked and brought them waffles with lots of butter and molasses for Mom and just better for Dad. They ate every bit. Mom was completely alert.

8:30 Dad was watching airplane crash documentaries so I went in the living room to watch old sitcoms. I felt bad about leaving Mom alone with the airplane crash videos but I didn't want to see any more of those videos.

9:15 Darion arrived and Mom said she needed her diaper changed. But it was great that she was so awake and focused at first.

9:30 Mark arrived and said he was taking Dad to the eye doctor. I asked him to ask the nurse when was the last time Mom went to the eye doctor and to try to talk Dad into making an appointment for Mom. Mark scoffed at the idea.

10:00 Dad took Mark to the doctor and I got to talk to Mom. She started out very alert but her eye started to sag around 10:30. So Dad must have given her medication just as he left. Darion was moaning and groaning all around the house and telling us she felt sick with allergies. She said she went to the hospital last night.

11:00 Mom said she wanted to rest after we had a long conversation and watched the trailer to an old movie Mom didn't care for. So we determined that wasn't a good movie for her even though it was about getting in shape.

11:30 I fixed chicken salad sandwiches on raisin bread which came out great. Both mom and Darion enjoyed them.

12:00 Dad and Mark returned from the doctor and Dad tried to talk Darion out of staying and giving Mom a shower. Darion said she would give Mom a short shower.

1:00 It sounded like Darion was talking to Mom for a long time behind the closed bedroom door.

2:00 Darion left because she was feeling ill.

I asked Mom several times today if Darion gave her a good shower and she said she didn't know. I think it's especially cruel for Dad to make the job so much harder with prescribed medication when Darion has to do something as precarious as move Mom in and out of the shower.

5:00 Dad left the house and returned with shrimp for all of us. Dad helped Mom eat the shrimp. When Dad was taking the leftovers in the kitchen I asked Mom one more time if she had a good shower today and Mom said she didn't know.

It's harder to detect when Dad gives mom the medicine that allows her to stay awake but still keeps her from remembering what she did all day. I don't know how he rationalizes such a cruel daily routine.

6:30 Dad was doing something in the kitchen.

7:00 it was quiet downstairs.

Instead of coming and observing Mom and keeping the drugs and alcohol away from her, the adult protective institutions threaten separation from the family as they're only contribution. I don't know how individuals working with institutions that were designed for wholesome healing professionals to improve the lives of the elderly, have instead

found themselves controlled by competitive and self-important lazy office workers, uncertified to make medical decisions they are put in a position to make.

10/3/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 a.m I thought I heard Dad call me downstairs and I went down to check. He said he didn't call so I went back upstairs.

6:30 Dad was getting something from the kitchen. I checked on Mom and she was sleeping.

8:00 Both Mom and Dad were sleeping.

9:00 I asked what they wanted for breakfast and they said they already ate cereal. I brought them little cutie oranges peeled and they ate most of them.

Darion arrived and Mom said she needed her diaper changed. The door was closed for a long time.

10:00 Mark arrived and worked in the backyard off and on. We sat in the living room talking for a while. I went in to see Mom and asked if she wanted salmon croquettes for lunch. She was still exhausted from her morning medication but she said, yes.

12:00 Mark left, I cooked salmon croquettes and brought them to Dad, Mom and Darion. They were really good fried and butter and served with peas.

12:30 They ate all of the croquettes and peas. I picked up their trays and tried to get Mom to look at the virtual reality image of the house so she could confirm where she is. Mom couldn't focus for even a minute. It's going to be a bad drug day for Mom.

1:00 Dad was interested in doing the electric portion of the bathroom ventilator. He called the roofer who installed the outside vent but that wasn't something they do. I started trying to attach the last screw in the ventilator but it was in an awkward position and I couldn't get it completely put in.

Dad taped up the light switch in the bathroom so no one would turn on the electricity while I was working.

2:00 I decided to get a hacksaw at the hardware store next time I go to remove the stripped screw. Dad and mom filled out their postal voting.

3:00 Byran the physical therapist gave Mom a good workout. Dad left the house to post their voting packets.

4:00 I got to talk to Mom and tell her about what it was like at the YMCA swimming pool and I played her the song I wrote about swimming on YouTube. Mom was starting to become alert for the first time today and she had a couple of good laughs before Dad came home. I told her she should start swimming because that would be the best exercise for her legs. I looked up how much you would cost to build a little swimming pool in the backyard with a little screened in shed to keep the leaves out of the pool. It looks like it would be at least \$60,000 for both of them together.

5:00 I fixed stir fry steak and vegetables with molasses teriyaki sauce. They ate every bit of it but Dad said he couldn't taste the sweetness.

6:00 I started my PBS exercise news and I could see mom in the open door of the bedroom watching TV..

7:00 I finished my exercise and told them good night. I'm trying to play a soothing song for Facebook every night until the election.

Thoughts

If Dad didn't incapacitate Mom at predictable times there would be no question Mom is completely incapacitated. But he medicates Mom in a way that immobilizes her after every conflict and whenever there is any activity or visitor planned for her. That includes FaceTime doctor appointments.

He said Mom would suffer and die sooner if I continue to stay in the house. That's a cruel indicator of how his ethics were wounded by isolation while his kids were developing their careers and families. He only wants visitors rarely enough let them see Mom suffering and rarely enough to control the optics that she is past recovery.

It's a real challenge to work with both of them building Mom up against Dad's sabotage and simultaneously getting Dad to become active enough to start thinking of life again instead of death.

10/2/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 Dad was getting apple pie for Mom in the kitchen. I didn't want any.

9:00 Teresa arrived and I talked about her her family.

9:15 Dad came in the kitchen and talked to Teresa while he was fixing coffee for Mom. I went in the bedroom and spoke to Mom asking her what she wanted for breakfast. She was obviously knocked out but she said "eggs and jelly toast." She was haggard from a drugging early this morning.

It appears Dad feels the need to prove to me he can't be stopped. Sadly, I knew Dad was going to give her another dose this morning because there were going to be visitors he needed to prove Mom's incompetence too. But at least I could give her some breakfast between druggings this morning.

9:40 Darion arrived and was talking to Teresa in the kitchen when I brought Mom her eggs and jelly toast. Mom's oxygen was pointed away from her nose while Dad was taking his shower. Darion and Dad came in the bedroom and when Mom saw Dad she said she didn't want her food. These kinds of self-destructive comments in Dad's presence are concerning. I fed her a bite of egg and she resumed eating. Dad ate some of his eggs and drank the iced coffee.

Mom ate almost all of her jelly toast but very little of her eggs. One time dad asked if Mom was finished and then later Darion asked if Mom was finished both while Mom was still eating. Sometimes there's a tendency to want to control Mom when she is stumbling with prescribed medicine.

Mom asked what was in the cup and Darion said, "cold coffee." Mom said she didn't want cold coffee. Darion found a cup of coffee which was still a little warm, Dad brought earlier. Mom drank some of that.

Mom started telling Dad she needed to go to the other house. Dad chuckled several times when Mom kept asking and he said, "I don't know what to tell you Betty we've lived here for over 40 years."

I wanted to interject that he should talk to the doctor about medication that wouldn't cause Mom to hallucinate, but I didn't want to start a battle this morning in front of Mom.

Dad started watching Frazier, of which Mom is a captive audience many hours a day. Mom finished eating but Dad didn't eat his breakfast. He said, he had already eaten apple pie. I took their tray and finished their breakfasts. As I left the room I told Mom the coffee was iced coffee and not cold coffee. I gave her one more chance to drink one of her favorite beverages but she was already committed to sending her tray away.

I went upstairs too finish yesterday's report and start the formal report for the month.

12:00 Mark arrived and was talking to Darion for a while. I joined in the conversation until we all went in to talk to Mom. Dad left the house to go get bacon for the soup he was going to make.

Mom had obviously been given another dose for the day in response to the conflicts Dad and I had about misuse of prescribed medications.

Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed so Mark and I went into the living room. Mark said he was going to the store and he left. Dad returned with the bacon and went to check Mom's oxygen level.

The bedroom door remained closed and I fell asleep on the living room chair.

1:00 Dad served extraordinary potato soup with bacon bits. It was too salty but I didn't say anything about it.

2:30 Mark returned and visited mom. Several times Dad seemed to want to argue with me about things he disliked about our golf game the day before. He told Mark, golf was canceled next week and I suggested we should go to three museums instead.

This seemed to interrupt Dad's commitment to conflict with me and he started describing issues he found fault with our last golf game. Dad either misremembered or was searching for something to argue with me about but it seemed to get resolved by the afternoon and golf was back on for next week.

Dad accidentally burned the remainder of his excellent potato soup but I put some of it in the refrigerator in hopes that it's still might be good.

5:00 I started my PBS News exercise.

6:00 I finished my exercise and went to speak to Mom and Dad. Dad asked why I bought three pies. I said I wanted one for myself. I said I like a half a pie in one sitting. Mom was still knocked out so this was a full day of medication in response to our conflict about over medicating Mom.

9:00 I spoke to one of our family members on my mother's side of the family. We had an extended conversation and I went back downstairs with hot tea for Mom and Dad and told them about the conversation.

9:30 I went back upstairs and called one of my ex students who has been leaving messages for me to call him. His mother died in February and the day she died her sister's came and took her purse and all the important papers from the house. They returned and took the Land Rover Toyota automobile from the garage. Then they returned again and took his personal credit card. He said they were going to be coming on Friday to get him to sign over his mother's insurance to put in a trust for him. I said that it didn't sound good and that he should have them pay off his mortgage with the insurance money so he has a place to live. But it was an eye-opening conversation.

It seems like adult protective Services need a special approach to help families better

Adult Protective Services need to visit for a couple of weeks and stay day and night to control the reported sufferers intake of medicine, food, water and alcohol. The APS should also monitor the clients output of waste and exercise.

At present, the only tool the APS seems to have in their toolbox is removal of the suffering client from their home. It has to be a huge expense to maintain living quarters for people removed from their houses. I would venture to say that in most cases removal of an abused elder is institutional abuse equal to the abuse caused by the innocent or unconscious spouse and family members.

Once the APS confidently sees the actual alertness level of a reported abused adult they could require the abuser to stop the misuse of medication and the neglect of waste removal (ostomy care). The dominant spouse or family member would not often need more than to see a nurse exposing and demonstrating the appropriate care of their spouse or family member. This would be a humane way to stop abuse and neglect.

But when an abused elder has an ostomy no one wants to deal with the distasteful job

of waste removal. Representatives of the APS don't want to consider the possibility of having to perform an ostomy irrigation or to even know the details of an elder abused by neglect of waste removal.

My mother is constantly fragile and in abdominal pain when she moves or sits up. She has never had her ostomy irritated in the 13 years she's had her ostomy. That fragility from an abdomen full of feces has made her immobile and she is only recently getting the strength back in her legs. She almost lost complete control of legs after being relegated to her bed using prescribed medications Dad discovered keeps Mom under control and immobile.

Recognition of her improved strength has caused Dad to double down on the medications that cause her to hallucinate and he chuckles and speaks to Mom with a patronizing tone in response to Mom's crazy imaginings. He only uses the extreme levels of medication when there are people witnessing or when he wants to convince Mom of something with repeated comments (gaslighting).

Dad seems to feel the need to prove to everyone Mom is beyond recovery. He doesn't want to consider that he should have used the original ostomy irrigation kit he was provided 13 years ago when she first received her botched operation.

It's a disgusting spectacle that would be easy for an APS institution to see into if it was part of their responsibility to have a registered nurse observe uninterrupted for a couple of weeks. Dad has become an expert at slipping medications to Mom in seconds, which cause her to hallucinate, sleep and cause her to be constipated.

It's easy to write Mom off as an elderly woman drifting in and out of hallucinations due to the natural aging process, except it only happens consistently in response to conflicts with Dad. Then he can only keep it up for a few days, like the duration he is keeping now, before he, apparently can't live with himself for causing Mom such suffering and he gives her a few days off the most harsh combinations of her prescriptions.

APS representatives do not want anything to do with Mom's ostomy so it is much more convenient to say she is hallucinating and unable to move because of her advanced age. Dad never lets anyone see Mom without varying levels of incapacitating prescription medications unless he can't anticipate visits.

The medications cause Mom to be either manic, trying to get up out of bed for the first 30 or 40 minutes or she's knocked out and sleeping/lethargic for 3 hours or so after she

calms down.

I moved in with Mom and Dad, off and on, 3 years ago when I was in an auto accident. Being in the house 24 hours a day, I accidentally saw into their situation. Now no one knows or believes the macabre nightmare my parents torture each other with when I explain it, even in detail.

In Texas, it is the job of Ken Paxton's Adult Protective Services, to professionally and ethically deal with complicated abusive families, without causing more suffering by separating families unnecessarily. The APS could save enormous amounts of money and suffering by posting registered nurses for a couple of uninterrupted weeks to monitor the food, alcohol and prescribed medication intake, and monitor body waste and exercise of abused clients.

The Adult Protective Services would be lauded internationally if they would allow abused victims to escape from the prescribed medications and alcohol used to abuse and control the elderly by unintentional abusers in their declining years.

10/1/24 Betty Broome Report

6:45 I went in the kitchen to start cooking breakfast because I thought I had a plan with Dad last night. He told me I misunderstood and he was supposed to make eggs and spinach, not me.

I left the kitchen and he was attempting to keep me in conversation but I left him and found out why he didn't want me to talk to Mom this morning. Mom was out of her mind asking about the "other house" she hallucinates about regularly when she has been over medicated with prescription drugs. Mom was terrified telling me she needed to get up.

She was at the scary portion of her drug event for the morning. It made me upset with my brothers for not helping and I sent them a text telling them they should witness Mom under these circumstances.

Mom said she wanted to see what Dad was doing and to make sure her crystal was in the "other house." I said, "I can help you go in the other room, see your crystal and you

can say hello to Dad making breakfast at the same time."

I started to get the exercise chair but she said she just wanted to go in the kitchen. So I grabbed her scooter and with almost no assistance holding one of Mom's shoulders she stood up, grabbed the arm rests of the scooter and sat down. This was an important moment in herself confidence and my understanding of her leg strength.

I pushed her in the kitchen and she told me where the light switch was on her crystal cabinet. She saw her crystal. Then she was angry with Dad saying she wanted to see him and she was ready for breakfast. I think in her drugged state it's hard for her to be comfortable with both Dad and I at the same time because we are at such opposite purposes with her fitness goals.

Hopefully she can learn to be comfortable with Dad as she builds her strength and confidence. But so far Dad is not been able to stop himself from providing the prescription drugs that incapacitate her.

I tried to push Mom up to the kitchen table and I moved all of the items to a nearby shelf. I made the table clear for her to eat with us, but she didn't allow me to push her up to it.

She said she wanted to eat in bed so I told her she can use the scooter to drive herself into the bedroom. She pressed the button and bumped into the wall. She was surprisingly undaunted by the collision. I pulled her back away from the wall and she rode through the living room and bumped into the couch. I realized the scooter was set to full speed and I turned it down so she was able to navigate herself around the back of the couch and toward the bedroom.

I navigated her through the bedroom door and she drove herself up to the bed.

I told her, "now I know you can stand up on your own you should get in the bed yourself." She said she wouldn't. I held her arms and she leaned forward and stood up. I helped her turn her bottom toward the bed and she sat down.

I think she is astonished about the ease with which she moves herself when she is rarely allowed to. I asked her to grab the trapeze to help me straighten her in the bed. Dad brought her breakfast on a tray.

Dad left to go get more breakfast trays as I straightened Mom in bed. We lifted mom's

head up and she said "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." I said, "I think you might feel better if you have something to eat."

Dad made a bed of spinach with scrambled eggs and beetroot slices. The spinach and the scrambled eggs were extremely salty but I ate it all to be polite. Neither Mom or Dad could eat much of their super salty eggs. Mom ate some of hers and dad asked me if I wanted Mom's leftovers. I said he should let us salt our own plates for. He said he knew the seasoning was not right.

I took their trays and went upstairs.

8:00 I went down in the living room and tried to delete a subscription to Britbox on the TV. Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked him if he knew how to do it. He started trying to find that option on the television.

8:30 I went in Mom and Dad's bedroom and tried to delete the subscription on their television. Mom was still raving about being in the wrong house. She said Darion and Veronica could not find us because we were in the wrong house.

Dad came in the bedroom and Mom was raving about needing her diaper changed and that she needed to go to the bathroom. I told Mom, Dad was here to change her diaper. Dad became upset and said, "don't talk about mom's diaper." I should have recognized then, there was a confusing strategy Dad was plotting for the day.

Dad found the right menu on the TV to delete the Britbox account and I completed the deletion. Mom asked why I was still in the bedroom while she was having her diaper changed and Dad said "Joe wants to look at your pohpoh" (nakedness). This wasn't one of Dad's usual jokes about having teenage boys pay to change mom's diaper. This was directed at me.

Dad would never say something hyperbolic like that if he wasn't upset and plotting something. I guess one of brothers has been upsetting Dad with their confused gossip strategies. When Dad thinks he's backed into a corner he starts making sexual implications for my reason staying with them.

9:15 Darion arrived and I told her mom was really looking forward to seeing her. They closed the door and there were conversations and the TV for quite a long time.

9:47 Ashley of APS called and said to make another formal report and ask for the

administrator now we need an improved response. I told her I would.

11:00 Dad knew he crossed the line today making his, Mom's and Darion's lives miserable with Mom's medications. But his need to control Mom and his declining decision making ability are too much for him to escape under his own power. He still hasn't checked to see if he has Lyme disease which could be reversible.

Darion is too new to the household to understand the difference between Mom being drugged and it is too tempting to avoid dealing with Mom's ostomy. She certainly doesn't want to defy Dad's requests when Mom is confused and suggestible.

It's very tempting for anyone dealing with Mom, to accept the explanation so many around Mom give, that Mom's hallucinations are part of her "disease," her aging and or Mom being a hysterical female.

10:00 I went to the grocery store and bought everything Mom likes. It was the first time my Choctaw Indian credit card was rejected. It may be too early in the month to use it.

10:45 Dad called when I was on the way back from the grocery store and told me we had to leave for the golf course in 15 minutes. He was clearly upset and I couldn't have known he was going to give Mom an extra dose of medication.

We had an excellent golf game but the temperature was far too hot for three people all above the age of 68.

2:00 We returned to the house and Byran (the physical therapist) was working with Mom in the old wheelchair in the middle of the living room. Mom was hysterical and Mark, Dad and Darion pointed the blame for her anger at me. I didn't recognize how they were acting aggressively toward me until Mark said for Mom to pretend the balloon Byran was attempting to use for a volleyball, was my head.

Next Mark told me I needed to go take a shower. I finally caught on they were trying to point me away from Mom and I never expected Darion to be such a big part of the conspiracy. Mom only acts crazy like this when she is drugged or frightened by someone's reaction to her being drugged.

And she could only have been kept upset for the length of the golf game if Dad gave her a big dose just before he left and Darion thought Mom was going to be out of control all day. In this case Darion was also probably avoiding having to deal with Mom's ostomy.

Several months ago I gave Darion an irrigation kit for Mom's ostomy and asked her to start watching professional videos so she could give Mom some abdominal relief if she ever had the opportunity. Our golf game was a perfect opportunity so it looks like Darion adopted the dementia excuse for avoiding dealing with mom's feces. It's understandable but it should be a crime for elder assistants to avoid that disgusting chore.

Mom was profoundly apologetic but exceptionally influenceable by the group acting as if I was the source of Mom's agitation.

Dad was sitting in his chair seeming to revel in the chaos he caused like Trump watching TV on January 6th. He was acting like a martyr who is sad for his wife who is freaking out in the middle of a room surrounded by family and assistants.

If I hadn't lived with Mom and Dad for 3 years it would have been easy to get caught up into the performance myself but I've seen it all before.

Dad can't be rewarded with isolation and leaving like all my brothers have. It's isolation which caused this horrifying codependent mental illness with him, Mom, family and medical assistants who simply want to point the responsibility for Mom's disgusting ostomy feces away from themselves.

You would think people in the medical field would have recognized this tendency for the elderly to be shunned and uncared for, even in overtly caring families. I remember my avoidance of the responsibility human waste of elderly people in my first job at Delgado clinic immediately when I graduated from college at Loyola. It's so predictable that people would avoid human waste that it should be a huge part of the orientation and training at health institutions.

But here they were, all acting like it was so sad Mom was upset and hallucinating again. But that was preferable for all of them than accepting responsibility for her profound and constant 13 years of abdominal cramps due to the lack of ostomy care.

Dad was given an ostomy irrigation kit when Mom first had her botched operation. It was just too much for him to think he had to do more than change Mom's ostomy bag several times a day.

So now she's completely filled with feces and the slightest movement causes her to say she's sick and she's going to pass out. It seems so much easier to blame Mom's oxygen level or her mental state than it is to irrigate Mom's ostomy.

Irrigation of an ostomy really isn't complicated or upsetting if the correct tools are used, the correct number of times per week and Mom's suffering could be relieved.

Mom could easily be enjoying her life without the fragility of a gut full of feces.

Dad knew he crossed the line today and it was perfectly obvious to me. But he also knew his performance was successful with everyone else in the room and he seemed to be, at once delighted with his con job and simultaneously frightened that he was discovered by his oldest son who had to be demonized to protect his unconscious slow torture murder of his wife.

Mom said she wanted to be moved back into the bedroom and Dad told Darion to do it. Byran and Darion moved mom into the bed. Byran was careful too watch to see how much of mom's weight she took on for herself during the transfer to the bed then he did some physical therapy.

I told Byran, "Mom is only this confused and hallucinating when she is drugged." Dad ran in the room and said for Mom not to let anyone tell her she's drugged. Dad said, "it's all prescribed by doctors!" I said, "that's what they told Aunt Jeannie before she died." "It's prescription drugs!" I said, "no one can care for themselves, do their physical therapy or enjoy the last days of their life if they're made loopy with various combinations of prescription drugs." Dad thought he had made his point and disappeared somewhere in the house. Darion seemed to have a moment of realization. Maybe she'll catch on in time.

After a few minutes Mom said she wanted to get up again. She said she wanted to get in the short chair. This meant she was finally asking to get in the scooter. I moved it next to the bed and Darion finally seemed to recognize Mom was continuing to be upset by her.

Darion must have thought Mom was going to be out of control all day and didn't want to deal with Mom's ostomy. Darion seemed to have set her mind on that confusion level until now. Earlier Darion kept saying in an ironic and disturbing way, "there's no reason to get Mom hyper, there's no reason to be upset." But now she seemed to understand that statements like that, said with a slightly frightened tone, were causing Mom to be upset, and Darion may have kept mom upset for longer than usual through our golf game.

I think she recognized, I wasn't being put off by the terrible things people said and

implied to and about me, and that my focus was entirely on what is best for Mom.

Byran left, obviously affected by the confusion in the house but remaining composed as he joked about me bringing Mom an ice cream shake riding in the scooter.

I asked Mom if she wanted an ice cream shake and Mom screamed at me saying, "I don't want anything from you." I asked if she wanted hot tea and she calmed down and said, "yes. I want hot tea."

I got Mom some tea and also brought her the paper. Darion was trying to give Mom her glasses while Mom was trying to drink her tea. But soon Darion recognized Mom could not do both and she backed off with the glasses and the newspaper.

Mom recognized the nightmarish drug event was passing and that's probably why she asked for the scooter for the first time in several months. This was an act of defiance against her gas-lit codependent performance for Dad, of being a mental and physical invalid.

Darion assisted Mom getting in the scooter and I demonstrated how the motor could be disengaged to push Mom in the living room. Dad became involved and asked Darion to move Mom to the big chair in the living room. Mom was over praised for being in the living room but she tolerated it and was still hallucinating mildly about being in the wrong house.

Mom soon asked to go in the bedroom again but I suggested we look out the front door so she could see she is in the right house. Dad asked Darion to put mom back in the scooter and for the first time he turned it on and used the power of the scooter to inch Mom through the kitchen and next to the front door where I held it open for her to look out and see where she was.

Here's a video when Dad rode Mom around the house while she was still upset.
<https://youtu.be/tUQun4KVloY?si=YJ5vZ17NUnbesyAB>

4:30 Darion left for the day after being isolated in the bedroom with Mom some time. Darion was rewarded with both Mom and Dad praising her Herculean job.

Only mom and Darion knew what happened while we were playing golf. Darion told us that while we were gone Margaret the Wednesday nurse was here and so that let me know where Darion got the terminology of excuses. Margaret talks about Mom

hallucinating due to her "disease." Margaret is too close to retirement to get involved or help Mom in any real way.

So it's understandable why Darion was participating in Dad's theater and Mom's upsetting agitation for much of the day. Mom kept telling Dad to give Darion money. Darion said she was paid by her company every two weeks. Mom was clearly grateful Darion went through so much with her today.

But Mom was oblivious to the idea that Darion missed an opportunity to make her comfortable for the first time in 13 years with an irrigation.

I was very upset with Dad and he knew I knew what he had done, so he didn't talk to me except to ask if I wanted a piece of pie or some milk.

8:00 When the vice president debate began and I went in their bedroom. Dad had obviously given Mom a third drug dose for the day to complete his performance. The leg exercise machine was pushed up against the side of the bed so Mom was incapable of trying to jump out of the bed in the manic portion of this evenings drug event.

We watched the debate in silence until the end when I asked Mom what she thought of it. She said, "I thought he (Tim Walz) did a great job but I fell asleep during part of it so I'm not sure." She asked what I thought and I said, "they both spoke very well but Vance had an impossible task of defending someone who commits crimes."

Mom was exhausted from a full day of drugging. I told her good night and went upstairs.

9/30/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went into see Mom and Dad. Dad was feeding Mom granola and made a joke pretending it tasted bad joking so I wouldn't eat all of it.

Dad went in the kitchen and I started reading Mom her book. Dad came in the room and said, "don't put that on the internet with information about other people in Poteau Oklahoma." I said, "before we publish Mom's book we will have reread it many times and decided what was too sensitive for the public."

Dad seems to be jealous when I work on anything with Mom but we have to involve both of them so they can get beyond that immature jealousy when we involve one or the other.

Dad started interjecting details about early Poteau life. He couldn't stop. So Mom and I heard a lot about family lawyers and the people who ran businesses in Poteau and Mom didn't get much of a chance to add to her book.

8:30 Mom couldn't take it anymore and started to stand up and get out of bed saying, "I'm going in the bathroom." I said, "I will get the bathroom chair" and Dad said, "we're not using the bathroom chair." Mom was climbing out of bed and I said "don't stand up until I get the chair." Dad said angrily, "we're not using the bathroom chair!" He got up out of bed and said, "I'll change your diaper." So I went in the living room. Dad knows Mom is going to be out of control when he gives her medication but he puts on this performance almost everyday making Mom's care a thousand times more complicated for himself and everyone else.

9:15 Darion arrived in a good mood. She started to talk to Mom right away the best she could but Mom was over medicated.

10:00 There were at least three diaper requests right away and I know Darion must have been confused by Mom's mental state after seeing her so much more in control other times.

11:00 I found a TV show for Dad and asked Mom if she wanted hot Tea. She said, "no" but she asked for food. I made BLTs for Mom, Dad and Darion. Mom ate half. I think she didn't want me to go without and wanted me to eat her second half.

12:00 Mom said, she needed her diaper changed, I went in the living room and they closed the door.

I'm always encouraged how much Darion involves mom and conversation. It's a challenge when Dad's in the room because, whenever he starts talking it becomes a five to 30 minute monologue. It's good therapy for Dad to talk but he can't help stopping Mom.

12:30 I started practicing my songs while Mom started growling and barking in the bedroom. Dad obviously gave Mom a second dose of drugs to keep Darion in line today. My brother's wouldn't be able to live with themselves if they allowed themselves to be

aware of Mom's drugged and abdominal suffering.

The bedroom door was closed most of the day but I got the chance to talk to Darion once and she agreed, if we get the opportunity to work with Mom alone and unmedicated, we should move her in the bathroom with the toilet chair and use the irrigation kit to make her comfortable for the first time in 13 years. A lot has to fall into place but now that Mom has seen how the irrigation kit works she is more enthusiastic. She has recently been showing signs of frustration waiting for an opportunity to use the irrigation kit. Mom has started seeing a light at the end of the tunnel. It's the cramps in her bowels that don't allow her to sit up or move, but the drugs keep her confused much of each day. It's a living nightmare!

3:00 I received a pillow in the mail which had to be adjusted to fit at the foot of Mom's bed so she wouldn't slide down so often. I did most of the sewing to adapt the pillow to fit at the foot of the bed but mom helped sew the pillow to a cloth bag so it would stay firmly at the foot of the bed. Here is video of Mom sewing as she came out of her drug stupor for the day.

<https://youtu.be/TnGwEJS22U4?si=c7bKyzZVos8nLOIF>

5:00 Darion left for the day and I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted sausage sandwiches. Dad said he wanted a hot dog Mom said she wanted a sausage sandwich. Mom was obviously coming out of the medication cloud.

5:30 I brought them a tray and they ate their sandwiches. Mom said she liked sausage instead of hot dogs for a change.

Dad was cleaning the kitchen and I asked Mom if she wanted to ride around in the scooter. I said, "it is the most fun thing in the house and it's like an E ticket at Disney world." Mom said, "not today."

6:00 I started PBS NewsHour on the TV in Mom and Dad's bedroom and started my exercise on the stationary bike next to their bed. I told Mom I could put her on the lift and sit her up on this stationary bike and she could do exercise at the same time as me. She said, she knows but she didn't want to. She seemed like she wanted to act mad like Dad trained her too respond. But she can't keep up the angry pretense when he's not in the room.

6:30 Mom said, she had a BM and "Dad needs to help change my ostomy." Mom asked if I wanted to do it. I think she may have been trying to introduce the irrigation kit. I wish I

would have caught on quickly and suggested the moving her to the bathroom but I told her, "I know how to do it" and I moved into the living room to finish my exercise.

7:00 Dad came in the living room obviously intoxicated. He asked me to help him get his Gmail back. I sat with him for about 30 minutes going through the process of getting access to his account and we were finally successful at changing his password and he saw his email again.

7:30 He thanked me profusely and went in the kitchen and got more wine while I made Indian lassi for myself. I went upstairs for the night. He said Mom and he would like eggs and sausage in the morning at 7:00. I said 7:00 sounds great.

9:00 Dad sent me a text asking, if "we got him off my bill." I don't know what he means but I'll find out in the morning.

I took out the garbage.

If we could just get brothers and the adult protection services to involve Dad in more activities and monitor mom's medication every day, Darion and I would have more opportunities to work with Mom. I think my brothers are too involved with career, jealous wives and substance abuse to realize the opportunity they are missing, to return the lifetime of care Mom and Dad generously gave them.

9/29/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went downstairs and the door was closed but there was leftover batter for me to make waffles for myself. Mom and Dad's breakfast tray was next to the sink so they had already eaten.

8:30 Dad opened the bedroom door and Mom was knocked out sleeping or on medication.

9:00 Dad closed the bedroom door and said, "5 minutes" indicating he was changing Mom's diaper.

10:00 I continued watching television waiting for Mom to wake up and the bedroom door to open.

10:30 Mark called and said he was bringing cookies. I called him back and asked him to bring a USB printer cable if he found one at his house. Dad needs one for the portable CD ROM and he sent out a group text to family members asking for one the day before.

11:00 Dad asked me to go to Sam's for shrimp and catfish. I borrowed his credit card because I have maxed out all of my funds and made a signature loan paying off my HOA.

11:30 I got lunch and Mom ate a lot of it with Dad's help.

12:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to work on her book and she said "no." Dad brought Mom's toothbrushing supplies and I went in the living room.

I started watching a Star Trek movie.

1:00 I talked to Mom while Dad was cleaning the kitchen. Mom was coming out of a half day of medication.

2:00 Mom said she needed her ostomy changed and I went in the living room while Dad attended to her.

When Dad was finished changing mom's ostomy bag we talked about the cookies Mark was going to bring and I asked her what she wanted for supper. She seemed upset about the idea of food so I knew her bowels were full and she was terribly uncomfortable.

2:30 We were talking about how the television in their bedroom was having some kind of memory problem because the voices did not match the mouth movements on more than one channel. We tried to watch an episode of Last of the Summer Wine, an English comedy and the problem continued.

I rebooted the television to factory settings and we discovered Dad has lost access to his Google account so he is not getting emails. We said we would try to address that after the 48 hours his Google account was requiring him to wait.

After a long time of different attempts to get the television working Dad said he needed to go get more diapers. There were at least 20 diapers in the house so I was a bit suspicious.

5:00 Dad left to get diapers and after a short while Mom started to display indications Dad gave her medication before he left. I told Mom she should be alert to the sensations she was feeling and the intense ideas in her thoughts would only last 30 minutes before she would get sleepy.

She started hallucinating and asking about paintings in the living room. I reminded her, in about 30 minutes she will be past this scary part of the medication event so she should relax and not be upset.

She started saying she needs to get up, "I need to get up, I need to get up." I said, "you naturally know what you need. But when I try to get you up to exercise you are too uncomfortable because of your insides being full of feces." "When we sit you up or take you in the living room you shout," "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick."

I said, "You have to be allowed to have your ostomy irrigated so you can move comfortably and do your physical therapy." I guess, because Mom was alerted to the effects of the medication, she was able to continue following a conversation and was less tempted to fall into the hallucinations.

Mom asked what I meant by ostomy irrigation. I told her I could show her how it works and I showed her the equipment I purchased. I demonstrated the ostomy irrigation tools using my fingers instead of actually attaching it to her body.

She became very excited about the possibility of ending the intense discomfort in her bowels. It's been many years so it was understandable she immediately wanted to try it.

I felt bad saying, "we should wait till there was more time without Dad." Dad stopped Mom from using all the exercise and transportation equipment until he couldn't deny their practicality after many months.

It's the same with the potty chair and the scooter he is so vehemently opposed to now. He didn't assume the responsibility for the ostomy kit he was given 13 years ago and he probably doesn't want to be reminded Mom's years of discomfort are his doing.

Mom agreed we would wait for an opportune moment to use the ostomy kit and the potty chair. Darion has said, she would help with anything so maybe that would give Mom more of a chance.

6:00 Dad returned with diapers, changed Mom's diaper and made scalloped potatoes

which were pretty good.

7:00 I used my email to turn on PBS NewsHour in their bedroom. The episode ended with an optimistic story about elderly people enjoying their entire lives to the age of 100. It was a nice coincidence.

<https://youtu.be/uAgZpxR-41o?si=JoNzyWLkdtLNi0O5>

I did my exercise on the stationary bike in their bedroom during PBS News and then went upstairs for the evening.

Today was hugely revealing.

Dad appears to be embarrassed he didn't use the ostomy irrigation tools he was provided to keep Mom comfortable and active 13 years ago. Three weeks ago, when the physical therapist moved Mom to the toilet, he did it on the toilet chair.

Dad became a huge and unapologetic obstacle to the use of the potty chair ever since that time. Mom is easily gaslit against exercise, transport and toilet equipment when she is medicated or angrily dominated by Dad.

I purchased an ostomy irrigation kit and demonstrated it to Mom tonight. She became elated and wanted to try it immediately. But Dad was only going to be out of the house for a short time. So we discussed practicing it when he leaves for a game of golf.

Now the important concerns are how much medication Mom receives and how much gaslighting Dad traumatizes her with against the irrigation tools. He convinced Mom she didn't like the potty chair that allows her to go to the toilet to urinate or be irritated.

But now she knows about the irrigation kit and the relief it will give her, so the potty chair has come back into her favor. She will need to be sitting on the toilet too do her ostomy irrigations. She can't be falling over from medication or upset about using the toilet chair again.

9/28/24 Betty Broome Report

That almost never lets mom on medicated on the weekend as an old habit and to make

sure visitors get the idea that Mom is incapacitated. Recently simply says that moment's feeling sick.

6:00 Dad's active this morning but I didn't visit with them.

7:00 I went downstairs and the bedroom door was closed so I started watching TV in the living room.

8:00 Dad asked if I would fix shredded wheat. Mom was not responding but I fixed shredded wheat for both of them. Dad brought their breakfast tray back in the kitchen and Mom had not eaten hers.

8:30 I went in the bedroom and Dad was watching MSNBC news.

9:00 Darion arrived and tried to talk to Mom. Dad kept telling Darion, Mom is "sick" this morning. Dad came out of the bedroom and I guess Darion was trying to bathe mom.

10:00 I started watching a spy movie series with Dad.

11:00 Dad started cooking and said he could hear the movie from the kitchen.

12:00 Dad served us all steak mashed potatoes and gravy with beets which was extraordinary. Every bite was perfect.

12:30 the spy movies ended but Mom and Dad's bedroom door was closed.

1:00 I practiced songs for a few hours.

3:00 Mom was knocked out and when Darion came through the living room to go to the restroom she told me she wasn't able to give Mom a shower. Dad repeated that Mom was sick today.

If my brother's would plan activities with Mom all during each day like Mom and Dad planned for us when we were young Dad wouldn't have the opportunity to waste entire days like this with Mom on medication, often pretending to sleep and constantly cramping with constipation.

5:00 Dad was fixing chicken in the kitchen and I suggested I should do it because Mom needed her diaper changed. I made hot chicken salad on a bed of lettuce. Mark and Connie came in with a cabbage casserole because Dad forgot they called ahead to say

they would fix supper.

I was putting the chicken salad on lettuce when they arrived so we all apologized and they said they would take it home and eat it themselves.

6:00 Mom took a long time finishing but she ate all her chicken salad and I finished Dad's. I told them I was going to do my PBS news exercise and I went in the living room.

6:30 I finished my exercise and said good night to them.

A nurse friend shared a list of suggested communication prompts.

Here are some empathetic prompts to share with the caregiver:

1. _Concern for loved one's safety_: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."
2. _Impact on quality of life_: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."
3. _Recognition of caregiver's struggles_: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."
4. _Importance of professional expertise_: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work together to find a solution."
5. _Honesty about damage caused_: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm with years of constipation and sedation, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."
6. _Empathy and support_: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."
7. _Focus on emotional support_: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."
8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like

hiring a professional nurse caregiver or facility care, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

URGENT CLINICAL REPORT

Patient: Betty Broome

Caregiver: Joe Broome

Date: 9/29/24

9/27/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad is almost always tired from staying up all night changing mom's diaper and mom is almost always upset from being trapped in this situation where she can't get out of bed.

6:00 I accidentally startled Dad as he passed me in the living room when he was taking food to Mom. I drove to Austin because my retirement check came early and I was able to pay off the HOA. But I neglected to bring a checkbook to Houston so I had to drive all the way to Austin.

10:00 I paid off the HOA.

1:00 I returned from Austin and watched Sherlock Holmes with Mom and Dad. I brought Mom dried fruit, fresh orange slices and hot tea. She drank most of it. I brought Dad iced tea and he and I drank ours while we watched the movie.

2:30 Darion is not here today but Dad said she will come tomorrow. I said I didn't believe it because she never comes on the weekend. Sherlock Holmes ended and I started upstairs to take a nap. On my way out of the bedroom Dad told me there was a woman who could tell how valuable the pottery, furniture and paintings were in the house. He obsesses about one thing and then another. There really isn't much of value but I told him I brought the doll cart from Austin and I would give it to Connie because they gave her the antique dolls.

3:30 Mark arrived and talked to Mom and Dad for a little bit and left.

4:00 Dad received stippling pencils from Neal in the mail. Mom said she wanted wine. They always seem to forget how confused and miserable they become when they drink.

Soon after Dad brought drinks into the bedroom Dad was soon on the side of the bed keeping Mom from slipping out on the floor. She doesn't drink much of it but when she does she thinks she can stand up. She needs to exercise and build up her strength before she does stands again.

6:00 I made salmon crockets that came out better than ever. I think they are best when they are quite crunchy on the outside and still well cooked but soft on the inside.

6:30 I did my PBS news exercise and Dad told me about an episode he found about voting booth issues.

7:30 I finished my exercise and said good night to Mom and Dad.

When Dad angrily tells Mom to stop thinking about getting up and getting well, and when he discourages mom from using exercise equipment, Mom is too medicated or too compliant, as a '60s housewife to defy Dad. Dad has very little too keep up his confidence other than the ego boost of dominating Mom.

So Mom continues day after day with a belly full of feces because she doesn't evacuate properly without the required irrigation/enemas of her ostomy. Dad received an ostomy irrigation kit 13 years ago when Mom first started having to wear bags for her waste. I guess the task of irrigation was just too much for him to take since he already had to deal with Mom's feces.

I hired a nurse to take over the job of irrigation last November 2023 but registered nurse was not allowed to take on any of the medication or ostomy responsibilities.

My brothers don't want to think about Mom's constant suffering with a belly full of feces, so they corroborate both Dad and Mom's continued codependent neglect of Mom's ostomy and ignore the daily sedating medication.

When my brothers occasionally try to participate they lose their temper with our 91-year-old Dad, who needs to be gradually coaxed out of his bad habits rather than receiving angry comments which only serves to make his life miserable for no purpose. They should be organized about involving Mom and Dad in constant activities like Mom and Dad did for us when we were young.

You wouldn't think I would have to say it more than once but I've explained it to them for 3 years to everyone in the family, to the doctor and to the Adult Protective Services.

Is there any wonder why Putin, Netanyahu, Bashir, Combs, Erdogan, Maduro, Trump and Paxton go unpunished?

Either we are too lazy to respond appropriately to male abuse or there is a permission structure based in psychology humans have not addressed appropriately.

9/26/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom has been gaslighted to think of me as the bad guy who can't stop her Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde husband using Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs to sedate her. She's being kept from doing her physical therapy and is constipated with constant fragile suffering. She's too drugged and uncomfortable to make any movement or escape constant boredom.

1:30 a.m. I heard Mom call. I went downstairs and knocked on the door and Dad said, "no no, no." I went back upstairs.

8:00 I knocked on Mom and Dad's door and asked if they wanted eggs and bacon for breakfast. Mom asked, "what is that."

I guess she must have talked to Dad about our conversation last night and she got the full excruciating mixture of medications this morning. Dad was seated next to the bed like he does when he has to keep Mom from jumping out of bed due to extreme medication.

I went in and opened the curtains to let light in and Dad said to Mom, "you would eat if Joe brought breakfast." Mom didn't respond.

8:15 I brought Mom and Dad fried eggs, jelly toast and bacon. I put a towel on Mom's neck as a bib and started to put her plate on her chest but Dad said he would do it. I went in the living room and left the door open. I could see Dad trying to feed Mom.

8:30 Dad came out of the bedroom with the breakfast tray and I asked if Mom ate. He said she ate most of it. I went in to speak to Mom while Dad was in the kitchen and asked if she liked her breakfast and she asked, "what is that?"

This is the kind of consequences Mom receives when she shows any independence. So

she must have talked to Dad last night about ostomy irrigation and the bathroom chair.

9:00 Mia arrived. I guess she was being careful about tardiness because she left a full hour early the day before. I couldn't bare to see Mom exhausted and drugged. I went in the living room and practiced a bunch of my songs before I went upstairs.

There was a new twist to Dad's behavior. Every time I started to play my guitar dad closed the door. I'm not 100% sure of the correlation but it happened three times.

12:00 I came downstairs and asked if they wanted me to make them ham sandwiches. Mia said, there were only 3 hotdogs, so Joe, Mom and she had already eaten. I went in the kitchen and there was a full package of hot dogs but I fixed the remaining ham with molasses sweet sauce for myself.

1:00 Dad continued to close the door for my songs and when he came out of the bedroom I was playing a recording of one of my songs that is political and particularly optimistic. I told him I'm going to start posting positive songs on Facebook to lighten the state of mind of anyone who listens to them.

He said that was a good idea in this political climate. I said, he should play along with me on the keyboard. He said he doesn't sing anymore. I repeated, you should play on the keyboard. He didn't answer.

1:30 Mark arrived and went straight into the bedroom after greeting me with an accidental racist comment where Mia might have heard. I guess something is up but I didn't care to get involved in a conflict this morning.

I continued to sit in the living room and practice songs.

2:30 I went to two post offices and two grocery stores to get a money order to pay off my HOA. As I left the house I saw Byran, the physical therapist, going into the house. I yelled and thanked him for helping Mom so much and he waved to me.

None of the grocery stores or post office stores will make a money order for that much money so I guess I'll have to make a trip to Austin. I didn't bring my checkbook to Houston, which would have been useful in this situation.

3:30 I spoke to Mom when Dad wasn't home. I told her about my trip to the banks and stores and asked if she wanted a chocolate shake. Mom smiled and said yes.

I saw there was no ice cream, so I gave her a tiny candy bar and told her I would run to the store. I went and got ice cream and a few items. I returned and Dad was in the kitchen when I put away the groceries.

Dad was fixing a salad for Mom so I waited for the chocolate shake.

4:00 Mia left for the day.

6:00 Dad was massaging Mom's arm in the dark bedroom and Mom said Dad made her an eye-opener. I guess she meant they had some alcohol. I asked Mom if she wanted the chocolate shake now and she said yes. Dad said firmly they only want a small one.

I brought them both chocolate shakes and I started doing my PBS News exercise waving to Mom in the bedroom.

7:30 I finished my exercise and told them good night.

A nurse friend shared suggestions for our situation to call attention to the urgency.

Immediate action ensures:

1. Safety and well-being: Prompt attention protects the care recipient from harm.
2. Prevention of further issues: Addressing the situation quickly prevents additional problems from arising.
3. Establishing a new care plan: Swift action allows for the development of a safer, more effective care plan.
4. Reducing stress and anxiety: Resolving the situation quickly reduces stress and anxiety for all parties involved.

Don't delay; address the situation promptly to ensure the care recipient's safety and well-being.

Mom needs her ostomy irrigated, to go to the doctors and to be allowed to do her exercise without sedating medications.

9/25/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went to see Mom and Dad. Mom was completely alert and upset with me. Dad won't let Mom be unmedicated and still enjoy my company at the same time. Dad thinks he has to make it look like something is almost always wrong with Mom. I can't imagine how this is affecting her psychologically. I asked Mom if she wanted me to take her in the living room early so she could be there when Teresa arrives to clean the house. She said, "not yet."

When Dad keeps protesting that he wants his family back, he is not being objective about who is causing the problems in his family. It's disingenuous when Dad keeps overmedicating Mom, gas lighting her against me and never letting anyone irrigate her ostomy so she is constantly suffering with bowel discomfort and incapacitated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

Mom and Dad said they already had shredded wheat and I said I would go get dressed.

9:00 I came downstairs again and Mark, Dad and Neal were at the kitchen table. I greeted them and went to check on Mom.

I said hello to Mia and asked Mom again if she would let me take her to the living room so Teresa could clean up. Mom said okay so I started moving the exercise machine next to the bed but Mia was in that location and Teresa said there was no rush.

Mia always seems surprised when Mom talks or gets up, as if she doesn't want Mom disturbed. I think it interferes with her phone time.

It was very disappointing that Mia was here again this week after we were told Darion would be with us 5 days a week after the 20th of this month. It appears Darion may be the only dependable worker at Caring Senior Services and it must be very stressful to her that she is not in control of her schedule.

Neal, Mark and Dad came in the bedroom and started talking to each other around Mom. Neal touched Mom's foot and said he was going to need to say goodbye for the day because he wouldn't be back. Mom called out a loud long, "no!" And everyone chuckled and repeated the sound she made, "no!"

No one thinks to ask how she feels or have a conversation with Mom. I think it doesn't

match their preconceived notion, she's already dead. It reminds me of when I FaceTimed with Fiona's family in Scotland and Fiona's mother responded appropriately in the conversation. But when I spoke to Neal and Fiona afterwards they said the mother wasn't really communicating because she had dementia. This didn't match with what I had just experienced but I didn't question it at the time.

People from our generation seem to be overly committed to the wishes of the bossiest person in the family hierarchy. Neal is highly susceptible, wanting to be accepted by his team leader and he and Fiona are committed to the idea that Mom is not talking any longer.

Mia wasn't going to move until I specifically asked her to excuse me and she pulled her chair away so I could move the exercise machine next to the bed. Mom knows how to get on the exercise machine really easily and quickly now. I demonstrated to Mia how to put a foot between Mom's feet, so her calves go into the padded slots.

I asked Mom to stand up by herself and she said no at first but she was almost completely stood up before Mia and I assisted her the last bit and we put the seating pads under her backside.

I rolled Mom into the living room and in front of her big chair. I asked her to stand up again and to let herself down slowly. The chair in the living room is deeper than the height of the bed so it's a bit more of a challenge and more exercise to slowly sit down. Mom did it gradually and I thanked her and made a big deal out of how slowly she sat down and how much good exercise that was.

I got the moccasins Dad made so I could put them on Mom's feet while Neal was here, but someone had already wrapped her feet in the blanket so I set them on the couch.

10:00 I was disappointed that Neal was on his phone while simultaneously talking to Mark. I got Mom some hot tea and she was drinking it. Mom called across the room asking Neal what he was doing. I lost my temper and said, "He's pretending you are incapacitated."

Neal has always been delicate in his choice of television programs and family conflicts. He started moving around the room telling everyone goodbye and that he was leaving. Dad had already probably coerced him into playing golf with us today and Neal appeared to be looking for an opportunity to escape. I inadvertently gave him that opportunity.

I was very upset with Neal and called him everything from a "man child" to "the person with all the responsibility (power of attorney) and never does anything." I stood by the door waiting for him to exit and he said he can open the door himself. I told him, "I wondered if he could do that by himself."

I don't think Dad heard my initial comment about Neal pretending Mom was incapacitated because he didn't reprimand me for calling Neal names. It was an emotional few minutes with Dad telling Neal he would have a great time playing golf, then Neal was gone.

I attempted to text Neal and apologize for yelling at him but it appears that he has me blocked from even sending a text.

10:15 Mark, Dad and I went out to the car and left to play golf. Mark was the first to mention that Brian was probably already there because Brian is always at the golf course an hour early.

Mark was probably upset by the situation and was sensitive about Dad's driving. Dad said Mark can drive anytime but Mark continued to be upset and complain about Dad driving erratically. Dad said in 70 years no one has ever complained about his driving. I told Dad that everyone has complained but he doesn't hear it. Dad said okay.

Mark seems to be starting to recognize Dad is making mistakes but he may want to pick his battles where they will help Mom the most.

10:30 We were hitting practice balls at the driving range with our cart waiting for us. We kept expecting Brian to walk up and I'm sure we would have joked with him about how he was always early until today.

I joked and said, maybe we didn't call him often enough about this golf date. Dad said, "we shouldn't have to call more than once." He said he changed the date from Wednesday to Tuesday specifically because Brian wasn't able to play on Wednesday. For some reason I didn't get any flack for causing such a fuss this morning, which kept four of the Broome boys from having their first historical game together without Dad.

I think we were all worried about Brian being in an auto accident by this time. Dad called Cindy, Brian's wife, and left a message.

The golf Marshall announced that the 11:00 group should get up on the tee box. The

Marshall told us we would go after the next group.

The next group was carrying their golf bags rather than riding in a cart and I joked that would make it easy to keep up with them. We started to ask to be placed later, telling them in the office that our fourth has not arrived.

They put us behind another cart.

Dad said, we need to get started and Mark went back to the driving range and started hitting balls. Mark was clearly and understandably upset by the events of the morning. I told Dad that Mark may be in a family texting group in which we are not included and maybe upset about something we don't know about. But that was just a guess.

Dad and I accidentally went to the tee box a little too early and we may have caused the people who would play in front of us to feel rushed. But we never did get in touch with Brian so we started playing.

11:30 Dad finally spoke to Brian when we were on the third hole. Dad didn't let me know what was said but Dad looked confused by the conversation. We were all shaken by the upsetting morning but nature and focus on the game won out.

Next thing we knew we were joking. We had one argument with Mark when Dad was pressuring us to hurry up, but it was a great game.

1:00 Dad asked if it was too late to turn into hobby lobby. Dad wanted to get some special pins that allow him to attach the fitted sheet to the mattress so it wouldn't keep sliding and balling up under Mom. I dropped him and Mark off and went to get gas. I found a place where it was \$2.28 a gallon. I got back just in time where they were coming out of the store and they waved to me through the window inside. I turned the car around and headed for home.

1:30 We returned home and Mia was just finished serving pizza for Mom. Mia said Mom ate most of hers and I brought Mom and Dad a Coke float. Dad said he was about to change Mom's ostomy. I don't think Mia would ever consider changing Mom's ostomy, so she came out in the living room and initiated a conversation for about 30 minutes about her troubles with car repairs.

1:30 I went in the bedroom and Mom looked very upset with me but they were both just finishing the coke float I made for them 30 minutes before. It could not have been frozen

by that time. I hope it was okay and they weren't pretending to drink something that they threw out. I took their glasses and went in the living room and fell asleep.

2:00 I received an email from Cagle Pugh, Goodwin and company, Parkridge Gardens Owners Association HOA collection agency 737 261 0600. This was a number they used previously.

The girl asked if I wanted the total pay out amount and I said yes. She said I would be instructed where I could leave the money or mail a check. I told her I have already been to the office front in Houston so that's where I could go. She said that was not where I was allowed to bring the money. I would have to take it to an office in Austin. I said I will have to mail it then.

Then I received an email.

Iris De Jesus Moreno e-mail: iris.dejesusmoreno@caglepugh.com Joe Hardy Broome, II 8317 Shallot Way Austin, TX 78748-1046 Re: Parkridge Gardens Owners Association, Inc. (the "Association"), 8317 Shallot Way, Austin, TX 78748 (the "Property"); Association Account #: 40 Dear Mr. Broome: www.caglepugh.com September 25, 2024 Via Email: joehardybroome@gmail.com Pursuant to your request for a total amount due for the above-referenced Property, the payoff amount which will be valid through October 11, 2024, is \$3,731.90. A detailed statement of account/ledger for the property is attached. Please be advised that the attached statement of account/ledger does not include \$1,219.83 in legal fees which have been incurred by the Association, but not yet invoiced to the Association/applied to the statement of account/ledger; additionally, the statement of account/ledger does not include the upcoming September AR Fee of \$25.00, Late fee in the amount of \$9.74, and the October Assessment in the amount of \$54.90. However, it will be due prior to the payoff deadline and are accounted for in the total payoff amount referenced above. Payment must be made payable to Parkridge Gardens Owners Association, Inc. and mailed directly to our office at the following address: PAYMENTS Cagle Pugh, Ltd. LLP 4301 Westbank Dr., Ste. A-150 Austin, TX 78746-4478 If you make a payment, you must email payment@caglepugh.com to notify (1) payment was made, (2) the amount of the payment, and (3) the property address. Failure to notify us by email may result in additional collection charges. Please be advised that, pursuant to Section 3.311 of the Texas Business and Commerce Code, all communications concerning a dispute of this debt, including an instrument tendered as full and final satisfaction of this debt, are to be sent to the undersigned. This firm is a debt collector. Should you wish to obtain more information regarding your rights as a debtor, please visit: <https://www.consumerfinance.gov/>. Additionally, should you

dispute all or any part of the sums set forth above please email debtverification@caglepugh.com. If the Association receives payment of \$3,731.90 on or before October 11, 2024, the Association will prepare and record the Notice of Payment and Release of the Notice of Lien, in the Official Public Records of Travis County, Texas. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact our office. Sincerely, Iris De Jesus Moreno

I guess this is the final response to my requests to the HOA for a hardship discount or assistance with my HOA payments. It looks pretty believable so I guess I better send them the money as soon as I can. I made a signature loan for \$2,000 and I saved \$1,000 from my most recent Social Security check. I might have to ask Dad for \$700 of what I paid for the leg exercise machine. He knows we use it all the time.

2:00 I fell asleep on the living room chair.

3:00 Mom's exercise alarm went off and I didn't want to have any further conflict today, so remained sleeping in the living room.

5:00 Dad ask if I wanted a barbecue sandwich. I wasn't hungry but I knew I would want one later and I looked forward to the opportunity to talk to Mom.

Dad couldn't find his wallet and was starting to call hobby lobby where he last visited. I found his wallet sitting next to him in between the passenger seat and the armrest. We both had a laugh and he went to get barbecue.

I asked Mom if she wanted hot tea and she said yes. I brought her the tea and I asked Mom if she knows who exercises her to get healthy. She said no. She was obviously being obstinate and was well prepared for my visit. I pulled out mom's toilet chair and asked who used this chair to move her into the toilet where she could urinate instead of with a diaper. She said she didn't know. I said, you really don't know Byran your physical therapist is and who wants you to exercise and get well? I said, I thought you liked Byran and how he came and made you exercise with the exercise machine he got me to buy for you.

She said no. I said then I guess there's nothing for me to do except hold your hand as much as I can and bring you food until you die. She said I guess that's right. So I went in the living room.

Mom called me back into the bedroom and asked me to talk to her. This hadn't

happened in a long time. She specifically asked me to talk to her. I said, I don't know what to do. She said she didn't know what to do either. I said that we're in a terrible situation where she would have to let her wishes be known, she wants to get healthy because the medication and her lack of ostomy irrigation / enemas make it impossible for her too get better.

Mom asked what do I mean by irrigation. I told her that 13 years ago Dad received an irrigation kit which was uncomfortable to use because it meant that she would have a forced elimination through a tube like a long plastic bag when she was sitting on the toilet.

I said, I think Dad keeps you medicated partly because he seems to be embarrassed he didn't want to use the irrigation kit when he first received it 13 years ago. I said it must be very threatening to him to have me discuss irrigation again and to have hired the nurse I hired last November specifically to perform this distasteful procedure.

Mom said that we should give Dad the irrigation kit. I told her I didn't want him to throw away another one. I told Mom, "Darion said she would do anything for you, so I know she would use the kit I gave her. But Dad won't let you use the toilet chair." I said, "I think it reminds him that he didn't want to do the irrigations 13 years ago when you first got your ostomy."

Mom said, "but I'm just a million years old." I said, "You know there are people who are older than you and younger than you that die. But no one gets healthy if they are constantly medicated, gas lit about dying and so full of feces it's painful to move."

I said, "heroin that addicts would envy you because you are given drugs almost constantly and cared for like a baby." I told her I would keep pushing to have someone care for her ostomy properly but she has to say something to Dad about wanting it herself."

I knew if Mom tells Dad she wants her ostomy cared for better he would lose his temper and possibly over medicate Mom right then or for the next couple of days but I thought it was valuable for her to be involved so much this time.

6:00 Dad returned with sandwiches and I told him Mom wanted her diaper and ostomy changed. I told him her ostomy was not ready but she wanted him.

I hoped she could handle some diplomacy and Dad went in the bedroom and closed the

door.

I brought the sandwiches and knocked on the door and Dad said no no no. I told him the sandwiches and drinks are just outside the door on the shelf.

About 5 minutes later Dad came out and got the sandwiches and left the door open. I went in and sat with them while they were eating and asked Dad if he wanted to check out PBS NewsHour. He tried to find it but the batteries were running out of the remote. He opened the remote and turned to the batteries. When he closed the remote again he was able to get PBS NewsHour and I climbed on the stationary bike in their room and started exercising.

6:30 Mom said she needed her diaper changed and I left the room. I finished watching PBS NewsHour in the living room, said good night to them and went upstairs for the evening.

8:00 Brian sent a text saying that we called him too many times this morning. He specifically said I called him so many times he thought it was butt calls. I checked my call listing of recent calls and I did not call him at all this morning. I don't know what he thinks he's accomplishing with this group text to everyone in the family saying that I called him a number of times but it's an indicator of his state of mind. I think we all need to call him more often with pleasant tasks.

9/24/24 Betty Broome Report

I think Dad thinks he wants to show me I can't stop him from his 30-year habit of putting mom out of her misery, he and Mom developed in competition with each other, while my brothers and I were building careers and families. But if I stay vigilant long enough he may see the error of his ways or gradually change his bad habits and let Mom heal herself with the help of her assistants and hopefully a nurse that will irrigate her ostomy so she can move.

1:00 a.m. I got up and ate the leftover chicken in the refrigerator and fell asleep on the living room chair.

From 2:00 to 4:00 a.m. French television programs were on very loud in Mom and Dad's

room.

3:30 Mom started repeating "Joe Joe Joe."

4:00 Mom became louder calling Dad's name and he got up and closed the bedroom door.

8:00 I went downstairs and Mom was laying on her side. Dad said Mom's ready for eggs and bacon. So I went and started cooking eggs and bacon. Neal came downstairs and I asked if he wanted some. He said, "just eggs."

8:15 I brought Mom and Dad their breakfast and mom was still unconscious. She tried to talk once but I knew there was no way she could eat her breakfast.

8:30 Brian arrived and Neal started cooking eggs for him. Brian sat Mom up and tried to talk to her but I don't think he understood what state she was in. I picked up Mom and Dad's tray and all the bacon was eaten and some of Mom's eggs. I sent the report for the past two days.

9:30 Darion and Veronica arrived. Veronica washed mom's hair while we all sat around and talked about Dad's history of drawing cartoons at various schools, job locations and neighborhoods.

Shelley arrived and went into talk to Darion and Veronica.

11:00 Mark, Brian, Neal and I had a good talk about the old days and I felt like there were enough brothers around the house too keep everything safe so I went swimming for the first time in Houston since I went with Mom and Dad 10 years ago.

2:00 I went to my doctor's appointment and was told I might have cataracts but I would need tests.

4:00 I waited for the tests but they were inconclusive.

5:00 I got my oil changed and talked to a woman about exercise.

6:00 I arrived back at my parents house and talked to Mom, Neal and Dad for a while. Mom looked alert and asked me a couple of times for more detail about what I did today. So I told her about how marvelous I am at swimming and told them good night.

I received an email from Cagle Pugh, Goodwin and company, Parkridge Gardens Owners Association HOA collection agency. Apparently I have to add another name to the list of my convoluted string of collection sources. Welcome, Iris De Jesus Moreno!

The new email from growing HOA collection company sources.

Good Morning!

I received your voicemail from when I was out of office and also the email below regarding total balance to pay in full. I have forwarded your request to our payoff specialist, Iris De Jesus Moreno, to assist you with providing the total balance. She is cc'd on this email and will be your point of contact going forward.

Regards,

Dana Fenner

Paralegal

Direct: 737-261-0624

dana.fenner@caglepugh.com

www.caglepugh.com

9/23/24 Betty Broome Report

After my calling attention to the fact there are various combinations of drugs and specific effects on Mom, Dad isn't making Mom hysterical with the medications as often. He saves that for someone new who needs the full performance or when I'm not there to call attention to it.

But often Dad puts mom through the manic portion of the drug events in isolation early in the mornings and only he has to deal with the exhausting moment by moment hysterics. By the time I visit them they're both exhausted and Dad feels justified for letting Mom pester him for a long time asking for him to change her diaper.

6:00 Dad's been up making noise since early this morning.

8:00 I went down to see Mom and Dad. Dad said he was serving mom brunch of strawberry shortcake. There were Christmas decoration towels on the floor and in the clothes hamper by the chest of drawers near the TV. I asked Dad what happened here and he "they were like that." I said, "so someone snuck in during the night pulled out the Christmas decoration towels and left?" He didn't respond.

Mom was very short with me but she was very alert. I asked her if she wanted some grapes and she said no. Mom said she needed Dad to change her diaper so I went out in the living room and the door to their bedroom remained closed until just before Darion arrived.

9:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I went in and talked to Mom about getting up and out of bed this morning. Mom was upset with me and wouldn't consider getting up to straighten up her fitted sheets which were all crumpled up under her. It looks like Dad spent a good bit of time last night convincing Mom to be upset with me because he didn't want to drug her and have me send a report. He also may want Mom to be awake when Neal arrives.

9:17 Darion arrived and seemed upset but got to work immediately. She involved Mom in conversation and Mom wanted to hear about her weekend. Mom wanted Dad and I to leave the bedroom so she could talk to Darion.

I watched part of a comedy movie with Dad. Mark arrived and rode the scooter all around the house and I know Mom is tempted to learn to use it now she thinks of it as a means of escape in an emergency. But Dad got upset at the idea of leaving the scooter next to the bed.

11:00 Neal called and said he was going to arrive later than he expected. I asked Dad if he wanted me to go to the grocery store and get more barbecue ribs for everyone in the house. We decided it wasn't necessary because Mark didn't want to eat and I wasn't very hungry either.

12:00 We didn't get to watch the end of the movie. I asked Mom if she wanted to go in the living room to eat and she said yes. I put her on the leg exercise machine and she stood up all the way to the living room, though she did complain.

1:00 Neal arrived and Dad heated up the ribs and served it with asparagus. Mom said she wanted to go back to the bedroom so I moved her with the leg exercise chair and she stood up the whole way. There were plenty of ribs for everyone. Mom ate a good bit

of hers that had been cut up for her.

2:00 Dad, Mark, Neal and I went to the driving range, hit balls and puttied for a while. We mailed some of the quilt stars to family in Colorado. Neal selected three of them for his family.

3:00 Mark went home.

4:30 Dad started talking about the electoral college and Neal said "I don't want to hear it."

6:00 I started PBS NewsHour exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise.

7:30 we got a group text from Brant Kendall in Seattle.

I sent another email to the collection agency of my HOA.

To whom it may concern at Cagle Pugh, Goodwin and company, Parkridge Gardens Owners Association HOA collection agency.

At the risk of being charged outrageous communication fees I have to ask why you haven't sent the updated tally to the address I provided? 14218 Lakewood Forest drive Houston Texas 77070? Please reconsider a more reasonable price for nine emails, a letter and three phone calls or take me up on my offer to barter.

Joe Broome II

9/22/24 Betty Broome Report

Even though we have assistants helping Dad watching Mom so he can leave the house and become more active and healthy, Dad is sabotaging that opportunity by medicating Mom so the job is too complicated for anyone other than an assistant who knows Mom and the house.

Anytime Dad needs to leave other than Mom between 9:30 in the morning and 4:30 in the afternoon, he can't ask a family member or a neighbor. He keeps Mom too confused or sleepy to make her assist-able by anyone but Darion.

There is no guarantee this can last because Darion is the only one who will do the disagreeable jobs for Mom with or without Mom incapacitated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

Darion can't possibly keep up the schedule because she works all day and all night at other houses most days of the week and weekends. The precarious situation is made almost impossible by the sabotaging medications that make Mom constantly uncomfortable in her bowels and either manic with fear or sleeping all day.

9/22/24

8:00 I checked Mom and Dad and Mom was completely out of it. Dad was trying to feed Mom shredded wheat with strawberries. Mom said she needed her diaper changed and I went in the living room and fell asleep in the big chair.

11:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I went in asking Mom if she wanted barbecue ribs for lunch. She said yes and I went in the kitchen. Dad said he was going to fix chicken and it would take around 45 minutes. I brought Mom dried apricots to tide her over and told her what Dad was fixing.

11:30 Mom said she wanted tea and I got her hot tea. She drank some of it. I asked Mom if she would like to go in the kitchen with the scooter and watch Dad cook. I said, "you could ride the scooter and Dad would have a good surprise visit from you."

She said she would go in the living room and eat in the big chair. She wouldn't get on the scooter but she did step onto the leg exercise machine and I moved her into the living room. We started watching episodes of Leave It to Beaver.

12:00 Dad gave us chicken which was a little undercooked but it was very good, with the excellent gravy. Mom is still loopy from the morning medication but she's coming out of it.

We watched two episodes of Leave It to Beaver and they were especially funny. Mom had a few good laughs about the episode where Beaver fell into the giant soup bowl on the billboard.

1:00 Mom wanted to be moved in the bedroom. I had her lift herself up three times before she stood up completely and I moved her into the bedroom. It's getting easier every time for her to stand up and move in the standing chair. In the bedroom Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed.

3:00 We finished watching a psychological thriller based on a true story about a murder. Dad is unaware how obvious it is he wants me to watch television shows about people with mental illness. Mom was incapable of forming sentences but was trying to ask Dad to help her.

She said she needs to get up. She repeated several times that she needed to get up and then she got upset when I told her I could help her up. And she said "I need your help." So I left the room to go post yesterday's report because she had obviously been over medicated.

4:30 Dad left the house for an hour to get fish and shrimp. While he was gone Mom started coming out of her 1:30 drugging and I asked if she minded me putting her oxygen machine in the attic and running a tube down into the bedroom so no one would be bothered by the loud sound of the oxygen machine. She said she didn't want any holes drilled in the ceiling and I should try putting it in the closet in her bedroom. So I moved the oxygen machine into the closet and it is very quiet now.

I asked Mom what she wanted to do about her safety if she is on her own when Dad leaves the house or if he passed out. I asked her if she would mind me replacing the chair next to her bed with the scooter. She said that would be good and I moved it near her.

The arms of the scooter lift up so it will be easy for her to slide on to the scooter from the bed. I feel bad I never thought of this before. She said she could save Dad if he passed out. We had a good laugh.

I got another useless text from one of my brothers. If Mom and Dad benefitted by a text family they might be in a better healthy state. Mom and Dad need active participants in their lives everyday to distract them from their self-destructive death spiral.

5:00 We tried to watch a movie they didn't like called Friday. Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed.

6:00 I went in the living room and watched the news. Dad took the scooter away from

the location next to the bed. Evidently he didn't like the idea of Mom having the possibility of Independence.

6:30 I went in the bedroom and Mom thought the scooter was still next to her. When I told her dad moved it away she said, "maybe Dad misunderstood the plan."

Mom was completely alert and said Dad was washing dishes. I asked if she wanted to look for another movie for tonight and she said no. Dad returned from the kitchen with a large glass of wine and I asked if they wanted the light on or off when I was leaving. Mom said turn it off and Dad said leave it on until he finishes changing Mom's diaper.

As I left Dad said the movie I suggested today was the worst movie ever. I made a joke of his drunken comment and reminded Mom how she didn't like the movie we were trying to watch with all the bathroom humor. She made a funny face.

I went upstairs for the night.

9/21/24 Betty Broome Report

If My brothers would help plan something for Dad everyday and then gradually bring Mom into the activities things would improve more quickly. Dad doesn't remember the conflicts, he just participates in activities planned for him. He's perfectly alert and conversational with anyone but improvements he makes each day don't often continue to the following day and certainly not the next week. He will need constant activities planned for an extended time to remove the decades of bad habits created in isolation.

When Mom is jealous of Dad having fun but has someone to watch her until she gets strong, that silly competitive dynamic is a healthy use of Mom and Dad's habitual competition. They will start thinking ethically for themselves again in spite of the decades their kids left them alone and in spite of what the poorly trained or lazy professionals say.

The APS, the police and the senior assistance companies benefit by the unnecessarily sedentary lives of aging adults, no matter how much misery it causes.

9/21/24

7:30 I heard Dad shout in fear and I went downstairs. Mom was holding on to the trapeze and babbling incoherently. She asked Dad to wash her hair and Dad started immediately and nervously telling me about a television series he was watching about the royal family.

I asked what he shouted about and he said "Vanessa" scared him when she surprised him at the bedroom door." I asked if he meant Veronica just as Veronica came out of the bathroom with Mom's hair washing equipment. Veronica laughed and said, she scared Dad as she came in.

Dad seems to be suggesting I watch the series about the royal family. I said thanks but I didn't want to to see The show he was watching. I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast and Mom hallucinating said, "Dad's going to wash my hair." Dad said to me, "there's oatmeal already cooked in the kitchen for you."

I went back upstairs to send yesterday's report.

8:00 Veronica finished washing Mom's hair and left. Mom's hair was finally parted on the side and there's really no style or improvement of her hair. It's as if the professional haircut she received Thursday was done by someone cutting the hair out of the eyes of a hysterical mental patient. But that's all Maria the hair stylist saw with Mom so medicated and Dad forcing the job to be done in 15 minutes.

There was clearly no attempt to make Mom's hair look like the photograph Mom selected or give Mom the feeling she enjoys after getting her hair done.

9:00 A neighbor visited and talked to Dad for a while in the living room. I couldn't talk to Mom because she was knocked out. But I sat with her while Dad talked to the neighbor. The neighbor was a familiar person in the family stories Dad repeats. He played golf with Dad somewhat regularly at one point and is very religious and misogynistic.

9:30 Dad came and talked to me saying, he felt bad about saying he wasn't reading my texts to brothers and him. He he appears to have thought he would balance several apologies and compliments about my helping around the house, with saying that he didn't want me to continue writing police reports.

When I said, "I only send a reports when you over medicate Mom or she is immobilized by drugs and inactivity induced constipation, he started yelling "shut up shut up shut up

shut up at the top of his voice!"

I was sitting in Mom's living room chair and he was standing over me yelling. At first I didn't yell back but I said, "all you have to do is talk to your doctors and get a different combination of medications that don't knock Mom out! He continued yelling "shut up shut up shut up" and yelled "didn't you ever think that she's 92 years old?" I said "there are people who live longer and shorter than than Mom, but but they can't live when they are knocked out on drugs almost every day." Dad grabbed my arms continuing to yell, "shut up shut up!"

He's very weak so there was no discomfort with him squeezing my arms but when I continued by shouting, "Mom needs to be free of sedating medicine so she can do her physical therapy and she won't be constipated with the drugs." He started screaming really loud and grabbed me by the neck. He's very weak, so I just pushed my hands up between his arms and spread my arms out and he couldn't stop me from pushing his fingers away from my neck.

He screamed, "you're out of control!" I copied his scream and screamed, "you're out of control!" He said he knows what I'm going to say before I say it and it's piercing and irritating. I said, "of course, I learned from you when you were young and ethical."

He started walking to the bedroom. I said, "We are all waiting for you to start thinking ethically again." I said, "you have to start being ethical with Mom."

Dad said, he was grateful I am helping around the house but he said, he should have kicked me out. He said he could have removed me from the house years ago and he knows I disagree. He said he's not able to make himself kick me out. I said, "it would be much easier to start acting ethically with Mom's medications and stop gas lighting hurt against the equipment that makes her independent."

10:00 Dad left in the car and Mark arrived and asked what was going on. Mark called Dad and Dad quickly returned with carpet cleaner saying mom wanted the carpet cleaned in her room because it was badly stained with coffee and tea.

As Dad walked past me in the living room he said, "I'm sorry for yelling at you." I said, "me too."

I went upstairs and while I was up there Dad or Mark brought Mom in the living room and put her in the big chair.

10:30 Mark started using carpet cleaner on his hands and knees, spotting the floor in Mom's room.

Dad started to help Mark. I said I would go get a steam cleaner from the grocery store. For the second time, the woman who rents the carpet cleaners at HEB on Louetta and 249, said the machines were not serviced and I should wait a couple of weeks. I told her I didn't mind. I told her I needed to use one to clean my mother's house.

She was clearly upset and started filling out the paperwork. Then she said, we can't find the key to the cleaners so she can't rent them out. I said I would have to report this. I said good luck and left.

I drove to Kroger's on Grant and Louetta and had exactly the opposite experience. The woman was delightful and rented me a machine without even asking for a deposit. I don't know what the difference was between the two women's situations.

11:00 I returned to the house and started cleaning the carpet while Dad hand fed Mom more of the fantastic Luby's liver and onions. Mom was mostly knocked out but able to eat with Dad's help.

12:00 I brought the steam machine back to the grocery store.

1:00 I sat with Mom and she started making confused comments indicating she wanted to go back to the bedroom. I told her I would take her in the bedroom if she really wanted to go. She yelled saying, "I don't want you to help me!" I said, "why not, I'm the only one who can do it." Dad said, "we can do it but you're the best at it." This was a bit of comfort under the circumstances.

I put Mom on the exercise chair demonstrating for Mark and Dad how to use my foot to position her feet correctly while she stands. She stood the whole way into the bedroom with the machine. Mark and I went in the living room while Dad changed her diaper. We came back in the bedroom when Dad opened the door.

I turned on a karaoke version of "somewhere over the Rainbow" and Mom sang along with Mark, Dad and I. It seemed to be in an awkward key but we all sang parts of it. We all talked for a little while until Mom said she needed her diaper changed again and Mark and I went in the living room.

1:30 Mark and I watched the end of a 1964 movie. I told him about my early memory

seeing the movie at the Park theater in Houma Louisiana.

2:00 Mark went in to talk to Mom and help Dad find something on the television they were all talking loudly so I could hear them. Both Mark and I suggested we may need to exchange televisions with the one in the living room because the two Smart TVs are not equal in simplicity. Mark gave the controls to me and I started looking for something for a sports channel for them to watch. Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I went in the living room and Mark went home.

4:00 Dad Left the house and brought home soup. Mom ate all of hers and it was pretty good soup.

4:30 Dad was watching football games while Mom was trapped having to listen. I asked her if she wanted me to take her in the living room where we could watch something funny. Mom said she didn't like funny shows and Dad changed the channel looking for a series comparable to Dr Martin. They have watched and still seem to enjoy Dr Martin, for many months. Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I left the bedroom.

5:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and asked if I wanted strawberry shortcake. It was an unnecessarily complicated exchange but I told him I wasn't hungry and went in to talk to Mom while he was fixing the dessert. I realized afterward that he probably meant for me to make them.

Mom was finally alert and clear-headed for the first time today so Dad must not have given her the usual 4:30 medication. I asked Mom if she wanted to call Mark to thank him for the great job he did spotting the carpet earlier today. She said she would tell him tomorrow. I joked about what a great job I did steam cleaning the carpet and she laughed.

Mom and I were equally surprised how nice the carpet came out compared to how badly it was spotted with food and drinks and I asked if she wanted to get up and move around a bit. I told her how I started getting back in shape after I was hit from behind by the texting truck driver.

I told her I pushed my hands, feet and head down into the bed laying flat on my back until I was able to lift my bottom up off the bed after a couple of months. I reminded her that it was really nice of them to let me stay with them after I was hit by the truck and that now I feel as strong as I was when I was in my teens.

I reminded her how it was that extended visit after my accident was when I accidentally discovered how she was trapped by medication and the constipation and muscle atrophy it causes.

I reminded Mom, she needs to exercise her legs because It's obvious she is able to stand on the exercise machine all the way from the living room to the bedroom and back. She can stand on her own. She said she knows and Dad brought her strawberry shortcake.

6:00 I started my PBS news exercise in the living room.

7:00 I finished my exercise watching an episode of Leave It to Beaver. I told Mom and Dad good night and went upstairs for the evening.

9/20/24 Betty Broome Report

1:30 a.m. The whole house smells strongly of feces. I feel sorry for Dad having to get up constantly to care for Mom's ostomy and diapers. But he makes it much harder on himself by not questioning the medications from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

It isn't fair Dad and Mom are up most nights changing diapers and her ostomy so many times. But Dad seems to egg mom on so she has a habit of taunting him. He has provoked from her with a combination of drugs and alternating acceptance and defiance of her "fussiness".

So Mom is delirious when she pokes Dad for extended periods during the night requesting a diaper or an ostomy change. And Dad seems to feel justified to let her go without incentives to becoming dependent. She needs to go to the bathroom on the toilet, exercise regularly and or even discuss independent behaviors like using the phone, the television remote, going to the doctor and visiting family.

8:00 I checked on Mom and Dad and Mom was awake. I asked her if she had eaten breakfast and Dad woke up and said no they hadn't. I asked if they wanted eggs bacon and jelly toast and Dad said yes.

Mom said yes. So I fixed breakfast for them and asked Dad to turn on the movie we

stopped last night. He tried to find it for a while but didn't believe it was on YouTube. He gave me the control and I found it on YouTube.

Mom was blithering so they have already been through the hard part of the medication this morning but she said she wanted Dad to change her diaper before we watch the movie.

So I went upstairs to send off yesterday's report.

9:00 Dad called me to come watch the movie and we saw most of the rest of the video we started last night.

9:15 Darion and Mark arrived and watched part of the movie with us. Mark said he didn't want to ruin the movie seeing part of it so he went in the living room. After a while Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed so I went to the living room.

10:00 Darion gave Mom a shower. Mom looked tired but was mostly awake to watch the movie called Shotgun Wedding. It was unusual for Mom to be interested in an action movie and Dad thought she wasn't interested but Mom said she wanted to see it.

11:00 Dad asked if we wanted liver and onions from luby's. I said yes and so did everyone else in the house. Mark said he and Dad were going to get coffee. Mom finished watching shotgun wedding with Darion while I finished installing the bathroom ceiling fan in Mom and Dad's bedroom.

11:30 Dad and Mark arrived with coffee and we started to watch the end of the movie we were watching last night called Sky Captain and the world of Tomorrow. The movie finished with a hilarious ending and Dad and Mark went to luby's to get liver and onions for everyone in the house.

1:00 Darion called me to the front door to let me know the roof man was here to install the vent for the bathroom ceiling fan and to check the roof for leaks. Ray the roof man, asked where I wanted the vent located and I got a drill and drilled from inside the attic out through the shingles between two beams near the ceiling fan.

They quickly installed the vent carefully replacing shingles around it and sealing it with multiple layers of silicon sealer. They also replaced shingles at several corners of the roof and removed an old dish replacing it with shingles.

I sent a group text to the family about the roof work and Brian wrote back saying he

could have done it himself. This was after months of my informing the family about my progress with the exhaust fan. He also posted an image of one of my Facebook friends telling me I could be wasting my life writing police reports for years. I responded with the following text.

My response to Brian's texts

Yes it's worth it to wait for moments with Mom. Mom was cleaning poop diapers in the toilet for over 12 years. She deserves to be pushed to improve like Dad pushed his boys to improve. I don't know why I didn't see her as a personality but I guess that's all I saw when I was growing up. She was just the family slave. Now I know our family is extraordinary when we are not wasting our time. But most of the time we are wasting our time. I just look for every opportunity to be with one of the most interesting people I know. Because of the drugs and the lack of family interest in Mom as a person, I have to wait for moments I can talk to one of the most interesting people who ever contributed her life to mine.

Mom wrote the the roof repairman a check and they were gone before Dad and Mark returned with food from Luby's.

2:00 We all ate and Mom finished almost all of hers in spite of being loopy on medication most of the day.

3:00 I asked Darion to check my blood pressure because I was feeling dizzy for the past few days. She said it was a little high. I have to check into that.

5:00 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for supper and Mom said nothing. We did eat a large lunch but I brought them finger sandwiches of chicken salad, cookies and grapes and they ate some of it.

5:30 I asked Mom if she wanted a chocolate shake and she said yes but she seemed to be purposely babbling as if she was performing for Dad. Dad kept repeating, I should make the milkshake portions small, so I think he may have had something to drink with Mark or maybe had wine tonight. I started watching the news with Mom and Dad and we looked for a movie to watch with Darion on Monday.

6:00 I told them I was going to do my exercise news with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished doing my exercise and asked if Mom and Dad needed anything before I go

to bed. I sat in the living room for a while answering people on Facebook. Dad came out of the bedroom trying various door opening levels to see if the new location for Mom's oxygen machine was too loud to keep in the living room.

Dad also said, sometimes the door is closed and I should feel free to knock. So I knocked a little bit later and said good night to them before I went to bed.

A Facebook friend shared a clinical analysis of our situation.

The situation should be addressed as soon as possible, ideally within 24-48 hours, to ensure the care recipient's safety and well-being. Delaying action can lead to:

1. Medication errors: Overmedication or under medication can cause serious health issues, including hospitalization or even death.
2. Worsening health conditions: Failing to manage medications correctly can exacerbate existing health conditions, reducing quality of life.
3. Increased risk of falls or accidents: Medication mismanagement can impair cognitive function, balance, and coordination, increasing the risk of falls or accidents.
4. Emergency situations: Delaying action can lead to emergency situations, such as seizures, strokes, or heart attacks, which can be life-threatening.
5. Loss of trust and confidence: Delaying action can erode trust and confidence in the caregiving arrangement, making it harder to establish a new, safer care plan.
6. Regulatory involvement: In extreme cases, delaying action can lead to regulatory involvement, such as adult protective services, which can result in legal consequences.

9/19/24 Betty Broome Report

The greatest challenge for family and senior services institutions is that, any objective improvements can only be made after many days of constant observation to record and give assistance with sleeping, eating, medication, bathing, waste elimination and alcohol intake habits.

That's a huge challenge and expense but it is much less challenging and expensive financially and psychologically, than removing aging people from their homes. Ken

Paxton could end up being ahead of his time if he created the first ethical system of evaluating and adjusting the aging where they choose to live out their last years.

It may very well be that one or both of the aging spouses may need to be removed, but it's very possible the stark reality of an officer/nurse participating in their lives for a couple of weeks and assisting them in their routines could free up millions of dollars of resources and begin a national renaissance of prolific elderly citizens giving back to their nation online and even working, if they care to.

8:00 I visited Mom and Dad. I could hear them talking loudly but couldn't understand what they were saying behind the bedroom door.

8:30 I ate what's left of the oatmeal Dad made this morning and Dad came out of the bedroom. Mom is out of her mind with medication.

9:00 The woman arrived to cut mom's hair and Teresa arrived to clean up the house at the same time. Mom was saying "I'm sick I'm sick. What am I looking at? What do I do, what do I do?" It's clear Dad didn't want the hair cutting woman to see mom in a normal state.

Dad decided Mom was going to be in the wheelchair in the kitchen to have her hair cut. So I put Mom in the old wheelchair Dad had put next to the bed. Dad rolled Mom hallucinating hysterically into the kitchen where the hair cutting woman had a tarp on the floor.

Mom looked desperate as the woman started cutting her hair. Mom said, "I'm sick I'm sick." Dad said, "it'll only take a little while to cut your hair." He asked the woman how long it would take and she said maybe 15 minutes. It was a botched job and looked nothing like what mom asked for with the pictures she selected.

They could have at least given Maria a hair dryer so she could fix Mom's hair before calling it finished. Mom missed out on the wonderful feeling women feel after a haircut due to the drugs and the rush job.

9:15 Darion arrived and helped hook mom up to the oxygen wow Mom hair was being cut. I sent off my report for the day.

9:30 Maria finished cutting Mom's hair and Darion moved mom into the living room chair. Mark arrived to talk to Mom and Dad received a call from what sounded like the

name Carrie which was apparently Darion's boss. Darion said she would talk to her when she could. Darion was in the process of moving mom.

Sadly Mom won't remember getting this haircut after her long wait and hundreds of requests.

Dad and Mark went to the sporting goods store. I'm so grateful that Mark takes Dad away from the house to do things.

10:00 Mom started saying she wanted to go back to the bedroom. I went and got the standing machine and she got into it quickly and easily. We still have to pull her up a bit out of the deep living room chair but she stood on her own legs all the way from the living room to the bedroom where she sat down slowly on the bed.

I started working on the exhaust vent in Mom and Dad's bathroom.

1030 Mark and Dad got back from the sporting goods store.

12:00 Dad asked me to make salmon croquettes. So I watched a quick YouTube video again and made some really good ones that everyone ate quickly. I think I should have made twice as much.

1:00 Dad told me about the letter trap from a potential buyer of family land. It was a clever trap similar to the Cagle Pugh HOA collection agency I'm dealing with.

A potential buyer wrote a letter to Dad saying the purchase Dad had allegedly agreed to was nearing completion and he would be charged for any disruption of the process. Dad said he had to give the letter to another lawyer which seemed like a reckless move to me. Every experience we have had with lawyers in the past has been predatory.

I have just recently been through a similar situation with Cagle Pugh, Goodwin and company, Parkridge Gardens Owners Association HOA collection agency (select the name of your choice) in which they charge me for any contact but have not responded with the updated tally they described in one of their communications. These kinds of traps, especially with older individuals should be prosecuted and the lawyers should receive meaningful consequences.

2:00 I got a crazy text from my brother Brian. It appears the family is gossiping that I'm getting money from Mom and Dad when the reality is a constant drain of my finances.

If Dad were paying for at least the appliances mom is required to get for exercise and accessibility to the doctor's office I would have bought the medical boot and rehired the registered nurse I hired last year in November to teach us to use the ostomy.

I'm including everything that happens everyday in these police reports so someday no one else will have to go through the kind of nightmare my mother is suffering this minute, her belly distended with feces.

Text from my brother Brian,

Dad,

It's nice Joey wants to spend time with you and Mom. It means, we don't have to spend time with you. Lol.

Of course,

Nothing he says can be proved as truth. Nothing.

Joey is striving for 'likes' on social media putting down his family.

'Joey says, "over medicated," which means, nothing.

We wish Mother took less medication, but we are not doctors and he's not a doctor.

It's great Joey has so much time on his hands to help. It's ironic you and Mom, both help financially towards his retirement.

We are grateful.

And we all agree from the beginning that Mother should get out of bed as much as possible and move as much as possible. Thanks to Byran the physical therapist.

Thanks Dad for all you do.

My group text response,

Brian, If your posts were informed with actual information they wouldn't be so embarrassing for you when you discover the truth. It's hard when you are too lazy to help your parents who worked with you so much all your life. I guess you need excuses and you latch on to any crazy idea. I think brothers should not get you excited, because you're the only one foolish enough to say the ridiculous things the family gossips about.

I wish I was more tolerant with Brian but he has ended up being the funnel for the rest

of the immature and negligent family who are not taking care of there parents either.

Brian visits Mom more than most of the brothers, once or twice a month, and is completely unaware or disbelieving of Mom's constant discomfort and suffering in her bowels. He's not much of a reader. He asks questions about things I have addressed in detail in the police reports just hours after I send them to him. My brothers would do something about Mom's suffering if they felt the pain themselves.

3:00 Byran (the physical therapist) arrived. They closed the door to the bedroom so I didn't see the workout. When he came out of the bedroom I asked Byran if Mom had a good workout today. He said it was excellent. He said "at their last Tuesday visit she used the leg exercise machine." I asked him if he used the machine with her today and he said, "yes."

So I told him, "that means Mom stood up twice today. She stood up all the way from the living room chair to the bed." He said, "that is what she needs."

It was disappointing when I went back in the bedroom and asked Darion how Mom did on the standing machine and Darion said the machine wasn't used. Very unsettling.

4:00 Dad went for fast food and I sang a karaoke song with Mom so she could read the words from the television. She sang louder than ever before and then I sang her one of my songs. We talked about how Mom needs to get comfortable with the collapsible scooter so we can get her to the dentist office. We talked about how she needs to get comfortable going to the bathroom so she can have her ostomy irrigated.

I wish everyone involved with Mom could see Mom's conflicted facial expressions, knowing she is gas lit against the bathroom chair and the scooter. This is the hardest part for family members to believe that Dad is no longer tied to honesty like we always thought of him throughout our young lives.

It's an important level of challenge to keep objectivity when there is someone willing to fool my Mom into thinking she doesn't want what she wants. She wants to get up and resume her life for her remaining years. But it's so easy to fool her when the drugs provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh allow Dad to convince Mom of anything he wishes for various lengths of intoxicated suggestibility every day. Then he acts on those drugging and gas lit permissions committed to under duress.

4:30 Dad got home with food and he gave it to Mom. He asked me specifically to find a

movie for us. I found one I think is incredibly appropriate for them. It's called "Sky Captain and the world of Tomorrow." The the star of the movie flies in an airplane Dad used to draw when he was a kid and the whole movie is created to look like a 30s show they would have watched for a dime Saturday.

We started the movie just as Darion was leaving and taking out the trash. We all said good night to her and told her we would see her in the morning. She said she was looking forward to helping Mom get a good shower Friday.

5:30 I did my exercise while watching the movie with Mom and Dad but they started falling to sleep so I asked Dad to pause it so we could watch it in the morning. Dad said okay and I said good night and went upstairs.

8:45 My alarm went off to take the trash out to the curb.

9/18/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I overslept because I was feeling ill last night. I ate the oatmeal left overs. Mom was obviously medicated early this morning and was starting to be a little alert.

9:15 Darion arrived and I said we need to busy Dad so he stops knocking Mom out. This was upsetting to Dad, of course. But I need to start getting direct messages to him because he doesn't read the police reports and doesn't remember that we know what he's doing from day to day.

10:00 Mom started coughing and I left the living room to give her water. Mom said she didn't sleep last night and I said I didn't either. Dad said, "guilty conscience?" I started to tell Dad about my abdominal discomfort, but I said "you wouldn't care." and I went in the living room. I know Dad doesn't know what he's doing and needs to be brought back into the real world but sometimes I snap back at his comments.

10:30 Mom was telling Dad she can't get comfortable. Dad gave her a useless antacid he calls Tums for her tummy. She said she needs to feel better. Dad asked if she wanted to lie the bed back and she said, "no." Dad closed the bedroom door.

Darion started cleaning the kitchen.

12:00 Dad made us fried spam sandwiches with too much mayonnaise.

3:00 Mark arrived for a visit and Darion moved Mom into the living room. Mom talked to Brian and Brant on the phone. Mark said he was waiting for a quote to have someone work in the garden. Mom was disoriented from her earlier drugging but she was involved in the conversations about the heat shrubs needing pruning.

4:00 Mom said she needed to urinate after we had a good visit in the living room. I told her I could put her in the bathroom chair and take her to the toilet to urinate. Dad said "we aren't doing that anymore." I said, "why wouldn't you do that unless you don't want Mom to be independent?" Dad said, "shut up Joe!" I said, "it took you 6 months to let Mom use this leg exercising chair." Dad said, "Shut up!"

Mom stood up all the way back to the bedroom. Dad told her to sit down but she remained standing in the leg exercise chair all the way to the bed where she sat down on the bed.

5:00 dad went to get barbecue sandwiches but I had an upset stomach and didn't want one.

I felt too ill to do my exercise and went to bed for the night.

People haven't called the police on Dad because they only see Mom the way he wants her to be seen. Hopefully before Dad gets in trouble we can get him to snap out of this misogynistic slow torture of Mom.

We should be able to involve him in enough activities so he will appreciate life again. He won't be able to justify the difference between his life and Mom's drugged life. He'll help Mom become independent like she is obviously capable when she's not drugged out by him and Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

9/17/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went in to see Mom and Dad in the bedroom. They were watching MSNBC. I asked

if Mom wanted hot tea and she said yes. Dad said he just put on a pot of fresh coffee and I asked if Mom wanted coffee. She said yes. I got her coffee and sat her up in bed with the trapeze and the automated bed lift. Mom asked me to open the curtains so I did. I told her more about our trip to the canoe lunch yesterday.

8:30 Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed and Dad got up. I went out in the living room.

9:00 Veronica, Mia and Margaret arrived. Veronica washed Mom's hair while Dad and I talked to Mia and Margaret in the living room.

9:30 When Veronica finished washing Mom's hair, Mia, Margaret, Dad and I went in the bedroom and Margaret began taking Mom's vitals. I asked Margaret if she found a medical boot and she said she was told a medical boot wouldn't help Mom's foot. I should have asked for the name of the individual who discouraged the use of the boot.

I reminded Mom, Brant is a footwear expert and may know something about specialized footwear. Margaret said maybe he will know something about it. It's my humble opinion, Margaret is harming my mother with her negligence and her corroboration of Dad's gas-lighting Mom against Independence. She appears to be avoiding making any waves before her retirement.

I asked Margaret if she brought an irrigation kit so Mom could stop with her constant bowel suffering. Margaret said she forgot. She said she thought Dad already had one. I reminded her, Dad got one when Mom first had her ostomy surgery 13 years ago. But it disappeared piece by piece over the years unused.

As Mia entered the bedroom she was talking to Mom as if she was a Doctor saying, she hadn't seen Mom since last Thursday because she had to see other clients.

10:30 I made hamburgers for everyone but Dad said the meat tasted bad. Mom ate hers and Mia said she liked hers. I told him I thought it was one of the best I've ever made. I told Dad what Mia told me. She said she liked it and was full. Dad said, "what else could she say."

11:30 We went and played golf. Everyone got along and we had a great game.

2:00 When we returned Mia said, Byran gave Mom a great workout with the step up machine and Shelley visited.

Mia appears to be hoping no one will disturb Mom so she can sit and watch her phone. Mom tries to give everyone everything they want, so she pretends to sleep whenever her assistants want to watch their phone. But when I walk in and touch her hand she is awake and you can tell she was pretending to sleep. Imagine doing that for months at a time.

I showed Mom pictures of us playing golf and told her she needs to get up and start walking so she can ride with us in the cart while we play golf. That seems to be working as an encouragement because she says she likes the idea.

But when I talk to her about getting in the car to go to the dentist she seems to have been turned off from the idea. Dad doesn't want anyone to call attention to the fact that he hasn't taken her to the doctor in years. She hasn't been to the dentist since July of 2019.

1:00 I fell asleep on the couch.

4:00 Mia left for the day.

Dad said he was going to get chicken sandwiches. He was outside for almost an hour waiting for a delivery person. I don't think he'll use delivery again.

5:00 We ate chicken sandwiches. I wasn't hungry so I only ate half.

6:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they needed anything, I watched my exercise news and went to bed for the night.

Brothers are desperate
to believe nothing can be
done for my Mother.

Make something happen
with Mom and Dad everyday
so they'll come to life.

9/16/24 Betty Broome Report

Several of Mom and Dad's entrenched habits have to be replaced with professionally prescribed activity and careful removal of waste.

1. Dad has to be convinced to stop sedating mom. This has to be accomplished by involving Mom and Dad in family activities which replace their morose state of mind and habits,
2. Dad has to stop using his exceptional charm to convince Mom, professionals, assistants and family members that mom is incapacitated mentally and physically,
3. Mom has to start getting more comfortable using the potty chair so she can move to the toilet with assistance till she is independent,
4. an irrigation kit needs to be located near the toilet and used expertly, (probably by a real nurse initially) to flush out Mom's insides at a consistent time each day to create a physical routine her body will then continue on its own,
5. Mom needs to be allowed to do her physical therapy everyday rather than hallucinating and sleeping with the combination of drugs prescribed by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh,
6. and Mom needs a correctional boot for her atrophic and wounded foot.

7:00 Mom and Dad were asleep.

8:00 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. Neither of them answered until I asked if they wanted apple pie for breakfast and they both said yes.

I brought them breakfast and they ate it quickly. Dad and I spent over an hour looking for an old movies channel on their internet TV. It may be better to exchange TVs with the one in the living room so they have an easier time accessing movies they may like from the '40s.

9:22 Darion arrived and Dad said Mark would be coming soon to go to a boat landing to paddle the kayak. I got dressed and visited with them until Mom needed her diaper changed and they closed the door.

10:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and said Mark was at the gym and he would be here soon.

11:00 Dad came out of the bedroom again, said we had a misunderstanding with Mark who was doing something else today and said Darion would make chicken salad

sandwiches for her and Mom while we are gone to the boat launch. We left using GPS.

12:00 It took about an hour to navigate to Spring Cypress Canoe Launch.

We might still be out there lost in the woods if it hadn't been for the GPS on our phones.

I took Dad to ride his new kayak, Mom bought him for his birthday. We stopped at one of the multiple parking places and judged from the attractive sign we might be close enough to the boat launch to visit it before we carry the kayak to the water. A ditch was the only landmark which assisted us in finding the boat launch. It was a beautiful, very expensive, cement ramp.

We knew we had another long walk back to the car and we certainly weren't going to get to kayak today, but we hoped we could learn from the map near the boat launch an easier way back to our parking lot. That didn't happen.

We ended up on the main road much further from the parking lot, so I ran on the road to my car and came back and picked up Dad who was pretending to hitchhike. In the time we were lost on the trails four golf carts passed nearby without stopping. They appeared to be individuals working in the park with reflective vests.

As we were leaving the park we found the tiny sign that indicated where the boat launch entrance road was located. The sign said we should call if we want to take our car near the boat ramp. It's lucky my dad and I are light-hearted people with a long boy scout experience of doing our best.

3:30 we arrived back at home and Dad started fixing supper. While Dad was cooking I told Mom and Darion about our unsuccessful trip to the canoe launch.

I convinced Mom to do a little bit of leg exercise on the machine. Darion was very helpful but didn't get Mom to exercise all day. This time Mom was convinced she needed to exercise because she wanted to be part of our future adventures.

4:00 Dad served steak and rice with gravy which was extraordinary.

5:00 Darion left for the day and I fell asleep for the night.

9/15/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom is in constant bowel discomfort and at least once daily she has acute abdominal pain. She has been suffering this way for years because Dad honestly didn't think it was necessary to use the irrigation kit he was provided when Mom first surgically received the ostomy opening in her stomach. Now she is given useless antacid every time she complains.

All our lives the whole family was discouraging when Mom did anything to improve her health because we childishly thought it was funny to see her active or committed to anything. Mom's polite inactivity led to her botched surgery around 13 years ago. It's only now she is in such a desperate condition It makes us recognize how we have taken Mom for granted all along.

Unconsciously, Dad doesn't want anyone to recognize the terrible mistake he made 13 years ago. He defends his lack of medical care for Mom intensely but mostly subtly with charming distractions. Mom has not seen a doctor face to face in years and she is usually heavily sedated when she speaks to her doctors over the phone with FaceTime. The dentist specifically said Mom has not visited him since July of 2019.

Dad chose not to use the irrigation/enema kit he was supplied 13 years ago and the kit gradually disappeared piece by piece from the bathroom cabinet. There was no question Dad was going to end up with the disgusting responsibility dealing directly with moms feces changing her ostomy every day because he thoughtfully but shortsightedly attended to all of Mom's technical responsibilities all of her life.

From the TV remote controls to the computer Mom has been made dependent without the assertive instructions Dad gave all his boys. Any of Dad's boys would have taken the responsibility of Mom's ostomy, at least part time, but we all conveniently kept our distance with our careers, more so every year.

Dad didn't realize how important it was to create a routine with Mom's bowel movements. Mom's regularity is hugely important, as his role of Mom's caregiver, for his own comfort and for Mom's quality of life. But it appears irrigation was just that one step too far for Dad and not even the nurses who have worked with Mom want to take the job of demonstrating the disgusting task.

At one point Mom learned to change her ostomy but Dad didn't attend to those lessons carefully enough for her to do the job reliably. I think there was a confusing exchange

which led Dad to a noble but defiant accepting of the daily responsibility. He started changing her ostomy everyday without accepting the full job of irrigation.

Now it's clear, the reason Mom is immobile is due to the constant abdominal fragility and pain she feels with any movement. The weekly nurse never sees Mom move so she doesn't know about the constant pain and fear of movement. Add to that, the occasional falls due to drinking alcohol in the evenings which did damage to one of Mom's feet.

Mom damaged a foot while they were having a pleasant evening drinking, and no doctor's attention was given to the foot because she was already having a hard time walking with the walker.

But before Dad accidentally kills mom with slow attentive medications, Mom has to start receiving irrigations/enemas to safely empty her bowels of poisonous feces which have not been expelled properly for years.

The physical therapist said, Mom's inactivity and the sedatives have created an inability to expel waste. The physical therapists used the word "toxic" to describe feces which has not been expelled properly due to inactivity and opioid prescriptions.

Several of Mom and Dad's entrenched habits have to be replaced with professionally prescribed activity and careful removal of waste.

1. Dad has to be convinced to stop sedating mom. This has to be accomplished by involving Mom and Dad in family activities which replace their morose state of mind and habits,
2. Dad has to stop using his exceptional charm to convince Mom, professionals, assistants and family members that mom is incapacitated mentally and physically,
3. Mom has to start getting more comfortable using the potty chair so she can move to the toilet with assistance till she is independent,
4. an irrigation kit needs to be located near the toilet and used expertly, (probably by a real nurse initially) to flush out Mom's insides at a consistent time each day to create a physical routine her body will then continue on its own,
5. Mom needs to be allowed to do her physical therapy everyday rather than hallucinating and sleeping with the combination of drugs prescribed by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh,
6. and Mom needs a correctional boot for her atrophic and wounded foot.

9/15/24

8:00 I came downstairs and checked on mom and dad. I asked if they ate and Dad said they already had cereal. I tried to talk to Mom but she was upset and repeated what I said. So she had already received her medication and probably come down off them somewhat.

Mom said she needed her diaper changed and they closed the door.

10:30 Dad kept the door closed until 10:30 then went in the kitchen and back to the bedroom and closed the door. Mom was trapped all morning.

11: 00 Dad started fixing spaghetti. There must have been something missing from his recipe because he left a house to the grocery store.

Dad must have given Mom more medications at 11:00 because at 11:30 she was hysterical. I convinced her to calm down telling her that it wouldn't last long. I think she is starting to recognize when she drifts in and out of reality and why.

12:00 She said she needed to have her diaper changed and I said Dad would be home from the grocery store soon. I told her if she wasn't so upset with medication we could get her to the toilet (on the toilet chair) but we should wait for Dad and she should urinate in the diaper. I suggested she ask Dad for the kind of diapers that are more like underwear and she said, "yes that would be good."

Dad got home from the grocery store and brought us spinach salad which was too acid because of pickled peppers and spaghetti which was inedible. It may have just had too much garlic powder.

12:15 Dad and I were cleaning up the kitchen after lunch when visitors arrived.

12:30 Brian, Cindy and Connie arrived and Mom was exhausted but Cindy and Connie started catching up discussing Connie's painting business while Brian was adjusting Mom's seating position, as if she were a rag doll. Mom was tolerating the situation like a good hostess but neither Brian or the wives were aware of, or adjusting to, Mom's fragile and confused state.

Mom tried to be a good hostess and participate in the conversation for a couple of hours. Brian put in one of the hearing aids he bought and she wore it as long as she could until she complained It was squealing and she took it out.

Mom's 2:00 exercise alarm went off and we had just finished playing balloon volleyball for a short but enthusiastic workout at Dad's suggestion.

The family is unaware how they have to plan activities for Mom and Dad (like Mom and Dad did for us when we were young.) My brothers and their wives think, just coming and sitting with Mom is appropriate. It's sort of a photo op situation.

Connie left first and then there was a short conflict between Dad and I about Mom's discomfort due to inactivity and the sedatives. Dad said I could leave if I didn't like how he was "successfully caring for Mom for 13 years." I said, Dad should stop caring for Mom incorrectly so mom could stop suffering for 13 years.

2:30 Everyone left without acknowledging the heated exchange between myself and Dad. Mark was the last to leave and suggested the large piece of meat in the refrigerator should be cut up. I told him, that was Dad's plan for the meat. Dad went in the kitchen and started cutting and freezing portions of the meat.

3:00 Mom started calling Dad for a diaper changed. Dad patiently said he was busy in the kitchen. I comforted Mom the best I could and Dad finally came to her, I exited the bedroom and Dad closed the door.

5:30 Dad opened the door, I went in and asked Mom to get up and do something with me. I told her we could do stand-ups on the leg exercise machine, go in the living room and watch a movie or ride around on the scooter. When she said no, I suggested a movie they might be interested in. I had just seen it in the living room and it had a very heartwarming ending in spite of a challenging topic. Silver Lining Playbook

Dad went in the living room and started making supper. I found a YouTube I thought was the movie I had just seen but it was just a critique of the movie. Mom said she needed her diaper changed.

I went in the kitchen and told Dad I would finish fixing supper. He said, Mom wants the same kind of sandwich I made for them the day before with ham and sweet sauce. I told him I could make something different if they didn't want to get bored of the same thing and he said, sweet ham sandwiches were what they want.

I sautéed ham in butter and added a generous portion of 123 molasses teriyaki. I brought Mom and Dad the sandwiches and Mom really enjoyed it again. I'm glad when I

find something they both like.

6:00 I apologized for not being able to find the movie I saw earlier and Dad found something else to watch. I told him I was going to do my exercise news and Mom said she was proud of me. I started my exercise where Mom could see me through the door in the living room.

6:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

9/14/24 Betty Broome Report

It's remarkable how people under the grips of giving and getting drugs and alcohol forget the warped confusion they created with cruel substances just the day before.

5:00 Dad brought Mom apple pie and they finished it.

8:00 I went in the bedroom and Mom said she needs to have her diaper changed. I left the bedroom asking what she wanted for breakfast. She said eggs and jelly toast. Dad went back in the bedroom and I asked him if he wanted eggs and jelly toast and he said, "no."

8:30 I brought mom breakfast. She ate it and Dad went in the other room.

9:00 I retrieved Mom's food-tray and Veronica came and washed Mom's hair.

10:00 Dad went in the bedroom.

10:30 Dad went to Costco. He had obviously given mom a dose of medication before he left to show me he was in control or just give me and Mom hard time.

I talked to Mom through the initial 30 minutes of the psychotic drug rush and we started watching an episode of Dr Martin. We've seen the episodes so many times I made a game of remembering what was going to happen next. Mom asked for hot tea and she started settling down. I brought her tea and then she wanted to go to the bathroom.

11:00 Mom asked to be moved to the toilet so she could urinate. Dad arrived at that moment and Mom was still asking to go to the toilet. Dad said he would have to take her

diaper off and I said you can wait until you're alone with her on the toilet.

I helped Mom get on the toilet chair and rolled her into the bathroom. I showed Dad how we have to turn her around and back her in the little toilet room door. I pushed the chair which is designed to go over the toilet.

Dad took off her diaper and let her urinate and then Mom called him when he went to get another diaper.

Dad rolled Mom out of the bathroom and near the bed. I lifted Mom out of the toilet chair and into the bed . She was still somewhat disoriented from the drug morning but I put on her oxygen tubes and left mom and Dad to watch Dr Martin.

12:00 Dad said there was plenty of food to make lunch in the refrigerator. I said I could make them ham sandwiches with sweet sauce. I used molasses teriyaki sauce and sauteed some ham with onions and made them sandwiches. Mom ate most of hers and Dad ate his. He started a movie and we watched it for a while. Mrs Marple

1:00 I went in the living room and The doorbell rang and Jean and Mark coincidentally arrived at the same time.

Dad started a game of balloon volleyball, Mark objected but we hit the balloon around for a few minutes till Mom stopped the game. Mark is starting to recognize Dad's negative role in Mom's recovery but he doesn't see yet how we have to pull Dad up at the same time. Dad needs to snap out of his Doctor's control to get Mom up or Dad could accidentally kill Mom with the medications. Then Dad will be my brother's responsibility because I will leave.

2:00 Jean stayed for a good visit but abruptly mom started thanking her for coming and she took the signal to leave.

I practiced my songs and fell asleep upstairs.

5:00 Dad made chicken salad sandwiches for him and Mom. And we watched a couple of episodes of a comedy. Grace and Frankie

6:00 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

6:30 I finished my exercise and started watching a movie.

9:00 Dad went in the kitchen and got a drink.

9:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and got another drink. I don't know what the drinks were tonight but I didn't hear any confusion or loud upset from Mom. I will only know if they had alcohol when the whole house smells like alcohol urine diapers.

9/13/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad has gone from complaining about having to constantly change mom's diaper to seeming to consider it a badge of honor for convincing her not to use the bathroom chair to urinating on the toilet.

7:00 I went downstairs and Dad was trying to make mom comfortable. He said, she couldn't be made comfortable and I didn't confront him with Mom's lack of control relating to the drugs he gives her.

7:30 I told Dad the water heater isn't working and I ask him to read the instructions to me while I perform them. He came upstairs and we went through the process but it didn't light. There was no spark.

8:00 Dad called the air conditioner repairman and asked them to come and light the water heater or see what was wrong with it. Coincidentally the city man who saved us Monday when the house was filled with gas, said the water heater looked like it was brand new. He was the last one to turn off the water heater when he checked and cleared the house.

8:30 Dad asked if I wanted oatmeal while I was cleaning up to go to the Cagle Pugh HOA collection agency downtown.

9:30 Darion arrived. Dad says she is not very punctual but she is the best.

10:00 I went to the HOA collection office and it turned out to be an office front with a secretary for a great many businesses. The multiple group secretary called the real Cagle Pugh office and I spoke to a secretary who told me to call them back on my own phone. I called them and got their voicemail. I said I was at the address they gave me to pay off the HOA and I wanted to do so. I also wanted to discuss with them a fair payment for the

letter they wrote, two phone calls and six emails. I think their charge of over \$1,000 is unethical.

10:30 I went to the grocery store on the way home.

11:00 Mark arrived and we tried to light the water heater. Mark took off the electric igniter from the water heater to try to find one to replace it.

11:30 Shelley the "Careing Senior Service" administrator arrived for her monthly visit.

1:00 Shelly left and Mark left to go get the spark generator for the water heater. Glenn, the physical therapist administrator, arrived. Dad was going with Mark until he saw I was talking to Glenn, then he stayed in bed with Mom while Glenn did a great job exercising mom.

Glen said repeatedly, Mom is definitely getting better. Dad went out of his way to tell Glenn he wasn't going to take Mom to the bathroom to urinate. He falsely said, Mom doesn't know when she's going to urinate. Dad didn't mention to Glen, Mom is only unaware of her urinations when she is medicated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

1:30 Glenn left and I went to get an estimate to have someone install the bathroom exhaust fan and roof vent now that I removed all the obstacles which require so much effort in the attic.

2:30 Mark returned with the water heater part, installed it, lit the water heater and it only cost five dollars. Darion replaced Mom's ostomy bag because Mom was insisting on it, even though It was barely dirty.

3:00 Mark and Dad went to get coffee. I got Mom and Darion some apple pie and they both enjoyed it. I told Mom and Darion about my experience with the fake business office of Cagle Pugh collection agency, and reminded Mom she is going to need to fight through the prescription drugs to be as active as possible like the physical therapist prescribed to her.

I told Mom, until her legs get stronger, she needs to get help with the bathroom chair to go to the bathroom as often as she can in spite of Dad's rejection of bathroom trips. Dad is confused by the insurance company rules the same way he canceled all her credit cards when she wanted to go visit her family graveyard in Poteau Oklahoma with Brian

and I in 2017.

I told Mom I'm going to involve Dad in activities so he will get excited about life and will snap out of this misogynistic controlling behavior. I told her, she and Dad deserve to enjoy the rest of their lives instead of this weird drug trap caused by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

4:00 Mark and dad returned with coffee then Mark left to eat and said goodbye to Darion for the weekend. Mom, Dad and I started watching "Lost in Yonkers" a movie.

4:30 Darion left for the day.

5:00 I brought Mom and Dad some chicken salad on raisin bread. Both mom and dad ate all of it while we watched the movie. Mom had some good laughs.

6:00 Mom said she wanted to go in the bathroom with the chair and Dad said he wasn't going to do that. He said Mom would have to take her diaper off. As if that was an obstacle. Mom understood what was going on and gave me a permission smile to leave. I went in the living room.

Dad didn't let me know he started watching the movie again so I started my exercise with the PBS news in the living room.

7:00 I finished my exercise and Dad opened the bedroom door. I went in the bedroom and told them good night. Dad said it was a great movie. He may have been trying to use this as a slap against me because he wasn't getting to drug or give Mom as much alcohol as usual. But I was too tired to pay attention to the situation in detail and I went to bed for the night.

I thought of a poem for social media tonight.

Racist autocrats
and misogyny are masked
in broad daylight now

9/12/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad gets frustrated and gives mom some combination of the "prescribed" medications. Mom freaks out for 30 minutes on the drugs and he has to deal with whatever she comes up with in her panic.

He never considers changing the medications. When, in her 30 minute drug panic, Mom says she's in the wrong house he laughs, baby talks or becomes firm and says this is the same house we've lived in for 40 years.

When the drugs make her hysterical for 30 minutes and she says, I'm sick, "I'm sick I'm sick!" he says there's nothing he can do, and gives her an antacid instead of irrigating her ostomy.

When Dad stops responding to her drugged panic, Mom says, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe, help me Joe I can't breathe." Dad calls the nurse or hops around trying to make her comfortable for the 30-minutes of terror he caused by his combination of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

7:00 I went downstairs and the door was closed but I could hear confusion in Mom and Dad's bedroom. I waited in the living room in case I was needed.

I don't what we do now that deadly habits are normalized and the only response any of the adult protection agencies or police have is to remove Mom from the house instead of removing the drugs and alcohol.

This seems to be a universal problem with family caregivers and autocratic world leaders?

8:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I asked if they wanted breakfast. Dad said they already had cereal with berries. I went in the bedroom and Mom had a breathing mask covering her nose and mouth. I asked her what was going on. Mom said she didn't know. Dad came back from the kitchen and Mom kept asking him "what do I do, now what do I do now."

9:00 Mia and Margaret arrived and Margaret took Mom's vitals which were normal.

Dad told Margaret, Mom has gone to the toilet to pee with the bathroom chair but instead of encouraging mom and everyone with Mom's exciting new progress he said, Mom can't continue doing it because she doesn't know when she urinates.

The only time Mom doesn't know she urinates is when Dad has over medicated with Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

Nurse Margaret seems to have chosen the convenience of talking about her dogs with Mom and Dad rather than getting involved reporting Mom's miserable constipated ostomy and Mom's over medicated stupers the don't allow her to do her physical therapy.

10:00 Dad and Mark went to get coffee and called us on their way back asking if Mom was hungry. Mom had just asked about food so they stopped and got chicken sandwiches.

I didn't see if Mom ate but she could not communicate effectively with Margaret. Mom can't communicate with Margaret or doctors on FaceTime most of the time due to the medication.

11:00 We all ate chicken sandwiches and picked up after the meal.

12:00 Mom repeatedly said she wanted to sleep and it was obvious the drugging early this morning was terribly exhausting for her. It appears to me, this morning's intense drugging was a consequence for her acting so independently about using the bathroom chair to urinate in the toilet and clearly understanding with with Byron the physical therapists assertions, "You need to be more active to have less abdominal cramps from constipation."

1:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and told me about a government show he was watching and said, Mom was having a bad morning because she couldn't breathe. I didn't want to call attention to the fact that, when Dad is particularly frustrated he gives Mom a terrible overdose and she always falls back on saying she can't breathe when she is desperate.

Mom's last ditch effort, when nothing else gets through to Dad, when she is severely medicated, is to say she can't breath to get him to do anything different. This time she got him to call Margaret and have the useless nurse visit a second day in a row which is against the rules of the Angelus company.

1:30 I talked to Mia for a while about her plans to become a nurse. She seems very aware of a lot of the complexities involved in caring for people. She has some

understanding of psychology, but she is not interested in serving an aged woman and her husband while she is in college.

Mia spends most of her time looking at her phone or striking up conversations when it's obvious she has wasted a lot of time. She doesn't consider actively caring for Mom or assisting around the house as part of her job. Though it is in the job description.

2:00 Mark arrived and Mom said she wanted a sandwich so he got her one from the refrigerator.

3:00 Mark Dad and Mia talked for a long time in the bedroom. I tried to sleep a little.

5:00 Dad said Mom was hungry and I fixed salmon and asparagus. Mom didn't eat any of it. It was perfect and Dad said so.

Dad started a movie and we watched the whole thing about elderly men robbing a bank. It was pretty funny and heartwarming.

7:00 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

8:00 I finished my exercise and Dad came in the kitchen got something and said good night to me as he closed the bedroom door.

8:30 I started to take a shower but the water heater was turned off for some reason. I'll figure it out in the morning.

I haven't heard from the HOA collection agency Cagle Pugh about the totals so I'll visit their office tomorrow.

9/11/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad gets frustrated and gives mom some combination of the "prescribed" medications. Mom freaks out for the first 30 minutes on the drugs and he has to deal with whatever she comes up with in her panic.

He never considers changing the medications, stopping the ones that cause her so much disorientation or sleep terrors (if she falls asleep). When she says she's in the wrong

house he laughs, acts very loving or becomes firm and says, "this is the same house we've lived in for 40 years."

When she frantically repeats "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick" he says, "there's nothing we can do, and gives her an antacid."

When she says she can't breathe he calls the nurse or hops around trying to make Mom comfortable for the 30-minutes of terror he caused by his combination of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

6:30 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. Dad said whatever looks good. There were already boiled eggs in the refrigerator so I brought them bacon, jelly toast, steamed spinach and boiled eggs.

7:00 Mom and Dad ate all of the breakfast except for a little bit of the spinach. Dad said the spinach should be cut up smaller so it was easier to pick up with the fork.

7:30 I asked Mom if she wanted to go in the living room for Teresa who will arrive to clean. Mom said, "no."

8:00 We watched the news about the debates last night. I put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes and she wiped her eyes and almost reached the closed hamper when she threw it across the room. Teresa got here early because she was trying to avoid the hurricane but the weather didn't get bad at all.

9:30 I went downstairs and Darion was here. I asked Mom if she wanted me to help her go in the living room.

Mom is good at using the exercise chair so we quickly moved into the living room, but she complained about her gut the whole way saying, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." I went upstairs to get dressed and shave.

10:00 There was a lot of noise downstairs and Mark killed a water snake. He was a Boy scout so he should have known it wasn't a water moccasin by the orange belly.

1030 Mark and Dad left to go to the dentist.

11:00 Margaret arrived and we told her what Byran (the physical therapist) said about Mom possibly needing to go to the hospital. We told Margaret that Byron said Mom needed to be more active so she could have good bowel movements.

Mia (the part-time assistant) contacted her administrator and told them Mom was suffering from her ostomy area.

Margaret asked what pain level mom had and mom said, "four." I'm sure Mom says low numbers to Margaret out of politeness. Mom doesn't want to cause anyone inconvenience. I told the nurse she has been seeing Mom lying still for years and doesn't see that Mom is constantly saying she's in pain and she's sick, but only when she moves or is in the first 45 minutes of a medication episode.

Margaret said Mom is fine.

I asked Mom if she would sit up and she did with the help of me and Darion and Mom was committed to saying her pain level was still four. Mom appeared to be defying me at this point and this is typical of how she acts after years of confused treatment. But we can't stop helping her just because she makes it complicated.

Margaret said everything is okay, like she always does. I said that's the way it's been for 2 years, saying everything is okay and Mom is suffering most of the time. Any time she moves she's in pain because of her inability to have natural bowel movements.

I asked Margaret if she could bring a medical boot for Mom's twisted foot she broke when she fell from alcohol. I asked Margaret to bring an irrigation kit for her ostomy now that Mom is able to get on the toilet.

Margaret said she has an irrigation kit and she will look for a medical boot for her foot. I hope she remembers because she didn't remember this week that she said last week, she would watch Mom use the exercise machine. She never brought it up.

12:00 Mark called and asked if we need lunch. I told him we just ate chicken salad and Dad asked if there was some for him. I said yes.

1:00 Mark and Dad arrived and Dad closed the door for a while. They all watched some detective shows including Columbo.

2: 00 Dad left the house with Mark.

3:00 I went in the bedroom to do Mom's 3:00 exercise and Mom said, "no." But she said she wanted coffee and she wanted Darion to take her in the bathroom to the toilet. I helped mom get in the rolling chair and Darion helped Mom go to the bathroom for the

second time in 2 years. I hope this is the beginning of Mom getting herself together.

I told Darion, when other assistants are here Mom and Dad complain Darion isn't working with them. Darion said we need to let them know in the administrative office we want her everyday.

3:30 Thank goodness Dad didn't give Mom medication this afternoon because we had a great conversation and laughed about television shows while Mark and Dad were gone.

4:00 Mark and Dad arrived and we told them how Darion took Mom to the bathroom.

I brought Mom and Dad some banana bread heated with butter melted on it. Mom is too much of a hostess to allow Darion to go without. Mom gave her banana bread to Darion and Dad ate his. Darion stayed till almost 5:00 watching a comedy with us and everyone laughed.

5:00 Mom said she wanted a drink and she meant alcohol. Dad said he would go get her a half an ounce of wine.

Mom and Dad had wine and were in a very happy mood but it looked very precarious because if Mom asked to go to the bathroom under these circumstances she could fall and break her foot again.

5:30 Dad went outside to check the mail and I told Mom to please not ask Dad to take her to the bathroom when they had wine because she could hurt her foot even more than last time a couple of years ago.

It has never properly healed because she's never been to the doctor in years since she started the sedating medication. Maybe the medical boot Margaret may bring may help.

I tried to find a movie I wanted Dad to see but he couldn't navigate to it. I went in the living room to exercise.

6:00 I started exercising with PBS NewsHour

7:00 I finished exercising and I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted half of a turkey and Swiss pre-made sandwich from the grocery store. Mom asked Dad if he wanted half and he said she could eat half and give him what was left.

I brought the tiny half sandwich to each of them and Dad said to cut it into fourths and

give Mom 1/4. I left the room with Mom looking at the sandwich and I didn't see how much she ate. Dad said it was just the right amount.

7:30 I picked up the tray and the sandwich and drinks were eaten. I went upstairs for the night.

8:00 I went online and made a signature loan with my bank for the maximum they would allow to help with my HOA problems.

9/10/24 Betty Broome Report

As much as Dad is weary from the incomplete job he's doing caring for Mom, he clings to the ego boost he rewards himself with for performing the bits that he does 24 hours a day. Mom is almost always suffering with idleness, boredom, constipation, muscle spasms, needing help to urinate, needing help to have a bowel movement, sedating medication and confusion from various medications.

5:00 Dad brought mom cereal for breakfast and went back to sleep after taking the tray back to the kitchen.

6:00 I brought Mom apple pie and we talked about my Facebook friends and my old students.

7:00 Mom kept asking to get her up but wouldn't get up when I tried to help her with the leg exercise chair and we turned on a British comedy, "The Last of the Summer Wine."

7:30 Dad woke up and I gave him and Mom hot tea with cinnamon. We talked about why Darion isn't able to come assist Mom everyday. Mom started saying she's suffering. I gave Mom a laxative. I told her it would take a few hours but she may be able to get that old stuff out of her. Dad became upset and said I shouldn't give Mom medicine. I didn't call any attention to the irony of a 91-year-old man misusing sedatives to control his 92-year-old wife.

Mom dictated another letter to one of her cousins we are sending one of her mother's

quilt stars for Christmas. Mom is continuously complaining about her distended gut full of feces and unable to expel it for comfort.

My brothers are conveniently unaware of Mom's almost constant pain. She is kept from moving her body or sedated so she doesn't complain about the constant constipated suffering when they visit. Any movement causes Mom pain.

9:00 Mom said she needed her diaper changed and asked me to get Dad from the kitchen. I called him and fell asleep on the chair in the living room.

9:30 I heard Mia in Mom and Dad's room and fell asleep again.

Mark came and got Dad and they went to the doctor. As Dad left he said he would get food on the way back. I used the hot tea bag Mark left for Mom which was provided by Connie.

Mom couldn't stop complaining about her painful and distended gut. She hasn't been to the doctor in years though dad goes more than once a week. I tried to distract her while Mark and Dad were gone to the doctor. We were looking up addresses to mail the Christmas packages. I called her old friend to find out what her address is.

It seems like the assistants, who come watch Mom, would be more involved in reporting Mom's suffering. The side of Mom's body, with the ostomy opening for her feces bag is distended. It's understandable Mom would be in constant pain and unable to move comfortably. I don't understand why Dad doesn't see that and take her to the hospital or at least to a doctor's appointment and tests.

11:00 Mark and Dad came back and Dad was not satisfied with the food in the refrigerator. They left again to get sandwiches.

We all ate sandwiches and there were plenty of people to watch Mom so I fell asleep.

3:00 I went to exercise with Mom for her 3:00 exercise. She was very emphatic she didn't want to do anything because her bowels were cramping. I told her the only way to get her body to expel the bowel movement was for her to move around.

Just then Byron, the physical therapist, arrived and Mia told him Mom was suffering with a full and cramping bowel. Byran conference called The Angelus Health Service 281 856 6305 to report mom's discomfort and misshaped bowel area.

The woman who answered had a hard time speaking English and didn't understand what Byran was saying at first. Byran repeated several times that Betty Broome was suffering and needed someone to look at her misshapen abdomen which appeared to be full of feces.

The woman on the phone was named Linda and she said the nurse was not available. After many tries Byron was able to get Linda to agree to have the nurse call Betty Broome. Byron said they would need to speak to Joe Broome Senior or one of the sons. Betty isn't able to answer the phone because she doesn't know how to use a modern phone and Dad removed the landline.

I don't know what's going to happen to women trapped in this situation. There has to be a huge number of them for me to have known too personally.

Mom said she needed to pee and Byran suggested we use the bathroom chair to take her in to the toilet. Mom was a little defiant but she got in the chair and we rolled her to the bathroom where she was able to urinate for the first time in years on the toilet.

This was a big deal to me and she was excited about it. But she was also worried about getting back in bed.

We used the exercise machine to get her from the "bathroom/shower chair" back into bed. And sure enough she had a bigger than usual bowel movement into her ostomy bag. I think this was probably because of all this activity going to the toilet for the first time. She needs constant activity so she can have normal bowel movements.

This should be enough evidence for the nurse to help Mom start becoming active. For several years the nurse has been corroborating Mom's desire to lie still. You would think her nurse training would have prepared her to work through the avoiding pain of cramping constipation and go to the extra effort to push her to improve mom's health.

Dad has told Margaret, the nurse, for years that Mom is fine and now that's all the nurse says before she leaves having done nothing to improve Mom's situation.

4:00 Mark and Dad came home and we told them the story about the trip to the bathroom. It seemed very clear, both Mark and Dad had been drinking alcohol. Dad said, it was good Mom sat on the toilet and he asked Mom if she urinated in the toilet. Mom said yes. Mark laughed and said I shouldn't advertise that on the internet. Mark is not productive except to be with Mom and Dad. He doesn't recognize opportunities to

advance improvements. I hope this will change.

Dad was very jovial but he didn't seem to see the significance of Mom getting to the toilet for the first time in so long.

4:30 Mia left for the day and Mom watched some British comedy with me while Dad was in the kitchen.

5:00 Dad heated up the remaining rotisserie chicken from yesterday but it was extremely dry so Mom didn't eat hardly any of it.

5:30 Dad fixed the remaining apple pie for Mom and he and Mom ate all of it after asking if I wanted any. I told him Mom really likes it so he should give her as much as she wants.

I need to keep getting apple pies because Mom really does like them.

6:00 I did my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished my exercise and searched for a reliable source for the debate on the TV.

8:00 I started watching the debate and went in Mom and Dad's bedroom to help them find a reliable channel as well.

9:30 Mom said she thought, Kamala did a great job. Dad said kamala's excellent performance would not change the minds of most Trump fans. I went upstairs for the night.

When I got upstairs I found another email from the Cagle Pugh collection agency sent at 5:26 pm today September 10th.

The email from the HOA collection agency read as follows.

Good Afternoon!

The autopayments you set up are not considered a payment plan, and the Board has denied removing your account from collections with our office. If payment arrangements to reconcile account in full are not entered into with our office, collections will continue, and legal fees will continue to incur for all work completed on your file.

Please let me know if you would like us to provide the total balance to pay in full in one payment or if you would like me to draft a payment plan for you. If you need a payment plan, please provide responses to questions in the email thread below.

I wrote an email back to the HOA collection agency as follows...

To Cagel Pugh collection agency
Dear Secretary Dana,

You mentioned you have been helping your family members with dementia and I have thousands of dollars of equipment which could simplify that challenge for you. Would you like to buy them from me or barter for the amount you say I owe?

My 91 year old Dad convinces my 92 year old Mom she doesn't like the equipment as part of their codependent dementia, so she does not use them very long before I have to buy new things he hasn't gaslighted her against.

They are in excellent condition and worth much more than what you say I owe the HOA and any unethical charges you have tacked on to my debt.

If you and your company are confusing me with my Dad because of our identical names you should know I don't have money. I have a maxed out credit card and a car Dad gave me.

I sent you the address to send the updated totals. Is there some reason you don't mention that updated document in these communications?

If you are confident you are acting appropriately you won't mind that I reported you to every news outlet and the attorney general Merrick Garland for your sloppy and greedy work.

Let me know if you want to buy a brand new scooter and or a leg exercising and transfer machine. They are worth well over \$3,000.

Joe Broome

9/9/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 I heard Dad in the kitchen and I asked if he wanted breakfast. He said they already had cereal. I went in to see Mom and she was finishing her cereal with berries. I helped her get the last bite because she was struggling.

I was eating trail mix and she wanted some. I got a bowl so she could have as much as she wanted. I was sitting next to her and asked her if she wanted hot tea. She said yes. I asked Dad if he wanted some and he said no.

I got Mom hot tea with a squeeze of lime. I brought Dad some in case he changed his mind and he still said no. I drank his and Mom said it was too hot. I told her to slip it carefully. She said she needed her diaper changed. Dad got up and started opening one of the boxes of diapers. So I left the room.

9:15 Darion arrived at 9:15 and was knocking on the bedroom door when I told her she could just walk in after knocking. She came out a little later saying Mom was snoring and she thought Dad might be in the bathroom.

9:30 I went in the bedroom and asked Dad what time we should leave to play golf. Dad said 11:00. Darion said she was going to be here Monday, Wednesday and Friday this week.

10:00 Mark came in with coffee. We talked about Marks trip to Houma. I asked Mom if she would let us move her in the living room so we can fix the sheets that were all gnarled up under her. She said no and Darion said she would take care of it when we were gone. We started playing balloon volleyball and Mom wouldn't join in. Mom started saying, "I'm sick I'm sick. I don't want to play."

So Mom is either irritable from medication, constipation, gaslighting or a combination of them all.

11:00 We left to play golf and had a great game. Everyone was polite and humorous. If we can just get Mom actively participating in something to distract her from her suffering and stop her suffering with ostomy irrigation and inappropriate sedating medication she can enjoy the rest of her life.

2:30 We returned and it looked like Darion had a hard time with Mom while we were out. Mom was angry about everything and Darion said she changed Mom's ostomy while we were gone. Dad was defensive about Darion changing mom's ostomy. Darion dealt with Dad's criticism well but you know Dad's complaints are going to cause Darion

to question moving forward with any work to care for Mom's bowel suffering.

Dad is terribly offended by anyone who calls attention to the fact that he didn't use the irrigation tools provided to him when Mom first received her ostomy. They sat in the bathroom for years and I didn't know what they were before they disappeared.

Darion said, Mom didn't have a full BM but Darion was hoping she could relieve some of Mom's discomfort by changing the ostomy while we were gone. At least we have Darion who understands what needs to be done but hasn't gone far enough.

Darion is equally concerned with caring for her own mother and surviving two incompatible jobs day and night. So she isn't able to work with Mom all week.

3:00 Mom was knocked out and was not awake to play balloon volleyball.

3:30 Dad asked if I wanted anything at the grocery store and I said I was about to go and would he like to give me his list. He told me a few things I added to my list and I went upstairs to see what size the air conditioner filters were.

There was a smell of gas upstairs when I checked the size of the air conditioner filters but I didn't respond to the smell appropriately either due to being influenced by it or from being used to the smell gradually.

4:00 I received a call from one of my ex student's friend in Maryland. This friend of my student reported that my student's aunts took all of his possessions when his mother died. It appears my student has now been moved out of his own house by the predatory aunts and everything his friend tried to do to help was seen as additional predatory or confusing behavior. The hyperbolic person who called had gone to extraordinary lengths to assist my ex student but now my ex student was trapped by the aunts who took everything he owned.

5:00 I fell asleep in the living room chair.

6:30 the doorbell rang and there was a loud knock on the door. It was a representative of the city who was looking very urgent. He had an air reading device that was beeping and he asked if he could check the house. I was suspicious at first and told him he could go in the backyard but his monitor was beeping and I asked him to come in.

As he walked through the house the gas meter beeped more and more frequently and he was directed by the increasing frequency away from what he said was a usual kitchen

issue, to the fireplace which he found to be releasing gas.

It was scary but we were relieved to find that, in the process of moving the television for Mom to see the backyard everyday, we had probably stepped on the valve causing it to leak.

It was the neighbors who called 911 because they smelled the gas coming out of the house. I opened all the windows and doors and it quickly cleared the smell and my brain fog.

I went to the street and there were several neighbors assembled. I thanked them for probably saving our lives and the man with the gas meter went through the entire house again checking his readings. The house was cleared and he said to please watch out for my parents and left.

7:00 I went to the grocery store and got the things Dad and I added to my list.

8:00 I brought Dad and Mom rotisserie chicken and Coca-Cola. Mom did not wake up so dad ate most of her's. She wasn't eating anyway.

9:00 I discovered another email from the HOA collection agency which was sent to me at 3:59 September 9th.

I'll need to forward this one to some kind of legal review board because there is a catch 22 in which the collection agency (Cagle Pugh) suggests they are to be paid legal fees for delinquent payments which are unresolved with my HOA with who I am not allowed to negotiate.

The email says they have forwarded my contact information to the HOA. They go on to say, any disputes will be handled by them, the collection agency (Cagle Pugh).

It says My auto payments are not considered an active payment plan. (Though the payments are still required and are being accepted by the HOA)

The collection agency (Cagle Pugh) email also says, I am also supposed to pay the growing legal fees. I can understand how a collection agency would be very enthusiastic about receiving hundreds or thousands of dollars but they should use less convoluted communications especially with their aging clients.

As it is, the Cagle Pugh collection agency appears to be using deceptive practices. They

are attempting to collect on a payment violation which was resolved with auto payments before I received the letter from the Cagle Pugh collection agency.

Cagle and Pugh collection agency says I am not allowed to communicate with the HOA directly and I'm receiving growing legal fees as I request a review of this unethical trap.

This is the email from the HOA collection agency Cagle Pugh along with my response which is proceeded with the introduction to a previous response I made to the Cagle Pugh HOA collection agency. It create the illusion my response to this recent email was sent before the email I was responding to.

Good Afternoon!

I have forwarded your request with the updated mailing address you provided in your letter to the Association to update their records.

Your dispute was previously sent to the Board for their review, and they communicated that your file and any payment arrangements will need to be completed through our office. The auto-payments you were signed up for are not considered an active payment plan.

Please see payment plan details below:

The facilitation of a payment plan will incur additional cost consisting of the payment plan fee of \$250.00 and monthly administrative fees of \$94.50 in addition to all legal fees that have or will incur for all time spent working on the account through reconciliation. This includes but is not limited to time spent for all correspondence, calculations, and the balancing and closing of the file.

Please note, it is more cost effective to pay off the entire balance in one payment, if at all possible, to avoid the **monthly** administrative fees of **\$94.50** that are incurred in a payment plan; however, we understand that may not be possible. If you would like me to prepare a payment plan, please provide answers to the following:

- Would you prefer a 6 month or 12 month payment plan agreement? **Please keep in mind that you will need to continue paying your regular monthly assessments in full as well as the amount you agree to in the payment plan.**
- What day of the month would you like your payments due? This is the date the payment must be received by our office. Please note, we do not accept electronic

payments at this time. All payments must be made by check, cashier's check, or money order and mailed to or dropped off at our Austin office.

If you would prefer to pay in full in one payment to avoid the monthly administrative fees, please let me know, and I will send your request to our payoff specialist to provide you with the total balance to reconcile your account. If no decision is made regarding payment arrangements by paying in full or entering into a payment plan through our office, collections will continue.

As a reminder, we bill for all time spent working on an account to include but not limited to all emails and phone calls. Additional correspondence will continue to incur legal fees.

Regards,

Dana Fenner

Paralegal

Direct: 737-261-0624

dana.fenner@caglepugh.com

www.caglepugh.com

Austin | 4301 Westbank Dr., Bldg. A, Ste. 150, Austin, TX 78746

Dallas | 4600 Greenville Avenue, Ste. 200, Dallas, TX 75206

Houston | 2500 Wilcrest, Ste. 300, Houston, TX 77042

San Antonio | 18756 Stone Oak Pkwy., Ste. 200, San Antonio, TX 78258

The information in this e-mail is ATTORNEY-CLIENT PRIVILEGED AND CONFIDENTIAL and is intended solely for the use by the individual or entity named above. If you believe that it has been sent to you in error, do not read it. Please reply to the sender that you have received the message in error, then delete it. This firm is a debt collector. Any information obtained will be used for that purpose. **If you wish to no longer receive electronic communications from this firm regarding debt collection at the email address to which this electronic communication was addressed, please send an email to optout@caglepugh.com and specify your name and the email address to which you would like this firm to cease using for debt collection.**

*****If you have amended your declaration since filing a management certificate, you MUST update your management certificate within 30 days. Please contact me for more***

information.**

9:30 I responded to their email with the following email.

From: Joe Broome <joehardybroome@gmail.com>

Sent: Saturday, September 7, 2024 2:55 PM

To: Dana Fenner <dana.fenner@caglepugh.com>; Debt Verification <debtverification@caglepugh.com>; tips@texastribune.org

Subject: I am sharing '9-7-24HOA-Letter' with you

Do I understand you to say I am to continue letting the auto payments continue but there is a charge for my lack of payments? Specifically what am I receiving financial consequences for?

Joe Broome

9/8/24 Betty Broome Report

After 50 years of Mom and Dad's children neglecting them while attempting to avoid even the appearance leaching off of our parents, we all had successful careers and some raised families. But Dad's youth wounded by a suicidal grandmother, a critical older brother and father, has come back as a bitterness. Dad appears to be taking the isolation and oppressed childhood unconsciously on Mom.

4:00 I heard Dad downstairs. Mom already had coffee and dad asked for cereal with blackberries. Mom said she needed her diaper changed.

4:30 Dad open the door and I brought them their breakfast. Dad was watching a bunch of Linda Ronstadt YouTube music videos. He talked about how he has a tendency to like sad songs.

Mom was alert but irritable and you could see why it is preferable to Dad to keep her medicated and quiet instead of motivating her to be independent and occupied. She was very active and providing us with a list of chores she wanted done and problems she was having with her body.

5:00 Dad continued playing very sad songs and when he asked, why we thought he liked sad songs. I suggested, it was because his brother and dad caused him so much suffering when he was very young. He laughed and we all stayed positive because there were none of Mom's drugs yet for him to feel guilty and defensive about.

6:00 When one of the songs told a clear story I reminded Dad that he wanted to talk about the elements of storytelling. We went through the elements of the song and related them to the vocabulary of storytelling. Exposition, conflict, rising action, climax, falling action and resolution.

7:30 Mom started dictating more letters to go with the quilt star Christmas presents and we almost completed all of the letters when Mom began to hallucinate about one of her kids being missing. She told me and Dad we needed to go find Brant. She said we left him at a party and we need to go get him. So Dad must have given her the medication around 7:00 for her to be hallucinating like this at 7:30.

Dad used the usual ploy to explain away Mom's reaction to the drugs saying she dreamed it. He was more adamant about it than usual saying that they both have to remind each other when they think dreams are memories. He chuckles convincingly when he corrects Mom in her confused hallucinating state.

Dad's adorable character is part of the reason he has been able to isolate himself and Mom from the family and doctors for years. I think it began because she didn't want to bother people but now it is a routine and a power satisfaction for him.

I continued to take dictation for the quilt star accompanying letters but Mom interrupted asking, "what are you going to do about Brant?"

I answered Mom saying, "I hope you stop getting drugs that cause you to hallucinate and then you won't have to worry." Dad lost his temper and yelled, "Don't say that!" I continued making suggestions for the letters and accepting dictation from Mom until she couldn't do it anymore.

8:00 We started getting tired of the sad songs and switched to the news. Sadly there was another mass shooting being reported. I gathered my letter writing supplies and went in the living room with Dad calling out to me. But I didn't want to hear anymore rationalization for Mom's drug hallucinations.

As I went upstairs Mom was laughing loudly. I guess Dad was scratching her back. It's a

tragedy that mom only gets positive attention when Dad's putting on a performance after an obvious drugging or a long period of negligence.

9:00 I could hear Mom making noise. I went in their bedroom and mom was already up in the leg exercise machine. I pushed her into the living room and Mom had no trouble standing up so we could remove the seat flaps and she sat down in the living room chair.

I played Mom a song and I ask if she wanted a chocolate shake. I made shakes for all of us. I couldn't find the chocolate so I made vanilla shakes with a little sprinkle of nutmeg. I reminded Dad and Mom that Dad taught us about adding nutmeg to vanilla shakes when we were at 202 Maple in Houma. Mom asked if I had nutmeg in this one and I said yes. She drank it and a little bit of honey tea but soon she said she needed to go to the bathroom and wanted to be in the bed. She always wants to be in the bed to urinate even though it is in her diaper.

Mom persisted so, after a few minutes of Dad and I asking her to stay out in the living room as long as she can, I pushed the leg exercise machine against her knees, asked her to grab the horizontal bars and she pulled herself up with a little help. We put the seat flaps down and she complained most of the way back into the bedroom.

But standing up, moving the seat flaps and sitting down on the bed was so effortless she seemed surprised.

9:30 Dad changed Mom's diaper so I went back in the living room to watch TV and practice my songs.

11:30 Dad left the house saying he was going to get lunch. I had time to sit with Mom and in the past 3 years, I have never had her participate in exercise as much as she did while dad was gone to get food.

She pulled the blankets off her legs and started copying my leg movements like riding a bicycle laying on her back. Most of the time she acts like she can't move her legs at all, so I don't know what brought this on this time. Dad may have given her another dose of drugs before he left to get lunch. This would be typical of how he sets people up for a fearful out of control experience to convince everyone Mom is further along in dementia than he is.

The first 15 to 45 minutes of each drug experience can be hyperbolic and she can either be very positive and energetic or angry and lashing out. This time she got a really great

workout.

I told Mom, "this is the kind of exercise you're going to need to build up and to be able to go in the bathroom and the dentist."

I reminded her, if she can get in the bathroom, Darion said she would get irrigation equipment to help her with her constipated bowels. Usually Mom doesn't let me talk about her ostomy very long, but she persisted with exercise seeming to agree that she needed to become active.

I started lifting my one leg at a time off the bed and then the other. Mom copied my movements for at least 10 minutes. Dad arrived with food and I was telling Mom she needed to practice with the scooter so she could go to the dentist.

1:00 We all ate honey shrimp. When I saw that neither of us were eating the rice I asked Dad to save it so we could have it with something later. Dad gave me the rice and I put it together with mine in the refrigerator.

I went back in the bedroom and spoke to Mom about how pretty it was outside and she should come out and get some vitamin d. She made a funny face I thought was rejection and I went in the living room.

Soon I could hear Mom crying and laughing alternately. But then she started with angry loud comments. Dad came in the living room and asked me to help get Mom into the exercise machine.

The machine was too far away from the bed for her to get in it and she was sliding off the bed. Dad said he was worried she was going to fall on the floor. It seemed like he was signaling to Mom and trying to get her to slide onto the floor in my presence.

But I pushed the machine against her knees and told Mom to grab the horizontal bars. After a minute she grabbed the bars and stopped focusing on sliding off the bed. I asked her to pull herself up so we could put the seat under her. Dad helped pull mom up and we slid the seat flaps under her bottom so she was safe.

I can't be certain Dad was going to let Mom fall on the floor but it was an unsafe situation he could have easily addressed himself instead of coming to get me. He had done it himself earlier in the day.

1:30 We brought Mom in the living room and she was limp as a rag-doll. Mom looked

exhausted and I helped her sit up. I gave her the buttons to control the chair and she moved herself up and down a couple of times. I told her it was good she is moving around so much today because that would help her have a bowel movement and she wouldn't be so uncomfortable in her stomach. I asked her if she wanted something to drink and she said "no."

She started asking to go back in the bedroom. She said, we needed to bring the exercise machine so she could go in the bedroom. I asked her if she would please try out the scooter again, so she could go to the dentist as soon as possible.

She said, no but I went and got the scooter and rode around her and made her laugh a couple of times. I asked Dad to try out the scooter because he never has. He was obviously disgruntled and said he didn't want to.

I noticed there was a deep scratch in the new scooter and asked if he knew anything about it. He said no one has ridden in the scooter. He didn't know how the scratch got there. I told him that Mark rode the scooter up and down the street but hadn't caused any scratches. I told him it wasn't scratched yesterday.

I kept riding the scooter around the house and Mom was starting to ask to go back to the bedroom again. I told her, if she would get in the scooter she could go outside really easily. Dad said he meant for her to go outside when he brought her in the living room this time. That was encouraging.

I got the exercise machine and tried to roll it out the door on the ramp but it is too long between the wheels and it got caught on the ramp. So now we know the exercise machine cannot be used to take Mom outside.

I got back on the scooter and opened the back door and drove it outside very easily. I went outside the window and waved to Mom and Dad in the sun. I tried to be funny looking up at the sun waving my arms like I was worshipping the Sun.

I rode the scooter back into the house and Dad was speaking firmly with Mom telling her she needed to get on the scooter and go out side in the sun. It looked like Mom could tell this was a performance and mockingly copied Dad's firm tone of voice repeating what he said.

I asked her to please go outside and we will disconnect the motor so we can roll her out with complete and comfortable control. Mom said it was too hot outside in the sun. I

said we won't be out in the sun long enough to be uncomfortable. We'll just get vitamin D for 10 minutes and come back in.

2:00 She said she wanted to go back to the bed. She persisted so I pushed the exercise machine against her knees and she pulled herself up with a little assistance from me and Dad. We put the seat under her and she told us to take her into the bedroom. I pushed her up against the bed and she stood up so we could remove the paddles. She knows how to do it herself now. She could probably even remove the seat once she stands up.

She needed her diaper changed so I went in the living room and fell asleep on the chair.

3:00 Mom was growling and spasming when I looked in the bedroom.

4:00 Mom is still growling and spasming so Dad must be trying to show me that he has control of Mom.

5:00 I asked what Mom wanted for supper and she said nothing. I suggested the leftover grilled cheese sandwiches from the day before. Dad said he threw them away. I politely told him, when I put leftovers in the refrigerator I'm saving it for myself most of the time.

Dad didn't say anything but he was jumping around different Dr Martin episodes looking for a specific one in which Dr Martin was driving a car with something in the backseat. Mom had asked Dad what was in the backseat during a specific episode and they were searching for it among the episodes available on the internet TV.

I made a joke about how Mark and Connie were going to bring their Sunday supper. It was a joke because Mark and Connie were either still out of town or still on their way back from Houma and we knew it. Dad called Mark on Mom's phone and asked if they were home yet. Mark said he was about an hour away.

I told Mom to ask Mark, "where's my Sunday supper?" But Mom just talked to Mark for a minute and wouldn't join in the joke. After all, she's been drugged, growling and spasming all afternoon.

Mom asked for lotion to put on her arms. I gave it to her and she took her time putting it on her hands and arms. Mom asked if I have seen all the episodes of Dr Martin and I told her yes. Dad must have taken this as a suggestion to look for another episode. Dad asked if I've seen the Christmas episode. I said yes and told him about some of the parts to let him know I was familiar with it. He put on the end of the Christmas episode and we

enjoyed it very much.

6:00 I told Mom I was going to do my exercise and I went in the living room.

6:30 I finished my exercise and called out good night to them. Dad said good night.

8:00 I made one last trip to check on them and Mom is growling and making crazy comments like telling Dad not to let her head get in the way. It seems like Dad thinks he needs to prove to me, Mom is out of control with dementia so he keeps giving her the drug or the combination of drugs which keep mom confused. If I weren't here so much of the time I couldn't see the pattern of druggings.

The doctors haven't seen Mom in years except on FaceTime when she's drugged, and the nurse only sees Mom perfectly still in bed or in the living room chair. So Mom's not making the movements that cause her pain from almost constant constipation. I wonder how many people are trapped in this situation?

9/7/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 I heard Dad downstairs. The door was open and I asked Mom what she wanted. She said coffee. I met Dad in the kitchen where I was fixing coffee for Mom. He said I was putting too much sugar in the coffee and he started to throw it away but I said I wanted it and I drank it. I knew something was up.

Dad brought Mom coffee and I asked what she wanted for breakfast. She was disoriented but I put a warm moist washcloth on her face and she started to wake up. Dad started to take the cloth away from me when Mom made a noise like she was complaining I pressed her eyes too hard. Something's going on this morning.

Mom wouldn't throw the washcloth at the clothes hamper like she usually does. I asked if she wanted bacon and eggs and she said yes. Dad approved and I fixed them.

5:30 I brought Mom and Dad scrambled eggs and bacon and mom was starting to get really disoriented.

Once she started eating she became more focused and both her and Dad ate almost all

of their food. Mom was still eating when she said for me to take the plate and Dad grabbed it as she started taking the last piece of bacon. Something's happening today.

6:00 Mom started spasming and I held her hand for a long time. She kept repeating that she needed to "get up." I told her I would move her in the living room.

Dad said that wasn't what she was asking about. After that, I kept handing her the remote for the adjustable bed and pointing to the up and down buttons. She raised and lowered her head a couple of times to the position she wanted but that couldn't change the discomfort she was obviously feeling in her gut.

It has worked for a years for Dad to control Mom with a combination of drugs that cause mom to hallucinate, drugs that cause her to be sedated and drugs that cause her to be constipated.

Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions have kept mom's focus and pain consistently disorienting buy alternating the three miseries of confusion, uncontrollable fitful sleep and constant bowel pain.

Dad baby talks mom into blaming herself and no one observing Mom for more than a few minutes a day can recognize the pattern of abdominal complaints, uncontrollable fitful sleep and hallucinations.

Of course this means Dad is constantly exhausted but doesn't get the accolades he deserves for the constant care he is inadvertently mishandling. He certainly doesn't deserve to be rewarded for the purposeful misuse of the drugs provided by his doctors, but he has cared for Mom for so long He has lost his objectivity and he knows no one is persistent enough to see into the miserable life he maintains.

This situation is easily comparable to public school classrooms where I taught for 30 years. Outside observers were offended when they saw how much effort went into my job. I don't know whether observers were defending their lack of attentiveness in their own responsibilities or whether they just became exhausted, having to observe my constant attentiveness and activity in the classroom. It could have been a combination of observers feeling guilty and the weariness from having to follow what I was doing for an hour or so but I understood through all my years of teaching why so many parents, administrators and politicians keep their distance from the job of improving the public education system. They can't even see into its complexity without guilt and exhaustion.

Observers can't see into Dad's situation and it's the third time in my life I've seen an elderly person destroyed by public systems and competing family members who can't be inconvenienced to attend to the dangerous misuse of prescription drugs torturing their elderly "loved ones."

Dad told me to get a "Tums for Mom's tummy" and I got one but when I gave it to Mom I ask her if this really helps. She didn't respond but she started saying, "I'm sick, I'm sick, I need to get up." I asked her if she wanted a laxative that could help her in a few hours.

She said, "I need something." Dad said her bowel movements are liquid so laxatives don't help. I said, "when she has a real bowel movement once a week they are regular consistency and you call them emergencies." Neither dad or mom responded.

Mom should be having regular bowel movements at least once a day instead of once a week. She's uncomfortable for most of the week and doesn't want to be moved because of her constipated bowels. She constantly asks for her ostomy to be changed but she really means and is so drugged to articulate, she is cramping and uncomfortable.

6:30 I asked Mom if she wanted some honey tea and she said yes. I made hot tea for her with lemon and honey. She drank it and said she needed to go to the bathroom. She started calling "Joe Joe." She said she needed to pee. So I left the room and closed the door for Dad to change her diaper. It's obvious now, her requests to change her diaper are often misdirected complaints about her cramping and full bowels.

7:00 I started watching "Leave it to Beaver" episodes and sent off reports for the past 3 days.

8:00 Veronica arrived and washed Mom's hair. I practiced my songs for a couple of hours.

11:00 I asked what they wanted for lunch and Dad said he was going to cook steaks.

11:30 Dad started cooking and I was talking to Mom while she listened to YouTube music Dad turned on earlier. Mom called my youngest brother Brant and they had a great conversation. It's good for Brant to know Mom is capable of conversation because he hasn't visited in years. Mom says she wants to pay to have everyone in the family visit Brant.

12:00 Dad served steaks, mashed potatoes and gravy. They were extraordinary. Every

bite of them. Mom ate all of the steak but left a little bit of potato. Dad and I cleaned our plates.

Dad said there was a good Humphrey Bogart movie coming on called "Call it Murder". The three of us watched the whole movie. Mom stopped us two times to have her diaper changed so I went out in the living room while dad paused the movie.

2:00 The movie ended and I suggested a television series Mom might be interested in if she wasn't going to get up and move around. Dad said it would be good for her if she got up and moved. Dad said, "maybe later this evening." They found the television series I told them about and Mom needed her diaper change so I left them and closed the door.

5:00 Dad came out of the bedroom, I went in and Mom said she was hungry. I asked her if she wanted a grilled cheese sandwich and she said yes. Dad spread all of Mom's drug bottles all over the bed and was filling up a monthly drug distribution Medpack. It seemed like he was putting on a performance but I didn't call attention to it.

5:30 I brought Dad and Mom their supper tray and Dad was still separating the drugs into the medpack. It looked like there were about 12 or 15 bottles and Mom asked Dad to move. Dad said he needed to finish this. So I put a pillow on top of the menagerie of bottles and then the food tray on top of the pillow.

I gave them both grilled cheese sandwiches and they ate one of the sandwiches. They left the other one uneaten though Mom was alert by this time. I said her hair still looks good from the washing in the morning. Mom said she didn't get her hair washed today.

I reminded her that Veronica was here this morning and washed her hair. Mom became a little cross and said that Veronica was not here this morning. Mom had no recollection of Veronica visiting in the morning because she was so medicated when Veronica was here. Mom dictated a couple more letters to go with the quilt stars. I put the leftover grilled cheese sandwich quarters in a plastic bag in the refrigerator.

6:00 I told Mom and Dad my exercise news was on TV and Dad turned PBS News on their TV in the bedroom. I did my exercise with the stationary bike in their room.

6:30 Mom played balloon volleyball with us for a good long time until she said she was tired and I went upstairs for the night.

7:00 I contacted my bank which had put a temporary halt on my credit card because of a

suspicious charge. McAfee tried to restart my account and this was the reason for the pause in my credit card account.

My bank gave me a phone number to call McAfee and I canceled my McAfee account again. McAfee's reasoning was that I had two email addresses with them and they started the auto pay with the second email account. I canceled McAfee in May but that wasn't enough for them. I called my bank again and restarted my credit card so auto payments could continue.

8:00 I watched some television, practiced my songs and went to sleep.

9/6/24 Betty Broome Report

6:00 I went downstairs to check on Mom and Dad. The door was closed so I watch TV in the living room.

8:00 Dad open the door and I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. Mom and Dad agreed to eggs and toast.

8:30 I brought them eggs and toast and they both ate all of it.

9:00 Dad went to the doctor.

I tried to talk to Mom but she seems to have been carefully convinced not to talk to me in Dad's absence today.

I read her the letter I wrote to the HOA collection agency. It seemed to bring her to focus.

12:00 Darion arrived and told us her mother was in the hospital with a temperature of 200 but she wanted to give Mom a shower. Dad called and said he was bringing home lunch. He brought sandwiches and salad and we all ate except for Mom. So I practice to my songs.

2:00 Darion did some chores around the house and left to pick up her mother from the hospital. Mom said Darion did not give her a shower. She was emphatic about it. But

Darion made a big deal earlier saying she had to clean up the bathroom because of the watery mess.

Coincidentally I was planning on telling Darion she would need to be more cautious about statements she makes from YouTube and She should be precise with medical statements if she wants to advance in her field of nursing assistants or registered nursing. She said her mother had a temperature of 200 and Mom says she didn't give her a shower. I don't know what to believe.

3:00 I asked Mom if she would get up to practice in the scooter so she could be ready to go to the dentist. I told her I need to make an appointment for myself so we need to get her ready so I can make an appointment at the same time. She said she wasn't ready.

4:00 Dad left the house saying he was going to the drugstore. Mom said she needed to sit up so she could see the TV. I told her she needed to practice using the remote to adjust the bed and the other remote to change the channel on the TV. That way she wouldn't be trapped with nothing to do and in an uncomfortable position.

Mom asked what was on the table in the living room and I retrieved a document for her. It was a contract sent to Mom and Dad by someone wanting to buy some land. I gave Mom her glasses turned on her bedside lamp and gave her the document and she started reading it.

4:30 Dad arrived and asked if the document Mom was reading arrived in the mail while he was gone. I told him There was no mail yet today but Mom asked what it was on the table in the living room and I gave it to her.

Dad said he would tell me about the document in the morning so I would know more about stupid contracts people send him. He also requested that I watch a YouTube video about storytelling. We agreed to discuss it in the morning.

5:00 I asked Mom if she wanted the sandwich she didn't eat at lunch time. Dad said he wanted the salad so I got it and a glass of iced tea for him and he ate.

I asked Mom if she wanted some crunchy cinnamon toast. She said yes. So I used the last of the bread to make three pieces of cinnamon toast. Mom and Dad ate all of it.

6:00 I did my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

A friend provided me with a clinical assessment of Mom and Dad's situation.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT:

The caregiver's ability to provide safe and effective care is compromised due to their own cognitive and physical decline. Both the caregiver and the patient will benefit and possibly improve with a new strategy. Their decline has resulted in medication mismanagement, sedentary lifestyle choices, lack of ostomy care, putting the patient at risk of adverse reactions, overdose, continued falls and foot damage.

9/5/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 I can hear Dad downstairs.

6:00 I went downstairs to check on Mom and Dad.

7:00 Mom talked to Dad for a long time. Dad finally answered.

Now Mom's calling, "Joe, Joe. You need to get up for this."

Dad is often understandably exhausted but he creates the misery himself by trusting the same doctor who made poor surgical choices and prescribe sedating medications to someone who needs physical therapy. The drugs constipate Mom so she has constant pain when she moves even slightly. To which Dad responds with antacids he calls "Tumms for her tummy".

Antacids are useless of course, but it is required that he respond to her endless questions about her discomfort. He explains as long as it takes to stop her from talking about her ostomy which needs to be irrigated. Irrigation is the name for an enema with an ostomy.

7:30 Dad said that Mom wanted me to make breakfast. I made fried eggs, croissants and bacon. I brought it to them and they ate most of it.

I got Mom to dictate another letter to go with the Christmas present quilt stars. Mom

started saying she wanted to get up so I knew she was uncomfortable from her constipation and starting to come on to the out of control beginning of her medication event. I sat her up on the edge of the bed and told her she should get ready to go in the living room anyway so she could be there when Teresa gets here.

Mom said she didn't know that Teresa was coming today. I told Mom, Teresa contacted me while we were on the golf course Tuesday. Dad asked if I answered his phone or did Teresa call me? I said she texted me. Then he repeated to Mom, Teresa contacted Joe while we were on the golf course. I could see Mom was starting to become disoriented.

8:00 Mom started asking what room is behind the bathroom door. Dad has created this situation with medications. He knows they are make Mom hallucinate but he acts like he's helping her with his placating tone. He's now reassuring her she's in the right house.

Dad came in the kitchen where I was cleaning up breakfast and had his hands on his hips as if he was prepared to make one of his backhanded comments about something I hadn't done. He said, "you know what day today is?" I said it's Thursday. He seemed to realize he got the day wrong and reminded me the trash needs to go out tonight.

9:00 Teresa and Mia arrived. I got Mom to come in the living room with the exercise chair and she stood up really well. I sang Mom a song and everyone was in a good mood. Mark arrived and brought coffee for Mom. Mom was clearly suffering from her constipated bowels but she was often able to keep up with the conversation.

10:00 Teresa was almost finished with the bedroom so I moved Mom back into her bed when she started complaining of her stomach. She stood up almost the whole way to the bedroom with the exercise machine. I read Mom a few pages from her new book while Teresa was finishing cleaning the bedroom.

10:30 Mark and Dad went somewhere for a while and we started watching "Dead End" with Humphrey Bogart. Mom watched while and I worked on the bathroom ventilation fan.

It's a real challenge to remove the old nails that interfere with the installation. But I got three more nails out and next time I should be able to get the remaining nails and locate the fan so I can cut out the ceiling to fit the fan and the decorative covering.

11:00 Dad and Mark came back and Mark told Mom he is going to Houma to his wife's brother-in-law's funeral tomorrow. We all told Mark to drive carefully.

11:30 Dad made pizza but Mom wouldn't eat any.

12:00 Dad made spinach salad for Mom and she wouldn't eat that either.

I asked Mom if she wanted me to make her a grilled cheese sandwich and she said she didn't want anything. She looks like she's mad that we aren't doing anything about her full and cramping bowels.

1:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to finish the movie and she said she didn't care. I started the movie but she fell asleep. Dad was going to the store to make copies and asked me to go with him but I wasn't dressed to leave the house.

Dad strategically left a copy of a document for me to see and I guess that's why he wanted me to go with him to make copies of the documents that might accompany these in the living room. He knows I think it's a bad idea to sell land for the purpose of making it easier to distribute among brothers.

They aren't going to make any more land. Mom's father was focused on acquiring little pieces of land all his life in Poteau Oklahoma. But I think Dad thinks he is in some kind of competition with me when he sells land. It's easy to get approval from Mom when she is drugged. It makes him feel important so there's no reason to argue about it.

1:30 Byran came and gave Mom her physical therapy! Thank goodness!

3:00 I checked on Mom to see if she would do some exercise. She became upset and Mia laughed. Mia is focused on listening to her phone throughout the day and is occasionally inconvenienced by having to get up and change mom's diaper.

4:00 Mia left and Mom started howling and growling. It appears dad thinks he's getting back at me by causing Mom to suffer with larger or more complex doses of prescription drugs.

5:00 Mom is still howling and growling with Dad placating her with disingenuous soothing words. Dad asked what we have for supper and I suggested chili. I asked Mom what she wanted and she tried to say something but she was gesturing me away.

Just as I started to go get chili to heat up for supper Mark arrived and I asked if he wanted chili for supper. He said he had something waiting for him at home but he checked on Mom one more time before he was going to make his trip to Houma

tomorrow.

Dad heated up some chili and was eating it. I heated two bowls of chili and brought one to Mom. She couldn't wake up so I ate both bowls of chili. Dad seemed to enjoy the chili as well.

6:00 I started exercising with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished exercising and Mom and Dad's bedroom door was still closed so I went upstairs for the evening.

I got an email from Ken Paxton's office Adult Protective Service (APS) about updates to their policies. It looks like most of it is simplifications, but as far as I can tell it doesn't look like they have improved anything to help families who simply need poorly prescribed drugs and alcohol removed from the premises.

The website of the email.

https://www.dfps.texas.gov/handbooks/APS/Revision/APS_revisions_after_5-07/2024-09_APS_memo.asp?fbclid=IwY2xjawFG7HpleHRuA2FlbQlxMQABHQBbouVTCTFUTRwgdibRpKh6GVSzL1Lq3f2tD6XEtmOQK7wWtyeKdFlfW7w_aem_AfhC9qcA_Cd_c4QMMOoDLg

9/4/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad genuinely believes and uses as an excuse not to improve ostomy care, the idea that Mom's bowel movements are liquid and don't require any stimulation. But each week when she has a real bowel movement it's solid and he calls it an emergency.

8:30 I slept late. I think because of the golf sun yesterday.

9:00 The people came to mow the lawn and Mom was glad to hear the grass being cut.

9:15 Mia arrived and said she was late because her child had to be tested for COVID this morning as she entered the child care establishment.

10:00 The fitted sheets were all messed up under Mom so I moved Mom to living-room and it went very smoothly. Mom was not satisfied to be in the living room very long. We watched Natalie singing on Instagram but Mom was very uncomfortable in her constipation.

She needs to be irrigated. That's what you call an enema of the ostomy. Dad asked Mom if she wanted chicken gravy and rice and Mom said yes. Dad started cooking. Mom kept complaining of her stomach and Dad asked Mia to get Mom an antacid.

10:30 I moved Mom back to the bedroom after I changed the sheets. I had Mom dictate a letter to Natalie to accompany Natalie's quilt Star Christmas present.

I read Mom part of the Brian Cohen book and mom was still suffering with her gut. I told Mia about how Mom needs irrigation to become regular and stop being constipated all the time. I told her, "Mom doesn't have regular bowel movements but once a week or so and that's insane. All of the attention is focused on Mom's irrational requests for her ostomy to be emptied before it's filled, when she is really just desperate with constant constipation pain."

Mia asked what we should do about it. I said I've been telling everyone about it including the nurse for more than a year.

The Wednesday nurse asks about mom's pain but is completely oblivious to the constant constipation pain because she never sees Mom move. Any movement causes Mom outrageous pain from a gut full of feces. But she has been trained too say anything other than the problem is her ostomy. Mostly she just says, "I've got to get up I'm sick I'm sick."

11:30 Margaret (the Wednesday nurse) arrived and brought new nostril tubes for Mom. Dad said he already had plenty. Margaret seemed to be disappointed with Dad's response. I asked if Mom wanted to show Margaret how the standing chair works and Mom said "maybe next time." Margaret agreed, maybe next time.

12:00 Margaret left. Dad finished and Mia served excellent baked chicken with rice and gravy. Mom was too medicated to eat it.

2:00 I was suggesting TV shows but Mom really needs relief from her sedating medications so she can get up and move. I told Mom she needs to practice with the

wheelchair because the dentist asked her to bring a wheelchair to a checkup for the first time since 2019 in July.

I told Dad, Dr Danny, the dentist, said he was used to working with people in a wheelchair next to the dental chair. I told him I received an email yesterday saying that my insurance will pay for the crown they say I need. I told Mom I used a fingernail file to smooth the tooth that had been chipped so I could wait a while but she needs to go immediately. Mom didn't really answer.

3:00 Mom played balloon volleyball for a few minutes but it was another sedentary day for her. At least Mom didn't growl or spasm, so it seems like Dad is holding back the hard meds in response to the continued letters to the adult protection institutions.

5:00 Dad asked me to fix whatever it was I had in the refrigerator and I said it was chilly for Frito pie. Dad said he didn't want that. I made fried bologna sandwiches and Dad ate his but mom wouldn't eat hers. Dad has been talking bad about bologna for the past week. I think he finally convinced mom she doesn't like it anymore.

6:00 I exercised with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished exercising and got an email that appears to be from the lawyers associated with my HOA. I can't tell if it's a scam or not.

On Wednesday the 3rd I got an email from Dana after I sent her evidence of the auto payments I started before I received a letter from the HOA.

Good Morning!

I have forwarded your provided communication to the Board for their review. I will circle back upon receipt of their decision regarding how they would like to proceed with your account.

Regards,

Dana Fenner

Paralegal

Direct: 737-261-0624

dana.fenner@caglepugh.com

www.caglepugh.com

Then I got another email from Dana on the 4th Saying that my account was locked but I also got confirmation of the auto deposit messaging me that The most recent payment went through.

Good Morning!

The Association has locked your account due to your file being turned over to our office for collections. The ledger will not depict an accurate reflection of the total amount due to reconcile your account in full. A copy of your ledger from 07/24/2024 was included in the demand letter you received. This was the ledger that was used to prepare the demand letter total. The demand letter amount is no longer valid due to incurred legal fees as we bill for all time spent working on an account to include but not limited to all correspondence by email and phone.

As a reminder, the auto payments you were signed up for is not considered an active payment plan. The Board has denied closing the file to allow payments to continue directly to the Association. They have communicated that payment arrangements will need to be completed through our office.

Please see payment plan details below:

The facilitation of a payment plan will incur additional cost consisting of the payment plan fee of \$250.00 and monthly administrative fees of \$94.50 in addition to all legal fees that have or will incur for all time spent working on the account through reconciliation. This includes but is not limited to time spent for all correspondence, calculations, and the balancing and closing of the file.

Please note, it is more cost effective to pay off the entire balance in one payment, if at all possible, to avoid the monthly administrative fees of \$94.50 that are incurred in a payment plan; however, we understand that may not be possible. If you would like me to prepare a payment plan, please provide answers to the following:

- Would you prefer a 6 month or 12 month payment plan agreement? Please keep in mind that you will need to continue paying your regular monthly assessments in full as well as the amount you agree to in the payment plan.
- What day of the month would you like your payments due? This is the date the payment must be received by our office. Please note, we do not accept electronic

payments at this time. All payments must be made by check, cashier's check, or money order and mailed to or dropped off at our Austin office.

Alternatively, please let me know if you would like the total amount to pay in full in one payment.

Regards,
Dana Fenner
Paralegal
Direct: 737-261-0624
dana.fenner@caglepugh.com
www.caglepugh.com

Austin | 4301 Westbank Dr., Bldg. A, Ste. 150, Austin, TX 78746
Dallas | 4600 Greenville Avenue, Ste. 200, Dallas, TX 75206
Houston | 2500 Wilcrest, Ste. 300, Houston, TX 77042
San Antonio | 18756 Stone Oak Pkwy., Ste. 200, San Antonio, TX 78258

The information in this e-mail is ATTORNEY-CLIENT PRIVILEGED AND CONFIDENTIAL and is intended solely for the use by the individual or entity named above. If you believe that it has been sent to you in error, do not read it. Please reply to the sender that you have received the message in error, then delete it. This firm is a debt collector. Any information obtained will be used for that purpose. If you wish to no longer receive electronic communications from this firm regarding debt collection at the email address to which this electronic communication was addressed, please send an email to optout@caglepugh.com and specify your name and the email address to which you would like this firm to cease using for debt collection.

****If you have amended your declaration since filing a management certificate, you MUST update your management certificate within 30 days. Please contact me for more information.****

From: Joe Broome <joehardybroome@gmail.com>
Sent: Tuesday, September 3, 2024 10:02 PM
To: Dana Fenner <dana.fenner@caglepugh.com>
Subject: Fwd: Goodwin TX :: New submission from Contact

I'm Joe Broome forwarding this email from the HOA.

Looking for information about my auto payments is convoluted and if you have any choice to stay away from this unethical HOA company you may be better off isolating yourself from them and focusing on helping families like mine who desperately need help with elderly family members.

This is the archive of my police reports.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

----- Forwarded message -----

From: <info@goodwintx.com>

Date: Tue, Sep 3, 2024, 8:55 AM

Subject: RE: Goodwin TX :: New submission from Contact

To: <joehardybroome@gmail.com>

Hello,

Thank you for contacting the Goodwin & Company Customer Care Specialists Department. It is my pleasure to assist you today.

Upon checking your account, there aren't any information showing up. The account is blank and the best action to do is connect with your HOA attorney. Thank you.

Please let us know if we can be of any additional assistance. Our Customer Care Specialists Department is available Monday- Friday 8am-6:00pm via email, phone and Livechat. Please visit www.goodwintx.com for community specific information or to chat with a live representative.

Regards

CHRISTIAN TENESO

Customer Care Specialist

Goodwin & Company

Our Mission: To enhance the value of the communities where we live and work.

Office: 512.502.7515 Toll Free: 855.289.6007

www.goodwintx.com

Are you registered through TownSq? If not, you can register by visiting the following link

through a web browser <https://app.townsq.io/ais/sign-up>. All you will need is your HOA account number and property zip code. Through TownSq you can make payments, view documents, correspond with your Association Manager and view full account detail.

From: webforms@goodwintx.com

Sent: Sat Aug 31 2024 05:08:35 GMT-0400 (Eastern Daylight Time)

To: info@goodwintx.com

Subject: Goodwin TX :: New submission from Contact

Name

Joe Broome

Phone

(512) 699-8882

Email

joehardybroome@gmail.com

Community Name

Parkridge gardens

Community Address

Ralph Abanado Austin Texas

How can we help you?

I need a copy of my eStatement. You can email it or text it to joehardybroome@gmail.com 5126998882

I wrote back saying

It may take a couple of days to see if someone will buy my mother's exercise and transportation equipment I have purchased in the past few weeks so I can commit to the payments you described.

I am publishing these communications to assist others from being trapped by scams, HOAs or lawyers.

Thank you for getting back to me so quickly.

7:30 It's still hard to tell if it's a scam or not because the HOA says my account is blank

and I'm receiving bank statements saying someone is receiving my auto payments. But it's an elaborate scam if it is a scam.

9/3/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 Dad took breakfast to Mom.

6:00 there was a lot of noise downstairs.

7:00 I went in the kitchen and there was a used breakfast tray. I got ready for golf and sat in the living room watching TV.

8:00 Dad took the trash out of the bedroom and I went to visit Mom with writing supplies for her to dictate letters to go with the Christmas presents. Dad came back from taking out the trash and Mom was dictating a letter to Jeweldeen, her childhood friend. Dad corrected me for adding information about Jeweldeen's mother. I told Dad I added the bit about her mother curling her hair from the book me and Mom are writing together. The book is about Mom's life so I have more information about Mom's childhood than Dad does. Mom approved my addition and Dad continued to suggest corrections.

8:30 Mom was starting to get fidgety and repeatedly asked Dad to look at her ostomy bag. Mom said she needed to have something done with it and I started to leave the room. Dad said it wasn't something that required privacy but I said I needed to go eat breakfast. Dad closed the bedroom door.

9:09 Darion arrived and let me know she has two jobs like I did when I first left college. She has a night job and then she comes here and works during the day. Both jobs are elder care.

9:30 Darion was talking to Mom about getting exercise if Byran arrives later. I hope Dad doesn't continue sleepy medication all day to make the job harder for Byran. We hit the balloon around for a little while with Mom.

10:00 Veronica came and washed mom. I knew the HOA lawyer was going to call sometime today so I called them. Mark was coming to go take Dad and I to play golf.

Here are some of the emails I have sent and received regarding my HOA account and the auto payments. The misspellings make me think it's a scam.

September 1st email from HOA.

Hello Joe Broome

This is a recurring payment reminder regarding your homeowners association account 406**** with Parkridge Gardens Owners Association, Inc..

Currently, you're enrolled in autopay, and your payment will be processed on September 05, 2024 as per your autopay settings.

If you have any questions related to your homeowner account, please contact your management company directly. For your convenience we have included their contact information below:

Goodwin & Company

11950 Jollyville Road
Austin, TX 78759
512-502-7500

Online AutoPay Types:

Open Account Balance - The ATGPay system will review your open account balance every month and process the payment accordingly.

Please note: **If there is a zero balance or a credit placed on your account, the system will not process any payment.**

Fixed Amount payment - The ATGPay system will process a payment for the specific amount that was entered into the system when the payment was established.

Please note: **In this autopay setting, the system ignores your current homeowner account balance and processes payments even if there is a zero balance or a credit placed on your account. Please be reminded that you will need to adjust the fixed payment amount if your management company has made changes to your assessment value.**

Recurring charges -The ATGPay system will review your account every month for scheduled recurring assessments and process the payment accordingly. If your management company has made changes to your assessment, recurring assessment amounts will automatically update, and payments will be processed as scheduled.

Please note: **In this autopay setting, the system ignores your current homeowner account balance and processes payments even if there is a zero balance or a credit placed on your account. If there are no scheduled recurring assessments in a month, the system will not process any payment.**

Thank you,

ATGPay Support

*****I forwarded this email to my HOA with the following note.

I'm Joe Broome forwarding this email from the HOA.

Looking for information about my auto payments is convoluted and if you have any choice to stay away from this unethical HOA company you may be better off isolating yourself from them and focusing on helping families like mine who desperately need help with elderly family members.

This is the archive of my police reports.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

I hoped the lawyers weren't part of the unethical group who weren't adaptive when to a retired man caring for his parents.

9:48 a.m. I called and a very young girl's voice answered who connected me with Dana. Dana has another very young girl voice who is startled each time I speak to her on the phone even though I communicate with her very calmly. Dana said the deadlines on the letter would be postponed until they heard from the HOA regarding the auto payments records I sent to her in an email. She said it could take days weeks or months to hear from the HOA But she got back to me immediately by email. I still don't know if this is a scam or not. But it's pretty elaborate if it is.

11:00 We left to play golf. Dad played the whole game with us for the first time in months. Brian, Mark, Dad and I got along better than we have in the years.

Video of us on the golf course.

<https://youtu.be/DmpxGvpYO98?si=eX1OVXrgQ-4NleYy>

1:30 There was a little argument about whether to go straight home when Dad needed to take a wireless router back to the phone company. I think if Mark gets more fit he will be more flexible with changes of plans.

2:00 We arrived home and Mom was fairly alert. I fell asleep on the chair and Byran arrived and gave Mom a good workout.

3:00 I started watching Wuthering heights because Dad recommended the movie. It turned out he was recommending little foxes but this movie was really good.

4:00 Dad set Mom up on the edge of the bed and scratched her back for a long time. Both Darion and I thought that was encouraging.

5:00 I held Mom's hand and she woke up. Dad made her a hot dog. She ate the meat out of the hot dog.

6:00 I went upstairs for the evening. I figured golf was my workout for today.

9/2/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I went downstairs to watch TV because the door was closed to the bedroom.

8:00 Dad came out of the bedroom, said they already ate breakfast. Dad brought me an ice cream bar and one for him to split with Mom and went back in the bedroom.

9:00 Darion arrived and Dad closed her in the bedroom.

10:00 I went in the bedroom when the door was opened and got Mom to dictate the letters which would accompany the quilt star Christmas presents. This seemed to call attention for Darion to realize Mom can be roused even when she's been medicated partially.

Darion sat Mom up and Mom trusted her to sit on the edge of the bed and get her head

together for a little while. I should have known Mom was medicated when Darion said she was going to change Mom's diaper. She was alarmed. I went in the living room and fell asleep on the chair watching television. I can sleep for a little bit when Darion is here.

11:00 Dad woke me with a salad and a piece of steak. The steak was way overdone but it was good to eat a piece of meat.

12:00 Mark arrived and watched "Leave it to Beaver" for a couple episodes with Dad and I.

2:00 Dad suggested we go to the driving range and hit some golf balls. I put on my pants and we left almost immediately.

3:00 On the way back we got coffee for Mom. Mom was mostly asleep but accepted the coffee.

3:30 She started to get up I asked her to dictate another Christmas present letter and we made it through it. This was a signal for Darion to sit Mom up again and that was very encouraging.

Today was another drug today for Mom. Mark left and I started watching a classic monster movie.

5:00 I talked to a friend on the phone about how dangerous Mom's situation is. He provided me with some motivation to hurry up the process of getting help for Mom.

6:00 I watched a couple of episodes of "The Last of the Summer Wine" and fell asleep for the night.

9/1/24 Betty Broome Report

A couple of weeks ago riding in the car, Dad said Mom would die sooner because I'm staying in the house with them. I never imagined how far his unconscious self would go to make that happen. Like Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde he and his dementia, protect his

conscience and ego as he drugs and neglects Mom. Yes he still thinks of himself as a doting husband because the 24-hour challenge is exhausting and inappropriate for someone his age.

Dad also said I should stop talking to Mom about getting better because it makes her feel sad. I don't know if he wants me to join him in his death gas lighting but the idea of giving up on positive goals seems neglectful and even hideous.

I've made a promise to Mom not to abandon her and to stay until she can walk. Her legs are getting very slowly stronger and she has times, between Dad's druggings, I get to spend time with her alert and grateful to be alive.

The gas lighting, miserable drug growling and her constant constipation pain must be attended to and hopefully exposure will help Mom and others going through the same international pharmaceutical nightmare. I'm sure Dad and my codependent family won't even remember the time they lost with Mom and the contribution they added to her lifelessness over the years. They will just start enjoying time with Mom and Dad once mom is treated properly.

9/1/24

6:00 I could hear Dad in the kitchen.

7:00 I could hear Dad in the kitchen again. I went down and saw their breakfast bowls in the kitchen so they had already eaten. I checked the kitchen for lunch supplies and found ingredients for Frito pie, chicken salad, and hamburgers.

8:00 I went to visit Mom and Dad in the bedroom. Mom was completely loopy on medication. She was asking us to take her to the other house (There is no other house). They were watching MSNBC and Dad was dressed and running around as if he had already been through the hard part of Mom's medication event for the morning.

He seemed exhausted and pretended to calmly answer questions she asked that we're obviously hallucinations. I went upstairs and sent off Fridays report. As I was starting to send off Saturdays he called me.

8:30 Dad asked me to move Mom into the living room. Mom was obviously persisting with the idea that we were in the wrong house and Dad was trying to supply her with evidence we were in the right house by going in the next room.

Mom is pretty good at getting up on the leg exercising chair which is so much easier to move her. But she still interferes when she's medicated like she is today. I brought her in the living room and sat her in her big chair and she was looking around the room. It seemed like she was satisfied she was in the right house so she asked Dad and I to play chess.

We started a game and we're almost finished when Mom started insisting she wanted to go back in the bedroom. Her stomach is clearly filled with feces and so she is irritable sitting up or laying down. She needs an expert at ostomy to irrigate her a few times to make her regular. It would help enormously to enlarge the bathroom door but we can get Mom in the bathroom now without that if we have to.

9:00 Mom was starting to calm down but still upset. I asked her if she wanted me to remove the fingernail polish from her toenails and she said yes. But immediately when I started scratching off the thick paint she started complaining. I persisted and got it off of all of her toenails and she was relieved but still grumpy with me for pinching her toes.

10:00 they were still watching MSNBC and I talked to Mom about what she wanted for lunch. I told her the choices and she chose Frito pie. I went in the kitchen and took the meat out of the refrigerator to start letting it get to room temperature and put the supplies on the counter. I went back to her and said that it was probably too early to start lunch but I have the stuff ready in the kitchen. Dad said he would go and fix spaghetti. I said, Mom asked for Frito pie earlier. Mom said she changed her mind and wanted chicken salad. So we all agreed on chicken salad.

11:00 I fixed the chili for the Frito pie to have another time and I fixed chicken salad on a bed of lettuce and brought it to Mom and Dad.

11:30 Dad left the house and I visited Mom in her room. All of the ostomy care equipment was on the bed and she didn't know where Dad was. I asked if she needed anything and she said no.

12:00 Dad came home and closed the bedroom door.

4:00 The door stayed closed all afternoon.

4:30 dad open the door and Mom was laying on her side. Dad said she would eat something if we let her taste it. I asked her if she wanted Frito pie and she said no. Dad asked her if she wanted angel hair spaghetti and she said no. Dad fixed her some fruit

and cottage cheese and she didn't need it. Mom had obviously lost another day to Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs.

6:00 Dad said "I don't know why Betty is so upset this evening."

Dad acts like he doesn't know why Mom doesn't eat and can't communicate normally. He has to change the drugs and irrigate Mom's ostomy until she has regular bowel movements with or without the assistance of the doctors.

6:30 I watched a couple of episodes of, The Last of the Summer Wine and slept without exercising.

11:00 the whole house smells like the offensive air freshener plugged into the wall in the bathroom downstairs. I need to finish installing the ventilation fan in their bedroom.

8/31/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went in Mom and Dad's bedroom after Veronica (The hair washer) left and asked what they wanted for breakfast. Dad said they ate 2 hours previously. Mom's hair was freshly washed and brushed. I asked if Mom wanted to go on a picnic today out by the graveyard in back of our neighborhood. She said, "no." She said she needed dad to change her diaper so I went in the living room.

8:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and told me I should have Mom work on her quilt star presents. I brought five of them in the bedroom and put strips of glue on the backs of the provenance statements. She painted the glue on to them and stuck them on the back of four of them. She wanted me to do the last one myself.

I asked her again if she wanted me to put together a picnic with fried bologna sandwiches for outside. She said, "we'll talk about it later." I turned on a movie that had some famous older women in it and she seemed to be getting into it until she started to fidget. I gave her some trail mix and she ate a few hands full. I paused the movie because it became a bit controversial and asked if she wanted to look for something else and she said, "no." She said she likes the actors.

She said she needs Dad to change her ostomy bag. But I looked at it and it was

completely empty. So she was coming on to medication and obsessing about it again.

It's not the bag that she's uncomfortable with but that she doesn't empty her bowels and she's constantly fragile being full of feces. She can tolerate it until she has overwhelming medication that causes her to be hyper aware of her discomfort and irritable.

9:00 Dad was making potato soup and I called him to help Mom.

9:30 Dad started working on his soup again and I went into watch the movie with Mom.

10:00 Mom said she needed Dad to change her diaper and I called Dad and he said he thought I turned the burners off the food earlier. He must have done it himself luckily, because the potato soup didn't burn in his absence while he was working on Mom.

After 5 minutes Dad called me back in the bedroom and said, "Mom might want to go in the living room after lunch." I went in the bedroom and her phone was broken.

11:00 Mark visited and Dad served the best soup he has ever made in his life. The potato soup was exquisite. We played a good long volleyball game with Mom and a balloon. It made me suspicious that Dad initiated it and kept pushing Mom to kick the balloon with her legs.

This is the opposite of the way he usually acts most of the day. But I was very grateful and it went on longer than usual before she ended it by capturing the balloon.

12:00 Mark and I went to get bird seed at them wild bird store. It was a relief to get away from the house and Mark was very pleasant to talk to.

1:00 We returned to the house and Dad gave us all apple pie with ice cream and Mom wanted Dad to change her diaper so Mark came in the living room.

2:00 Mark watched part of a movie with me we talked to medicated Mom for a little while. We spent a long time trying to get Dad's internet TV to connect to "My Disney" so we can watch a series Mark suggested. Mark said he was going home to take a nap. Dad suggested sleeping in one of the rooms upstairs but Mark said he would rather sleep at home.

3:00 Dad watched part of a movie with me.

3:30 I went in and talked to Mom and she didn't want to talk but said she needed her ostomy changed. It wasn't nearly ready yet.

4:30 Dad went back in the bedroom and Mom was asking to have her ostomy changed so Dad changed it even though it wasn't ready.

5:00 Mom said she would do something outside with me tomorrow. She was watching Dr Martin British television series. She could not be satisfied about wanting Dad to change her repeatedly. Dad started scraping the old fingernail polish off of mom's fingernails with a knife and I said it would probably come off less harmfully using our own fingernails.

I started scraping them off with my fingernails and got all of the polish off except for one pinky fingernail. But what it exposed under her fingernails was an immense amount of thick grime. I hope it wasn't from touching her ostomy. There was so much really thick under every fingernail and enough to scoop with a fingernail file in a large lump and scrape onto the side of the trash can.

I suggested Mom used clear polish next time so there won't be any build up from lack of visibility.

6:00 I started exerciseing with PBS weekend.

6:30 Dad said he was going to get barbecue sandwiches and said something about an experiment where Mom would try going without a diaper for a while. I think he just didn't want me to get her to stand up while he was gone to get sandwiches. I wasn't going to try to move her on the leg exercising machine when she doesn't have any underpants or a diaper.

I turned on PBS newweekend for Mom and she said it was very inspirational because it ended about a woman with multiple sclerosis who is in the wheelchair Olympics this week.

7:00 Dad returned with barbecue sandwiches and we all ate. They were excellent. I gave Mom some Coke and we tried one more time to get the Netflix series Mark suggested. We'll try that again tomorrow.

A friend provided a clinical analysis of our situation.

The situation should be addressed as soon as possible, ideally within 24-48 hours, to ensure the care recipient's safety and well-being. Delaying action can lead to:

1. Medication errors: Overmedication or under medication can cause serious health issues, including hospitalization or even death.
2. Worsening health conditions: Failing to manage medications correctly can exacerbate existing health conditions, reducing quality of life.
3. Increased risk of falls or accidents: Medication mismanagement can impair cognitive function, balance, and coordination, increasing the risk of falls or accidents.
4. Emergency situations: Delaying action can lead to emergency situations, such as seizures, strokes, or heart attacks, which can be life-threatening.
5. Loss of trust and confidence: Delaying action can erode trust and confidence in the caregiving arrangement, making it harder to establish a new, safer care plan.
6. Regulatory involvement: In extreme cases, delaying action can lead to regulatory involvement, such as adult protective services, which can result in legal consequences.

Immediate action ensures:

1. Safety and well-being: Prompt attention protects the care recipient from harm.
2. Prevention of further issues: Addressing the situation quickly prevents additional problems from arising.
3. Establishing a new care plan: Swift action allows for the development of a safer, more effective care plan.
4. Reducing stress and anxiety: Resolving the situation quickly reduces stress and anxiety for all parties involved.

Don't delay; address the situation promptly to ensure the care recipient's safety and well-being.

As we gradually realize Dad has spent most of his life receiving excruciating unfairness from employers and his uncooperative family we can see how he started to take it out on Mom. She is a cooperative captive audience for his gradual fall into pessimism and self-destructive codependence with her.

Elder abuse must be terribly common. Practically everyone involved with Mom and Dad accept what's going on in the house and use Mom as an excuse for every kind of laziness and drama. Dad still thinks he's being clever hiding Mom's druggings with varying doses and timings.

But I was extremely lucky to have Dad and Mom attend to my needs when I was young so I can attend to this impossible psychodrama in their old age.

If my brothers have read enough of the evidence I have documented meticulously, they unconsciously know I'm right about Mom's need to be freed of narcotics and to have her ostomy cared for properly to end her discomfort with motion. I know they know she needs to build her independence.

My brothers clearly didn't get enough experience balancing self-esteem and scientific objectivity so they are left attempting to use competitive rhetorical strategies to meet their personal self-esteem needs and gossip among each other.

I don't know if my brother's outrageous confrontations and excuses for negligence stem from the fact

1. it's incredibly uncomfortable to think of confronting Dad,
2. the disgusting nature of Mom's ostomy care
3. or if, unconsciously, they think they need for Mom and Dad to die for them to stop suffering financially.

But if my worst fears are correct all three ideas, and more, are confused in their thoughts because of substance abuse. We all learned the Broome contrariness we think of as cleverness. But it appears some have also responded to Dad's substance abuse of Mom with their own substance abuse.

Now think about how no amount of repetition has been able to convince Dad to stop discouraging and medicating Mom from her independence. Think about how Dad's short-term memory and a lifetime of confidence in his personal judgment is working against his and Moms team fitness.

Even if Mom only lives a few minutes more she should receive constant encouragement and the hope of building up her fitness. Instead she has received a decade of clever end of life discouragement and at least 5 years of disabling sedative drugs since November 6th 2019.

8/30/24

8:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they need anything from the grocery store because I was going to get my car inspected. Mom was alert. Dad suggested I have my insurance ready and Mom said she couldn't think of anything she wanted. She said the guy on the news was wearing his suit from high school. It was extraordinarily tight and we laughed.

9:30 I returned from the inspection and grocery store asking everyone if they wanted Apple pastries. They said yes and I heated them and brought them in the bedroom. Mom was acting like she was starting to be affected by medication but she ate all of her apple pastry.

The bedroom door was closed all morning.

11:00 I asked if Mom wanted to get up and come in the living room because it was raining and pretty outside. I showed her a video of the rain coming down but she was out of it and could barely mumble. I asked her what she was watching on television and she said she didn't know.

Mom was medicated all day yesterday but all the attention I've been giving to the drugs seem to have made Dad use a new milder dosage which isn't quite as painful to observe. But it still doesn't allow her to eat or communicate normally. Today looks like it's going to be another day like that, lowering all of her body functions and blood pressure with medication.

11:45 I went in to see if Mom would do some exercise. Darion said Mom looked like she was going to pass out when she gave her the Friday shower. Her explanation was long and colorful but Mom's hair wasn't washed so it must not have been much of a shower.

Whenever an assistant gets used to one day a week for giving Mom a shower, that one shower a week becomes a relatively huge inconvenience. Dad can easily target that day with plenty of medication to make the task almost impossible.

It's much easier for the assistants to go along with what Dad says, and watch TV rather

than coax Mom into involvement and activities which increase her blood flow and muscle tone. The medications make it almost impossible to expect the assistants to go to the trouble of exercising Mom or keeping her even minimally clean.

It's extremely complicated for even professionals to understand Mom's situation with their brief glimpses and with Mom saying what they want to hear providing convincing excuses for inactivity. Dad spends enormous effort convincing Mom to stop everyone from helping her become active.

Dad is offended by any signs of Mom's independence except occasionally when she is first coming on to a medication event and he is frightened by what she might do. At those times Dad tries to keep Mom behind closed doors or he drags her around the house pretending he's following her wishes to get up and do something. Unconsciously mom knows she needs to get up and do something and when she's violently medicated she can't help herself but keep repeating, "I've got to get up I've got to get up." But then, with her ostomy uncared for, she begins to say, "I'm sick I'm sick I'm sick." Her insides are fragile and full of feces.

But usually when Mom defies Dad even slightly she knows there will be consequences of more drugging, spasming sleep for hours and long gas lighting episodes.

12:00 Dad said he wanted to make potato soup and I said I had barbecue chicken from the grocery store. He said he would make the soup tomorrow and I heated up the barbecue chicken with black eyed peas.

Mom could not be wakened except to eat a little bit of the chicken. Darion said Mom didn't touch the black eyed peas, which is one of Mom's favorites.

1:00 Mom repeated that she didn't know what was on television while Dad and Darion were watching a movie.

1:30 For the third day in a row I called and left messages with Cagle Pugh, the lawyer from the HOA, and Dana Fanner finally answered. I told her I signed up for auto payments of my HOA for \$50 a month and received a letter from Cagle Pugh complaining that I was delinquent.

I asked about the timing which seemed suspicious coinciding with my using the website to begin monthly payments. Dana Fanner was familiar with the dates involved in my case and suggested I send her a record of my application for monthly automated payments by

Tuesday the third of September. Dana also mention she had personal experience with caring for parents with dementia.

So I called the Goodwin and company park-ridge gardens home owners association and asked for a record of my automated payment plan and they said they were unable to talk to me or view my records because I was only allowed to speak to the lawyer.

I told the HOA representative the lawyer instructed me to get a record of my automated payment plan. The person seemed sympathetic and suggested I look at my bank records. But that wouldn't indicate whether it was auto-pay. So I'll continue the search tomorrow.

2:30 Mom is still knocked out and I asked if she would hop up for a trip around the house and she said she would get up early Saturday morning.

3:30 Mom is howling with medication. I guess Dad decided to show me he couldn't be stopped and gave her an extra strong dose for the evening after I sent him the police report for the previous day.

The door was closed most of the afternoon.

6:00 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

6:30 Dad was taking the trash out. He asked Mom if some items were trash and then through them away. He called so much attention to this permission getting process it made me suspicious but I didn't take the time to look into it.

He said I shouldn't tell people that Mom smelled bad. He said it would be like him telling people I have BO. I told him that if I do have BO I wouldn't mind whatever he did to get me to take a shower. He said "no."

I got Mom to glue one more provenance statement on the back of a framed quilt star. I gave her a warm wet washcloth to wipe the glue off her fingers. She finished wiping her fingers and threw the cloth at the clothes hamper almost making it.

As much as she likes to do activities, you would think Dad would go to some trouble to think of more activities rather than going to so much effort to gaslight against any thing that makes Mom look alert or independent.

I didn't ask Mom about having a picnic behind the neighborhood in fear of Dad gas lighting against it all night, but I'll ask her tomorrow.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

Here are some empathic reasons to share with Dad:

1. _Concern for loved one's safety_: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."
2. _Impact on quality of life_: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."
3. _Recognition of caregiver's struggles_: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."
4. _Importance of professional expertise_: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work together to find a solution."
5. _Honesty about damage caused_: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."
6. _Empathy and support_: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."
7. _Focus on emotional support_: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."
8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional caregiver or facility care, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

8/29/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 and looked in on Mom and Dad. They had already eaten breakfast and the tray was put away.

Mom was very alert and I asked if she wanted me to open the curtains. She said yes and commented on how dark it was for this time of day.

I asked if she wanted to go in the living room to watch the rain today. She said no thank you, she wanted to rest. I left them to sleep.

9:00 Mia arrived and I told her she didn't need to knock but just to come in so we wouldn't accidentally miss her arrival in the future. She said okay and started talking to Mom in the bedroom.

I received another nonsensical group text from Brian directed at my brother Brant he said that I say mean things without consequences but that we are working on it. He hadn't contacted me so that's what I meant that it was nonsensical.

This is a copy of the group text from Brian to Brant.

Brian's text...

I thought, well, since Joey can say 'anything' about anyone then so can anyone else. Words hurt.

Thank you Brant. We are working it out.

My response...

That's a strange thing to write Brian. You didn't communicate with me about working things out and I haven't written anything that isn't 100% accurate so I'm not sure what you mean about my saying anything that hurts you.

11:45 I went in the bedroom and threw a balloon to Mom and she hit it back beginning a game of volleyball with Mia and I. It had started to rain and I asked if she wanted to go out for a minute to feel the rain on her face. She got serious and didn't answer. But she continued playing volleyball for a few minutes and really moved her arms and upper body a lot.

The power went out and I started the generator bringing an electric cord into the house. By the time I plugged in the generator the electricity came on again. The Honda generator is really easy to start so far.

12:00 Mark served baked salmon and spinach salad with miniature tomatoes. It was all excellent. Mia said that Mom ate hers but I didn't see the empty plate.

12:30 Mom started spasming and growling in her sleep.

1:00 Mia came out of the bedroom and I asked how things were going. She said Betty was sleeping a lot today. I feel sleepy as well because it's so dark outside today.

3:00 my alarm went off and I went in to see if Mom would exercise. She was completely out.

4:00 Mark came and congratulated Mom and Dad for their anniversary of 72 years. I asked Mom to glue some more of the provenance statements onto the back of the family's Christmas present framed quilt stars. She only glued three of them on today.

5:00 Dad's watching his airplane accident videos. It's thundering loudly outside.

6:00 I did my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

*** A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 2:00 p.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Help Mom get comfortable with the indoor outdoor scooter so she can move around, have some independence and go to the doctor.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis for Mom.

Dad goes to the doctor once or twice a week Mom hasn't been in years.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities. He needs to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse and fake feeble habits he only does at certain times.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Possibly get 24 hour care so Dad and Mom can develop better quality of life habits.
Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.
Enlarge bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.
No more "anti-fussy pills" for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.
Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.
Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.
Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.
Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for at least 42 years.
Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.
Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.
Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.
Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.
Get more video games Mom and Dad will like.
Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities with Mom when she becomes mobile.
Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually fragile from constipation and living without a BM routine.
Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.
Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.
No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.
Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/28/24 Betty Broome Report

The idea of being finished and assisting Mom with her death before his death has become such an obsession for Dad he has missed a decade of productivity. He kept saying he wanted us to make art with him and sing harmonies for 60 years. He should be

using the same cleverness he used motivating his ungrateful kids to redirect his wife's mental and physical decline.

4:00 I arrived home from Austin with the mail and the paragraphs printed for the backs of the Christmas present framed quilt stars.

7:00 I went downstairs and Mom was awake and Dad was asleep. I showed Mom the paragraph printed for the quilt stars and she read it without her glasses. She said she wish I would have used the name Martha Black in the paragraph.

I said we could handwrite her signature. I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and she said she had fruit earlier. Mom said she needed to be changed so I closed the door and watch TV for a while.

8:30 I asked Mom again if she was hungry and she said she was not. Dad said, "I bet if Joey cooked something you would eat it." So I said, "I will fix eggs, bacon and toast." Mom said the eggs would have to be cooked very firm. I asked Mom if that's why she didn't eat the eggs the last two times. Then I realized she was talking about Dad's soft scrambled eggs. I said I will definitely make them firm. Dad said I could use extra butter on his.

9:00 I brought Mom and Dad breakfast and Teresa arrived at the same time. They all talked about Teresa finally getting help for her throat by a specialist and her voice does sound clearly better.

Darion arrived and we talked about how Mom was going to need to go into the living room so Teresa could fix up the bedroom.

9:30 Darion and I helped Mom get on the leg exercise machine and we took her in the living room. It went very smoothly and she had a good leg exercise getting out of bed and getting into the chair.

I helped Mom glue the first of the explanation paragraphs onto the back of one of the quilt star Christmas presents. I sent a picture of Mom putting the glue on the paper to everyone in the family in a group text. She glued the paper on the back of the first one.

10:00 I played some songs for Mom and she sang along with me for the first time in a long time. But she stopped in the middle of "Somewhere over the Rainbow" when Dad cleared his throat. I don't know if there's a connection.

10:30 Mom wanted to go back to the bedroom so we used the exercise machine to lift her up and put her back in the bed. It was a good workout for her legs.

Mark came and talked to Mom, Teresa and Darion. We started watching part of a television show. We found a prototype of the Doc Martin series and watched the whole movie.

11:00 Mark and Dad went to get coffee and go to McDonald's for lunch. I started installing the exhaust fan for Mom and Dad's bathroom. Of course it's much more involving than I imagined.

11:30 Mark and Dad returned with food and served it to everyone. Mark drove all over the house in the scooter and then went outside where Mom could see him through the window, riding it on the street. Mom really laughed loudly.

12:00 We started watching another precursor to the Doc Martin show. It was very entertaining to everyone who was familiar with the newer Dr Martin show. Mom said she wanted her ostomy changed so Mark and I left the bedroom. Darion changed it for Mom.

It made the bedroom smell bad but it was very encouraging to see that Darion could do that for her. I spoke to Dad about how it will be better to have a vent in the bathroom to make the bedroom smell better whenever there were smells.

1:00 While everyone was watching the second Dr Martin show I continued installing the exhaust fan in the bathroom. I came back into watch the movie with everyone and they explained where they were in the story.

2:00 Mom started saying she needed to go to the bathroom in a way that indicated she was medicated. She called me fat several times. When she makes out of character comments I know it's either gas lighting or over medication.

2:30 The movie ended and Mom said she needed to be changed so we all left the bedroom.

3:00 I could hear Mark say goodbye to everyone.

Margaret didn't show up today.

4:00 I went through all of the mail I hadn't seen in seven months and found my

homeowner association was very upset with me even though I started automatic payments months ago.

5:00 Dad made incredible baked potatoes for us with sour cream and chives.

5:30 I found a news program Mom wanted to watch.

6:00 I went in the living room and started my exercise with meet the press Wednesday.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

Brian and Brant started texting me asking about my debts. I think My brothers and their wives may have created a gossip bubble which includes some extraordinary debt.

Their imagined version of my debts, added to any substance abuse they may be involved in, seems to have created an useless strategy I haven't been able to figure out yet. They spend their precious time texting that went on till almost 12:00 midnight and Mom continues to suffer.

What Mom and Dad need is for one of the brothers, professionals or institutions to stay in the house long enough to recognize the medication and ostomy issues causing Mom such misery when she tries to interact or get up and do anything.

Then the substances need to be removed from the house with promised consequences for Dad and the doctors so they stop providing them. Appropriate monitoring will then be needed to keep the substances away from Mom so she and Dad can enjoy the rest of their lives.

8/27/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom doesn't understand why she doesn't like visitors because she can't put two and two together about being drugged for everyone who sees her with an appointment.

7:00 There was noise in the kitchen for a long time this morning.

8:00 Dad went to the grocery store and mom and I looked at Natalie's Instagrams. Mom

like d to see Natalie singing. It was great paling around with Mom.

8:30 Veronica arrived and washed Mom's hair.

9:00 we started trying to find Instagram on Mom's television so we could watch it on TV. We found some interesting television shows. Dad came back from the grocery store with cake which we had for breakfast.

10:00 Dad went to get a haircut with Mark and I went to the store to get some more things for lunch.

11:00 We played volleyball with Mom and Darion had ideas for keeping Mom from being bruised when she is moved.

11:30 Margaret arrived checked her vitals asked if she was in pain but didn't inquire it all about the constant discomfort of her ostomy uncared for. She said she was there to evaluate whether Mom needed to continue treatment.

12:00 Margaret left there's no point in sending the police reports to Margaret because after 3 years we know she can't see into the complex situation that needs to be remedied.

12:30 Dad made pizza and we all ate a piece. They kept the bedroom door closed most of the morning.

1:00 I went to guitar center because I am getting scam emails from them.

3:00 I checked on Mom for her exercise time but she was knocked out and didn't answer.

Byran the physical therapist didn't show today.

4:00 I asked Darion if Mom was doing okay and she said, she's been spasming and then sleeping for a long time. So she was drugged today around 2:00.

5:00 I did my exercise with the news and Mom was knocked out.

6:00 I finished my exercise and Mom was still knocked out.

10:00 I drove to Austin to get my mail and cleaned my bathrooms and kitchen. I drove back.

*** A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 2:00 p.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Help Mom get comfortable with the indoor outdoor scooter so she can move around, have some independence and go to the doctor.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis for Mom.

Dad goes to the doctor once or twice a week Mom hasn't been in years.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities. He needs to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse and fake feeble habits he only does at certain times.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Possibly get 24 hour care so Dad and Mom can develop better quality of life habits.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarge bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more "anti-fussy pills" for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for at least 42 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get more video games Mom and Dad will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do

outside activities with Mom when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually fragile from constipation and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/26/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I got up and dressed nicely in case Darion wanted to sing at her first open mic tonight. I wanted to give her every opportunity since she showed interest in singing. There was a tray in the kitchen so I knew Mom and Dad ate very early. Dad closed the bedroom door.

9:00 Darion called in with car trouble.

11:00 Dad opened the door and went in the kitchen fixing a second breakfast. Mom is alert but is emphatic that she won't do anything. She asked me to remind Mark about Dad's haircut. I told her that should be her phone call for today. I dialed Mark's phone number but Mom wouldn't take the phone in her hand. So it was obvious Mom had been gaslit to avoid me today.

Dad fixed scrambled eggs, sautéed mushrooms and jelly toast. The mushrooms were long passed date, marked to be eaten by the 8th of this month and were inedible. Dad said he thought the eggs were not firm enough but I ate what was left of his, almost all of Mom's and my eggs. I guess we all ate our own toast.

12:00 I asked Dad to sign into the British TV channel because Mom wanted to watch Doc Martin. He didn't respond to me. So it was going to be one of those days.

12:30 Mark came in and visited with Dad. He said he was going to take him to get a haircut tomorrow. Dad was disingenuously repeating to Mom, "I worship you." It was

pretty offensive and Mom tried to go along with it then became dismissive.

Mark, Dad and Mom had a good long visit talking about the various people who used to cut Dad's hair and I could hear Mom responding with a fairly clear voice but I didn't hear what she said.

Mark remembered how Mom went to visit and tried to care for Aunt Ella and came back looking a decade older. Dad interrupted Mark but Mark completed the story about how Aunt Ella kept telling Mom she was only there for her money. It's good that Mark is sometimes not hiding the complexity of family stressors associated with aging. Maybe it will help wake up Dad.

Mom said she needed her diaper changed and Mark came in the living room. He watched a couple of episodes of "Leave It to Beaver" with me. They were pretty funny.

2:00 Dad let Mark in the bedroom again when Mark knocked on the door. Dad also told me he signed into British TV so Mom could watch Doc Martin.

2:30 Dad came out and asked if Mark left and I said, "I didn't see him." He looked out of the door again and said, "Mark was in the bathroom."

3:00 Mark said he was going to get Black eyed peas for our supper and left the house.

4:30 Mark and Connie brought supper. It was excellent black-eyed peas. I guess Dad over prepared Mark about Mom choking on meat like he did to keep Mom from eating Swiss steak. Mark wanted me to remove the meat from them the Black eyed peas.

This seemed strange but it was a pleasant opportunity for me to eat some great ham. Mom seemed to enjoy the supper. She looked very intent about eating.

5:00 Mark and Connie left. The internet router went out and it took a little time for us to get it going again.

5:15 Mom enjoyed a day without serious drugging till now. This was a very unusual day because of the obvious training it must have taken to keep Mom from communicating with me.

She was clearly reminded, not to be active, but at least she wasn't growling and howling with drugs until this evening.

5:30 Mom was now howling and there was nothing Dad could do to hide it. It was obvious he had been upset all day because he wanted to prove Mom acted the same with or without medication and he didn't give her any earlier in the day. Now he was dancing around trying to keep her from jumping out of bed because of a dose of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs.

6:00 Mom was repeating, "I've got to get up. I'm sick I'm sick." Dad got the leg exercising machine out to move her to the living room, which is out of character for him except when he's desperate, and Mom said, "no."

Dad sat in the chair next to her and placated her till she calmed down through the terrifying portion of her medication experience.

I started my exercise with the PBS NewsHour and I could see Mom knocked out and Dad sitting next to her. He must still think this is a good look for him attending his wife. He doesn't think I make the connection with the drugs that put both of them through the hell they just went through for the past hour.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the evening.

*** A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 2:00 p.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Help Mom get comfortable with the indoor outdoor scooter so she can move around, have some independence and go to the doctor.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis for Mom.

Dad goes to the doctor once or twice a week Mom hasn't been in years.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities. He needs to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse and fake feeble habits he only does at certain times.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Possibly get 24 hour care so Dad and Mom can develop better quality of life habits.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarge bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more "anti-fussy pills" for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for at least 42 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get more video games Mom and Dad will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities with Mom when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually fragile from constipation and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/25/24 Betty Broome Report

4:00 a.m. I took what I thought was one of the allergy pills and had to go to the bathroom shortly afterward. I fell asleep on the toilet and woke paralyzed and unable to get up. I was leaning forward sitting on the toilet. I could push myself slightly with the

weight of my body leaning forward until I fell off the toilet and hit my head on the bathtub.

I remember being crumpled on the floor between the toilet and the bathtub but I don't remember how I got back in bed. I think I must have got one of Mom's medications mixed up with my allergy medicine when I took the bottle of medicine downstairs for one of our trips to the golf course. It was a very plain little round white pill very similar to the generic allergy pills.

9:00 I went downstairs to watch meet the press. I watched several shows.

10:30 Dad opened the door and the beginning of "Breakfast at Tiffany's" was just coming on. I watched it with Mom while Dad fixed lunch.

Mom made insightful comments about breakfast at Tiffany's. She said, it's lucky people don't really react like that. She also said, she should have done more in her youth.

She was attempting to adjust her oxygen so it didn't cut into her face but the tube went under her breast and was caught there. I suggested she should wear the comfortable exercise bra so she isn't so uncomfortable laying down so much of the day. She said, "I know I should." I said, I would tell Darion to put it on her tomorrow if she was still feeling the same way.

Jean called Mom and asked her to call back after we were finished with lunch.

11:30 Dad's alarm went off saying it was time for medications. I don't know whose medications the alarm was about. So far Mom was not over medicated like she usually is in the morning.

12:00 Dad brought us baked chicken mashed potatoes and gravy with capers. He thought the chicken was way overcooked. We watched the end of the movie while we ate.

12:30 Mom called Jean who wanted Mark's phone number.

Mom said she needed her diaper changed and Dad closed the door.

1:30 Dad opened the door and came out to clean the kitchen. When I went in to see Mom she was thoroughly medicated and incapable of communicating.

Dad came out saying Mom constantly asks to have her diaper changed so she needs to be entertained, so she doesn't think about it.

This doesn't happen if Mom is not over medicated so Dad has to live with what he's done until he speaks to the doctor about alternate medications.

2:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and got something from the kitchen, went back in and the closed bedroom door.

5:00 Another afternoon lost to drugs for my Mom.

Consider what it would take to produce these reports as a basis for a television series. Imagine setting up a scene where an elderly man and a woman communicate with facial expressions.

The woman is conspiring with the man against her own best interest because she's a victim of Stockholm syndrome after 42 years of isolation with the bored retired husband. Their kids did not visit and provide appropriate feedback for 50 years except a few dwindling holidays.

The old woman is delighted to have something to corroborate with the husband, but the husband is himself blindsided by the realization of the hideous codependent relationship he knows his son recognizes in his wife's obvious gestures and comments. She's excited to have something to contribute to the all night gaslighting dialogue but the husband doesn't want such obvious comments in front of their son.

The old man is exposed but has decades of successful deception habits to comfort him.

Some of the sons probably thought it was their fault no one communicated with them for so many years, except politely during holidays. That same 50 year isolation keeps them from return contributing appropriately with the thoughtful activities the parents supplied when the kids were young.

Now professionals and family are conspiring to avoid thoughts or contact with Mom's ostomy, leaving Dad to be isolated and thinking it's okay to kill Mom slowly with medications.

10:00 The deodorizer stunk up the house again.

Here are some empathetic reasons to share with the caregiver:

1. _Concern for loved one's safety_: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."
2. _Impact on quality of life_: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."
3. _Recognition of caregiver's struggles_: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."
4. _Importance of professional expertise_: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work together to find a solution."
5. _Honesty about damage caused_: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."
6. _Empathy and support_: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."
7. _Focus on emotional support_: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."
8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional caregiver or facility care, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

Less empathic.

Change your mind and do what's right instead of the crazy stuff you have committed to habit.

8:30 Veronica arrived to wash Mom.

9:00 The door was closed all morning.

11:45 Dad was making mayonnaise sandwiches with a piece of bacon and a couple of leaves of spring salad. I opened the bedroom window and Mom was very medicated. She became upset with me about the curtains being open. I couldn't figure out what she meant.

The volleyball balloon was sitting next to her on the bed and when I started to pick it up she became upset with me again saying, "if you want to exercise you can go in the other room." It sounds like this is something she has been trained to say because she has said it a couple of times before now in the past couple of days.

I said, if you aren't going to exercise at 11:45 when you promised, and Dad gives you lunch at exactly 11:45 now, we should pick another time of day for your exercise." She said, "2:00" and so I said, "that's kind of close to our 3:00 volleyball game but maybe it's not a bad idea to do all over our exercise at the same time."

1:00 Mark came over and brought coffee and talked politics with Dad and I. Mom never woke up completely but asked for coffee once and fell back to sleep.

1:30 Mark left to go eat.

2:00 Dad went in the closed bedroom and Mom and Dad must have been asleep because they didn't answer when I knocked on the door.

3:00 I went in to exercise Mom. She was holding the trapeze already. I asked her to lift herself up so I could pull the pillow under her head and she got angry with me and said no. I said let me lift your head up because she was laying flat and she said no.

I said it's time for your 3:00 exercise and she said "no it isn't." Dad said "last Saturday I had to change her diaper 20 times in one day." He then said, "let's hit the balloon around. Mom said no but I had already thrown the balloon and she hit it back. We bounced it back and forth a couple of times but then she caught it indicating she didn't want to play.

It's remarkable how much trouble Dad goes through to keep mom from exercising with self-destructive gas lighting and medication which affect him as much as it does Mom. It's terrible the complication of constantly changing diapers and having Mom ask Dad to

change her ostomy before it's ready.

When Mom is medicated she is constantly angry or sleepy and Dad could request different medication from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh at any time. He goes to the doctor several times a week for himself but Mom has not been in years except on FaceTime and when she got is drugged.

4:00 Mark bought barbecue sandwiches for everyone. I had already eaten so I didn't ask for one. Mom ate a couple of bites of hers.

It's been years now that Dad has been complicating the job of caring for Mom with the medications that cause Mom such confusion and if she wasn't so healthy, as a person, she would have died long ago.

5:00 I started watching PBS NewsHour and did my exercise.

6:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

*** A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 2:00 p.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike. Help Mom get comfortable with the indoor outdoor scooter so she can move around, have some independence and go to the doctor.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis for Mom.

When Dad goes to the doctor once or twice a week Mom hasn't been in years.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities. He needs to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse and fake feeble habits he only does at certain times.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Possibly get 24 hour care so Dad and Mom can develop better quality of life habits.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarge bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more "anti-fussy pills" for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for at least 42 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get more video games Mom and Dad will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities with Mom when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually fragile from constipation and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/23/24 Betty Broome Report

4:30 I didn't start going to the YMCA this morning with all the controversy about Dad wanting me to leave.

8:00 The door's are closed and they already ate breakfast because the tray was in the

kitchen.

9:11 Darion arrived and went in the bedroom where the door remained closed after she went in.

9:30 Dad came out and brought a basket of clothes to put in the washing machine. I told him I would get it. He said thank you.

10:00 Darion came out of the bedroom and said she gave Mom a shower. She said Mom was pretty much out of it. I can tell by Darion's level of exhaustion Mom didn't participate much in assisting to lift herself. It must have been grueling.

Darion said "Betty is about halfway sleeping." I know that Dad went through the violent hallucination part of today's drugging before Darion arrived but the long sleepy incapacitation part of the medication effects makes it terribly hard for anyone to work with Mom.

10:30 Dad and Darion were talking and laughing for a long time and I know that's helpful for Dad to have someone to talk to.

11:45 Dad brought Mom leftover Swiss steak from yesterday. Mom only ate three bites given to her by Darion. Mom asked for a sandwich.

Mom was given a grilled cheese sandwich and she only ate one bite.

2:00 Dad and Mark left the house. Mom was obviously medicated for a second time before Dad left the house.

There was no reason to give Mom a misery inducing dose of medication except to convince Darion Mom is out of control or to be defiant after receiving my police report in this morning.

Darion adopted Dad's explanation for Mom's violent and grueling hallucinations. Darion calls them "night terrors" like Dad does. Mom kept tearing off her diaper saying it was wet. Darion changed the diapers four times before Mark and Dad got home.

3:00 Mom wanted to be changed again and Darion changed her and showed Mom the dry diaper. Mom laughed like she was in disbelief that the diaper was really dry.

3:07 Mark and Dad came home. It looked to me more like Mom was upset about her

insides being full of feces but she is unable to express herself about what is the cause of her suffering and she doesn't want Darion to be inconvenienced by the job of dealing with her ostomy.

3:30 Dad made us all ice cream with strawberries, whipped cream and shortcake. It was excellent.

4:00 I asked Mark for some help with some electronics. He suggested hiring an electrician and it is obvious it needs to be done professionally.

6:00 Dad heated up a can of chicken soup for Mom and he said Mom ate 2/3 of it.

6:30 Dad fixed sweet cornbread but Mom wouldn't eat it so he said he would save it for breakfast.

I can't tell what the dominant motivation is for Dad. Is he more interested in competition with Mom, the challenge of convincing everyone of Mom's dementia or is it some kind of confused response to the requirements of insurance companies. Whatever the mental reasoning is, Dad can't help using the incapacitating mixture of medications provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh. He can only do it so many times a day because, even he can barely handle mom in the first 30 or so minutes when she's out of control with each dragging.

Mom is very upset because she knows her life is more miserable when Dad has to put on a drug performance for visitors.

The combination of prescriptions cause Mom 15 to 30 minutes of intense hallucinations and then immobilize her for hours. She is also completely suggestible as the captive audience for Dad's constantly repeated stream of consciousness rants. He may also be partially motivated by the forced attention of his wife, who he keeps borderline unconscious so much of the time.

Our family will agree to anything Dad wants now that some of us are retired. But after 40 or 50 years of us declining his suggestions, with the same clever dismissiveness he inadvertently taught us, he now protects his ego gaslighting his drugged zombie wife he has kept in her place all our lives with misogynistic '50s and '60s housewife expectations.

Dad didn't have anything to control after he retired 42 years ago. His job had immense and rewarding responsibilities. His thought processes are not efficient enough, at 91

years old, to avoid the temptation of manipulating his wife and the corroboration of his busy children and their families. If Dad will just snap out of this and start focusing on Mom's health, doing activities with his family, It won't take long to change his habits from ghoulish to an ideal family.

Everyone who has known Dad for any length of time wants to believe him when he says everything is okay. But no one, even professional assistants, want to get near Mom's ostomy, which is the elephant in the room that keeps everyone at their distance and keeps him exhausted.

8/22/24 Betty Broome Report

12:07 a.m. the deodorizer stank up the house.

8:00 Dad left the house to go to a doctor's appointment and called me to let me know. There was a small white round pill on the bedroom floor.

I wiped mom's face with a warm washcloth, gave it to her and she threw it at the clothes hamper and missed closely. She was glad she almost reached the hamper but she was acting very hostile toward me.

8:20 I brought Mom breakfast of a fried egg, jelly toast and bacon. She didn't eat all the fried egg. I politely asked her why she didn't eat her eggs the last two times and she just chuckled and said, "I don't."

I politely said, "you don't like eggs or you don't know?" She was clearly upset and when I took her tray she told me to, "go in the other room."

I told her, "I don't understand how Dad can convince you to act so unpleasantly toward your oldest son. I said, "I didn't think that, even when you are under the influence of powerful drugs you could be convinced not to know right from wrong.

She immediately changed her humor to a more thoughtful genuine state and asked for coffee and what we could watch on TV. I told her she should see the convention from last night. We found a YouTube with clips of the highlights and she really liked Oprah's

comments.

8:30 Mom started coming onto the medications. She started obsessing about her ostomy and about the bit of feces which first becomes visible before she has a bowel movement.

I think she worries it is visible to visitors or that there will be some kind of problem with it when it first starts to become visible. She has never explained in a clear way, what is so upsetting to her.

She only gets upset about it when she is drugged so her choice of words is always confusing and often very different from the previous time. I drew a picture of the bag and showed her trying to comfort her saying, "nothing entered your ostomy bag yet." I told her, "this is a point of unnecessary conflict between you and Dad when he tries to tell you not to keep asking to change the bag when feces first becomes visible at the opening in your side.

Mom was listening carefully but then continued with upset comments about how people can see it and it needs to be changed. I think I could change it myself and relieve Dad of the responsibility but the few times I suggested it to Mom She was raging with medication and changing her mind second by second.

I told Dad I would take over the ostomy responsibility if I was also given the responsibility for the medications. The drugs make the ostomy job terribly unpredictable so Dad is bringing trouble on himself by trusting Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

This may have been why Dad left a soiled but empty ostomy bag on the book I have been reading to Mom for the past weeks. He must have been frustrated and left the bag on the book. Dad has got to be permanently exhausted from Mom's constant requests but having caused it himself by not addressing her concerns to the doctors who supply the prescriptions, makes it even more frustrating for him.

Mom has not seen a doctor face-to-face in years though dad goes to the doctor often twice a week and today he has two appointments in one day.

Now Mom started saying she needed her diaper changed. I said Maya would be here in a few minutes and she could do it.

9:00 Mia arrived. Mom pointed to me and told Mia, "Joe needs to tell you what I need."

Thinking back to the situation now I feel sure Mom wanted me to tell Maya to change her ostomy or to help her somehow with her feces filled abdomen.

I said, "Mom said she needed her diaper changed." Dad came home right at that time and Mai came out of the bedroom. I asked if Mom really did need a new diaper.

9:30 Mia said the diaper was barely wet and it may be mostly mom's imagination. I told her, when Mom is full of medication it's almost impossible to figure out but we have to figure it out.

I'm not sure the assistants who only come every once in a while have the commitment to the Broome house.

10:00 Mia is on the phone and Dad is watching TV.

11:45 Dad fixed Rubens for everyone. Mom got upset when I touched her feet and asked if she would exercise.

12:30 Mark arrived to take Dad to the doctor. Mom was still knocked out but I asked her if she wanted to ride the new scooter. She said no.

1:00 I went to Lowe's to look at exhaust fans for the bathroom. I also got Dad a pair of slim leg shorts I thought might look better on him than the wide leg ones he's been wearing lately.

I also stopped at the YMCA and they said my account was good there. I told them I would see them at 5:00 in the morning.

1:30 I assembled Swiss steak which will be ready around 5:00. It only takes 20 minutes to assemble but it takes 3 hours to simmer to soften the meat.

3:00 Dad Byran and Mark arrived at the same time. I told Dad about the new shorts I bought for him and he tried them on. They looked really good for him but he said something about them being tight in the waist and Mark became obsessed about that.

Dad and Mark started working on the printer they purchased trying to get it to connect to Dad's computer. Byran looked like he was disappointed in Mom's ability to focus and perform her physical therapy but he continued and added a new exercise by shortening Mom's trapeze rope. We also had an excellent game of volleyball with Mom and Byran and I.

3:30 Byran left and I was very grateful he stuck it out and gave Mom a good workout.

5:00 Mark left saying there was some kind of error message and the printer wasn't working yet. I asked him if he wanted Swiss steak to go but he said he was eating at home.

I served Swiss steak, penne noodles and peas to Mom and Dad and it was extraordinarily good. I didn't bring my plate to them at the same time so Dad had time to convince Mom not eat more than the first two bites I fed her. I tried to give her another bite after Dad and I had eaten. Dad said the meat was too large. But I had already cut it up small and it was so soft it was like mush. Dad had made up his mind and mom was drugged and compliant.

6:00 I was cleaning up the kitchen and Dad came in and told me I would need to stop writing reports or he would have to let me go. I didn't answer because he has made the same threat every two weeks for nine months.

I started exercising and watching the last night of the Democratic convention when Dad came out of the bedroom and said he wanted to make it clear I needed to stop writing the reports or he was going to have me removed from the house.

I said, "the more attention you calls to this terrible situation the better it will be for Mom." I continued, "If I have to be removed from the house to get some objective reaction from the authorities the better it will be for Mom's safety."

Dad said, "you aren't listening." He asked if I was going to continue to write reports. I said, "I save my reports until you knock Mom out with medication each time, like you did today." He shrugged that off without responding. He offered to pay off my credit card for purchasing things for the house and Mom's exercise equipment. I said, "it doesn't cost anything to stop drugging Mom."

He acted like I hadn't said anything and continued with his threat to kick me out if I continue writing reports. Then he put on a little performance saying, "it pains me to have to do this." And I said "your performances are disingenuous."

Dad went back in the bedroom and while I was watching the convention he posted a group text as follows.

Dad's text...

I told Joe that he could stay in the house as a welcome guest if he would stop sending messages about my home otherwise I would require him to leave.
He indicated that he understood and declined.

Brian texted to the group ...

The brothers are in conversation, Dad, we love you and Mom the most.

My response to the group text ...

I told Dad I save the reports everyday until Mom is drugged again like she was today.

There would never be any reports if Mom was allowed to go undrugged so she could do her physical therapy and come back to life. Enjoy your gossip conversations if they make you feel important and let you forget about Mom's constant suffering.

Luckily the real world doesn't stop for the poorly educated and specialized, without psychology, Broome family members.

https://www.youtube.com/live/7NJtyhemDgk?si=6PXCCmmr_FREpz6T

Brant wrote...

Love you mom and dad. Sorry you aren't having the peaceful days you deserve

Brian wrote...

What does 'undrugged' mean to you, Joey?

You're not a doctor so none of those 'words' mean anything. Nothing.

To anyone.

You're right that we all need to move more.

Dad, Mom and Mark suggested that you just give them a break.

I'll spend the next week with them if you leave.

It's not about you, it's just a break to breath.

I was there for all of her surgeries, but I didn't see anybody else there so I can be there.

I wrote...

None of my words mean anything to you so it doesn't matter that I tell you that Mom is suffering constantly because of the druggings. It doesn't matter that I tell you the drugs stop her from doing her physical therapy or even wanting to. And it doesn't matter that I tell you that I'm staying until Mom walks. It's as simple as that. But I've said these things hundreds of times now. So my words don't mean anything to the neglectful family that leaves mom in this horrible situation.

Brian wrote...

You're not taking a break?

I can relieve you.

I wrote...

Have your spouse tie your legs together for 3 years. Go ahead. Try it.

8:30 I finished watching the Democratic convention. It was profound and I enjoyed it very much.

11:30 p.m. the deodorizer smelled like it's burning and it burns my throat when I breathe it.

1:00 I taught Darion Mark and Dad how to use the electric wheelchair.

8/21/24 Betty Broome Report

1:30 There is the terrible smell of electronic odorizer again. I don't know how Dad is tolerating it with his allergies.

8:00 I went downstairs and Mom was completely awake. I asked if she needed anything and she said that I should go in the other room. There were balloons all over the floor and I started to put them up on top of the television. Dad said he would rather have them on the floor where he could kick them around. I told Mom we need to get her in the living room so Teresa can clean the bedroom today. Mom got mad at me and said she would do it later. Dad said we will move her this afternoon.

I asked Mom if she saw Michelle Obama speak last night and Mom said no. I turned on Michelle Obama and Mom said she needed Dad to change her diaper so I went in the other room.

8:30 I practiced a few of my songs and Teresa arrived to clean the house. Teresa said she wasn't going to vote because she doesn't like Trump or Harris. I said I hope there aren't many people who think like that because that would be the suicide of the nation. She said let's not talk politics. But then she continued saying that she doesn't like either of them so she can't vote for either of them. I said that's a dangerous way to think and she said let's not talk politics.

9:00 Mia came and moved mom into the living room with the wheelchair. I played a song for Mom and Dad interrupted by talking loudly to Mia. We talked to Mom for a long time.

10:00 Mom said she wanted to get back in the bed. I showed Mia how to use the leg exercising tool to move Mom to the bedroom and Mom was much better about standing on her feet.

Mia and I talked to mom for almost an hour. Mom didn't contribute much to the conversation.

11:00 Shelley and Margaret arrived and Mark greeted everyone and left to get the cleaning product Teresa asked for.

12:00 Dad made pizza for himself, Mia, Mom and I. It was pretty good for frozen.

1:00 I left to go to the scooter store to look at scooters hoping to inspire mom to become more independent and motivated.

2:00 I returned to find apple pie heated and ready to eat. I gave Mom her piece of pie that was laying on the bed next to her. Dad and Mark were at the doctor. Mom was still alert but didn't want to try the new scooter.

I rode it around the room and around the house and she thought it was fun and funny but she didn't want to get up. I started playing volleyball and Mia and I continued with Mom for a good 10 minute workout in which she only kicked the balloon twice. She's really getting good with her arms but it's going to take something different to get her legs active.

4:00 dad returned with Mark and I watched TV while they talked to Mom.

5:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted Buffalo burgers and Dad said okay. I fixed one for him to split with Mom but they didn't eat it. It looked like one of Dad's immature acts stopping Mom from eating. So I ate theirs and mine. They were excellent.

6:00 I started exercising with PBS NewsHour but I was interrupted by a text from a fellow musician and didn't finish exercising for the evening.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night and watched the Democratic convention. It could not have been more satisfying. I feel very confident for the future of the nation and even the

world.

*** A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:45 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat). Discuss changing the time because it is too close to lunch time.

Exercise mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike. Help Mom get comfortable with the indoor outdoor scooter so she can move around, have some independence and go to the doctor.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis for Mom.

When Dad goes to the doctor once or twice a week Mom asks why she hasn't been in years.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities. He needs to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse and fake feeble habits he only does at certain times.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Possibly get 24 hour care so Dad and Mom can develop better quality of life habits.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarge bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more "anti-fussy pills" for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for at least 42 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get more video games Mom and Dad will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities with Mom when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually fragile from constipation and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/20/24 Betty Broome Report

There are occasional improvements to communication in the house but no change the major problem which is Dad's long-term habit. Dad has to start thinking of himself as an agent of improvement rather than an agent of death. His continual discouraging implications to Mom are more important than the insincere words of love he says.

5:30 I went downstairs to check on Mom and Dad. Dad was fixing breakfast so I got to hold Mom's hand while she was sleeping till 6:00.

6:00 Dad brought Mom waffles with blackberries in them. He was surprised I was in the bedroom and told me he would have made waffles for me if he knew I was up. Mom saw it was me holding her hand and told me to go in the other room. Dad said he left batter for me to make waffles. I went in the kitchen and fixed them for myself.

6:30 I turned on a youtube of the first night of the Democratic conference. It was very inspiring and Mom started watching. But I could see she received medication, probably while I was making waffles, because she started to spasm. But there was a new addition to the performance. Dad started spasming as well at the same time as Mom. It was embarrassing to see.

We watched the whole convention with Mom knocked out and Dad making a few comments about how the conference was for he and I because our first name is Joe.

It was quite awkward because there was such an emphasis on family and our family is so destroyed by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

7:00 Veronica came and washed mom's hair.

8:00 I went upstairs to get dressed. Dad brought a charcoal pencil upstairs to me with a drawing pad. He said we should practice our shadowing with the charcoal pencils. I told him that while he was upstairs he should take a look at the equipment. Musical equipment.

He came in the back bedroom and I showed him how to attach instruments to the mixer and showed him how to turn the equipment on. I could see he wanted to draw and that was why he brought the art supplies upstairs and I was rushing through the instructions with the musical equipment so I could tell it was time to head downstairs and start drawing.

9:00 Dad and I were making drawings together and Darion came in and started taking care of Mom. Dad and I both drew women's faces.

10:30 Dad fixed salmon and spinach about which he was very critical. It wasn't very attractive but it tasted great.

10:45 I recorded a video of a political song and posted it on Facebook.

11:00 I started Dad with a putt-Putt game with the virtual reality headset. After the first game he told me his score and I had to beat it. Dad went in the bedroom to help Darion and I started playing.

12:00 Brian visited and I said hello to him as he came through and went into the bedroom. He talked to Mom and Dad for a long time lifting mom up and scratching her back.

1:00 Brian came in the living room with me and I asked him to join the game with us. He started to play and left the game unfinished. Dad came out of the bedroom and Brian went in to talk to Mom some more. Dad took over Brian's game for the competition and for about 30 minutes we could loudly hear the squeal of Mom's hearing aid. I didn't

want to say anything this time because Brian is extremely sensitive about his contributions in the few times he visits.

1:30 Brian came out and talked to Dad and I in the living room while Dad was trying to fly with the flight simulator on the headset. I suggested we go to one of the local boat launches and see how it looks. I didn't get any takers for that idea.

1:45 Brian walked around the room a few times, said he was going home and left. Dad ask if Brian seemed miffed. And I said that Brian usually seems miffed

2:00 The grass was being cut by the weekly helpers. I asked Dad what he thought about me asking them how much they would charge to weed the backyard beds and put mulch down so it wouldn't grow again. Dad said, "I don't want to complicate the relationship with the lawn mowing people." He said, "Mark likes to be in charge of the yard."

3:00 Byran, the physical therapist, came and Mom was alert to do her workout, thank goodness. Byran spent a good bit of time with her while I was ordering the paragraph papers to glue onto the back of Mom's quilt star presents for everyone in the family.

When I finished ordering the papers I went in the room and Mom asked me to leave. I told Mom the papers would be printed and delivered on Tuesday and I asked Byran how it was going. Darion said they're doing great today. Byran continued to work with Mom. I went out of the bedroom.

4:00 I heard Dad fixing something in the kitchen so I suggested Dad cut up the barbecue sandwich in the refrigerator for Mom.

4:30 I did measurements for the exhaust fan in Mom and Dad's bedroom. I meant for Brian and I to work on it but he was gone before we got to any household projects.

5:00 Dad asked me if there was a trick to tying the balloons. I helped him blow up and tie a few of them so he could try it. Dad asked me to get the barbecue sandwich and heat it up. I did it and knocked on the door but he was changing mom's diaper.

5:15 Dad opened the door and I brought in the barbecue sandwich with some Coca-Cola. I told Mom her news was on and I was able to find Lester Holt on their internet TV. She started watching the news but asked me to leave.

6:00 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

8/19/24 Betty Broome Report

This nightmare could go on forever if we don't do something different. Dad doesn't remember the conflicts or the suggestions how to improve the situation, but I know he would enjoy all the benefits of doing things with all of his sons and his wife. Their habits and health would change over time if we just distract them with activities like they did for us when we were young.

Dad is trapped by the 42 years of isolation since he retired and the habits he developed in competition with Mom. But he doesn't understand the catch-22 of Stockholm syndrome and how it causes an old woman to participate in his Munchausen syndrome by proxy.

My family is too lazy and self-absorbed to go against Dad and gas-lit Mom when they both push us away out of warped politeness.

All of the protective services have only one tool in their arsenal, they remove the suffering aged person from the family making the situation even worse. Two of Dad's assistants have said they had to visit individuals in those care institutions and they said they are horrible.

So all that's left is to keep inviting Dad and Mom to do fun activities they would have done when they were young. It's our fault they are in this trap because we we cut them off 50 years ago. Deadly bad habits form in isolation.

7:00 Dad was in the kitchen and I went in to see Mom. One of her soiled ostomy bags was on top of the book I read to her everyday. It was the first time I have seen one left out so I don't know if this was a message to me or not. I wiped mom's eyes with a warm washcloth and went back upstairs to get cleaned up for the day.

8:00 I checked to see what was going on downstairs. I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and she said it didn't matter. She said she wanted coffee. Dad said he would

make it. I turned on the coffee machine because Dad thought he had set it up last night too fix the coffee with the water and the coffee already in it. I told him there was old coffee in the pot. He said he would fix more while I fix breakfast.

I asked if Mom wanted cinnamon croissants. She said yes. I went in the kitchen and Dad was fixing coffee. I filled croissants with butter, sugar and cinnamon and made great cinnamon croissants fresh.

8:30 I brought Mom and Dad bacon and cinnamon croissants. They ate almost all of it but Mom was clearly starting to be afraid the way she is when the medication first comes on. I suggested another television show to binge watch with them called Northern Exposure and we watched two episodes while Mom went through her spasming and growling.

9:00 Caring Senior Services assistants didn't show up again all day today. Dad called and asked where they were and was told there were scheduling problems. It's lucky we didn't have a golf game planned to get Dad out of the house today.

The name of the assistants company is a cruel joke because they usually miss at least one whole day a week and that's not "caring". There's no point in my sending daily reports to them because they have too little significance in the role of my parents improvement.

11:45 I went in the bedroom to see Mom about her leg exercises but she was barely responding and would not participate. So it looks like she got a second dose of medication for the day. Her response was too extreme to simply be a rejection of exercise. It's hard to imagine a more complex psychological trap than to have your spouse gaslighting you against your own fitness.

But it's obvious that's what Dad is doing in his private time with Mom because of the, out of character, choice of words Mom uses and extreme rejection of exercise when Dad is in the room.

This nightmare cannot be addressed with anger towards dad. The only thing that can save Mom is involving dad in activities away from Mom so she can think for herself and have brakes from the drugs and alcohol.

12:00 Mark arrived and watched TV with Dad and I for a while in the living room because Mom was knocked out.

12:30 Dad asked Mark to come talk to Mom but she has obviously been given second medication for the afternoon. I guess Dad wanted to show me he can drug Mom anytime he wants to after the harsh reports this weekend.

Of course the druggings began as an attempt to prove Mom was incapacitated for the confusing insurance requirements, but the drugs are now a habit and a strong routine from which Dad is unable to escape.

It was good for Mom to hear Mark and Dad talking over her and she got in a word here and there.

Dad went for barbecue sandwiches and I asked Mom if she would do her exercise with me. She said no repeatedly and I told her she's going to have to start thinking for herself to save herself.

I was still full from breakfast so I saved my barbecue sandwich when Dad returned. I guess Mom was still full or too drugged to eat because she didn't eat hers either.

2:00 Dad left the door open. They were watching a government show. I went in to try to talk to Mom and she was still knocked out.

3:00 I knocked on the door and Dad was standing over Mom. I gave her some water because she licked her dry lips. I went to the kitchen to get fresh water and ice and when I brought it back Dad asked, "Did she ask for water?" I didn't stick around to see what that paranoia was about.

4:00 Dad opened the bedroom door again and came out to get the sandwich he bought at lunch time. He brought it to Mom trying to get her to eat it. I tried to kiss Mom's head and she jumped in fear. Mom said she needs her diaper changed so I went back in the living room.

6:00 Mom didn't look like she was knocked out badly now, but she and Dad were watching the Democratic convention introduction and Dad tried to feed mom the barbecue sandwich for the third time, so I didn't bother them.

7:00 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour. And dad left the door open. I waved to Mom but she didn't wave back to me today.

8:00 I finished my exercise and watched part of the convention for a while.

9:00 I took out the trash and went upstairs for the night.

*** A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:45 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat). Discuss changing the time because it is too close to lunch time.

Exercise mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike. Get an indoor outdoor cart so Mom can move around and have some independence.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities. He needs to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse and fake feeble habits he only does at certain times.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Possibly get 24 hour care so Dad and Mom can develop better quality of life habits.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more "anti-fussy pills" for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for at least 42 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get more video games Mom and Dad will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities with Mom when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/18/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I finished making enough tea for a few days. Dad has already put away breakfast and I made pancakes for myself with the leftover batter.

8:00 Dad opened the bedroom door and I asked Mom if she wanted to go in the living room. She became very upset and repeated, "if you want to go in the living room, you go in the living room." It was obvious she has already been through something intense with Dad this morning. I wiped Mom's eyes and mouth with a warm washcloth. She wouldn't throw the cloth at the clothes hamper this morning.

I gave Mom some trail mix and she ate it. Mom said she wanted coffee and Dad got up and went to the kitchen to fix coffee. I asked Mom if she wanted me to put lotion on the scabs on her arms and she got upset again and said, "I'll put lotion on myself when I want it." I like that she wants to take care of things herself but it seemed like something was up.

There was a small white oval pill on the floor so I guess that was part of the performance but I don't know what it means.

Mom said she wanted to watch the news and I helped her sit up in the bed. We found a good news channel on ABC and watch for a long time.

11: 00 Dad went in the kitchen and started fixing lunch of pizza and asparagus. For the past few days Dad has made sure he brought food to Mom around 11:30 or 11:45 when Darion and I got a promise from Mom to exercise at that time. But it could be a coincidence so close to lunch time.

11:30 I asked Mom if she would do her stand-up exercise for me a couple of times and she became upset again and said, "if you want to do exercise you can go in the other room." She's using the same words each time today.

11:45 I helped Dad put the pizza, drinks, asparagus and apple slices on the tray to bring to Mom. We all ate but Mom was starting to act erratically and I went in the living room.

1:00 Mom and Dad had long conversations I couldn't hear except Dad asked Mom a couple of times if she wanted to go in the living room.

1:30 the door was still closed to the bedroom and I was practicing my songs in the living room

3:00 I knocked on the door and they didn't answer, so I went in. I threw the big balloon at Mom and she said no but then she hit it back. So me Mom and Dad played volleyball for about 10 minutes while we talked.

3:15 I asked Mom if she wanted honey tea and trail mix. She said yes, so I got some for her and Dad. I read four pages of the Brian Cohen book to Mom. She started to get up out of bed but when I brought the exercise machine she stopped.

I think Darion or one of brothers has to be here too get her up dependably. I have been the subject of dad's gaslighting for too long to get Mom up on the exercise machine without a fuss.

4:00 Mom started talking and Dad closed the bedroom door.

5:00 Dad asked me to come get Mom and put her in the living room. I should have known something was planned for me. But I'm always so excited when I am asked to get Mom up I quickly got her on the machine. We used the leg exercising chair (Sara Stedy) and she complained but she didn't really well. Better than usual.

5:30 Dad went to get hamburgers and I started singing songs for Mom. It was obvious she was falling into a drugged stupor but when I sing for her she politely enjoys it unless

she is signaled to by Dad. Dad came in with burgers and Mom ate a little of it but she was obviously medicated because she was already asking for us to go to the imaginary house to get furniture and bring it home so she could sleep.

Dad said a peculiar thing that should have made me realize he had a performance planned. He told Mom, "It makes me feel bad that you don't believe me when I tell you there is no other house." I used the Oculus too walk her around the neighborhood so she could tell me where the other house is she had been pointing to and telling us it was in the next block.

Mom was becoming upset and wanted to go back in the bedroom, saying she needed to go to the bathroom. It was obvious we were in the middle of a performance which was not going as planned. Dad must trained Mom with a new phrase which she was not performing for me. Dad was very frustrated and finally signaled angrily as mom was getting in the bed.

Mom repeated, "When someone is dying you don't push them."

She was terrified with medication by this time and unable to focus. She said she needed her diaper changed and I went out of the bedroom and closed the door.

6:00 I did my exercise with PBS news weekend and fell asleep in the living room chair.

A growing list of activities to help Mom and Dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:45 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat). Discuss with Darion about changing the time because it is too close to lunch time.

Exercise mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom from the responsibilities so he can build confidence and block out old destructive abuse habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Darion suggested we get 24 hour care.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for 40 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get more video games Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities with her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/17/24 Betty Broome Report

The loud television never went off tonight but it became louder than usual at 3:00 a.m.

5:30 the television is still amazingly loud. It's obvious Dad wants me to come down and see that Mom is incapacitated at a different time of day. Poor mom has to get extra druggings because I'm here at the house and Dad has to keep exaggerating her declining mental state with timed druggings.

6:00 Dad brought cereal with blackberries and I wiped off mom's eyes and mouth with a warm washcloth. The televisions too loud to have a conversation.

7:00 Mom is starting to grown. Dad switched from Soap comedy, which had been on all night to MSNBC. I turned off the bedroom light in Mom's eyes.

Mom asked Dad to change her and he closed the door.

9:00 Mom is howling. I wish my lazy brothers were here to comfort her. My constant presence in the house makes it harder for me to comfort her because of the gas lighting and her associating me with all of the grueling drug rushes at the beginning of each drugging.

10:00 Dad came out and went to the bathroom in the kitchen bathroom. He went back in the bedroom with coffee and asked Mom if she wanted to get up. I guess she didn't participate because I didn't hear them anymore.

10:30 Dad asked me to come watch ET with him and Mom so we started watching.

11:00 Mark arrived and we got caught up about his experience with COVID for the last two weeks. We played volleyball with the large balloon and joked about mom being in the volleyball Olympics. Mom was really starting to wake up and made a joke about my fat stomach saying I was a big fat pumpkin. Mom kept asking Mark questions about how he was doing and his daughter. I asked Mom to show Mark how she gets up on the exercise machine because it was her exercise time at 11:45. She would not do it and Mark said he had already seen her on the machine. Dad fixed us Ruben sandwiches but Mark had already eaten so he left.

12:00 We started watching ET again but Mom and I started falling asleep so we postponed the rest of the movie.

3:00 Mark came back to the house and brought me a bathing suit to make it more likely I would start swimming at the YMCA. Mark then virtually walked around Poteau Oklahoma with the Oculus.

We tried to talk to Mom but she was out of it again. Mark and Dad went to get bird seed so I tried to talk to Mom and we started watching a movie we began yesterday. It's a movie about the life of a girl who wants to be an actress. It was called Superstar and we had a few good laughs. Dad returned and we watched the end of the movie together. He kept asking about the actors and actresses and looking up information on his phone.

5:30 We started to finish ET but Mom said she wanted to watch the news. I told her we found her favorite news program the day before but try as we might we weren't able to find it today. We watched PBS news weekend and I exercised in the room with them on the stationary bike next to the bed.

6:00 Dad fixed salads for Mom, me and himself and forgot to put salad dressing on it. But the oil and seasoning on the artichoke hearts were enough for me and I finished it before he got back with the dressing for him and Mom.

I said good night to Mom and Dad and went upstairs. Mom clearly needs motivation to be more active and push her muscles to improve no matter how long she has to live. Even if the end of her life is soon she should see her family as actively finding ways to make her excited about life and about improving. Those who are unable to conjure up encouraging activities or words should stay away from Mom.

7:00 I met Dad in the kitchen where he was getting a treat for Mom and I went and said good night to her again.

A friend offered clinical suggestions based on reading my Betty Broome Reports for a few days.

My friend's analysis.

The situation should be addressed as soon as possible, ideally within 24-48 hours, to ensure the care recipient's safety and well-being. Delaying action can lead to:

1. Medication errors: Overmedication or under medication can cause serious health issues, including hospitalization or even death.
2. Worsening health conditions: Failing to manage medications correctly can exacerbate existing health conditions, reducing quality of life.
3. Increased risk of falls or accidents: Medication mismanagement can impair cognitive function, balance, and coordination, increasing the risk of falls or accidents.

4. _Emergency situations_: Delaying action can lead to emergency situations, such as seizures, strokes, or heart attacks, which can be life-threatening.
5. _Loss of trust and confidence_: Delaying action can erode trust and confidence in the caregiving arrangement, making it harder to establish a new, safer care plan.
6. _Regulatory involvement_: In extreme cases, delaying action can lead to regulatory involvement, such as adult protective services, which can result in legal consequences.

Immediate action ensures:

1. _Safety and well-being_: Prompt attention protects the care recipient from harm.
2. _Prevention of further issues_: Addressing the situation quickly prevents additional problems from arising.
3. _Establishing a new care plan_: Swift action allows for the development of a safer, more effective care plan.
4. _Reducing stress and anxiety_: Resolving the situation quickly reduces stress and anxiety for all parties involved.

Don't delay; address the situation promptly to ensure the care recipient's safety and well-being.

Here are some empathetic reasons to share with the caregiver:

1. _Concern for loved one's safety_: "I know you want the best for Betty, but I'm worried that your current caregiving approach might be putting her in harm's way."
2. _Impact on quality of life_: "I understand you're trying to help, but unfortunately, your efforts might be delaying Betty's access to proper care and quality of life at an advanced age."
3. _Recognition of caregiver's struggles_: "I see that caregiving is taking a toll on you, and I'm concerned about your own well-being. It's okay to ask for help."
4. _Importance of professional expertise_: "While your love and dedication are invaluable, Betty needs professional care to address complex medical needs. Let's work

together to find a solution."

5. _Honesty about damage caused_: "I want to be honest with you - the current caregiving situation has caused some harm, and it's essential we address it promptly to prevent further issues."

6. _Empathy and support_: "I know this is hard for you, and I'm here to support you. Let's find a way to prioritize Betty's needs while also taking care of yourself."

7. _Focus on emotional support_: "Your role is crucial, but maybe it's time to focus on emotional support and companionship, rather than direct caregiving. This can be incredibly valuable for Betty."

8. _Exploring alternative solutions_: "Let's explore alternative care options together, like hiring a professional caregiver or facility care, to ensure Betty receives the best possible support."

URGENT CLINICAL REPORT

Patient: Betty Broome

Caregiver: Joe Broome

Date: 8/18/24

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSESSMENT:

The caregiver's ability to provide safe and effective care is compromised due to their own cognitive and physical decline. Both the caregiver and the patient will benefit and probably improve with a new strategy. Their decline has resulted in medication mismanagement, putting the patient at risk of adverse reactions, overdose, underdose or continued falls and foot damage.

BEHAVIORAL OBSERVATIONS:

- Inconsistent medication administration
- Confusion regarding medication schedules and dosages
- Lack of awareness of potential medication interactions
- Decreased ability to recognize and respond to patient's needs

COGNITIVE FUNCTIONING:

- Decline in memory and attention
- Difficulty with problem-solving and decision-making
- Impaired judgment and insight

EMOTIONAL STATE:

- Increased stress and anxiety
- Feelings of overwhelm and burnout
- Resistance to relinquishing caregiving responsibilities

RECOMMENDATIONS TO MEDICAL SPECIALIST:

1. Immediate in home evaluation of patient's medication regimen and adjustment as needed.
2. In home assessment of caregiver's cognitive and physical abilities to determine capacity for caregiving.
3. Development of a comprehensive care plan involving professional caregivers and/or facility care.
4. Ongoing monitoring of patient's safety and well-being.
5. Support and counseling for caregiver to address emotional and psychological concerns.

URGENCY LEVEL: High

ACTION REQUIRED: Immediate intervention to ensure patient safety and well-being.

8/16/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast. Neither of them answered and I asked if they wanted eggs and bacon. Mom made an affirmative sound.

Suspiciously, Mom's oxygen nozzle was wrapped around her ostomy with the nose piece against the opening in her body. That didn't seem hygienic so I got her a new nose piece from the bedroom closet and attached it.

I got a warm washcloth and put it on Mom's eyes and she said, "cold cold cold cold." Dad woke up and said, "hand her her coffee cooling off next to the bed." I handed it to

her.

I said, "okay eggs and bacon" and Dad said, *okay" as I left the room.

8:30 I brought Mom and Dad eggs bacon and jelly toast. It was obvious Mom was too medicated to use the fork. She tried to eat the eggs with her fingers so I gave her some bites with the fork. She ate the toast and bacon with her fingers and in frustration she stopped eating the eggs. I gave Mom a couple more bites of eggs with the fork but it didn't look like Dad wanted me to.

I stayed and watched the cooking show Dad has on. While Mom ate I could see why she wasn't eating her eggs on the days she is medicated early. Mom can't handle a fork when she's drugged.

I had Mom wipe her hands off on the same cloth with which I wiped her eyes and she attempted to throw the cloth into the hamper. It didn't make it past the end of the bed and stuck on her foot. She chuckled.

I took their tray away. I started watching TV and practicing songs in the living room.

9:00 Mom was making loud sounds and I looked in the bedroom. Dad was changing her diaper so I stayed in the living room. Dad closed the door.

10:00 Darion gave Mom a bath. I asked Mom if she wanted to go in the living room and she said, "no." Mom very calmly said, she wanted to rest after her shower. Then I asked if she was going to be ready for salmon croquettes for lunch and she said "yes." It was good to see her enthusiastic about lunch.

11:00 Dad returned the group text with which I send these reports to him and my brothers everyday. Occasionally he writes that he has read my one of my reports for the first time, like he did today. I guess he would rather have my brothers believe he didn't know I was writing the reports.

Please consider that, the person who is in charge of my Mother's dangerous medications keeps repeating every few months, "this is the first report I have ever read." He also repeated that, "Joey needs help." I responded by writing, "Communication is step one of the answer to everything."

Dad responded to the group chat asking if I would join him for psychological therapy and I said, "yes indeed." I know he thought of it as a competitive threat and didn't consider

the consequences of my wishing to participate but that's the way the Broome family communicates and tomorrow will be a new day with his refreshed lack of memory.

Instead of involving dad and Mom and Dad activities and removing the alcohol and drugs from the house, my lazy brothers will continue gossiping with their dismissive and competitive wives. I imagine most families have similar dynamics that maintain the deadly negligent status quo. I hope exposing this kind of terrifying acceptance and postponement tactics will be helpful to someone now that our ex-president, his lawyers and more than one war is allowed to continue in the same way.

11:30 I checked Mom and she wasn't awake enough for food or exercise so she was suspiciously still knocked out a second time for the day.

12:00 Dad said he would wake mom for lunch. I asked Dad if he wanted to see how to make salmon croquettes. He said he would help.

I asked him to salt the salmon and heat the peas. He put the peas in individual bowls on the trays and I told him the ingredients to add to the salmon croquettes mixture. He assembled and stirred the croquettes.

Dad seemed a little upset with me but he did everything for the recipe. We ended up with a slightly over moist combination that seemed like an improvement from the original recipe after it was fried in hot oil.

12:30 Everyone was finished eating and I asked Mom if she wanted more. Dad sometimes interferes with her eating and this looked like one of those times where she would have liked to grab another croquette, but she was confused by Dad's messaging. Dad put away the tray.

1:00 Darion exercised Mom, thank goodness. It was a good 20-minute workout with Darion asking Mom to wake up repeatedly. Mom wouldn't get in the exercise machine or go in the living room but Darion said they would do it later. (Never happened) Darion sat mom up on the edge of the bed and that made it easy for me to brush out Mom's hair.

I watched television in the living room while there were wildly outrageous television and music show and volume changes in the bedroom. Mom is a captive audience and can't do anything about the noise or television controls especially when she's knocked out with medication. Dad is obviously upset and taking it out on Mom.

2:00 I made an appointment at a scooter shop to be shown various scooters that are available for Mom to move around the house when she isn't knocked out. I'm hoping this may inspire her independence.

3:00 Dad startled us all with Beethoven's 5th symphony at an extremely loud volume. I was still in the living room and couldn't believe how loud it was. I don't know if it was part of a television show or a music video.

I went in the bedroom and suggested to Mom that we play volleyball and she said "no." I got the same answer about going in the living room or out in the sun for some vitamin D.

I spoke to Darion outside of the bedroom saying that every day we need to throw the balloon and start playing rather than mentioning exercise or a balloon volleyball game. Darion agreed. Mom has an automatic negative response to any mention of exercise but she participates automatically when the balloon comes near her arms or legs. She often participates even when she's drugged.

3:30 So I started my exercise early.

4:00 I took a COVID test and it was negative.

5:00 I finished my exercise.

5:30 Dad left the house abruptly announcing he was going to get food. I had eaten an enormous amount of salmon croquettes and wasn't at all hungry yet.

While Dad was gone I read part of the Brian Cohen book to Mom but very quickly saw she was starting into the manic stage of a drugging. So this was a setup by Dad for me to have to deal with Mom's upset state for the first 30 minutes of her medication.

I feel lucky I am with Mom often enough to recognize when Dad has set up a situation like this and I can comfort Mom in the same way I comforted friends who overdosed when I was younger. I told her she is under the influence of a powerful drug and for the next 15 to 30 minutes it was going to be confusing but if she remains focused, busy and relaxed it will be over with before she knows it.

She's still made some her usual drug rush comments repeating, "I need to get up," "I have to move" and "I need this (her ostomy) taken care of. To which I responded to each request by getting the wheelchair, then the exercise machine and suggesting I help her sit up. She immediately refused them all as usual.

But when she is warned about why she is feeling so terrified she can calm herself much more easily.

6:30 Dad came home with PJ Chang's spring rolls and turned on really loud classical music until Mom told him to stop it.

There are things mom understands Dad doesn't understand about psychology and she knows when to remain silent and certainly never to act even subtly defiant or independent. Even though she is drugged and or gaslighted for hours many days and nights she can get through complex situations if she is treated with respect and recognition of her intelligence.

But mom can be convinced to act crazy with enough repetition from Dad. He adopted this outrageous training routine when the requirements of the insurance company became so complicated he couldn't keep up with it in his exhausted state continually changing mom's diapers and ostomy 24 hours a day for years.

His lazy family and especially those legally in charge of his well-being keep a safe distance from any awareness or responsibility for the constant self-subrefuge about Mom and Dad's care. They hide their suffering with politeness. Mom and Dad have spent a lifetime politely hiding any discomfort. Now politeness has become a hellscape hidden in plain sight in a comfortable house.

When Dad came home with food expecting Mom to have performed for me with an exhausting conflict Dad was really mad he found everything was calm. His performances with his zombie wife worked for 5 years since November 6th 2019 when Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions took over the Broome house.

In his lucid moments Dad must wonder why he is left in control of Mom's dangerous medicine. But getting away with it so long only fuels his confident manipulations that, to an outsider, obviously need to be cared for by a professional nurse.

8/15/25 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I reminded Mom and Dad I have to go to the dentist.

8:00 I left to go to the dentist.

9:00 Veronica gave Mom a bed bath. Darion told me when I got back.

10:00 I met Dad in the grocery store and he said he was buying lots of things to put in the freezer.

10:30 Dad started cooking. I let Mom walk down her hometown street with the 3D Oculus. She got into it for a long time but then it started to make her dizzy.

11:00 I read more of Brian Cohen's book to Mom and Mom said, "Pelosi's was getting things done." Darion got a kick out of that.

11:45 Dad stopped cooking and looked up cooking videos. It was getting close to 12:00 and Dad hadn't got lunch started except for cutting up onions and gathering lots of food which was still on the counter from his trip to the grocery store.

12:00 Dad asked me if I wanted to help cook. I did the things he asked but didn't take the chicken out of the oven so he kept saying the chicken was overdone and his sauce was excellent. Dad didn't fix enough food for everyone so I just had tea.

2:00 Mom said she wanted the diaper off and Darion said she needs to finish going first.

2:30 The physical therapist administrator Glen arrived catching dad off guard between druggings so Mom was alert and able to participate in physical therapy. Dad seemed to be furious and wouldn't come in the room. Glenn said Mom is getting stronger.

Darion and I demonstrated the leg exercising chair for Glenn and though Mom fought against it he could see it was a valuable addition to the tools to get Mom healthy. We told him that Byran suggested the "Sara Stedy" leg exercise tool. I told Glenn I couldn't figure out why Byran didn't visit twice a week like we thought he was supposed to.

I asked why Byran hadn't been to give Mom physical therapy in weeks. Darion said Byran was here yesterday and I missed the visit. That complicated the questioning because I was wanting to know if we could get a physical therapist more often and dependably. At least twice a week. Glenn said the insurance company only provides a physical therapist twice a week.

I asked Darion if Mom had a good workout yesterday and she said that she didn't. She

said Byran said that he couldn't work with her when she was completely limp. I guessed that that was how he was able to get in and out without me seeing him. But it still didn't explain why Byran doesn't visit often enough to help Mom.

There was another bit of confusion keeping another professional from seeing how Dad keeps Mom from being exercised and independent with the misuse medications.

I demonstrated the balloon volleyball and Glenn said that was a great idea too. Darion and I agreed we would do the leg exercise machine at 11:45 instead of 11:30 and we would play volleyball with the balloon every day at 3:00 before the evening medication. Darion wrote it in her notebook.

I told Mom that Dr Danny the dentist wants her to come for an appointment because the last time she visited was in July of 2016. I told Mom that I told Dr Danny it was in August of 2016 Mom started taking the incapacitating drugs that are causing her to miss opportunities for independence. Dr Danny said he would move the dental chair so he could work on Mom sitting in her wheelchair.

3:00 I fixed Mom a bologna sandwich with mustard and she ate half of it I watched TV and practiced songs.

5:00 Mom wanted to go to the other house and do some electrical repairs. Dad and I said we would help her get in the car but then she wouldn't get up.

5:30 Dad called me and asked for help to get Mom in the leg exercise chair. We got her up and took her in the living room so she could see that she was in the right house. Dad rode her around through the kitchen and den twice before we put her shoes on for the first time in years and then put her back in the bed.

It's very convenient for my lazy family believing Mom's hysteria and incapacitation are just age. But at least her out of control fits of fear cause dad to get her up and walk around the house with the exercise machine sometimes.

6:30 I went upstairs for the night.

A growing list of things to help mom and dad escape from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:45 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise mom with balloon volleyball at 3:00 every day.

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Darion suggested we get 24 hour care.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for 40 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all

receptive to ideas for improvement.
Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/14/24 Betty Broome Report

3:00 a.m. Lots of activity downstairs and stifling air deodorizer.

8:30 I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and she said bacon and eggs and jelly toast. Dad was gone to the doctor.

9:00 I brought Mom breakfast and Teresa and Darion arrived. Mom didn't seem too badly medicated but she ate all of her breakfast and climbed up on the leg exercising machine so we could move her into the living room so Teresa could clean the bedroom.

9:30 Mom seemed to be only slightly medicated and we all had a good time singing to her and letting her look at her hometown on the Oculus.

10:00 Dad returned from the doctor and went straight to bed. Mom was getting upset and wanted to go in the bedroom with him.

Mom stood up for a long time on the leg exercise machine and Darion and I thought that might be a good addition to Mom's exercise when she stands rather than sitting on the machine. Dad was trying to sleep so I gave Mom the headphones so she could listen to the television quietly.

11:30 I heated Swiss steak for lunch and everyone ate it including Dad who made mashed potatoes.

12:00 Margaret the Wednesday nurse arrived while we were serving lunch.

12:30 Margaret left.

2:30 Byron came but he couldn't do anything with Mom cuz she was drugged out.

I practiced my songs.

5:00 I could hear Mom calling out, "I need to get up I've got him move!" Dad didn't have to explain anything to anyone so he just said to Mom, "let's watch the news."

Dad asked if I wanted a chicken sandwich from Chick-fil-A and I said no. While he was gone I told Mom to please start exercising so she could breathe and start thinking more clearly. She said she would but but she was pretty delirious so she probably wouldn't remember.

5:30 Dad gave Mom half a chicken sandwich which she ate after asking what it was. I started exercising with PBS News on YouTube.

7:00 I finished exercising with YouTube and went into Mom and Dad's room to suggest some shows they might be interested in. I showed them the end of PBS NewsHour which featured one of the richest men in the world talking about how the government needs to care for the people.

He said people who are working should receive UBI and I suggested that people who make as much money as he does can make themselves look good by saying what's right without any skin in the game. Dad was messing with his phone looking up things which he thought were related.

I asked Mom if she wanted me to put lotion on her arms and she asked for the jar. I thought it was interesting and good that she put the lotion on herself. There are bits of encouragement here and there. The way she climbs on the exercise machine is really starting to make a difference in her independence on the few days she is not drugged.

I told them Brant suggested the Mentalist years ago and I saw some episodes. I said I thought Mom might like it. Dad looked it up but it was too expensive. Then we started watching a crazy college movie but I didn't want to start a whole movie and went to bed for the night. Dad was talking during the movie.

List of improvements around the house.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive

abuse habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Darion suggested we get 24 hour care.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for 40 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

12:30 a.m. the smell of the overwhelming air freshener spread through the house.

8:00 I could hear Dad in the kitchen. I got dressed for the day.

8:30 I went into Mom and Dad's room and Mom was obviously medicated telling me she was setting up a dairy farm. Dad was sitting next to her and it was obvious they had already been through the manic portion of the medication for the morning. Dad was exhausted and acting apologetic for no reason.

He sits in the chair on the side of the bed to keep Mom from jumping out of the bed during the first rush of drugging. Mom was drinking coffee the best she could. She said something I couldn't understand and Dad said he didn't mind staying up all night with Mom changing her diapers. He said it's their routine now.

Dad has brought all of this on himself with the drugs that make mom sleep all day and not using the pure-wick.

Mom finished drinking her coffee and I put a warm washcloth on her eyes wiping the sleep out of them and wiping her nose and mouth. I gave her the washcloth to throw at the clothes hamper and she fell short. I gave it back to her and she threw it again and she still missed, but we had a little laugh.

Dad said, "when Mom falls asleep I would like to see how the music equipment works." After a few minutes I explained what the equipment does and he started to show he understood what I was talking about.

It would be great if he will learn how to use the equipment and let Mom get healthy. It would be very helpful to me if he could mix music for the band. It would be challenging enough to cause him to refocus his thoughts.

Mom said Dad needed to get his clothes on. So I went in the living room to watch TV.

9:00 Darion made various attempts to communicate with Mom but Mom was drugged out.

930 Veronica gave Mom a full bed bath which she needed very much.

10:00 I did some research for video games for bed bound elderly adults and found something called, Wander. I installed it on Dad's Oculus and made myself appear in Poteau Oklahoma, Mom and Dad's hometown. I walked all around the neighborhoods

and found the houses I knew. I showed it to Dad and he was amazed.

11:00 Dad started to fly the jet video game with the Oculus and then he started cooking lunch. He became confused because of all of the parts of a lunch instead of just looking at each piece individually. But he cooked extraordinary juicy chicken breasts and I set the plates with apple pie, drinks and utensils.

11:30 Dad served everyone lunch and I didn't see if Mom ate or not but she was definitely given a second dose of medication because shortly after lunch she was spasming again and Darion wasn't able to get her to exercise with or without my help. Mom wouldn't even open her eyes. This was one of those times it appears Dad gave Mom a second dose while she was still knocked out from the morning.

12:00 I put the Oculus on Mom's head so she could look at her hometown but she couldn't open her eyes for even a second.

1:00 Dad spent quite a bit of time looking around Poteau Oklahoma and found a discrepancy in his understanding of some of the land he owns. It's very close to Mom's old house and he has been paying taxes on it for 5 decades or more. But there are two documents with different descriptions about the land and he wrote a letter to his lawyer right then because there was work being done on the land he was able to see in the Oculus.

3:00 Dad asked Mom, "do you want your medicine?" Mom was delirious and said yes and no. Darion didn't know what to do to help under the confusing circumstances. Mom had never been allowed to wake up all day and hadn't eaten properly.

5:00 Mom asked for a diaper and Dad closed the door.

6:30 Dad asked if I wanted peaches and cottage cheese because he was fixing some for Mom. I knew Mom would want something very simple to eat but solid so I asked her if she wanted a fried bologna sandwich. She said yes and was obviously very hungry. After we all ate peaches, cottage cheese, bologna sandwiches and apple pie, Dad fixed the rest of the apple pie and Mom even ate the crust.

7:00 I began my exercise with the PBS NewsHour.

8:00 I finished exercising.

8:30 I reminded mom she didn't make her phone call for the day. She was knocked out

almost all day today and yesterday. I asked who she talked to on her phone most recently. She said Mark. I said who do you want to talk to and I pointed to the buttons she needed to press to use her phone. She called Brant. Mom had a pretty good conversation asking about Brant's work.

I could hear Brant on the phone and he asked if there was anyone else in the room. Mom said Brant should talk to Dad. Brant talked with Dad about the same topics and stories instead of Brant redirecting Dad to something stimulating.

What was worse was that Dad told Brant Mom had her assistant for half the day paid for by the insurance and that it was all set when she was ready for hospice. Dad said this where Mom could hear it.

I know Dad doesn't really understand incentives, motivation and psychological concepts but he at least should understand the kind of effect this has on Mom. The idea he would discuss hospice on the phone with her youngest son where she could hear it is monstrous.

9:00 Dad asked me to remind him, he has a doctor's appointment at 9:00 in Katy in the morning.

Daily updated list of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).
Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.
Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse habits.

Assemble and use the Pure-wick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Darion suggested we get 24 hour care.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for 40 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/12/24 Betty Broome Report

2:00 a.m. I smell the powerful stench of the deodorizer for the first time in many days.

6:00 a.m. Mom and Dad's television woke me and I washed up and dressed for the day.

7:00 I went downstairs and as I reached their bedroom door Dad close the door in front of me.

I could hear Mom speaking with an upset tone repeatedly, so I knew she had been medicated in the last 30 minutes or so.

I went in the kitchen, the leftovers from breakfast were in the sink and their bedroom television remote was on the counter. I knew Dad was in the middle of confusion he created with medication. I started making tea and put their television remote on the table by their bedroom door.

7:30 Dad Open the bedroom door and was telling Mom he had \$150 worth of diapers coming from Amazon. She kept saying, "I have to get up! I have to get up." Dad took a bag of diapers to the trash outside. I had a few minutes to put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes. I told Mom to try to relax because she would come down off the medicine rush in 15 to 30 minutes.

Dad returned and brought Mom chocolates while I was putting the washcloth on her eyes. Mom took the washcloth off a little upset. I finished wiping the sleep out of her eyes, wiped her nose, her mouth and her neck. She was delirious and said "no don't wipe my eyes."

I gave Mom the washcloth to throw at the clothes hamper and she made it in across the room. Dad said, "two points!" She made it in the basket Saturday as well. So her arms are getting a little stronger and she can focus somewhat even when she's over medicated.

Mom said, "Go somewhere else!" I left the door open and sat down to watch TV in the living room where I could see her. Mom repeatedly called Dad. When he answered she told him there was a sound that needed to be stopped.

Dad seemed disingenuous the way he patronized Mom with his explanation that it was the oxygen machine. Mom kept saying, it was a different sound. He finally said, "5 minutes" and closed the door.

8:00 Dad went out the front door and came back saying to me, he was expecting three boxes of diapers and to let him know when they arrive.

9:00 Darion arrived and I was watching a movie with one of Mom's favorite stars, Kevin Bacon. I told Mom about the movie and we moved her into the living room to watch it. Mom stood up excellently. I wish I would have asked her to sit back down and stand up a few times but we will get there.

10:30 I suggested Mom might want some fruit salad and Dad asked Darion to get some out of the refrigerator. Darion brought it to Mom and Mom ate it. Dad has put on a show

for Darion by drugging Mom beginning around 10:30.

11:00 Mom began acting erratic and asking to go to the bedroom. Dad went outside to work on the broken bird feeder. He seems to have left Darion alone because he knew Mom would start coming on to the medication and Darion would have to deal with Mom's thirty minute drug disorientation and three hours of sleep like he did for Neal during the weekend and so many others since 2019.

This performance of Dad's has worked on so many family members, assistants and doctors he can't help himself but act out the years long habit thinking no one knows he is drugging Mom with purposeful timings.

It all began because of his misunderstanding of insurance requirements and his aging thought process. But It's exhausting for him day and night when he has to deal with Mom out of control and he seems to unconsciously want to share his suffering with others. He never considers stopping the drugs prescribed by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh. He just inflicts it on others as if it was inevitable.

Darion and I moved Mom to her bed and Mom raised herself using her legs perfectly. After her erratic minutes Mom will be wiped out for hours and sleeping if she can't be entertained in her stupor. Darion called attention to Mom's loss of eye focus and Mom settled in bed.

11:30 Dad fixed excellent salmon but accidentally put horseradish mayonnaise on the mixed garden salad instead of salad dressing. I was able to eat it but I'm sure Mom could not because she never eats anything spicy.

Darion is doing a great job of putting on television shows and trying to involve Mom. Mom genuinely thinks Darion is her friend so I hope Darion doesn't let Mom down like previous assistants have when they are left alone and they didn't visit Mom in the bedroom.

Golf trips are the worst about this. It's an opportunity for an assistant to spend a lot of time on the phone and it is a humiliating realization for Mom when the assistant disappears for the hours long golf game after being so friendly and gregarious when Dad and I are there in the house. Mom is very sensitive about this because she hasn't had a friend in many years and our family has always treated her like a slave.

Even with the druggings Mom is a human being and I never recognized the nightmarish

misogynistic family dynamic I participated in all our lives.

If anyone drugged Dad like he's doing to Mom, and he survived it, he would expect the perpetrator to do jail time. But my hope is that he wakes up out of this monstrous situation and starts caring for Mom appropriately without the sedatives and alcohol.

1:00 Dad and I went to look at a boat landing which turned out to be just a boat garage with no water, but it was good to get out of the house.

1:30 Dad left to go to his doctor appointment. I knew Darion was in the house to watch Mom and I felt comfortable falling asleep completely for the first time in a few days. When I woke up Dad had already returned.

3:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted chicken salad sandwiches and they said yes . I made one and split it for them.

4:00 Dad checked his blood pressure and it was very high so he went to the drug store to get the medicine he was supposed to get after his doctor's appointment.

4:30 Darion was talking to Mom about going for a drive tomorrow. Mom seemed like she really might do it.

5:15 It appears that Mom was given her, end of the day, dose of medication, which was scheduled months before at this time of day. Afternoon medications were intended to give the assistants a chance to exercise Mom without drugs all day. But because Dad didn't stop drugging Mom in the mornings and sometimes afternoon, this is a tragic part of the routine which the assistants think of as their responsibility but don't have to deal with the results after they leave the house for the day.

Mom started saying, "I want to get in the wheel chair." Dad knew he didn't have to put on a show for the assistant any longer and he "baby talked" Mom into staying in bed. Tragically it looks like this is the third over medication today.

5:20 Dad deserves to have to deal with this out of control zombie he created accept that he is an elderly person suffering from an unrecognized combination of Mom's Stockholm syndrome and Munchausen syndrome by proxy.

The suffering could all be stopped if the diagnosis wasn't too complicated for the Adult Protective Services, the police, the family and the assistants company to understand. And no one wants to deal with Mom's ostomy, so it's much more convenient to pretend

that she is suffering from dementia and everyone just leaves it to Dad.

6:00 I started my exercise with the PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished my exercise and watched a couple of British comedies before I went upstairs for the night.

Daily updated list of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive abuse habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Darion suggested we get 24 hour care.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness we caused by not accepting his suggestions for 40 years.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then do outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

My brothers don't think about Mom and Dad because it's a constant hellscape they can politely walk in and out of without inconvenience. We need constant alertness when Dad gives mom medication so we can time opportunities for Mom to get nourishment.

8/11/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I went downstairs and the bedroom door was closed so I started watching TV.

8:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and asked for eggs and bacon. We went in the kitchen and I opened the refrigerator door. Dad said Mom was feeling sick so I should wait.

8:15 I sat down to watch television again and Dad said Mom would be ready by the time the food was ready. I brought them fried eggs and bacon and Dad brought the tray and plates back to the kitchen so I don't know how much they ate.

I practiced the new songs and watched TV.

11:30 Dad said Mom was sick and didn't want food. I guess he was worried I would ask her to do her exercise at the designated time of 11:30.

12:00 Dad came out of the bedroom saying Mom wanted cinnamon toast. He cooked it

for her and I sat with her for a few minutes asking her to exercise and she said no. Dad brought the cinnamon toast and I left the room.

1:00 The television was on very loudly and Mom had to listen to whatever came on the TV after dad fell to sleep.

I practiced songs and watched TV.

3:30 I brought Mom and Dad some Fritos and bean dip. They didn't eat hardly any of it.

5:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted fruit salad with poppy seed dressing or chicken salad. Mom said fruit salad but I brought them both and they ate most of both. All the fruit salad was gone but a little of the chicken salad was left.

6:00 I started my exercise with PBS weekend news.

6:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

List of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, and to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).
Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.
Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Darion suggested we get 24 hour care.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or exercise chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and

hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/10/24 Betty Broome Report

6:30 I heard Mom howl! I went downstairs and their bedroom door was open. So I knew it was a performance for Neal and Mom was going to be drugged again all day like yesterday.

Dad was doing his disingenuous performance to comfort Mom saying "I love you baby I love you Betty" in response to her from squirming and spasming. I was too disgusted to participate so I lay on the couch in case there's a hospital emergency as an accidental result of this special performance for Neal.

6:35 Mom howls twice and Dad says, "what do you want." I couldn't hear what she said but Dad said "it's not ready to change." Then he closed the bedroom door.

7:45 Neal came downstairs, knocked on the door and went in the bedroom. He talked for a moment with Dad and then came out and looked at the clock in the kitchen. He turns my stomach with his negligence and I didn't say anything to him.

Communication is the answer to everything but it's disgusting to see someone looking for their moment to squirm out of their responsibilities. Since Mom was at the howling stage of her medication this morning At 6:30 she would be mostly knocked out until till 9:30 or 10:30. Baby Neal will be long gone by then.

7:00 Dad called out "4 minutes." That usually means he's changing Mom's diaper.

8:00 I sent off my reports to everyone for the day, watched TV and started learning a Beatles song.

12:00 Dad brought me a tray in the living room with soggy green salad and tomato soup. I put chicken salad on the green salad and ate it. But the tomato soup was really not enjoyable as it was. Possibly some beef or beef broth would help it.

5:00 The door was closed almost all day so Mom lost another day of her precious life to medications supplied by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh. Dad is their obedient ghoul to administer the poison that keeps Mom from exercising and becoming independent.

5:30 I heard Dad come out and go in the kitchen. I feel horrible for Mom but all I can do is contribute in the moments when she's not drugged or drinking. I have promised Mom I wouldn't leave the house until she walks again.

6:00 Dad's back in the kitchen. I followed him to the bedroom and I asked if they wanted a banana shake. Mom said no and Dad said yes. I made enough for all of us and we all ate it except Mom only tasted it.

7:00 I did my exercise with the PBS weekend news.

Dad learned to copy his brother and father's dismissive tone and gestures to have great influence in situations he feels are important enough to manipulate. When I was in college Dad was dismissive about my artwork and provoked me to develop my drawing

and painting skills.

When I was a teacher he was dismissive about the commitment to my students and it was part of what caused me to dedicate myself with reckless generosity to my students for 30 years.

But now Dad's dismissive methods are convincing my brothers there's nothing that can be done for Mom. It keeps them at a distance because they didn't have any background in psychology or teaching methods.

My brothers don't know how much a student, client or family member's success depends on teaching skills and persistence. My brothers meditate and compliment themselves to be satisfied with Dad's dismissive explanations.

In the more than 40 years since Dad retired he used the same dismissive techniques on himself to explain why he wasn't doing all the things he always knew he could. Instead of fighting through the challenges like he did when he was having to pay for five boys and a wife in an impossible economic maze through the 60s, 70s, '80s and '90s, he was dismissive with himself to explain why he didn't finish or choose healthy challenges for his retired life.

It wasn't any help that his sons were caught up into their own impossible career challenges and didn't participate in his retirement choices. Now he is busy displaying his destructive power over things that do not require as much effort or cleverness instead of sticking with science and health like he did for his family all his youth.

My brothers and I should have recognized when Dad started saying he was glad he wasn't going to see the future, he had changed the purpose to which he applies his ability to control things. He changed from the good feeling of pulling up his family to the powerful feeling of controlling his wife's premature exit.

That requires a lot of deception which is causing him inner turmoil, is unquestioned by most family members and is terribly unhealthy for himself and Mom. But deception is incredibly easy when it allows family, assistants and medical professionals to do almost nothing and gain profits.

Returning to a good life is as simple as exercising, eating correctly and choosing science-based information sources to move on from here, caring for himself, his wife and family starting now. But even when he does recognize and call attention to concepts like this,

he is having trouble remembering and committing to them. We need signs around the house that say, exercise Mom.

I think Dad has been confronted by the obvious improvements and obvious practicality of the new leg exercising machine. The new machine causes him to realize he has been an obstacle for many years to Mom's progress.

Now that we can see Mom can obviously be rehabilitated, the drugs and alcohol need to be taken out of the equation. This is going to require a family dedicated to filling Dad's time with activities.

8/9/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 Mom was clearly drugged early for Neal's benefit. The nose piece of her oxygen supply was in her mouth. I asked what she wanted for breakfast and dad said, "you're going to have to wake up Betty." I asked if she wanted fruit salad and she made a sound that sounded like "uh huh." So I said, "okay, fruit salad it is."

I fixed fruit salad and coffee for Mom and tea for Dad. Mom didn't eat hardly any of her fruit salad.

7:20 Neal came down and went in the bedroom. I was in the living room watching TV when Neal came out immediately and asked how things were going. I said, "the Neal performance started early today." I probably should not be cryptic when talking to Neal about something so important. I should have simply said, Dad drugged Mom early for your benefit so she can't eat breakfast at her usual time.

7:30 I went in the bedroom to get their tray and Mom had not drunk coffee or eaten her fruit salad. Neal said, I should wait and let her try to eat it and Dad begrudgingly agreed, so I left the tray Dad had been trying to hand me.

8:00 I went in the kitchen and found Mom's fruit salad on the counter. I started cooking Swiss steak. It only took a few minutes to assemble but it required watching occasionally as it simmered for 3 hours. It would be ready at 1:00. Neal helped me to get the electric skillet to simmer at the proper pace.

9:00 Mom was knocked out. Neal and Dad talked over her for a couple hours. While I

watched British comedies in the living room.

12:00 Mom was still knocked out. Dad came in and watched part of an episode of The Last of The Summer Wine with me in the living room. He said, "Mom doesn't understand the English accents in this show," he said, he was going to let Mom sleep rather than waking her for lunch and asked when the Swiss steak would be ready. I said maybe she'll be alert enough to eat at 1:00 when the food is ready.

12:30 Dad asked if I wanted him to do anything with the vegetables. I told him, "the potatoes need to be steamed for 7 minutes but I am going to do it." I waited a few minutes, steamed the potatoes and mash them with a potato masher and butter.

1:00 I called Neal down for lunch. My brothers can't simply be called innocent idiots because their level of denial and neglect makes them monsters.

The Swiss steak was very good and easy to cut with a fork, but I would like to discover a way to get more flavor inside the meat.

I made plates for Neal, Dad mom and myself. Dad got water for everyone.

It appears Dad has had to make himself believe drugging Mom for the past decade is what's best for the family and the confusing insurance companies. '50s women in the US and older women in general, are considered disposable by the large numbers of misogynistic men and women distrusting women.

My dad's grandmother hung herself on her front porch defying her ostracized middle-age. The concept of disposable women is as prevalent as the concept of mistresses in many cultures. All of the individuals I have met with adult protective Services and the police have been women who do nothing unless they are allowed to destroy the family by pulling the woman out of the house.

It would be much easier to remove the sedating prescription drugs and alcohol from houses but I guess they think it's easier to rationalize the cruelty of neglect when it is so ubiquitous worldwide.

1:30 Mom barely touched her Swiss steak and I took her tray. I asked several times if she wanted to eat and she moaned no.

2:00 I continued to watch British comedies and when the door was open I could see Mom was laying with her mouth open and Dad sitting in the chair next to her. The

combination of slightly more exercise lately and the continual drugging requires Dad to sit in the chair next to her today so he can stop her from jumping out of bed and falling on the floor. Nea sat and talked with Dad on and off.

5:00 Neal said he was going to send me a link to important family documents he scanned. Dad and Neal went to get a drink. As he left Dad said they we're going to get Coke and he laughed.

I tried to speak to Mom and she asked me to turn on the lights. I asked if she wanted me to open the window and she said yes. I told her she had been laying down all day with her mouth open. I begged her to get some exercise with the leg exercise machine and she said, "no." I told her how dangerous it was for her to lay in bed all day like she did today. She said she wanted to sleep. I told her all she had to do was two pull-ups with the leg exercise machine and I would be happy for the day. She said "no."

5:30 Neal and Dad returned. I told Mom if she didn't get some exercise she would end up in the hospital and we would all be visiting her in the hospital. She said, "no."

I turned on PBS NewsHour and did my exercise.

6:00 Dad said, Mom wanted some of my Swiss steak. I asked Mom if she wanted potatoes or rice with it. Mom said she wanted Swiss steak. I told her she can have rice or potatoes with it, she looked at me for a long time and confusion and she said, "potatoes." I couldn't imagine her being able to eat as drugged as she was but I fixed some for her while dad fixed some for himself.

Mom wasn't able to move her arms so I fed her more than half of the Swiss steak and "potatoes. She repeatedly said don't feed me. But she wouldn't feed herself and she did chew up and swallow each bite I gave her.

6:30 I turned on Washington week and started exercising again.

7:30 I finished exercising with a YouTube of the first half of PBS NewsHour and went upstairs for the night.

List of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, and to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).
Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or exercise chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all

receptive to ideas for improvement.
Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/8/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 Dad left the house to get wipes for Mom. I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast. She said cinnamon toast. I brought it for her with iced coffee.

7:30 Dad came back from the store and I reminded him he wasn't able to eat because he had a doctor's appointment. Dad said he was going to leave at 9:30.

8:00 We talked about how Starbucks coffee in a jar is more suited to Mom because it is resealable. Mom was in a great mood and talked about the presents we're sending to everyone.

9:06 Darion arrived visibly disturbed. This is the second day she came in looking down. But once we started talking about the usual daily routines she became comfortable again.

930 Dad went to the doctor and I said to Darion and Mom, "let's get some things done." I showed Mom the bra she bought on her new phone when she bought Dad's kayak. I don't want to help her put on intimate things like that myself but Darion said, "I'm not going to mess with that until I give Betty her shower on Friday." I should have known right then it was out of character for Darion to say something like that.

Darion went on to say, "Betty said she didn't want the bra." I said, "Mom bought the bra when she saw it on television." I said, "the last thing we need is someone else repeating the discouraging things Dad tells Mom she wants and doesn't want." I said, "we should at least exercise Mom's legs."

Darion helped move the leg exercise machine close to Mom but when I asked Darion to get Mom's feet in position she became upset and said, "You aren't listening to me." She said, "You're trying to be macho."

I said, "I'll do her feet." I started moving Mom's feet into position and Darion said, "you are going to hurt her." By this time Darion was not communicating normally and was

upsetting Mom who repeated everything Darion said.

Darion became very upset and yelled several times "don't talk to me ever again." I said, "I have to report you." She was extremely upset and said "I'm going to report you now!" Darion went outside, came back to get her purse and left again.

As I turned to see where Darion went, Mom jumped over the seat of the leg exercise machine and was laying on the bed. This is both, revealing about how capable Mom is and how dangerously she was aroused for this kind of activity.

Mom and I started having a conversation about the olympics.

9:45 I helped Mom practice with her phone and called Mark asking about his covid. Mark said he was getting better and asked if Mom was okay. She said, "we had an argument but it was over."

10:00 Mark called and asked me to go upstairs so Darion can come in the house. I asked if he was joking and he hung up.

10:30 Shelley and Kristen arrived and Mom asked me to let them talk to her alone so I went in the living room to watch TV. They talked for a while in the closed bedroom.

11:00 Darion and Kristen came out of the bedroom for a few minutes and Darion mopped up the water from the leaking dishwasher. Kristen was on the phone explaining to someone how long it would take her to get to their location. They went back in the bedroom and Shelley came out just as Dad arrived.

Shelley asked what happened. I said, "I'll send you a copy of the police/APS report so you will get the precise description." Shelly said, "but I need to know if my employees will be safe around you." I said "that's very dangerous to use that kind of language and it's inappropriate for this situation." I described what happened to Shelley as written above.

I could see from Shelley's reaction that I didn't need to call 911 at that moment. It was clear to me, this whole situation must have started with Shelley's interactions with Darion before the day began. Shelley may have been attempting to use information from my daily reports to micromanage Darion and that was why Darion had her feelings hurt when she first came in the house this morning. She must have felt I was disloyal if Shelley mischaracterized anything I said in previous days.

This is probably why Darion lost her temper using, out of context, language about "never speaking to her again." I feel bad for Darion who is much more informed about the Broome household than her managers.

It costs the same amount of money to pay a private professional nurse, around \$256.00 each day, as it does to hire an institution like Caring Senior Services with minimum wage assistants. Darion has been extraordinary under the circumstances.

11:15 Shelley went outside with Dad and I'm sure that anytime talking to him caused her to realize this was a precarious situation. She probably hoped she could avoid any further excitement by keeping Darion and I from communicating. Maybe she thought she could convince me to stop being so critical of her organization.

Sadly, that's the most optimistic analysis I can derive from the situation today. Hopefully Darion is allowed to make a choice and can see through the manipulations that could affect her so much.

11:30 Shelley and Kristen left. Dad asked me to make fruit salad like I made yesterday and told me I wasn't to interact with Darion. That was predictable but hard to imagine how it was going to happen when we are all in the same room with Mom constantly.

I brought fruit salad to Dad and chicken salad for Mom. Darion had already brought fruit salad for Mom. Mom insisted Darion eat the chicken salad but I don't think Darion knew what to do under the circumstances so she didn't eat much of it if she ate any.

12:06 Neal brought barbecue without calling ahead and talked to me, Mom and Dad for a long time. Darion didn't want to eat any of the barbecue. Neal resisted playing balloon volleyball with Mom but we hit it around for a little while.

12:30 Darion came and got all the plates and said, she was going to be in the living room while we were all visiting.

It started to look like, Darion knows what caused the incident this morning because she went out of her way to do extra things but there's nothing she can do immediately except to continue doing her job excellently like she always does.

1:30 Mom said Dad needed to change her diaper. Neal and I went in the living room. Darion went in the bedroom while Dad was changing Mom and she said, Dad should have called her to change Mom. Neal asked if it was trash day tomorrow and I said, yes.

2:00 Neal, Dad and Darion were watching the Olympics when the power went out and they all laughed because of the extraordinary timing of the blackout during the final race.

3:30 I watched a few episodes of a British comedy in the living room and it became very quiet in Mom and Dad's bedroom.

4:30 Dad asked Neal to come in and speak to Mom. Neal thought he had to apologize and said he was talking to his wife about something happening at home.

5:00 Neal, Mom and Dad were talking for a while before I went in and Mom was fine till she started asking, "Where's Dad?" Dad was next to her.

Mom started into a long string of requests for Neal to take stuff from the house and at first Neal thought it was funny and made jokes with Mom attempting to mediate her bizarre humor.

Neal is unaware of the difference between Mom talking normally and when she has lost control on prescription drugs. Neal believes Dad that Mom is permanently incapacitated and forgets even if he just had a normal conversation with her minutes before. Neal doesn't put two and two together when Dad calls him in specifically to talk to Mom just before she suffers the effects of a drugging.

Mom said, "We're not going to be alive next year." Neal tried to manage the conversation as if it was normal. Neal said, "Dad says, speak for yourself." Mom seemed to be caught off guard and asked, "what?" Neal repeated "Dad, says, speak for yourself." I don't think Neal's joke fit with Dad's constant gaslighting about dying soon

In the first 30 to 40 minute intense portion of Mom's prescription drug high, she gradually becomes more erratic then if she's allowed to she sleeps for hours.

During the first rush of the drugs Mom sometimes gets Dad to take her around the house in the wheelchair like she did today. She leaned forward in the wheelchair terrified and uncomfortable and she seemed to think it's all her fault she's being erratic, dizzy and uncomfortable with a carelessly cared for ostomy. When Neal was away from Mom and Dad for a second I called attention to the fact, "this was a performance for Neal," beginning with a drugging at around 4:30.

5:30 Neal fixed barbecue for Mom and Dad once Mom started to settle down.

6:00 Neal and I started watching television then he went upstairs.

7:30 One drugging wasn't enough for the night with Neal here to convince. Dad asked us to come and talk to Mom again. He said, "your mother requests your presence in the boudoir." At first the conversation was fairly normal because Mom was coming out of the earlier drugging. We talked about family.

But after about 15 minutes Mom started saying less and less relevant comments and it was obvious she was drugged again. Dad wanted to make a point for Neal with a second drugging tonight. Mom was terrified she would say something crazy and tried to control herself.

8:30 At first we talked to Mom about relatives and Dad read documents about our family history but soon Mom could not be kept on topic or in bed and she got Dad to put her in the wheelchair going around the house again for the second time tonight. Mom was terrified and confused but that doesn't seem to matter to Dad when he's using her for a performance.

Off to the side I told Neal, this was a 7:30 drugging performance just for him, but I don't think he understands what I'm talking about.

9:00 I knew Neal was there in case of emergency so I went upstairs for the night.

List of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, and to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).
Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.
Ear Doctor

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old destructive habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or exercise chair.
No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors face to face for the first time in years.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad. He says he wants to do things until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/7/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went in to see if Mom and Dad wanted something for breakfast and they were just finishing shredded wheat. I told Dad I found a way to get an internet browser on their TV. He connected to the browser and one of my web pages I found on his TV. He and

Mom said, "yes we saw that last night." He then attempted to connect to Instagram but the television doesn't run that app yet.

Mom started out just fine but it took time for Dad to log into Facebook and Mom started becoming agitated and asked what she should do. She said "I need to get up." I told her I would take her in the living room or we could just do some leg exercises with the machine.

Mom said "no" and she said, "I'm glad Byran didn't come yesterday." She said, "I need to do something!" When she saw knitting on the TV she said, "I need to knit something!" Dad laughed. I said, "do you want to help me identify the people in some photographs so I can scan them in the computer?" She said, "no I don't want to do anything with you."

I think Mom's afraid to talk to me because it will lead to serious drugging or long gas lighting episodes from Dad.

She started to twitch and spasm and said, "what am I going to do Joe? what am I going to do." Dad said, "we're going to enjoy life." Dad knows he can say anything he wants at this point in her prescription drugging because Mom won't remember anything that happens for the next 30 minutes to an hour.

Dad doesn't seem to see, Mom is not enjoying life and she needs to be motivated and not discouraged from exercising her legs. He's pretending it's not cruel to allow her to lie in bed for years. He needs to help Mom up so she can go to the bathroom by herself and do regular activities. It's obvious she can when she pulls herself up on the exercise machine.

9:00 Teresa and Darion arrived and we all talked to Mom the best we could. I looked mom in the eyes and said now was a good reason to get up out of the bed and go to the living room so Teresa could change the sheets and clean the bedroom. Mom said okay and then Dad leaned over to her to give her his long speech and I said, she already said yes.

Darion and I moved Mom out to the living room with the standing exercise machine and Mom did it really well. She can stand perfectly, pulling herself up with her arms and encouragement. Darion and I have to start doing it ourselves now we can't depend on Byran to be here on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

10:00 I went to the grocery store.

11:00 I made fruit salad with poppy seed dressing with a piece of rotisserie chicken. Just as it was ready to serve, Margaret, the Wednesday nurse, arrived.

11:30 I waited till Margaret was finished to serve Mom Dad and Darion and I asked Margaret if she wanted some. She said no.

12:00 Darion spent the day entertaining mom with the Olympics events on television. It was amazing how Darion was able to involve Mom as much as she did today.

2:30 Dad went to get barbecue for Mom and Darion.

Mom asked about her ostomy and Darion said it wasn't ready to be changed yet.

I watched several episodes of British comedies in the living room where I could watch Darion and Mom yelling at the television. Then I practiced some of my songs.

6:00 I did my exercise with local news and PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night and practiced my songs.

List of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, and to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom to build confidence and block out old distractive habits.

Assemble and use the Purewick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Install exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or exercise chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and

hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game Mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Have Mom get her ostomy irrigated so she is not continually constipated and living without a BM routine.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants things to do which are not boring.

8/6/24 Betty Broome Report

My brothers tolerate Mr Hyde conversations with Dad when they are inebriated or distracted thinking of their busy lives. Dad is perfectly capable of discussions of science and physics but my brothers waste his time discussing ridiculous strategies defending their denial about what's going on in the house with Mom drugged and her ostomy going untreated.

7:00 Mom and Dad were both asleep. So I started working on my website to make it easier for musicians to learn the parts to the songs. I also worked on an advertisement for musicians that don't do drugs. I think if I make a big deal out of how substance abuse

has ruined my family it will lower the number of people who apply to be in the band. But it will also lower the number of people who I feel empathy for after a few performances and continue to work with beyond the helpful point when the project is so important to me.

10:00 Veronica came and washed Mom's hair. Mom had breakfast of cereal and berries.

10:30 Dad was at the grocery store so I got to talk to Mom for a long time about the band and the golf game the day before. This was the first time she was conscious enough to really talk since our golf trip yesterday. Darion and I talked to Mom about how to get band members off drugs and Mom said, "Neal is coming today."

11:00 I reminded Mom she promised she would exercise with the standing machine every day at 11:30 and it was getting close to that time. Mom became angry and said she didn't want to, but Darion repeated that Mom promised and encouraged her to get it over with for the day. I reminded Mom it would be a good warm up before Byran gives her a good workout today. This seemed to upset dad.

I helped Mom practice with her new phone and she conference called Mark asking about how he was doing with covid. Mark said he missed Mom and she said she missed him. Mark said he wished he called Darion to let her know he wasn't coming for a few days. Darian said, "you could have done that."

11:30 Dad got home with groceries and I helped him get them out of the car. He said my Indian grocery card would not have paid for all he bought. I said I would go to the store and get all the things he forgot.

12:00 Dad said he had sandwiches for us and I watched TV while Mom made groaning sounds. Dad had bought another bad meal from Kroger's. The chicken salad was as thin mayonnaise with almost no chicken.

12:30 I asked Mom if she wanted me to help her move away from the edge of the bed so her arm wasn't hanging off. Mom started asking, "why?" Darian started to use that arm to take Mom's blood pressure. Mom continued to ask, "why?" Darion said Mom's blood pressure was extremely low but the alarm went off and it was time for her meds. I asked if Mom still received meds at 4:30 like she did a few months ago. Darian said it's different times everyday.

Dad came out of the bathroom and asked what was going on. I told him I was asking

Mom if she wanted to be moved over so she didn't have her arm wedged between the emergency bar and the bed. Mom kept repeating "why." I left the bedroom.

1:00 Dad changed Mom's ostomy. Mom started to wake up and then she went down again.

2:00 Mom starts to wake up.
Dad closed to the door.

3:00 Darion asked if Mom was calling her.
Dad let her in and closed the door.

3:30 Dad opened the door and was doing something in the kitchen when Darion and mom were yelling at the TV about the Olympics. Dad came and said they were yelling about the Olympics. Dad closed the door.

5:00 I started watching Kamala's introduction of the new vice president and helped Mom get it on her television. I started my exercise.

6:00 I exercised with PBS News Hour.

7:00 I finished exercising.

7:30 Dad saw me working with his virtual reality video game and I showed him how to get started with a flying game. He practiced it twice so he would be able to do it himself.

8:00 I went upstairs for the night and practiced my songs.

List of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, and to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).
Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.
Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom.

A symbol and use the pure wick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants something to do.

8/5/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I started watching TV in the living room waiting for Mom and Dad to wake up.

8:00 Mom and Dad we're having a loud conversation behind the closed door and then there was silence.

9:00 Dad came out of the bedroom telling me I needed a shirt with a collar to play golf

this morning and he said "mom doesn't want to see anyone. I went in the bedroom to get a shirt with a collar and Mom was twitching and spasming with medication. So she was thoroughly drugged for the morning. Darion would have to deal with that while we are playing golf.

10:00 Brian and Mark canceled golf and Dad and I went by ourselves. I played a fun game with a third who was assigned to play with us. Dad didn't complain as much today. But I didn't respond to his first complaints as much as usual.

Maybe the one thing that will help stop Dad from drugging Mom is the same thing that stops him from nagging with repeated comments on the golf course. Change the subject to something fun, active and/or interesting.

1:00 We returned from playing golf and picked up a po-boy and cookies. Darion said Mom exercised her legs by standing up with the new chair three times but Mom constantly wanted to lay down. It's hard to judge how accurate Darion's accounts of exercise are when I'm not there but she seems genuinely interested in Mom's improvement. This is in spite of the disincentive with assistants who lose their position if geriatric adults become independent again.

It was obvious Mom was starting to escape the morning drugging. I gave her apricots and she enjoyed that.

2:30 Mom began to hallucinate and call out angrily so it was obvious Dad drugged her at 2:00. But in the past few days he has gone through extra trouble to make the drugging times and amounts more confusing.

It must be very uncomfortable for Darion when Dad is so committed to keeping his wife incapacitated using Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions. Everything is harder when Mom is giving alcohol or drugs. It's very important to Dad to make it clear to everyone, Mom is incapacitated as he repeats, "the medications are prescribed." This is a tragic side effect of the insurance companies requirements.

Darion's neighbor called her and said her mother was in the hospital with a dislocated hip. Mom, Dad and I insisted she go to the hospital to be with her mother. I wished her good luck when she left. She was obviously distraught.

Mom could be exercised and rehabilitated mentally and physically if she weren't constantly drugged and disingenuously baby talked by those who think she is beyond

rehab. Her 40-year phone number was taken away and so many family items have been thrown away, she thinks she is in a different house when she's hallucinating on prescription drugs.

The only thing mom has bought for herself in the past 2 years is a bra that she bought online at the same time we bought Dad his kayak for his birthday last month. The bra came in the mail and Dad promptly put it in a box of trash that luckily I looked through before it was thrown out. This is the kind of destruction of mom's independence that is a daily ongoing threat to her enthusiasm about living.

3:30 Dad started talking loudly with Mom. He said they might need to call the doctor. He uses this method to stop Mom from complaining about her suffering. Mom doesn't want to cause anyone inconvenience including doctors who she hasn't seen face to face in years.

4:30 I went in the bedroom and gave Mom water and she blurted out "Joe is going home tomorrow." She had obviously been prompted to say it because it was completely out of context.

Dad said he was glad Mom brought that up because, he said, "you are going to have to stop writing false reports about me over medicating Betty or you will have to leave the house." I said, "you shouldn't let the brother's and their wives rile you up and you should stop knocking mom out with prescriptions and there would be no more reports. I send reports from previous days each time I see Mom over medicated or her ostomy is not cared for properly."

Dad said, "no wait a minute, you have to stop writing the reports or I'm going to have to call the police." I said, "you have made that same threat 20 or 30 times. Call the police right now, I can give you the number to call for adult protection." Dad said he already had the number and he said, "we have never had this discussion before." I said, "The man who doesn't remember having this same loud discussion 30 times, is in charge of Mom's dangerous medications."

Mom said "I don't have dangerous medications do I?" I told Mom, "you only remember the few times a week Dad lets you be conscious. Much of your week is lost because of the prescription drugs."

I said to Dad, "every few weeks for 3 years you have told me I have to leave or you would call the police. I have told you to please call the police. If you feel you are not guilty of

over medicating Mom you have nothing to be concerned about." Mom asked, "when are you going to Austin to take care of your house." I said, "as soon as you can walk."

Dad repeated, as he always does, at the end of these conversations, "you are not welcome in the house." He said, "leave my house." I said, "and I have to be polite to the man who is killing my Mom."

5:00 I asked Mom if she wanted a chocolate shake and she said "yes." I made them both chocolate shakes. They seemed to enjoy that.

5:30 I sat with Mom for a few minutes when Dad was deep frying something loudly in the kitchen for a long time. I asked Mom if she wanted to sit up where she could see the TV and she said "yes." Dad came in the room and I told him he must have found a streaming NBC channel. He said he thinks it is from the antenna. I said, "Mom's news show is on at the same time it used to be before you got internet TV."

Dad said, he didn't think it was at the right time but we checked and it was a simultaneous internet cast of the show they had been watching for years at 5:30 on NBC. I said, "usually after this show I was able to watch PBS NewsHour on cable at 6:00 to exercise." I said, "I'll check once this show is done."

6:00 I said, "I'm going to see if I can find a simultaneous stream of the PBS NewsHour to do my exercise." I ran the scan for channels and found PBS but it wasn't simultaneously streamed. I did my exercise through the PBS News hour.

7:15 I went upstairs for the night and practiced to my songs.

List of activities we need to begin in the house to distract Dad from sedating Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, and to build both Mom and Dad's confidence and strength after 40 years of isolation.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day preferably at 11:30 a.m. (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).
Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedal exercise bike.
Dental appointment for Mom.
Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.
Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication so Dad has freedom.

A symbol and use the pure wick urine extractor so Mom and Dad can sleep at night.
Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

Mom wants something to do.

8/4/24 Betty Broome Report

8:30 I heard noise downstairs and went to visit their room. I asked what Mom wanted for breakfast. She said, "toast and bacon, no eggs." So I made cinnamon toast and bacon.

9:00 I woke them and they started eating until Dad told Mom there was too much sugar on the Cinnamon toast. She is completely medicated and spasming when she stops

eating. I guess Dad wanted to make sure I saw her knocked out this morning.

10:00 I posted the last 2 days report and Dad wrote back using Mom's phone. He said he was concerned about my mental health.

Dad's messages with follow-up corrections.

First time I've prayed dad and Brothers. I am concerned about Joyce mental health.

Read not prayed.

Joey not Joyce.

I wrote back saying it's disingenuous for an atheist to say he prayed and disingenuous to use Mom's phone when she's knocked out. I realized later I didn't read the "read not prayed" part of his message.

11:00 I knocked on their door and Dad said not now. I asked if they wanted barbecue sandwiches for lunch. Dad said yes. I fixed the sandwiches and put it outside their door and told Dad they were ready when they are.

Dad came out and got the sandwiches and close the door. I watched television for a while.

11:30 Mark arrived and we had a great conversation with Dad though he didn't let us talk to Mom. I think Dad didn't want to drug mom again so he didn't want us to see her thinking straight.

12:00 I asked Mark if he wanted to go with me to some boat landings to see if there was a good one too go with Dad sometime. Mark got upset saying saying he wouldn't take a 91-year-old man out during a heat advisory and he left. He didn't appear to be drinking so I think he just wanted to show me that he isn't always drinking when he walks out on a conversation.

12:30 Dad came in the living room and said Mom didn't want to see anyone. He sat with me and watched parts of several shows and we discussed famous movie actors. It's challenging to be polite to someone who is torture murdering your mother but they both need help getting out of 40 years of habits they developed alone.

2:30 Mom called Dad and he went in and closed the door to the bedroom.

3:00 I got a text from some of my lazy brothers asking for me to give Mom and Dad a

break from my presence in the house. I reminded them they will have unlimited time caring for Dad if Mom dies under these disgusting circumstances. I also reminded them it is my suggestion they schedule constant exciting activities for Mom and Dad like Mom and Dad did for us when we were young.

Dad kept the door closed all evening. So I watched several television shows, practiced my songs and made beans and rice for them.

5:00 I brought them beans and rice and they ate it. I think it was slightly burned but it still tasted good.

6:00 The door was still close to the bedroom and I didn't want to fuss with Mom or Dad trying to try to get Mom to do her daily exercise. Dad went through so much trouble to keep her from exercising today I wasn't going to participate in a battle. I went upstairs for the night and practiced my music.

List of activities which could be accomplished in one day but haven't been consistently done or done at all.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Steady chair a total of 30 minutes a day at 11:30 (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary elliptical.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Have Mom make at least one call a day to family members and friends with her new phone.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get or rent another kayak and go kayaking with Dad. Mark says he has a kayak in his

garage.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get a video game mom will like.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy which Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

No one should lose their temper with each other in the family because we are all receptive to ideas for improvement.

8/3/24 Betty Broome Report

7:30 Veronica washed Mom's hair.

8:00 Dad said breakfast would be ready in 5 minutes. I went down to see Mom and she was asleep.

8:30 I talked to Dad and ask him to let me finish the hash browns and eggs. I finished them in brought them to Dad and Mom. Dad said he wasn't going to wake Mom if she was asleep but she woke enough to eat a little when I brought the food.

9:00 Mark arrived and talked to Mom for a while. Mark seemed upset about my suggesting Dad is not uncomfortable with going shopping if there is a purpose and if I take took turns with him selecting which store to visit next.

9:30 Dad and Mark went shopping and Dad suggested to Mom I take her in the living room. I brought Mom in the living room with the wheelchair and tried to simplify the paragraph for the quilt Star presents. Mom suggested that we put her short name her mother used to call her in the paragraph. So I started looking for a letter from her mother that included the spelling of her name when she was a child. We called Mom's niece and left a message asking about the spelling. Her niece called back and had a wonderfully long talk with Mom but we couldn't find the spelling.

11:00 Mom said she wanted to go back to the bedroom because she had to go to the bathroom. I reminded her she can go in her diaper but she insisted. But she let me use the leg exercising machine so she could lift herself up and I could transfer her more easily to the bed. It went very easily and she didn't complain it all. This is a huge improvement. I can't believe it! She finally used it the way it's supposed to be used lifting herself up with her arms and legs.

12:00 Mark and Dad returned and it seemed like they must have had a successful clothing shopping experience. Dad said Mark brought him about 12 sets of clothing and they bought some on sale. He made a joke about how much money Mark saved on buying clothes for him.

I asked Dad if he remembered how Mom's mother spelled Bet in her letters and Dad said I'll let you know in less than 10 minutes. He sat down with his computer and within a very few minutes he came back clearly astonished with one of Grandma Martha's letters on which the first word in the letter was "Bet". The first word! At least three times during the day Dad brought up the odds necessary to have the first letter he opened out of 1200 letters, scanned on his computer, would not only have the spelling we needed but it was the first word on the letter. It was extraordinary!

1:00 Mark Brian and Cindy came to visit Mom and Dad for Brian's birthday. Mark called Cindy and she arrived quickly. Things were a little grumpy at first. My brothers seemed offended that their wives weren't critical of me to my face. It was embarrassing to see them act like they must normally act toward me when I'm not there. Their wives did not support them in their immature digs at me so they calmed down.

Dad asked Mark to pull out the balloon to exercise with Mom while everyone was there. Mark didn't want to but I got the balloon and we all played for a good long time keeping the balloon off the ground and mom kicking it a couple of times with her legs.

I reminded everyone that Brian interfering with us going to see his play was an example of the family trait of not wanting to bother each other to the point of an unhealthy lack of communication. I gave the example how Mom tells us all to leave when she just doesn't want us to be bothered with her, especially now that she doesn't get out of the bed.

I demonstrated the new exercise machine and said how it was starting to make a difference with Mom.

We had a long conversation about old times and when I suggested Mom demonstrate her new phone the idea was opposed by Mark and Dad. Brian showed a part of the recent play he was in to Mom on his phone. Dad and I repeated several times that we need a link to that video so Mom can watch it all.

Brian attempted several times to get the one remaining hearing aid to work on Mom but it kept squealing. She would point to her ear. It was clear that Mom was able to hear better but obviously couldn't tolerate the squealing. I guess it is taking us a couple of months to accept the idea that a purchase of a couple of hundred dollars would not be able to be made to work.

2:00 The visitors left and we all should have gone to talk to Brian at the restaurant but we are all overly frugal at the moment. Mark said he may return later.

3:00 Brian and Cindy returned from the restaurant and said they had excellent Mexican food. We sang Happy Birthday to Brian with a candle stuck in some apple pie Dad heated in the oven. I suggested we call Mark and have him stay with Mom so Dad and I could go to the play with Brian and Cindy. Dad said he didn't want to go. Brian said he already had tickets. But I didn't want to go without Dad.

3:30 Brian and Cindy left.

4:00 Dad pulled out the video game and asked if I wanted to play. Mom asked why we didn't pull out the video game while the girls were here. I said that was a terrible mistake because that would have been fun for everyone. I was desperately looking for something to demonstrate involving mom and dad and didn't think of that.

Dad and I played a golfing video game with Mom calling and asking Dad to change her diaper several times. We were taking turns so Dad was able to go and talk to Mom when it was my turn. Dad was having long conversations involving complex topics about family members who have died.

I hope his genuine engagement is a permanent improvement because he is starting to see how their simple baby talk repeating conversations are destructive to their overall incentive to enjoy life. Their quality of life will continue to suffer if Dad doesn't realize Mom is a person and no longer a '50s housewife slave to be humiliated and discarded.

5:00 Dad must have given Mom medication around 4:30 because she started trying to get up and Dad had to sit with her and explain why he was able to play video games with

me and she was not. She was jealous and angry saying Dad was having fun without her.

Dad went into his monologue about how life is not fun for him unless she can join in with him. It was obvious how hollow these words were and this didn't make sense at this moment. We had heard the speech before so it was disingenuous. But it was clear he recognized how awkward the situation was and he started trying to adjust the conversation to make her understand, even though she was clearly medicated.

5:30 After the initial rush of the medication Mom started to settle down and Dad asked if I wanted to go for a walk. We left Mom alone for 30 minutes which was unheard of previously. We walked on the ditch behind the neighborhood and talked the whole way.

6:00 We returned and Mom said she wanted a barbecue sandwich. I put the video game on Mom and attempted to get her to play one of the introductory games. It seemed very confusing to her and it was hard to know what she was seeing. I'll have to try again soon with a different game that is more suited to her.

Dad left to go get sandwiches and I was able to talk to Mom for a long time. It was one of those rare times where she was still pretty medicated but able to let me know with a few lucid comments, she understood that things are getting better. She understood why it was so terribly slow to escape psychological routines developed over the 40 years her boys didn't visit and since Dad was retired and isolated with her. She said everything is going too slow including the presents for the family we were making. She said they were going to have to be Christmas presents after all.

7:00 Dad returned with sandwiches and we all ate. I saved my sandwich for breakfast and had apple pie instead.

8:00 I went upstairs and fell asleep early.

8/2/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad lives in fear of his sons getting together and comparing the characterizations he has made of each of us. But we need to get together and get both Mom and Dad active. We neglected them for 40 years.

7:00 Mom and Dad were asleep.

8:30 Dad called me and asked me to look out of the window. He had the kayak next to the car and wanted to tie it to the top of the car. I called Mark and asked him to bring some rope to tie the kayak to the car and he said, the doctor did not allow Dad to bend over or do anything.

He was angry with me when he came over and told me I was supposed to follow the doctor's suggestions. I told him I had no idea about the doctors requirements from the visit the day before. Mark left like he does when he's been drinking.

I have told him for the past 12 years, if he wants to have the desired effect on his daughter, Mom and Dad he should never drink again. But recently he has started leaving immediately when he realizes he's in a situation that is probably caused by the alcohol.

9:00 Dad started to weave some string into a rope but became upset with me when I could see and call attention that he was not doing what he remembered from Boy scouts to make a rope.

Dad left in the car and I left to go to the ditch to see if there was a decent launching point near the house where we could take the kayak. Dad honked at me and I got in the car and we went to look at what he thought he remembered was a boat launch further down the road.

It was not a boat launch so we went and looked for another location to take the kayak. I asked what Mark was talking about with the doctor's restrictions and Dad said he forgot about the doctor's restrictions but that Mark was acting like me and trying to control the house.

I said, "I'm not trying to control the house but I'm trying to help Mom get fit and, you are interfering." Dad said, I should know when Mom tells me to stop trying to exercise, she wants to be left alone. He said, Mom will die sooner because of my interference.

It looked to me like he shocked himself by saying that Mom would die sooner because of my interference. He looked stunned for a second.

He said he was tired and he drove home and got in bed.

9:30 Shelly and Christa (a new Care Manager) arrived and introduced themselves to Mom and Dad. I'm certain they don't mean to call attention to the fact that the

individuals who work with the elderly don't need more administrators but deserve more pay, insurance and subsidized nurse schooling. I don't care companies are already starting to get appropriate attention focused on their self-destructive priorities.

11:00 I made spaghetti and meatballs which I enjoyed very much but quite a bit of it was thrown away secretly. I was hoping to eat the leftovers myself because there wasn't enough for me to make a plate for myself. I probably should have let them know that ahead of time in spite of the fact that's how I eat most meals. I don't want to waste anything so I wait till they have finished and eat what they don't eat.

11:30 I asked Mom to exercise and she said no. I told her that Byran required her to exercise with the machine everyday and she became upset very quickly. Dad has trained her well to avoid any activity that will bring her independence. It reminds me of Trump teaching the nation to vote against itself.

1:00 I told Dad I was going to take the kayak out to the ditch and try it out. He jumped up and came with me. I threw the kayak on my head and we marched out to the ditch. I put it in a very shallow place which made it hard to launch but I paddled away and Dad took a video of me.

Dad didn't want to try to get into the kayak with the steep edge on the ditch so we decided to do it elsewhere and later and he repeated more than once he was going to enjoy his birthday present and that he was going to be able to carry it on his head soon.

2:00 we both came home and took showers.

2:30 Dad came out of the shower and started playing with the balloon. We had a good workout hitting the balloon around and Mom used her legs a few times. Darion is very good at getting Mom to participate.

3:00 I watched a movie.

3:30 Dad said Mom wanted barbecue sandwiches and he went to get them. We all ate barbecue sandwiches and after Mom finished hers I suggested she should do her exercise while she has energy. While Dad was cleaning up the kitchen Darion and I got Mom into the leg exercise machine after Mom said, "We might as well get it over with for the day."

I couldn't have been more encouraged even though she rebelled against the experience.

It is a two-man job though for now because she keeps pulling her feet off of the footrest.

5:00 Darion left for the day and I started exercising.

6:30 I finished exercising with PBS NewsHour and went upstairs for the night.

8/1/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 Both mom and dad were asleep.

8:30 I asked if they wanted eggs and bacon and Dad said Mom was still asleep. He said she had taken off her oxygen and was going to have a bad day. I knew this meant that Dad was going to drug Mom all day because he has a doctor's appointment and Byran (the physical therapist) is scheduled for today. Dad doesn't want Darion to see Mom completely alert when Dad is away at the doctor for long enough for Mom to escape the medications.

9:00 Mark arrived to take Dad to the doctor and Mom was trying to be awake and talk to Mark. Darion said she was going to get Mom up at 11:00 for exercise.

After Mark and Dad left I asked Mom if she wanted eggs and bacon and mom said no. Darion asked if Mom wanted something from McDonald's and Mom said yes. Darion ordered breakfasts from McDonald's and I paid her for it. Mom could not eat the McDonald's breakfast.

11:30 I attempted to get Mom up to exercise but she said she would not.

12:00 Mom still had not wakened when Dad called and said he was going to get barbecue sandwiches to bring home.

12:15 Mark and Dad arrived with food and I fixed Mom a plate. Mom couldn't hold the sandwich in her hand and Mark finally took the meat out of the bread and fed it to her with a fork.

2:30 Byran arrived but Mom was drugged and probably kept up overnight with gas lighting against exercising. Dad told Byran not to ruin his relationship with Mom by

forcing Mom to exercise.

I don't know why Byran or Margaret don't report Dad to the authorities for this kind of obstructive behavior. I have to guess there are so many people visiting the house, Byran and Margaret feel like Mom is lucky to have so many people visiting, they don't want to interfere with the system the family has developed around Mom.

But it's the family and medical system that is torture murdering her by visiting and doing nothing about the neglected ostomy and the sedation that keeps mom from doing her physical therapy. Someone has got to separate mom from the alcohol and sedating medications.

This kind of psychological trap is going to have to be addressed by the Biden/Harris team for the nation. Sanders and better families than ours have to know how deadly family psychology is and dangerous routines can develop over and last for years.

The same kind of protections that keep Putin and Netanyahu confident they will not be disturbed in their mass murders keeps Dad surprised but entertained by his safety from being interfered with drugging and gaslighting Mom and stopping her from Independence.

Dad's fooling all those attempting to help Mom and I think conservative rural people find themselves equally trapped by the lack of education Republicans caused by defunding the schools and by a lack of psychological medical help to address things that could easily be solved by removing alcohol and sedatives from aged individuals houses.

5:00 Dad tried to feed mom a frozen meal that he heated in the microwave. It took a while for him to stop defending what looked like be vomit in a bowl because it cost \$6 each. But I didn't want it and he finally asked if I would mind if he threw them all away. I told him I wasn't going to eat it. Mom said she wanted alcohol to get high and Dad said he was working on it.

I started watching a movie.

6:00 I started exercising with PBS NewsHour and waved at Mom in the bedroom and she waved back.

7:00 I finished exercise and went upstairs for the night to practice my songs.

We can't act upset with Dad about his blatant neglect and sabotage of Mom's

independence. He has long standing habits of 40 years since he retired. Gas lighting, over medicating and neglecting Mom's ostomy are ingrained habits because we sons didn't visit often enough.

Dad firmly believes I am interfering with him and Mom's happiness. He says this regularly. Dad doesn't think of drugging Mom to fool everyone into thinking she's worse than she is an offense. He takes pride in the precision with which he can control people's perception of him and Mom.

Dad doesn't appear to remember conflicts with us. So there is no learning involved in being upset with him. The only thing that will stop Dad from sabotaging Mom's independence with medication and discouraging words, is family members coming and taking him to involving projects. This will gradually replace the deadly behaviors with constructive habits. This has to happen often and long enough to bring the good Dad back.

As a teacher for 30 years there were often saboteur students who interfered with lessons for whole class. Whole groups of students were entertained by and participated in the disruption until they tired of the wasted time and effort. When classmates of the saboteur became bored with the sabotage they would work as a group to signal or crowd out the errant student stopping him or her from interrupting the lessons.

Dad is the saboteur to Mom's health and there are no class mates to save Mom from missed physical therapy or stop Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sabotaging prescriptions. Family and medical professionals are complicit in Mom's slow torture murder.

We have to talk to saboteur monsters normally so they have the chance to talk normally while we do what it takes to busy them to stop them being monsters.

List of activities which could be accomplished in one day but haven't been done.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day at 11:30 (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down, repeat).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary elliptical.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.
No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

*Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart and have her make at least one call a day to family members.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get another kayak and go kayaking with Dad.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

7/31/24 Betty Broome Report

8:30 Mom was drugged and they had already eaten so I left them alone.

10:00 Darion brought Mom in the living room and put her in the big chair.

10:30 Mark arrived and tried to talk to Mom for a while.

11:00 Margaret the Wednesday nurse arrived. I'm sure Dad was glad he had already drugged her thoroughly. Margaret doesn't address anything but Mom's physical health.

12:00 They moved mom back into her bed.

1:00 Dad took out some meat from the refrigerator that needed to be cooked right

away. I told him I would start cooking stew. Dad made fruit salad for Mom and she ate it.

1:30 Dad and I put mulch on part of the backyard and I started teaching him how to use the video editor on his phone.

2:00 Mom said she wanted something to eat so I fixed her a ham sandwich with mustard.

2:30 Mark came and got dad to go to the store. I reminded Mom that she had guests at 11:30 when she was supposed to do her leg exercise. She lifted her legs a few times but Darion said the nurse told her she had fluid on her legs today and needed to rest. I'm always surprised how many excuses Margaret has for Mom to be idle. We agreed to do the exercise machine tomorrow.

3:00 Darian said she would give Mom a bed bath. Mom acted like she was tired.

4:00 the stew was ready and Dad served it to everyone. It was really great.

5:00 Dad got his birthday present in the mail and we assembled it in the bedroom so Mom could watch. She was obviously medicated and laughed hysterically. It was uncomfortable to see her out of control like that.

6:00 I started doing my exercise with PBS News at her.

7:00 I finished exercising and watched mission impossible III before I went upstairs for the night.

List of activities which could be accomplished in one day but haven't been done.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Steady chair a total of 30 minutes a day at 11:30 (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary elliptical.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

*Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart and have her make at least one call a day to family members.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Get another kayak and go kayaking with Dad.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

7/30/24 Betty Broome Report

Being polite to someone who is sedating you to death is extremely challenging. I think the worst part for Mom is being a captive audience to loud television shows and Dad's long monologues instead of being able to turn off the light and sleep when she wants to.

7:30 I visited mom and dad and asked what they wanted for breakfast. Mom said, "get up Joe. I've got to get up, I've got to get up" Dad said, "there is some coffee left. She might want some." So I fixed coffee, returned and the coffee was too hot at first so I talked to them for a while. Mom started repeating more intensely that she needed to get up. Dad was watching his airplane crash videos on YouTube.

I helped Mom sit up twice and gave her more sips of coffee. After a while I went for some dried fruit for Mom and she ate some. Dad started watching YouTube videos of thirties songs but interrupting each song halfway through it. I said I thought it was kind of abrupt too cut off the songs in the middle and he kept doing it so I left.

11:30 Dad brought food so we postponed asking Mom to exercise in the new machine till 11:45.

11:45 Mom said she wouldn't exercise and Dad said, "she said no!" so there's no support or incentive from her husband to do the life-saving exercise. If one of my brothers showed up at 11:30 a.m. each day and provided support, Mom would do the exercise she needs to thrive.

1:00 Mom's been closed up in the bedroom with Dad. It must be confusing as hell to be desperate to escape her situation but thoroughly gaslit into fighting against anyone who tries to help her.

2:30 Dad came out of the bedroom. He said not to come to their room late at night and I said the only time I do is when Mom is howling. I check if she's okay. Dad left to go to the store to get milk and other supplies. I went in the bedroom and put lotion on Mom's arms. I also got her to practice making two calls with her new phone and tried to get her to use the exercise machine. She has been carefully convinced that she can avoid it like she has been with all of the other tools of independence from her reading glasses to her walking lift jacket.

3:00 The mailman arrived and brought Mom the bra she ordered the day she ordered Dad's birthday present. Dad's birthday present hasn't arrived yet.

3:30 I saw Byran was just arriving and I asked Mom to use the leg exercise machine so I could change the sheets before Byran came in. Mom was fully alert but carefully gaslit by Dad not to use the machine. Mom asked Dad to take the exercise machine out of the room and Dad said he would see what Byran does with it.

Byran came in and closed the door behind him. I was really hoping to see how he got her on the machine by himself because it's been very difficult for me to keep her feet in the right place on it.

4:00 Byran left and said something about the exercise machine but I didn't understand. He said Mom had an excellent workout.

5:00 Dad made an excellent sandwich but the door was closed so I didn't see if Mom ate any.

5:30 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

6:30 I finished exercising and their door was still closed so I went upstairs for the night.

8:00 I heard the television very loudly and Dad was in the kitchen so I looked in the bedroom. Mom has got to stop laying on her right side repeatedly. It is causing her shoulder to be in constant pain.

List of activities which could be accomplished in one day but haven't been done.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Steady chair a total of 30 minutes a day 11:30 (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

*Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.

Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

Create some kind of reminder so Mom doesn't sleep on the same side and continue to hurt her right shoulder.

7/29/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad can't care for Mom
till he grieves his grandmother's
hanging suicide.

1:00 a.m. the powerful deodorizer filled the house.

3:30 a.m. I heard a loud sound and went down and looked in the door but Mom and Dad were asleep with the television and lights on.

8:00 I went down to see what they wanted for breakfast and there was already a tray on the bed and Mom had not eaten any of her cereal and fruit. Dad said he was going to let Mom sleep because they didn't sleep all night and she had a partial BM. She wasn't asleep but she scowled at me. Mom seems afraid of me because she knows Dad will drug her when I visit her.

9:00 I helped Dad start a realistic first-aid video for his YouTube account.

10:00 Mom called Dad and he closed the door.

11:00 Dad said Mom didn't eat hardly any breakfast so I could start fixing salmon for lunch early. I fixed it and Dad was underfoot while I attempted to cook. I finished it in the oven because I knew he expected me to but ended up over cooking the salmon.

12:30 I visited Mom who was somewhat alert but she kept saying, "Joe I'm miserable.." Dad said there was nothing he could do and she should just be patient until she can finish her bowel movement.

3:30 Dad came upstairs, turned up the temperature from 77 to 78 and asked why I had the attic stairs open. I said I was looking to see what would be involved in putting in a bathroom exhaust fan.

I went downstairs and Dad started hitting the balloon around with Mom but she looked very weary and upset. The room reeked of the deodorizer and I said I need to get away from the smell of the air freshener. Mom yelled, "get rid of the air freshener Joe!"

Dad said there was no air freshener and I told him there is. I said, maybe Mark didn't tell you he installed one instead of the exhaust fan. Dad said he is looking into the exhaust fan but there is no air freshener. I pointed at the electric source of pungent smell

plugged into the wall and he said take it out and we'll see.

I repeated, maybe Mark didn't tell you about the air freshener but it is having a bad effect on Mom who is acting like she has allergies for the first time in their life.

4:00 I asked Mom if she wanted a fried bologna sandwich. She said yes and I made some for all of us. Everyone ate them and I said they may not be something we would eat very often but they are a good nostalgic food.

5:00 Dad went to the barbecue store to get sandwiches. I think he forgot we had already eaten. It gave me a chance to talk to Mom and beg her to please do some exercise before Dad gets home. She didn't do it but she involved me in conversation which made me think she is considering a new mental pathway to communicate with Dad.

Mom, more than anyone, wants dad to become genuine again. His baby talk is insulting and he often isn't expecting a reasonable response from her when she is drugged or not. Mom has to respond politely no matter how disconnected Dad's state of mind becomes when he is strategizing, drinking and or upset about my staying in the house to help Mom.

I told Mom I know she is putting up with a lot of boredom and nonsense just because she doesn't want to bother the family but she deserves much better. She said everything is okay and I said it isn't. I said there is poo smeared on the side of your bed and it looks like Dad adjusted the covers to make sure I saw it.

Ostomy accidents are a confusing message Dad attempts to share with family members having them suffer like he does.

I asked if Mom is tired of following dad's instructions to be angry with me. She said she is lazy and responsible for her own rejections of exercise. I said, "that's mean." She asked what I mean when I say it was mean. I said, "it's mean to skip opportunities to get better when the whole family needs her and Dad needs to sleep at night when he is constantly changing diapers.

I said I know Dad is drugging you and that complicates the situation enormously but when you are alert you've got to reach out to family members on your new phone and also exercise so you can do things with us again.

I said, "It's the whole family's fault that we never considered making life interesting for

you. We considered you a fixture in the household and never appreciated you appropriately." I said, "it's late but that has got to change. And that's going to mean getting Dad to feel confident enough not to oppress you." I said, "I don't think Dad has ever grieved for his grandmother who hung herself on her front porch." I said "that's indicative of the way women are treated in general and our family has to catch up with the modern world and motivate you to participate in life better than you ever have."

5:18 Dad returned with sandwiches and I don't know how much Mom ate but she became involved in a conversation with Dad about how she is suffering. Dad said there was not anything we can do about it.

Dad began a long diatribe about how they have had a good life and 44 years of it have been in retirement. He said they were lucky compared to a lot of people who didn't have the resources to buy food or have a house. She said, "but I'm suffering."

Dad asked what is hurting and she said her stomach. Dad said he couldn't do anything about her ostomy until more feces came out. He said every time he opens it there is a potential for a disaster. He said, "It isn't worth it for that little bit which is in the bag. Dad kept asking, "What is hurting?" It's clear he's exhausted dealing with the ostomy for the past 2 days.

Dad tried to start talking about good things again saying, "we don't have the worries some people do." Mom said, "I have to worry about this." Dad knew I was in the chair outside the bedroom and could hear everything so he was choosing his words but it's still sounded heartless.

He repeated, "Every time I change you we risk a disaster. Don't think about it."

5:30 I started PBS NewsHour and started exercising in the living room where Mom could see me from the bedroom. I'm hoping my example will motivate her over the months.

6:00 Dad said, "5 minutes." That means he was changing Mom's diaper.

6:30 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night.

The process of getting dad to wake up out of his four decades of bad habits taking Mom progressively more and more for granted until she is now being sedated to death is too slow.

I hope someone will benefit by the archive of these experiences and no one will ever

suffer like my confused parents again.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

7/28/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I could hear Dad fixing breakfast and the whole house was filled with the obnoxious odorizer. I went downstairs and found a plate fixed for me to heat up in the kitchen.

9:00 I started working on the painting I'm hoping Dad will join in competition with.

12:00 I asked if they wanted fried bologna sandwiches and Dad said no. Then he called me and said if I fix chicken salad sandwiches Mom may be hungry for it by the time it's done.

1:00 I brought them chicken salad sandwiches with watermelon and Dad ate his but mom wouldn't eat.

1:30 Dad must have medicated Mom at 1:00 with a full combination that causes her to hallucinate and want to get up. Because here it was 30 minutes later and Dad was worried enough about Mom not having a bowel movement and her begging to see she's in the right house, that he put her in the wheelchair by himself and brought her into the living room.

Even when Mom is severely drugged like this she is clearly weary of Dad's shenanigans baby talking with her and pretending to want her to get exercise.

She was saying she wants to go home and Dad showed her enough of the items in the house for her to finally see she was and her own house. She wouldn't get in the living room chair so I helped her get back in the bed. Dad nervously kept repeating, "she needs to exercise to get her body functioning so she can have a bowel movement." It's annoying to her and me when he makes the correct comments so insincerely.

I was very constipated yesterday so it's very possible Mom's going through the same thing which may have led to this discomfort she was feeling on top of the drugging. We're all eating the same thing in the house.

Dad complicates it by giving her a full combination of medications which also constipates her. It's obviously extremely important for Dad to prove to everyone including me that Mom is incapacitated mentally and physically. But it makes everything harder on him when he consistently drugs her with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions to create that illusion. The one thing he can't hide is the timings which he is going to a lot of effort to switch up and make them appear random.

3:00 I fell asleep in the living room but I occasionally went in and asked if they wanted something to eat or drink. Mom was exhausted after being drugged after lunch today. She said she didn't want anything.

3:30 I brought Mom some hot tea and carrot juice and she drank some of both. Dad said he had a mild laxative to give her. He put a white pill on her tongue and she drank it down with the carrot juice. I innocently asked what kind of laxative it was and Dad didn't answer. I wasn't suspicious so I persisted and he became agitated.

Then Mom started asking what laxative it was and I repeated what Dad said, "it was a mild laxative." But after this anxious scene with Dad I knew he had probably given her another sedative. I knew I would have only 30 minutes before Mom was out of control for 15 to 30 minutes and then she would be asleep for hours.

I grabbed the balloon and started bouncing it to Mom and she played the balloon volleyball game for a surprisingly long time without tiring at all. Dad got into it and suggested I uncover her legs and she used her legs to kick the balloon.

I suggested a news program they used to watch, we found it on their internet TV and she talked to me about Mark being in Louisiana. We talked about what we could eat and how active we would need to be to keep from being constipated. I reminded her how bad the constipation was for me the day before and Dad said, "spare us the details" just like he said yesterday. But then Mom took a turn for the worse.

4:00 Just like clockwork Mom started asking what was going on and saying she needed to get up. I helped her sit up on the edge of the bed but she was clearly medicated and out of control. I kept my legs in front of her legs so she wouldn't push off of the bed and onto the floor. I knew Dad was observing his manipulative handiwork but I tried to convince Mom to stand up on the standing machine.

Sometimes after the first 30 minutes of a drugging, the drug rush can be used to get

Mom to do things like get out of the bed. Once she even got in the car with us for a ride. But Mom was not going to get on the exercise machine and she said something revealing. She said, "I know what you're trying to do." Dad became very alert and I said, "yes you do know what I'm trying to do. I'm trying to get you healthy as fast as I can."

I wish I would have questioned her about what she meant by knowing what I was trying to do. I think Dad had some comment he convinced her to make but she didn't quite get it out.

Mom acted like there was no way to console her so I let her lay back down in the bed and left her for Dad to deal with because he brings this drugging misery on himself. It's pathetic the way he pretends to be extra caring for Mom after he drugs her.

5:00 I checked on them again and went upstairs for the night.

9:30 the house was filled with deodorizer again.

List of activities which could be accomplished in one day but haven't been done.

Exercise Mom consistently with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down).

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

*Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Work on the realistic first aid videos with Dad.

Work on paintings and ceramics with Dad.

Get further onto the piloting VR game so dad can see a more advanced part of the game.

Get Mom a consistent source of physical therapy Dad can't cancel and then outside activities for her when she becomes mobile.
Alert Brothers to the possibility they can be trapped like Mom is with medications and alcohol.

7/27/24 Betty Broome Report

My dad is torture killing my Mom with a deadly combination of prescription drugs and gas lighting her against physical therapy. For the time it takes me to convince Dad to stop sedating Mom and for him to start convincing her to allow us to exercise her, I am complicit in the torture murder of my mother, along with my family, and all the professionals I inform of this nightmare every single day.

Trump, Netanyahu and Putin are similarly allowed to commit murders because of the warped postponement of their prosecution. The Adult Protective Services institutions could simply remove the sedating drugs and alcohol from my parents house. But that would be rude to treat Dad that way in the minds of medical professionals and my family.

You will find your parents are likely to be very obstructive to your attempts to involve them in activities if you were obstructive to them for decades while you were working on your career and/or family. Their obstruction is just confused politeness, because they think you don't have time for them anymore.

9:00 Dad came through the living room where I was sitting and gave a good suggestion about the painting I was working on.

10:00 I didn't want to participate in the confusion downstairs so I just went in for a minute and saw they had eaten. I put a warm cloth on Mom's eyes. Dad said he was changing Mom's diaper so I left.

10:15 Dad was coughing badly and said he was going to get food. I couldn't understand why he would go out for food because the refrigerator is full and much of it is already prepared. So I should have known it was one of his performances.

11:00 Dad returned from the restaurant with some tiny egg rolls and I went in the bedroom ahead of him and Mom was very awake with her feet off the bed and on the chair next to it. So she was set up that way before Dad left to get food. I asked why her

feet were on the chair and she said she was waiting for Dad.

I realized why Dad went to a restaurant so early with the house full of food. He wanted me to find Mom with her feet on the chair. I don't know if he was helping me get Mom ready for her exercise or some other confusing situation. I felt bad I didn't go in and check on Mom but I'm having a bit of a health issue myself this morning. When I am constipated it's very likely Mom and Dad are also because everyone in the house is eating the same thing.

Mom didn't want any food but ate one of the tiny egg rolls. Dad came and offered the one of hers to me. No one in the house was really hungry, it was all part of a performance I should have recognized when he was nervous and coughing constantly.

11:30 Dad came in the living room and asked me why I wasn't sitting in the chair where I could see into the bedroom. I said I didn't know but sometimes I sit in the rocking chair. It was embarrassingly obvious he thought I was going to find Mom with her feet on the chair when he was gone to get food.

I think Dad may have over medicated himself and didn't recognize his manic behavior with the coughing and the childish strategic set up of Mom on the chair. Going to get food which wasn't needed and was far too early in the morning should have made me realize he was lighting some message for Mom to communicate to me while he was gone.

12:00 Dad spoke to me about the television and tried to describe the mistake he made purchasing Xfinity a couple of years ago and then he ended his confused TV manifesto without a conclusion. I can tell he's dissatisfied trying to find television shows when he is medicated or drunk like he is this morning.

He knew I couldn't follow his complicated nonsense sentences about choosing internet television shows or packages, as he called them and I wasn't participating so he went in the bedroom.

Mom had to listen to him going on about television shows and radio shows they listened to when they were young and she knows now, she mustn't lose her temper or even loose focus with him when he is confused like this. He doesn't think he's confused at all and calling attention to it makes him upset.

He called to me and asked if I wanted to watch an old cowboy movie they have watched many times and I said I didn't. But when Dad went in the kitchen to make an

extraordinary peach ice cream and cake dessert for Mom I went in and spoke to her for a while. She was very cautious talking to me while we waited for her dessert.

My brothers and anyone associated with the family don't see the trap My mom has been in for a decade or more and it's a very cruel situation walking on eggshells and avoiding confrontation when Dad appears, to family and medical professionals as perfectly reasonable.

My brother's also sometimes appear to think they are helping the situation by acting upset with Dad or competing with him by correcting him. But it doesn't help Mom's situation at all. She's trapped having to listen to his long monologues through the night and his removal of anything in the house that gives her independence. The only thing that will help is occupying both mom and dad with healthy activities till they have healthy habits.

2:00 It was extremely hard but Mom did her exercise on the leg exercise machine. It's hard for me to do by myself but I expected to watch how Byran does it by himself today when he promised he would arrive. It appears the reason Dad was so cooperative all morning was because he may have spent all night gaslighting Mom against the exercise machine. She was acting very confidently that she wasn't going to do it and kept asking Dad why he didn't stop me from getting her on the machine.

It was obvious she had been told to let herself fall like she tried to do the first time Byran got her on the machine. But the machine is designed in such a clever way that she cannot fall no matter how hard she tries.

2:30 Mom said her toe hurt from the workout and repeated to Dad several times, "you didn't help me Joe. Why didn't you help me?" Dad said, "we'll wait and see if your toe needs medical attention but if you do a lot of exercise you'll get better. But if you don't want to do exercise just don't do it."

That's the kind of sneaky backhanded encouragement which is functioning as discouragement for Mom. Dad is still clever enough to keep family and medical professionals at a distance but is still using his cleverness to discourage Mom's progress.

3:00 I brought them cut up watermelon with a salt shaker and they didn't want any, so I ate it. I told Mom it could help with constipation and Dad said, "spare us the details."

Dad said to Mom, "I think I'm going to cancel the exercise for a while because it's

causing you too much pain." Then he must have called Byran because Byran didn't show up again today.

Dad was alone with Mom so many decades it appears to have become an important ego boost for him to feel superior to Mom. There was such a long period of time without feedback from his extended family isolation created terrible habits in him.

5:00 I suggested sandwiches for Mom and Dad but Dad said he was fixing something else. I went upstairs for the evening.

7/26/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 Dad started making a lot of noise in the kitchen. I didn't want to get caught up into the confusion so I decided to wait until it was time to exercise Mom and maybe she would be more interested in exercise if she didn't see so much of me.

11:00 I visited mom and told her it was almost time for her exercise with the stand up machine. She said, no. Dad said he was ready to cook steak so I fixed stir fry steak and brought it to them. Everyone ate it so it must have been okay.

11:30 Everyone was finished eating and I got out the leg exercise machine and had Mom stand up on it twice. Darion made excuses for Mom and this was uncomfortable to push through. Mom is still defiant but she's getting more comfortable with the machine.

Dad blew up a balloon as if he was preparing to have a balloon volleyball game with us but I didn't join in. I guess I'm still feeling uncomfortable about this long 3 year period of bringing him back into constructive behavior with Mom. But I think it's also having a positive effect on his own health. I am really encouraged that he is starting to be encouraging for Mom, at least in words and sometimes being a more active and less contrary.

12:00 Darion gave Mom a shower and Mom seemed comfortable and alert watching television all day. I practiced my songs for quite a few hours and looked in on them from

time to time but didn't bother them.

1:00 Darion folded clothes and complained about her back twice.

3:30 I asked Dad if he wanted to go for a walk. He put on his shoes and we had a short walk down the hiking trail near the ditch. The ditch is running high with water from all the recent rain so there was a lot to talk about.

4:30 Darion went home for the day. Darion is by far the best assistant Mom and Dad have had but she is still easy to convince that Dad that Mom want to have Dad care for Mom's ostomy. It's a kind of family politeness that works against Mom and is understandably natural to want to avoid by assistants.

7:00 I told Mom I was going to start my exercise and Dad turned on the news I like to watch, so I started my exercise on the exercise bike in their bedroom.

7:30 Mom said she needed her diaper changed so I finished my exercise in the living room.

8:00 I went upstairs for the night.

7/25/24 Betty Broome Report

Life is complex and we have to hold conflicting ideas in our thoughts at the same time. Dad is still smart sometimes but he believes in the doctors who destroyed many years of his and Mom's life with prescription drugs. But he can snap out of it if he can get past his ego and busy himself with all the arts and skills with which he excels.

3:00 a.m. Dad opened and closed an outer door and I had to open my bedroom window again because the deodorizer that gives Mom false cold symptoms filled the house.

4:00 Very loud television noises woke me.

7:00 I went downstairs, the back door was open a crack and the back porch light was coming in the living room.

7:30 I cooked fried eggs, sausage and jelly toast for breakfast and it appears Dad caused Mom some kind of confusion making her reject the meal. When I returned from cleaning the kitchen to retrieve the tray Mom said she threw her fork on the floor and I asked why. She said she didn't know. I asked if she wanted more of her breakfast and she said no gesturing in an exaggerated way. Dad was silent as he is when he is manipulating a performance like this. The behaviors are nonsensical but he seems to get some comfort out of knowing he caused them.

Dad can create confusing circumstances for Mom which seem to be for him to feel a moment of power. He doesn't have to worry about his conscience bothering him because of his short-term memory. He isn't plagued with the memory of nagging his sons or his captive audience wife who can no longer walk away. She is trapped listening to him because of his misuse of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

8:00 I took away their trays and ate what they didn't eat. It was excellent except that I may have overcooked the sausage slightly. Mom always wants the pork to be slightly overcooked and I may have gone too far with that.

8:30 Dad was watching the harsh morning show that Mom has to listen to with him every day. Morning Joe and MSNBC in general are unnecessarily annoying, angry and repetitive for my sensitive Mom. It would be much better if I could convince them to watch only 1 hour of news each day.

9:00 I stayed away from the confusion and the harsh deodorizer this morning and practiced my songs.

11:00 Everything has been quiet downstairs.

11:30 I went downstairs to exercise with Mom. Dad said, pizza was almost ready. Mom was asleep so Dad said Darion and I should wait till 12:30 to exercise.

12:00 Dad gave us all pizza that was really good but Mom didn't eat it. She is well known for having said for years, she does not like pizza.

12:30 After protesting slightly Darion helped me and I got Mom up on the standing exercise machine. I think Darion started to interfere because she wants Dad to know she is on his side about keeping Mom still.

Mom protested a lot but she did the exercise and it was excellent for her to start getting

used to the new equipment. We set her back in bed and she seemed satisfied that she accomplished something important.

I started drawing a picture of one of Dad's best ceramic pots and asked if Dad wanted to have a contest drawing with me. I had everything set up for him to paint and he said, "no" at first but then he agreed to draw one. I look forward to seeing what he draws and paints. I also told him to please let me know when he wants his second lesson with the musical equipment. He didn't answer.

1:00 I asked if Mom wanted something to eat since she didn't eat her pizza. I asked if she wanted pound cake with whipped cream and she said yes. I also fixed some for Darion and Dad. Mom ate all of it.

2:00 Dad went to get shrimp because Mom didn't eat much lunch. I left to get some groceries as well.

3:00 I returned and Dad was home from the restaurant and they had eaten. They left me some great onion rings that I ate immediately.

3:30 I asked Dad if he wanted to go for a walk and he said he was watching columbo with Mom.

4:00 I started watching a Godzilla movie.

5:30 Byran the physical therapist came and had a great workout with Mom on the new leg exercise machine. Byran said he would see us on Saturday and Dad said to call first.

Byran checked to make sure he had Dad's phone number. As Byran left Dad wanted to speak to him alone and the only part of the conversation I heard was that Dad is "rethinking" something. It looked to me like Dad may be making another deadly controlling decision about Mom's independence. But I asked Byran and he said Dad was a great man and he was not stopping Byran from working with Mom.

7:00 I asked Mom if she wanted some chocolates or something to eat. She ate a chocolate and I gave her some dried apricots before I started exercising.

8:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night.

List of activities could be accomplished in one day but haven't been done.

Exercise Mom with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down)

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

*Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Get consistent physical therapy and then outside activities for Mom when she becomes mobile.

7/24/24 Betty Broome Report

The combination
of memory loss and male
ego stops healing.

Dad doesn't have a conscience about his constant badgering Mom because of his short memory. I can only hope he will discover some memory tool like a calendar which will help him remember mistakes and avoid future mistakes with planning. Possibly even exit this egotistical personality he has adopted in the absence of feedback over the past 20 years.

7:00 The powerful air freshener Dad uses to hide the alcohol urine diaper smell is overwhelming so I didn't go downstairs. I stayed next to my open window upstairs. Mom

can't escape it and it has caused cold like symptoms.

9:00 I went down and talked to Teresa for a few minutes and stayed away from the obnoxious air freshener by going back upstairs.

10:30 The bad smell started to dissipate and Mom was brought out of the bedroom with the wheelchair. I played a song for her and Teresa danced. Mom really seemed to enjoy listening today and she seemed ok only mildly medicated but never really free to express herself.

12:00 I was attaching all of the quilt stars to the backgrounds and when I came back in the house Mom was in the bed again.

1:00 I made 2 gallons of iced tea.

2:00 I stayed away from Mom but waved to her a few times from the living room and she waved back. I didn't want to participate in the competition for her less medicated mental state. Darion said Mom was able to communicate all day, watch television and that was encouraging.

5:30 After Darion left, Dad went to the store. I guess he wanted me to see Mom in her highly drugged state again hoping it would detour me somehow. But I've seen her drugged so many times I'm very familiar with it and when I'm alone with Mom I can comfort her through the, out of control portion of the 4-hour drug events, better than most people.

I knew for sure Mom was recently drugged because she immediately began hanging her legs out of the bed and saying she was going to go to the other room. I sat her up and let her sit on the edge of the bed and told her she was on drugs and she shouldn't try to walk right then.

I said I would get the wheelchair or the leg exercise machine and that would be best for her until she builds up her legs and can walk on her own. She said no, and said she was dizzy. I said that's what happens in the first 30 minutes after you get the drugs.

I said you should pay attention to this feeling you're feeling right now because you can start to avoid it if you assertively let Dad know you don't want to go through this anymore. She laid back down and soon put her legs back out of the bed again. I told her it would be best if she used this desire to get out of bed, by getting on the exercise

machine. She said "no." I think Dad must have gone through a lot of gas lighting time turning Mom against the standing machine, the way he has with other exercise tools and all tools of independence.

She kept asking "where is Dad" and said she needed to go in the other room. The third time she tried to get up I sat her up on the edge of the bed and let her get comfortable sitting up for a while. She started asking about the other house as she always does when she's hallucinating. I told her she should let me get her up on the machine and go see the other room so she could remember where she is.

I helped to get her legs back in bed and I told her I would take a video around the house so she could remember where she is. I took a video walking out of the bedroom and to the living room and looking out of the back door where she thought there is a living room in her drugged state of mind.

Then I took a video going out to the front of the house and out the front door. She watched the videos intently and tried to turn the screen as if it would change the direction she was moving.

After Mom settled down somewhat, I finished putting the labels on her Mom's framed quilt stars. Mom inspected each one of them and repeatedly thanked me for sharing her mother's work with the family. She asked me what I was going to put on the back and I read her the paragraph again. She suggested taking off the last sentence which was an excellent edit as usual.

6:30 Dad returned and started putting the groceries away. I was talking to Mom about the show we were watching on television and she was having fun with it even though she was still having a hard time focusing.

7:00 We started wondering why it was taking so long for Dad to put away the groceries. The intense portion of the drugging was worn off and Mom called for Dad. He came in from the kitchen with a bag of items. I told Mom and Dad I was going to do my exercise and I watched PBS NewsHour while I did.

8:00 It was time for the president to speak so I knocked on the door and they let me in to try to find the President on the television. Biden was encouraging and brave as usual. He reminded us of the profound changes he's made in his 4 years in office.

Dad went in the kitchen for 20 minutes. Mom was still asking for me to go check on the

room with the two windows so she was still hallucinating somewhat but able to talk and listen to the president.

8:20 Dad returned from the kitchen and started watching the president with us. We watch the speech twice so Dad could see the part he missed when he was in the kitchen and I said I was done for the day. Mom said they were tired too and good night. She asked me to check the doors.

3:00 a.m. Dad opened and closed an outer door which shakes the house. I had to open my bedroom window again because the deodorizer that gives Mom cold symptoms filled the house again.

List of activities could be accomplished in one day but haven't been done.

Exercise Mom with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down)

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

*Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad like all the things he says he wants to do until we start doing them. It's going to be a challenge to undo his contrariness.

Get consistent physical therapy and then outside activities for Mom when she becomes mobile.

7/23/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I sent yesterday's report and within 30 minutes the beginning of a constant stream of the deodorizer Dad uses to hide the alcohol urine diaper smell filled the house constantly ever since. I guess I shouldn't have mentioned I'm allergic to the pumpkin spice stench. So I didn't go downstairs even when Darion arrived.

10:00 I went downstairs to get iced tea and see if I could see Mom. She was medicated but starting to wake up and communicate a bit. I told her I was going to finish the quilt star frames and she said that's good. She said Byran might come today and I said I hope so. She had to be changed so I went in the living room. Dad said he was fixing stir fry steak and onions and I replayed the video he watched, to see what how he was cooking. Then I started watching a movie.

11:00 Dad was cooking and I started to worry that he was going to serve lunch at exactly the time Mom was supposed to do her standing exercise with the machine. So I asked Mom if she would please do her leg exercise a little early before lunch and she said no. I asked several times and she didn't want to get up. I have high hopes Byran will come today to help get her used to the new machine which seems so promising.

1130 Dad served stir fry to everyone and it was very good except that something in it must have been canned because it had that kind of flavor.

12:00 I continued to watch the movie and Darion was moving the wheelchair next to the bed so I knew Mom was going to be moved into the living room. I lifted Mom from the bed to the chair and then from the chair to the living room chair and Mom talked to everyone in the living room and I played some songs for her. I showed Dad and Darion how they could learn my songs easily to sing along with me and the band. I have karaoke versions of many of my songs on YouTube which one of my students made for me.

<https://youtu.be/KF9BZnLVJjk?si=6uJ9Hjh8Gsw8WZq0>

1:00 Mom got into hearing us all trying to sing and Mark arrived as we finish a song. I moved the TV so Mom could look out the window at the yard and she talked to Mark for a while. I realized we've been using a box which had not been opened to put mom's feet on.

I asked what was in the box that had been stored away so long that we used it to put mom's feet on when she hung them off the bed. Dad said he didn't know and became

upset that he was not in on the choice to order something for the house.

I said it had to have been ordered years ago because Mom has been using it as a footrest for many months. We opened the box hoping it was See's Candy and found it was Purewick sanitary urine removal devices. Darion and I suggested mom should probably use those at night so Dad didn't have to get up so many times to change her diaper. We said that during the day they could continue to use the diapers if they wanted to.

I think the timing was too coincidental for Dad to be convinced I didn't order the devices so we had to look for it a date on the box which was long ago and satisfied him that I wasn't trying to control the house again. But it was a pretty huge coincidence I had been mentioning Purewick for the past few days.

2:00 Dad and Mark went to the store and I asked Mom if she would use the stand-up machine while we were waiting for Byran. She said no to several attempts.

3:00 Mom needed her diaper changed so I went out into the living room.

4:00 Mark and Dad came home with cookies and Mark left. I don't know how Mark stays and visits as often as he does now that the house smells so terribly with the extremely powerful deodorizer.

5:00 I stayed out of the bedroom because of my allergy to the deodorizer.

6:30 I started exercising.

8:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night.

7/22/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom should be using the modern Purewick vacuum urination system like they used on her in the hospital, instead of these ridiculous and painful diapers which cause Dad to lose so much sleep. The diapering also causes conflicts between Mom and Dad.

1:00 a.m. the profoundly strong air freshener is stifling and the television is too loud for me to sleep upstairs, so Mom and Dad are probably drinking alcohol.

2:00 a.m. the loud television stopped when I was dictating my report for the previous day.

2:30 Mom started howling so I knocked and went in their bedroom, which was foul with the new air freshener. I held Mom's hand which calmed her until she started yelling at Dad saying that her diaper was burning her when she pees. She said "it's dangerous, it's dangerous Joe." Dad woke or pretended to wake up and said "You're going to get a shower tomorrow. Do you want to start using the Purewick again?" She asked, "what?" And he said, "never mind." I left the room as Dad closed the door to change her diaper.

Dad is not physically fit to get up and change her diapers properly. He could be so much stronger and healthier if he wasn't up all night changing diapers. Many times a night she has to be hygienically cared for especially if her urination has started to cause infection or burning of any kind. My negligent brothers don't know anything about this invisible world they are corroborating with their silence and distance.

I guess when the television went off at 2:00 a. m, was when Dad must have given Mom a performance drugging. Dad puts himself through this nightmare to convince others Mom is ready for insurance. This performance appears to have been exclusively for me.

I have mentioned it previously many times but it may help to call attention to the fact that 30 minutes after Mom receives medication she loses control for between 15 and 30 minutes before she passes out for 3 hours. During the time where she's passed out she can be roused somewhat to talk on the phone or FaceTime with doctors but she makes incoherent comments and is embarrassed by her inability to communicate appropriately.

Tonight appears to have been a performance for me to convince me that her manic outbursts have nothing to do with medication. No one is likely to accuse Dad of giving mom medication late at night. Both Mom and Dad suffer from Dad's new dangerous strategies and logic.

7:30 I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Dad said they already ate. Mom was angry and exhausted. She didn't answer. The room was stifling with the odorizer and I went in the kitchen and got myself a bowl of cereal.

Dad met me in the kitchen and gave me a cup of coffee to give to Mom after I heated it in the microwave. I brought it to Mom with a saucer so it wouldn't touch her chest while it was still hot.

When I returned Mom asked what I was eating and when I told her I also reminded her she needed to wait till the coffee was cooler. Dad touched the coffee cup and said I needed to be more careful about giving Mom coffee that was too hot.

8:00 I started watching TV.

9:30 Dad went to the drug store and asked me if I wanted to go. I didn't want to ride with him so I told him I was going to stay and get dressed for the day. After Dad was gone I told Darion what happened over the weekend and that we would probably have to be adaptive to Dad's drug timings to get Mom's exercise in everyday.

Darion said she was going to give Mom a shower when Dad returned and again she showed me the hand sanitizer Dad uses to wash Mom. The inappropriate body wash is probably part of the reason Mom howls and cries when she urinates. It causes burning on her privates. I asked Darion to include the information about the hand sanitizer in her report. But I know her reports are a waste of time and are not responded to by any medical personnel.

Darion told me it was Mark who brought the stinky wall socket deodorizer into the house. I guess I was correct when I said earlier that Dad was being dishonest about the source of the smell.

The deodorizer has to be playing havoc on Dad's allergy sensitive sinuses like it is mine but he thinks he is a martyr for Mom's suffering. He probably chooses that misery instead of purchasing the bathroom vent I suggested to remove the alcohol urine smell in the house most evenings.

Darion must have been through a lot of suffering in her life to be able tolerate the variety of mixed messages in the house and still function as optimistically as she does. Living optimistically with more than one reality is the only way to survive while providing assistance and a good example for those with deadly habits like my parents. So far Darion's focus seems to be on Dad and Mom's health and that's encouraging.

10:30 Dad returned from another store.

11:30 Dad came in with chicken sandwiches from a restaurant and he gave them out exactly when he knew we would be exercising with Mom. I spilled a little bit of the sandwich sauce on the tablecloth and Dad made a big deal out of that as a distraction

from Mom's exercise I suppose. I got Mom some Coke and Dad asked where was his. I said you can still walk, meaning that he is able to care for himself where Mom isn't.

Dad, as usual, took my comment as a confrontation and said, "you can go home if I don't go get it." Darion went and got Dad a coke to diffuse the tension. Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed and I went outside. Darion went back in the bedroom saying, "She is about to get her shower, so she didn't need to change diapers."

12:00 There was a lot of activity for almost an hour and then Darion came out of the bedroom with towels and clothing to put in the washing machine. I asked how the shower went and she said Mom complained the whole time but they did a thorough job of cleaning her all over.

1:00 I heard Darion cleaning up.

1:30 Mark and Connie arrived with coconut cream pie for Dad's birthday. We put candles on the pie and sang happy birthday to Dad. Mom gave the pie flavor a 10 rating. Jean came to the party as well. It was a good little get-together talking about the past and making plans for the future.

https://youtu.be/oPyOLDcpxrQ?si=QG9_p1RIXkelyj76

3:00 Everyone left. I went upstairs and took a nap when it finally dawned on me why Dad keeps Mom from exercising and walking.

It was profoundly harder for him to take care of Mom when she could get up and walk around with the hallucinogenic and demobilizing combination of drugs he is using provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

I thought it was only the misunderstanding of the insurance requirements, that Mom needed to be bedridden to receive assistance. But it's obvious to me now Dad's life was impossible when Mom was able to get up, fall and defend herself during druggings.

There is a 30 minute period after the beginning of each drugging where she is out of control. Especially when the medication is mixed with alcohol in the evenings, Mom became dangerous to herself and impossible for Dad to control.

That's why he didn't allow a professional nurse to take over the medications. That's why he threw away the first exercise machine jacket and discourages use of any exercise equipment. That's why he spends so much time telling Mom she's glad her life is over.

That's why he has become an expert at hiding and slipping drugs to Mom. That's why he has become a slow torture murderer in the hidden psychology of his life. And that's why there are topics he becomes furious about which don't make sense between a father and son.

I hope this information will be useful to him and other people suffering from this psychological nightmare.

4:00 Dad was passing from the bedroom to the kitchen and referred to late lastnight's incident where I surprised him by being in their bedroom. As he crossed the room he asked me for privacy late at night. I agreed but I was somewhat insincere because whenever Mom howls like she did last night, I'm going to go down and see what's wrong.

Dad then asked if I wanted another piece of his birthday pie and I said no because I knew there wasn't enough for me and Mom. When Mom didn't eat her piece Dad brought it to me and I ate it. It was great!

5:00 I asked what they wanted for supper. Dad said he was going to make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and got an approval for that from Mom. But then he changed his mind saying he was going to make ham sandwiches and asked me if I wanted one. I said yes. He came out of the kitchen almost an hour later with spinach salads which had too much dressing.

6:00 I found the last piece of bread in the kitchen and made a sandwich with the spinach salad which was very good. I started exercise with PBS News episodes I missed over the weekend and the one from today.

8:00 I finished exercising and told Mom and Dad about a movie which had an actor that looked very similar to my brother Brian. We started to watch it but Mom couldn't stay up appearing to have been medicated or was drinking. So I said good night and went upstairs.

From now on it's all about exposing to Dad the terrible catch 22. I understand how he was tempted to become so detrimental to Mom's health because of the short manic episodes at the beginning of each drugging. There is a long 3 hour sleepy episode which includes a lot of spasms and sometimes howling but in Dad's mind the 15 to 30 minutes of hallucination and physical activity had to be curtailed. I feel terrible for Mom that it's taken this long for me to understand what was going on.

Now it has to be understood by everyone, Dad isn't strong enough to continue this terrible destructive codependent torture using Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription medicines. Only when he's free from the disabling Mom will they both be able to get healthy.

Ironically this discovery happens at the same time when a woman one time state district attorney becomes the likely candidate for president. That calls attention to the fact that if district attorney Ken Paxton had been ethical in his choices, he could have been a candidate as well.

One way he could have called attention to himself with ethical behavior would have been to have well-educated representatives in charge of the Adult Protective Services who could identify over medicated individuals reported to them. Rather than destroying families by pulling overmedicated elderly people out of the home, they would just remove the powerful incentive killing prescription medicines and any alcohol in the house. He could have also required caregivers to be legally responsible if the offending drugs and alcohol were ever used again. This may be something Bernie Sanders can look into.

7/21/24 Betty Broome Report

7:30 I went in to check on Mom and Dad. They appeared to be sleeping so I started working on my music equipment.

8:00 I went in to find out what they wanted for breakfast and asked if eggs and bacon were okay. Dad said yes and Mom didn't answer. Dad told Mom to say yes. She was clearly completely medicated. I asked if she would be ready by the time it was done and Dad said yes.

I fixed eggs, jelly toast and bacon and brought it to them. Mom was incoherent asking what she should do with this. Dad brought her coffee and I gave her a sip of that. She was fighting me when I tried to hand her the cup. When she finally picked up a piece of bacon I left the room to let them eat and for me to send off yesterday's report. I don't know if she ate because I didn't go down stairs till after the tray was gone.

11:30 I went downstairs to give Mom her exercise and Dad had the wheelchair next to

the bed and mom was spasming and unable to respond coherently. She was obviously in the first throws of a second drugging for the day. It was clear Dad wanted to make sure she was incapable of physical therapy at the time Darion and I agreed with Mom for her daily workout with the new machine. It was pathetic to see Dad trying to keep Mom from falling out of bed by putting the wheelchair under her feet next to the bed.

12:30 Dad asked if I wanted a hot dog. Sometimes I can't stop myself from thinking of Dad as a torture murderer and I certainly don't want to have him fixing food for me so I declined.

2:00 I went downstairs and Mark was in the living room chair. He told me Biden dropped out of the race and I said that was sad. Dad finished changing Mom's diaper and called Mark in the bedroom to talk to Mom.

1:30 I made a chocolate shake and Mark said I shouldn't drink out of the mixing container so either he was drunk or snapping at me like his simple-minded wife snaps at him.

3:00 Mark came in with birthday cake for Dad and said he was looking for a coconut cream pie he couldn't find at the local supermarket.

4:00 I was able to get my musical equipment to start working predictably for the first time. Dad went out to get the mail and brought in a package that was labeled Betty Broome. It was an electric razor blade I ordered for myself but I used Mom's name because many of the equipment purchases I make for Mom have her name attached and Amazon overlaps the ordering process with other purchases I make for myself.

Dad made a rude comment I think he thought was clever, implying the purchase was somehow feminine. His little digs are fairly constant and I will begin to include them to illustrate the full picture of assisting with caregiving.

5:00 Dad said he was going to get seafood and would be back in 20 minutes. I pled with Mom to do her exercise and she had clearly been gas lit to avoid it. It's hard to compete with the misery Dad causes her by gas lighting and drugging with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

All I can offer is the future opportunity to walk into the bathroom on her own if she will work out consistently like Byron the physical therapist prescribed. You would think the incentive would be strong to avoid being diapered 8 or 10 times day and night by the

man who caused her to be crippled. Dad tells her she deserves to rest but whenever she is drugged she repeats constantly, "I've got to get up I've got to get up."

6:00 Dad returned with seafood and we ate. I turned off my music equipment and watched an Abbott and Costello movie. Dad commented about having seen it when he was young. I went upstairs for the evening and practiced my songs.

I hope Bernie Sanders will discover the medical issue destroying my parents last decades of life. Government needs to address doctors over prescribing medications. As much as Sanders has spent efforts addressing people unable to afford prescriptions, there are probably millions of submissive partners who's lives are cut short by weary aged caregivers.

Trapped with the gruesome responsibility for the body waste of their loved ones, they can't control the temptation to shorten the lives of those they find themselves responsible for.

7/20/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad didn't think he was important for a long time while we were working on our careers and he was retired. I think he found himself isolated and competing with Mom for our affection four times a year. I think it was a major insult that he found he had to use Mom as an excuse to get us to do or not do anything.

So Dad started making mistakes in combination with misogyny that came from '50s traditions and his own bossy brother and father. He now has to realize a very challenging concept, that his behaviors have to change fundamentally focusing on his and Mom's health. They were healthy all their lives so they take it for granted now and trust pill pushing doctors.

Dad has to allow Mom to get off sedatives that make him appear to win an imaginary competition with her and allow Mom to do her physical therapy that lets her enjoy the rest of her life with the family he says he wants.

1:00 a.m. I started hearing noises downstairs so I went down to check. The very powerful room freshener scent was unmistakable and Dad was changing Mom. I closed the door

and spoke through it saying, I was just checking cuz I thought I heard Mom call me. Dad said, no-one called me. I'll be so glad when Mom can get up and won't need to change diapers constantly. Dad doesn't know it yet but he is going to come back to life after Mom is more independent again.

8:00 I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Dad said Veronica was washing mom's hair. I turned on an old 30s scary movie in the living room and Dad was watching it remembering when he was a boy with his brother who were both scared after seeing the movie and walking home.

When Veronica finished I asked Mom what she wanted and she said cereal with peaches. Dad and I fixed the cereal and I cut up the peaches for Mom. I asked Mom what she wanted to watch on TV and she said local news.

I found a streaming version of Houston news and we started talking about some of the issues they brought up. I reminded Mom of her new phone and she tried to call some of her sons to ask if they wanted to see Brian's play. No one was answering at this time of morning.

We went online and bought a present for Dad on Amazon and then we bought Mom a bra which we saw discussed on the morning show. Mom seemed delighted she was able to do shopping. Dad was still watching the Mummy movie while I talked to Mom about what we could do today. She said she was glad to have a day off without anyone visiting.

8:30 Mom was finished with breakfast and I asked if they wanted cinnamon toast. They both said yes and I fixed it for them. I also brought Dad iced tea but he never drank it.

9:00 We continued to watch local news that mostly focused on financial investments. Dad talked about how the Fed influenced interest rates and Mom was starting to get spasms and was confused. She asked to have her diaper changed after making a couple of confused comments about getting up. Dad seemed to be prompting her to something he planned but I left the room for her to be changed.

10:00 Dad came out of the closed bedroom door and I went in to see Mom. She was now incoherent and couldn't answer when I asked if she needed anything. So it was time to send yesterday's report and let Mom rest.

11:00 I worked on my musical equipment.

11:30 I reminded Mom she said she would exercise at 11:30 everyday. Dad has not adjusted Mom's drugging times to keep her from participating in physical therapy at this time of day yet. The PT time may have to vary everyday to get the therapy in where we can.

I pulled the new leg exercising machine next to the bed and helped Mom sit up. She was still drowsy but she wanted to participate so she would eventually be able to go to the bathroom on her own. She grabbed the handles, her knees fell into position on the pads of the machine and she started to complain about her feet.

It appears that because she has been laying down for 3 years her feet feel pressure uncomfortably when they touch the ground. This will take time to get used to for her.

She made several attempts to pull herself up with the machine and I should have assisted more but because she was able to stand up last time I let her do it on her own. She gave three good attempts to stand and then I assisted her to lay back down at her request. Dad came in the room and said he thought he heard mom calling him. Mom said she needed to be changed so I went in the living room after putting away the machine.

12:00 I watched last of the Summer wine episodes.

1:00 I found the charger for Mom's new phone in the bag in which we brought it home. In the same bag was the modem for the new internet access.

Dad still has not installed the new Wi-Fi for the new internet and I don't want to address the ridiculous choice he made by purchasing it. This is the guy in charge of Mom's dangerous medications who has purchased two sources of internet in one house.

3:00 Dad left to get food from a restaurant. Mom let me take her out of the bedroom and in the wheelchair and outside for 10 minutes in the sun. When I sat next to her she started pushing herself backwards around the patio. I thought that was really significant that you wanted to move herself with her legs. Then we went in the living room where she sat on her chair waiting for Dad to bring food.

3:30 Mom acted worried when Dad returned with food. We watched the end of a silly '60s movie while we ate.

After about 30 minutes I knew Dad sneaked Mom medications for a second time today.

He does this, thinking he can convince me and Mom's assistants Mom is suffering more from dementia and that she really is and bedridden permanently. This is a confusion he has with insurance requirements.

4:30 Mom began to make nonsense statements and was clearly worried she was unable to defend them. She finally asked Dad how she could get back in the bedroom and I said I would take her. She was clearly medicated and falling out of consciousness quickly. She was afraid and Dad appeared to be looking for an opportunity to interfere. But the transition from the living room to the bedroom was quick and efficient. I hope treating dad like a normal person instead of the monster he has become will have a long-term effect of bringing him back to objectivity.

Mom said she needed to be changed and I went upstairs to practice my songs.

6:00 I went downstairs and the bedroom smelled like that piercing air freshener I hoped I wouldn't smell anymore since dad ordered the bathroom ventilation system to be installed soon. I asked them if they wanted some of the stuffing from the stuffed bell peppers because it tastes great like awesome dirty rice.

They said yes and I fixed supper for them. They ate it all with some root beer. I asked if they wanted to watch Jurassic Park with me because it was available on internet TV for free. They both said yes and we watch the first hour with Mom before she started falling asleep. I brought them fortune cookies from lunch time and Mom's cookie said, she would have a good connection with an old friend. She joked about her talking to Jeweldeen. Then dad and I watched the rest of the movie in the living room.

9:00 Dad went to bed and I went upstairs for the night.

7/19/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 Dad fixed boiled eggs and spinach which was edible but far too salty.

9:00 Mom was incoherent and Dad was getting ready to go to the doctor's office. I was practicing songs.

9:30 I went outside and sanded all of Mom's presents for everyone in the family.

11:00 Mark arrived and Dad and Mark went to the doctor's office. It appears Dad did not give Mom a second medication for the day.

Mom had a bad experience after she asked Darion to change her because she kept urinating when Darion was in the process. It required three diapers and both her and Darion were tired.

11:30 We got Mom up on the new exercise machine and she did extraordinarily well. I think, for the first time, Darion saw how we have to work with Mom confidently so Mom acts with contagious confidence. Darion said she would try at the same time every day she was here with Mom.

12:00 I asked Mom what she wanted to eat and she just wanted Cheetos and honey tea. I asked if she wanted to play cards and she said, "no." I asked if she would get up and do stuff if I got her a little cart to drive around in. She didn't say no. There may be an opening there. Darion asked what she likes to do when she's up and about. I told her mom likes to go shopping for herself, her boys and husband. I told her that we need to start thinking of fun things because we missed our chance when we were taking Mom for granted all these years.

Darion said a good rolling cart would be pretty expensive but it might be stimulating enough to get Mom up more often. I think that's a great idea. I went outside and spray painted moms presents for everyone in the family.

12:30 Mark and Dad arrived and Mom said she needed a diaper. Dad was watching instructions about how to cook salmon on YouTube.

1:30 Dad served us all undercooked salmon and I suggested he stir fry it in butter. This is the man who is in charge of mom's dangerous medications. Darion said I have their back because I saved them from the raw salmon.

2:00 Glen the head physical therapist evaluated Mom and said he would recommend she needed regular physical therapy because "she is obviously getting better!" Mom worked real hard for him and we showed him the new exercise machine Byran told us to get for her. Glen even played balloon volleyball with us.

Luckily mom was not dosed a second time today so Glenn got to see her at her normal. But it seemed like Mom knew Dad was going to drug her with a vengeance during the weekend because she shouldn't have enjoyed or showed her enthusiasm while working

with Glenn.

2:30 Glen left and we gave Mom and Darion the stir fried salmon. Mom didn't eat hers and I felt bad I gave her Cheetos earlier.

3:00 Jean visited and Dad pushed me out of the way when I tried to sit Mom up for Jean to see her in a more alert position. But I persisted and got Mom up where she could sit up to talk to Jean without her feet hanging off the bottom of the bed.

I left the room, Jean, Mom and Dad talked for what I thought was a long time until I heard Jean leave at 4:30. I went in the bedroom to ask Mom what she thought of Jean's visit. Darion was surprised that Jean had just left because Dad spent a lot of time talking to her working with the puzzles in the living room.

4:30 Darion left for the day having been convinced by Dad that Mom didn't need a shower today or tomorrow.

5:00 I watched mystery theater 3000.

6:00 I gave them both cottage cheese and pineapple. They both seem to like that a lot. Then I gave them chocolates and a vanilla milkshake. I started my exercise..

6:30 Dad went to the store to get some more supplies.

7:00 Dad returned, I put away the groceries while Dad changed Mom's diaper and I finished my exercise.

List of activities needed and done.

*Exercise Mom with the Sara Steady chair a total of 30 minutes a day (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down)

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

*Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

- *Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

- *Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

- *Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad.

Get consistent physical therapy and then outside activities for Mom when she becomes mobile.

7/18/24 Betty Broome Report

List of activities needed and done.

- *Exercise Mom with the Sara Steady chair a total of 30 minutes a day (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down)

Exercise Mom sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse or train assistant to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

- *Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

- *Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

- *Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

- *Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad.

Get consistent physical therapy and then outside activities for Mom when she becomes mobile.

8:00 Mom was alone in the bedroom and I asked if she wanted eggs and bacon for breakfast. She said yes and Dad came out of the bathroom. Mom was hallucinating and blithering about having to get up. I fixed eggs bacon and jelly toast for Mom and Dad and they ate most of it. Dad suggested we get someone to watch Mom while we go to

the play tonight. Mom couldn't answer when he asked if that was okay.

8:30 We started talking about contacting Shelley at Caring Senior Service for someone to stay with Mom tonight and I suggested Darion might be interested in working alternate hours like she had in the past when we played golf late in the afternoon.

Dad had the idea he had to calculate how much to pay anyone who would come to stay with Mom and he settled on \$60 even though it would be calculated by the Caring Senior Service company if we have someone from there. Dad suggested that the next door neighbor come and stay with Mom and then changed his mind because she was too young and wouldn't want to change mom's diapers.

Mom couldn't respond to anything when asked how high she wanted her head and so Dad moved her up and down for a long time saying, he wanted her to be comfortable and she was just making noises with her mouth. He raised and lowered her head until she made an exasperated noise and he stopped. This is the man who is in charge of Mom's dangerous medications.

9:08 Darion arrived and helped me look for the missing part of my musical equipment. Dad says he threw it away. I tried to talk to Mom, and Darion said she was having trouble waking her up. I told Mom that sometime today she was going to have to get up and do the exercise she was told to do by her physical therapist. Darion said she was going to make sure it got done. (It didn't get done today.)

9:30 Dad asked Darion if she would watch Mom tonight when we go to a play for 4 hours. Darion said yes. Veronica came, washed Mom's hair and gave her a sponge bath.

10:00 Dad, Mark and I went to Home Depot to look for an exhaust fan for the bathroom. We ended up going to a roof man Dad has worked with for decades to install it. Both Mark and Dad said the appointment was made for the installation.

11:00 Dad and Mark went into the grocery store on the way home.

12:00 Dad fixed excellent potato soup and we all ate it. Mom was still knocked out. Dad must have given her a second dose of drugs for the day. I think he is very intent on making sure Mom doesn't exercise with the new equipment. Dad put the soup in a Tupperware container and put it in the car planning to take it to Mark because it was so good. Mark came later in the day when it was too late and they threw the great soup away.

1:00 Margaret (the Wednesday nurse) came and looked at Mom and said she was doing well. I don't know why no medical professionals mention how much better Mom could be with physical therapy and without the sedatives.

2:00 I went into visit Mom several times while I was working on my musical equipment but she wasn't able to talk to me.

2:30 Dad suggested that I show him how to use the musical equipment while I'm learning how to use it myself. I tried to get him to install the software needed but he was having trouble so we decided to wait till I was more familiar with it.

4:00 Mom was still unresponsive so I watched some British comedies.

6:00 I shaved, got ready to go to the theater and Dad and I left. Dad insisted on driving and had terrible bouts with his confidence but it was an uneventful trip downtown. He said he would never go downtown again just like he says every time he goes downtown. Maybe if Dad was brave enough to read the adult protective service reports he would start to realize he is more capable than his confidence allows him to believe.

7:00 We arrived at the theater and talked to people waiting for the show. We thoroughly enjoyed the show and my little brother was excellent playing one of the pivotal roles.

8:00 during the intermission Dad was able to install the software to work with my musical equipment.

10:00 We drove home and Dad thought the drive home was worse than it was but he decided he wasn't going to talk when we were on the highway and having to follow GPS. We heard a bit of Trump's nomination acceptance speech and it was intolerable so Dad turned it off.

11:00 We got home and Darion said she had an uneventful night with Mom but that she was able to make her get some exercise. I went upstairs for the night.

9:00 I slept till 9:00 and went in the kitchen where Teresa was working. I told her I couldn't sleep because I was worried that we have very specific exercise prescriptions from the physical therapist and we are going to have to get Mom and Dad to do it. Teresa said she saw the new machine and Dad said he was going to return it. I said, "he's a monster."

I went in the bedroom and Darion was there and Mom couldn't be wakened and was spasming so it was obvious Mom was medicated.

10:00 I started painting more of the backgrounds for the quilt stars for the framed family presents.

11:00 Dad fixed lemon chicken and we all ate.

12:00 I was leaving to get a new phone for Mom. Dad said he wanted to go and I couldn't stop him from having a very confused conversation with a salesperson before he discovered he hadn't brought his phone. He needed his phone to purchase another one so we drove home and got Dad's phone and back to the phone store.

Dad purchased another internet connection and the same kind of phone he bought for Mom last time. Mom couldn't use the previous phone because it was too complicated. While we were waiting for service Dad had an incident with another customer.

Dad is very confident about his humor in public but sometimes causes problems. He told a woman who is taking off her sunglasses, "that mask isn't fooling anyone." When the woman asked, "excuse me?" Dad repeated, "That mask isn't going to fool anyone." Then he waved her off and she walked away dumbfounded. I didn't ask what he meant but I'm sure it had something to do with her sunglasses.

After 2 hours of working with the representative at the Xfinity office Dad repurchased internet which he canceled 2 weeks before and now he has two internet connections.

Dad can't make simple decisions like this and he is in charge of Mom's medications. My lazy and corroborating brothers are going to have to take over soon.

2:30 Mom needed a diaper change when we got home and Dad changed Mom while Darion talked on the phone outside. Mom said she wanted to talk to Darion so Dad called her in. Darion said she had been talking on the phone for the past 2 hours. I said that's why Mom wasn't changed. Darion said "I do my job, I do my job even if I do have

to talk on the phone." She said, "I changed her three times while you were gone."

3:00 Darion said to Mom, "I'll take you up on your offer to leave early today." When Mom is drugged she constantly tells Darion she can leave. Darion continued to talk on the phone for thirty more minutes.

I feel sorry for Darion having to go along with all of us.

3:30 Darion left for the day.

4:00 Mom was knocked out completely. I tried to talk to her several times but she couldn't respond.

5:00 I asked if Mom wanted something to eat and she said "no." I asked if she could try to eat a fried bologna sandwich and she said, "yes." I was just kidding but I knew the nostalgia would possibly wake her up. I said, "I'm sorry but we don't have bologna, but there is ham and I can make a ham sandwich with mustard." Dad convinced Mom to try to eat a ham sandwich. I fixed the ham sandwich with melted Swiss cheese and mustard and Mom ate half.

6:00 I started exercising.

7:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night.

7/16/24 Betty Broome Report

A list of household needs which could all be completed or appointments made in one day.

*Exercise with the Sara Stedy chair a total of 30 minutes a day (sit-ups from the bed or chair and back down)

Exercise sitting up 10 minutes a day with the floor stationary pedals.

Dental appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for less harsh grunting and hallucinating effects when mixed with other medications.

*Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad.

Get consistent physical therapy and then outside activities for Mom when she becomes mobile.

7:30 I met Dad going to the kitchen and he asked if I wanted scrambled eggs and spinach. I said "no thank you". I had already eaten earlier and went in to see Mom who was hallucinating and spasming. I put on some '30s music which seem to sooth her. I asked if this music was familiar to her and she said yes. I asked if she wanted to go in the living room to eat or at the dining room table with the wheelchair and she said, "no."

8:00 Dad brought coffee and I sat Mom up by raising the top of the bed so she could drink it.

8:30 Dad brought her breakfast and she ate the best she could as she fell into complete medication.

9:30 I tried to speak to Mom several times because Brian was coming on one of his rare visits and I knew she would want to talk to him. Dad said he would wake Mom for Brian.

10:00 Brian arrived and talked to Mom as much as she could and we all got ready to play golf. I hoped Dad wouldn't drug Mom again because Byran was coming to give her physical therapy. But I knew it was likely for the same reason.

Mark, Brian, me and Dad went to play golf and Dad didn't play again so he constantly nagged all the way around the nine holes. I'm glad he's getting outside but it's terrible that he won't at least play the game with light strokes.

2: 30 We returned from golf and Darion said she was fixing beans for Mom. I asked if Byran had visited yet to give Mom physical therapy and Darion said he did but Mom was limp and kept asking to get back on the bed. Byran was able to get her to use the new Sara Stedy walking exercise tool.

From the description of Byran's visit I knew Dad drugged Mom a second time just before he left to play golf. Darion conveyed Byran's instructions, that Mom is to get on the exercise machine at least once a day and do sit-ups on it, off and on for 30 minutes. Mom is also to do foot exercises sitting in the chair with the stationary foot bike for 10 minutes a day.

I pointed out to Darion it is better for Mom to want to do the exercises and to be conscious of them when she's not drugged. But because Dad adjusts Mom's druggings to stop her from exercising and showing independence, we will need to establish a time and do them whether Mom is drugged or not.

Darion said, today's exercises caused Mom's oxygen and blood pressure to reach extremely healthy levels (95 blood oxygen) for the first time in quite some time. I was encouraged there are specific exercise instructions but discourage that Mom spent another full day drugged out and wouldn't remember the instructions or the work out she was given today.

3:00 I fell asleep watching a movie.

4:30 I saw Mom's medications on the table next to her like Dad places them out when he wants to make it look like she did not receive medication earlier in the day. Dad obviously wanted Darion to feel important for reminding him to give Mom the medication and for Darion to think he hadn't given Mom medication previously in the day.

5:00 Today was the worst possible kind of drugging day for Mom. Dad drugged her three times to make sure the physical therapist didn't see Mom alert and to make sure the daily assistant saw her take her pills at 4:30. This was supposed to convince Darion Mom didn't get drugs earlier in the day.

1:00 a.m. I didn't get to talk to Mom until 1:00 in the morning when Dad was organizing plates and silverware for the following morning. He does this when he feels guilty of cruelty or when he's drinking. I got some cereal and ate it in front of the television and Dad watched a 10 minute political video with me. He said it was a good synopsis and that Trump followers would never see it but he was glad it was available on YouTube. Mom was disoriented and afraid to talk to me in fear of another day of drugging.

To extract slave labor from women and people of color, cultures cling to misogyny and

dehumanization as a cruel unconscious budgetary control. But as societies begin to intermarry and merge like our family did, and more personal information is discovered about our ancestry, (including suicides and family separation cruelty,) we find the inhuman dependence on slave labor so despicable some develop empathy for women and people of color. This also exposes societal pressures and requirements for fairness which energy and service industries have fought against for generations.

7/15/24 Betty Broome Report

8:30 I woke up late and heard Dad taking the breakfast tray to the kitchen.

9:00 I visited Mom and Dad while I was brushing my teeth and mom said she wanted to go to the living room. I started to push the new leg exercise machine to the bed but Mom said go finish brushing my teeth. When I returned Darion had arrived and had Mom set up on the bed with the wheelchair next to her. I asked Mom to wrap her arms around my neck and stood her up and sat set her slowly down and then stood her back up again to give her a little exercise. Then I stood her up and set her slowly in the wheelchair. We moved her out to look out of the window like she always does and then I sat her in the living room chair. She was very much medicated at first.

9:30 Mom played Go Fish card game with me for a game but the cards were not shuffled well so the game was very short.

10:00 Dad and Mark went to the store and we were talking to Mom. I demonstrated the new exercise chair with Darion twice where Mom could see. Mark and Dad watched and we all commented and joked about how well it worked.

11:00 Mom started to be able to talk better and I put the ironing board on her lap and let her iron the 13 remaining quilt stars needed to send everyone in the family. By the time she was finished she was fully awake and talking to us.

1130 Mark and Dad went to the grocery store and Darion was cooking hamburgers for everyone. I framed one of the quilt stars Mom ironed, for her to see. Darion served us all hamburgers that were excellent and well done especially the way Mom likes them.

12:00 I played the song for Mom I'm learning to play for the band. Mom said she needed

to have her diaper changed and I went upstairs.

12:30 while I was upstairs Darien moved Mom from the living room to the bedroom.

1:00 dad went to the doctor and Me, Mom and Darion started watching Death in Paradise, British drama.

2:00 I fixed chocolate shakes for everyone. Mom was mostly alert and participated in the conversation during commercials. We talked about making a list of all the things that need to be done around the house and for Mom and Dad. We kept talking about how we don't get them done.

3:30 Mom needed to be changed so I left the room.

4:00 Darion and Mom started watching a new episode of the British comedy and Dad and Mark returned home.

4:30 Darion left for the day.

5:00 I started my exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

A list of household needs which could all be completed or appointments made in one day.

Exercise with the PT chair.

Dentist appointment for Mom.

Knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse to care for moms ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy and talk to the doctors.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for a less harsh grunting and hallucinating effect when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy and outside activities for Dad.

Get consistent physical therapy and then outside activities for Mom when she becomes

mobile.

7/14/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I knocked on the door and no one answered so I entered and Mom was awake quietly repeating, "I want you to wake up. I want you to wake up. I want you to wake up." After a few times Dad who was lying facing away from Mom, said "okay Betty I love you Betty." Which by this time has a sour ring to it when he says it after questionable but understandably exhausted neglect.

I asked if they wanted cereal and berries and Mom said yes. I fixed shredded wheat with mashed strawberries for Mom and whole strawberries for Dad like they like it. Mom ate all of hers and I gave her a lot so that was good. Dad was watching another airplane crash documentary and we talked about how war is so pointless.

7:30 Dad started to take the tray of empty dishes to the kitchen when Mom asked for coffee and I took the tray. He started making coffee and suggested that we wait for Byran to demonstrate how to use the new walking machine. I said I would show Mom a YouTube video and get her started. Dad said he was just trying to think of the safest way to use it.

He said he couldn't understand how to use it from just the looks of it. I said I didn't understand how to use it either. While Dad was making coffee I showed an introductory video to Mom and she looked very excited even though she is clearly coming under medication. I asked if she wanted to try the machine and she said, "not yet." She needed her diaper change so I went outside and they close the door for a long time.

11:00 I went in the bedroom and showed Dad how the new exercise machine works. Dad was watching a show about credit cards and it made me wonder how much my interest had been raised since credit cards can raise interest rates anytime they want to, according to a lot of rules in the fine print. Mom snapped angrily saying that I should know what my interest is. I told her the show just explained how they are capable of changing the interest at any time.

Mom started asking again to have a mat put on the floor under the bed in case she wet

to bed. This is one of her consistent hallucinations when she's drugged. She needed her diaper changed and I went in the living room.

1:00 Mark arrived and we talked till Dad told us Mom wanted to talk to us. Dad started the balloon game we use to exercise Mom's arms and legs and we played for a while but Mom was hallucinating so it didn't last long. I was very encouraged Dad initiated this exercise even with Mom drugged.

When Dad drugs Mom all day like today he seems to forget he will have to deal with her requests to be changed constantly. But Mom suffers a cruel level of Boredom. Dad enforces the confusing catch-22 which causes him excess responsibility wearing him down unnecessarily. Dad's confusion is caused in part by the temptation of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, the side effects of the drugs on Mom's ability to have bowel movements and to do physical therapy.

When Dad gives Mom a day off from drugs he has to deal with other challenges like the cognitive dissonance that comes from having intelligent conversations with Mom that don't match the characterization he wishes to present to the family and medical professionals for confused insurance purposes.

5:00 Mark called for me to come get supper for Mom and Dad, so I did. It was excellent beans and ham but Mom couldn't eat the ham because it was too chewy for her.

6:30 I was watching a show with Mom and Dad when Mom wanted to be changed and I went out.

I did my exercise on YouTube with Meet the press and PBS News weekend.

8:00 I went upstairs for the night.

7/13/24 Betty Broome Report

It shouldn't be a challenge for anyone to believe that the disgusting job of Mom's ostomy or feces removal, would be the point of conflict or deception for everyone involved with the inadequacies of her care. Dad rarely if ever allows anyone to deal with

the terrible job he avoids as much as possible causing mom to be constantly fragile and in pain.

Mom is always concerned for anyone to deal with the job of removing her feces including Dad. Mom doesn't want anyone to have to worry about it out of politeness just as Dad is separating the world from the worst part of mom's care.

But the answer is not to avoid Mom's care. The answer is to have a professional in this field who understands how often a human being has bowel movements and how large they are. A professional needs to use the latest technology to make it more sanitary and less full of disgusting surprises.

I hired a professional nurse last November for \$256 a day and she received the full amount of the money. At present John Hancock insurance is paying for a hierarchy of administrators and minimum wage assistants who have been instructed not to deal with the ostomy even if they were trained to do so.

Instead Mom is constantly suffering and everyone who visits or works with her is protected from the reality. Mom is not having bowel movements regularly or often enough to avoid pain unless she remains perfectly still. Even the one professional nurse who visits on Wednesdays is convinced Mom is doing fine because Mom is perfectly still and often sedated during visits.

Wednesday nurse Margaret constantly asks, "are you in pain, are you in pain?" Mom will say she is not because she has been repeatedly told not to mention her burning diaper, her arthritis, which needs injections or her constantly overfilled bowels that make her fragile and incapable of reasonable physical therapy.

The ostomy job has even become a long time habit of competitive outbursts between Mom and Dad which they have grown to accept rather than allow a professional to care for Mom properly.

It seems logical we have to address this issue rather than avoiding it with sedatives, deception and Dad exhausting himself caring for something a 91-year-old man should not be required to deal with alone, often in the middle of the night.

8:30 Veronica arrived and I think I smelled the overwhelming scented smell again but I may be less sensitized to it now.

9:00 I sat with Dad in the living room and told him about the smell I was smelling and we talked about when Brian can play golf this week. He said nothing has been added to the house that would smell strongly except the vaginal wash. I said that I bought the the body cleansers Darion asked for but I can't imagine that being what makes the house smell so strong.

When I had time to think about it I realized, Dad isn't always honest with me these days, and he may have some kind of air freshener he isn't telling me about.

I asked Mom what she had for breakfast and she said cereal. She asked me, "what is this" and pointed to her diaper. She said, "it is wet." I told her, "you must have been given drugs this morning because you know a diaper is and you should know whether it's wet or not." I went in the kitchen and told Dad, Mom wanted her diaper changed.

9:30 Dad went in the bedroom and closed the door.

10:00 I watched movies and worked on my music equipment while the door was closed.

12:00 Dad went to the barbecue store to get sandwiches.

12:30 The barbecue sandwiches were great and Dad closed the door to the bedroom after Mom ate. Mom doesn't want to be drugged and Dad doesn't want to drug her so often. So when there's no one to display Mom to as bedridden, Dad sometimes closes Mom in the bedroom. It's stressful to be the one causing Mom to be isolated sometimes, but Dad does seem to be starting to recognize there might be another option from hiding or drugging Mom.

2:00 I went to the store and they finally had some of the items I needed for my musical equipment.

4:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and ask me where the balloons came from. I told him I bought them and he said he bought some online but mine were very hard to tie. I didn't want to call attention to his arthritic fingers so I didn't respond but I'm glad he wanted to use them to have some exercise with Mom.

It is ideal to have at least four people to play balloons and for Mom and to have her legs out of the blankets so that she can hit the balloon with her arms and legs.

5:00 Dad started fixing a frozen apple pie which he was attending to carefully because he didn't want to burn it. This gave me time to talk to Mom about her new exercise

machine prescribed by Byran the physical therapist. We were talking about how nice it was to be awake and I said there shouldn't be any reason why she couldn't get strong enough to walk into the bathroom and stop having to use a box of diapers every other day.

That seemed to ring clearly to Mom and she seemed motivated by the idea for the first time in a long time. I said, I will go check to see if her leg exercising machine had arrived. Coincidentally, I found the huge heavy box at the front door and had to roll it one-sided at a time like a big square wheel into the bedroom. Mom seemed pleased and I immediately emptied the contents on the floor in front of her bed.

6:00 Dad was still working on his apple pie as I began to assemble the Sara Stedy machine. It took about an hour and we ate hot apple pie and ice cream while I was doing the assembly.

7:00 I started my exercise and Dad asked me what channel I was watching. I told him how to get to PBS NewsHour on the new inexpensive internet televisions.

8:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night. I look forward to watching an instructional video about how to use the exercise machine in the morning. I know Dad will probably spend a lot of time during the night gas lighting Mom to dislike the machine but we have the enthusiasm of expert power coming from Byran who will demonstrate it for Mom Tuesday and Thursday.

7/12/24 Betty Broome Report

The world wonders why a known felon is allowed to work with a huge team of Republicans to undermine voting, women's rights and empty the nations coffers into the hands of the super rich but they don't see the connection in households where the patriarch has lost some decision making abilities but still clings to the authority and causes terrible consequences for his spouse with corroborating family members.

3:00 a.m. I heard Mom say, "Joe" and I went downstairs. Dad was changing Mom so I laid on the couch waiting for them to finish. But he closed the door and suddenly there was an intrusive smell of some kind of air freshener. It was extremely powerful and was

obviously over compensation from my complaints about the wine urine smell. I went to bed.

8:00 I put a warm cloth on Mom's eyes and Dad asked if I wanted cereal for breakfast. I told him, no thank you, and put lotion on Mom's arms. I talked to her about Natalie leaving. Mom said, "Mark must be sad that she left." I said it was an unnecessary dangerous move when she was given a place to live and work on her music. I said I knew it was a challenge for her to get along with Mark and Connie and to feel productive but that kind of self-control has to come from within.

Dad went back in the kitchen for a long time so I knew he was probably wanting for me to see Mom fall into the drugging. By 8:30 Mom was not able to communicate or remember she wanted Dad to get the gas out of her back ostomy when he returned. I went upstairs and Darion arrived.

10:00 I vacuumed the dusty ceiling fan we discovered to be very dusty when the hurricane stopped the fan for a few days and we could see how it accumulated dust.

11:00 I went to the store and got balloons to play with Mom a newspaper and milk. I also got a power conditioner for my musical equipment.

12:00 I returned to the house. Shelley of Caring Senior Service and the Wednesday nurse Margaret were here. Dad seemed to be acting babyish and submissive talking to Shelley and Mom was quiet and cautious for nurse Margaret. I don't know what I missed that created this environment but I greeted Margaret and asked why she was here on a Friday instead of Wednesday. She explained it was because of the hurricane. I went back to the store to get a newspaper after telling Mom they didn't have a newspaper at three of the stores I visited. Mom was barely responsive.

12:30 I got back from the second store and gave Dad a chocolate bar. I knew it would take hours for the Swiss Steak Darion was cooking so I wasn't worried about messing up his appetite. Shelley was still talking to Dad but seemed to be on her way to leave. I brought Mom her paper and a bag of Cheetos I put next to her bed. I was joking around with Mom and I guess Shelley heard us because she came in and started talking.

Darion Said she was finished making Swiss Steak for everyone. I knew this was hours too soon but Darion served the it after Shelley left and we all ate it. The steak didn't have time to soften during simmering so it was tough but the sauce was very good and I suggested she let the rest of it simmer for a couple of hours for a future meal. She said

that was what she was doing.

1:00 Dad watched a British comedy with me for a while, turned on the heater in 90° weather and then left the house.

2:00 I tried to talk to Mom and see if she wanted to read the paper but she wasn't ready yet. I told her and Darion I was going to get a subscription for the paper but I hope there would be more time when Mom is alert and unmedicated to read it. Darion said Mom was tired because of being bathed and having her oxygen off for some time the day before.

I said we need a registered nurse to make sure about such things because Dad makes excuses for Mom not to be moved or exercise when she really needs physical therapy and to have her ostomy cared for properly. Darion said, that would be the end of her in this house. She said, we need to let her know if we get a nurse because she needs to let Shelley know so she can schedule her elsewhere.

I can understand perfectly how a minimum wage worker would be desperate to have some continuity with a predictable schedule but she isn't given the authority to do what is best for Mom even though she said wanted to do anything Mom needed yesterday.

Ironically, she is convinced by Dad and her boss not to give Mom physical therapy or give Dad freedom to develop his fitness by caring for Mom's ostomy. It must seem heartless for me to be seeking a nurse who would accomplish the things Mom needs, to avoid excuses for activity and start building her health. But Mom and Dad are my priority.

3:00 Mom said she wanted Cheetos. Darion said Dad ate most of them. I gave her the remainder of the bag and Darion got a bowl for her to eat more easily. We started watching and laughing at the same show Dad and I were watching earlier. Mom was getting into it a bit this time.

3:30 I started having allergic reactions to something in Mom's room. I think it may be the scent Dad is using to make the bedroom smell better. I told Darion, the first time I smelled the extremely powerful smell was last night when Dad took out the diapers to the garage. I should have let Darion know the new overwhelming scent in the house was probably overcompensation for the alcohol urine smell I was complaining about to Dad. I also think Dad is trying to avoid the expense of getting an exhaust vent for the bathroom ceiling.

4:00 I used a warm washcloth to put on Mom's eyes for the second time today. She seemed to enjoy it very much and left it on for a long time before she threw it in the basketball basket. I blew up a balloon and we knocked it around the bedroom with her arms and legs for a while. This was really enjoyable bouncing a balloon around with Darion, Mom and I. I left Mom to watch the British comedy show.

I took a shower to wash the odorizer out of my eyes. Darion left for the day. Dad arrived from the doctor's office, was laying on the bed and Mom was eating leftover Swiss Steak. They said they didn't need anything and I worked on my musical equipment.

7:00 I asked if they wanted a snack and they said they didn't. I started my exercise.

8:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

7/11/24 Betty Broome Report

8:00 I went to Mom and Dad's room and asked if they were ready for bacon and eggs. Mom was knocked out but Dad told Mom, "yes." And then he said, "yes."

I brought them bacon and eggs and mom was awake but disoriented. She said, "can you raise me up." I said, yes and used the button to lift her head and shoulders. She squealed with pain and clutched her ostomy. I asked her if it was constipation and Dad said, "no that's her normal pain."

Mom asked me to, "go out the door." As I was leaving Dad said to her, "do you want me to change you first or do you want to eat first?" Some of the bacon was in the garbage disposal later so I don't know how much she ate.

9:00 Teresa arrived and I moved Mom into the living room so the bedroom could be done. Mom was thoroughly drugged and wincing from her bowels uncomfortably full. Teresa told Connie about her ag teacher daughter and Connie told Teresa about her family's golf course being built. Connie introduced herself to Darion saying she didn't remember if she's met her before.

9:15 Darion arrived and started talking to Mom though we had started a Humphrey

Bogart movie for Mom to watch.

10:00 I reminded Dad had a Tee time to play golf and he told me it was canceled. He seemed to be vengeful about all the plans we frustrated him with over the years and get some confused enjoyment about letting me know at the last minute the plans were canceled. It was a strange moment.

He then told me to bring the oxygen when I move Mom to the living room because she was found to be at a dangerous 60 oxygen level. He made a big deal out of it as if it was the first time anyone forgot to move the oxygen. He leaves it off Mom often when he changes her ostomy and I find her without the oxygen in the mornings when I put the washcloth on her eyes.

It appears Dad expected to hide Mom in the bedroom all day and was upset with me for getting Mom out in the living room.

10:30 Mark brought coffee from McDonald's.

11:00 Dad asked me to get lunch while I was out and I went to the grocery store. I got supplies for Asian beef salad and cleaning supplies Teresa asked for. I also went to the music store which was still closed from the hurricane.

11:30 I made Asian beef salad for everyone. Dad and Mark were at the bank. I tried to convince Mom to start communicating with Dad more honestly because he still does much of what she asks for directly when she's not drugged and can't be manipulated. She gets things adjusted with her demands but she also adjusts her own wishes out of her own politeness.

She had been drugged all morning and was mostly unresponsive except with simple repetitions of what people said around her.

Now Mom was starting to come out of The usual morning drugging and we could have a little conversation. Still, Mom was trying to get us to let her sleep so we turned off the television and lights.

12:30 Mark and Dad came home and I told them about the beef salad. Mark didn't want any and Dad went in the bedroom and turned on the television even though Mom was trying to sleep when they arrived. Mark mentioned too Mom, "you were woozy all morning" and asked if she was starting to feel better or was she faking? Mom said she

was faking. We laughed.

Dad made an event of putting Mom's pills in a daily pill distributor. Now that his misuse of Mom's medication has been exposed and he has not been reprimanded yet he seems defiant. I'm still hoping he will snap out of this abusive medication codependency with Mom so I don't have to request the authorities separate Mom from the drugs and alcohol. But Mom can't wait forever.

1:00 Byran the physical therapist, worked with Mom for a little while but was concerned about her low oxygen and said he would give her a better workout on Tuesday.

I received the equipment rack I was waiting for and installed what I could.

2:00 Dad was attempting to negotiate with the bank who has not accepted his mortgage payment because they said his signature looked different. I warned him of a scam in which banks enact fine print from mortgage contracts where they can take equity and even take a house under some circumstances. He said he knows.

2:30 I was on my way to the store and Dad was listening to opera with Mom and Darion. They didn't want anything from the store. I asked Mom if she wanted a motorcycle and she laughed.

3:00 Natalie arrived and said goodbye to everyone before she left to Florida. I was glad I was able to let her play the drums before she left because it seemed motivational to her to touch an acoustic instrument rather than her usual digital instrumentation.

4:35 Darion left with Mark who drove her home so her mother wouldn't have to.

5:00 I fixed baked potatoes for Mom and Dad. Dad ate all of it but Mom only ate a little.

8:00 I went in the bedroom and asked if they wanted a milkshake or something and Mom tried to wake Dad but said, "no thank you." I said good night and went upstairs.

A list of household needs which could all be completed or appointments made in one day.

Learn to use the new standing PT chair.

A dentist appointment for Mom.

A knee and shoulder appointment for arthritis injections for Mom.

Contact a registered nurse to care for mom's ostomy, physical therapy and medication.

Exhaust vents in the bathrooms.

Enlarged bathroom door for Mom to access the toilet with walker or toilet chair.

No more anti-fussy pills for Mom so she can do her physical therapy.

Look into an alternate blood thinner other than Xarelto for a less harsh grunting and hallucinating effect when mixed with other medications.

Get Mom a subscription to the newspaper.

Get Mom an emergency, easy to use phone, possibly from Walmart.

Get physical therapy for Dad.

Dad doesn't understand how immature and petty he became after 30 years of isolation in his retirement. But psychology lets us know we can change our habits. He was contrary in response to his his controlling father and brother and that passed on to us. So we said, "no" to his suggestions for years without understanding the source of our rejections.

Now his vengeful controlling ego has been pointed at Mom tearing her down. Like most people, Dad's worst habits are never visible to him but he is an excellent advocate protecting all the work he's done to take away Mom's independence so far. It came natural to him being raised in the misogynistic '40s and '50s and because the insurance companies are confusing in their requirements for Mom to be bedridden.

He convinces medical professionals, poorly trained APS workers and minimum wage assistants to participate and believe his falsehoods so he continues to misuse Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications which keep Mom from exercising and having regular bowel movements.

Most people who interact with Mom don't know about, what Dad calls his, anti-fussy pills for Mom, which create a catch-22 that make her upset and then make it seem like she needs more.

Mom knows I'm trying to help but she also knows she has to say whatever Dad tells her to say and that is very hurtful to me. I promised her I will not leave until she can walk but she tells me all the time to leave because that's what she's told.

The physical therapist has prescribed a new machine I wish we had started Mom with years ago, but we will have a fresh chance when it arrives and Byran demonstrates it for us. We need Mom to believe in the new machine enough to overcome Dad's demonizing of everything that builds her independence. From her reading glasses, family assisted physical therapy and her walking machine lift jacket, Dad is constantly interfering.

Dad had decades to develop destructive habits and hasn't been able to recognize or stop, even with me and another occasionally calling attention to them. I still have high hopes he will snap out of his dangerous codependent habits with Mom and involve himself in life again with his family he used to honestly be able to say means so much to him. He will be an example of someone who survived this convoluted psychological trap with so many corroborating influences.

Dad could be an inspiration to a whole world full of elders trapped by reckless doctors and the controlling prescriptions for their spouses. When he has a nurse properly caring for Mom he will come back to life.

7/10/24 Betty Broome Report

1:30 a.m Checked the generator and the refrigerator was unplugged. I asked Dad about it and he made some reference to my charging the phone earlier so I thought he must have thought he was disconnecting my phone. Mom said she's wet and needed to be changed.

7:00 I filled the generator with gas and started it again.

8:00 Mark arrived.

9:00 Mom was incapacitated so Darion swept the whole house and cleans all the counters.

10:00 Mark visited and checked the gasoline levels.

11:00 Dad and Mark went to McDonald's and got breakfast for everyone. Mom was alert enough to eat but just barely.

1:00 I had to go to the store. I asked if Mom and Joe Sr wanted anything. They said they were going to eat a late lunch because they had a late breakfast.

2:00 the generator ran out of gas and I refilled it and started it. Joe Sr came out of the closed bedroom to say thanks.

2:30 Joe Sr left to go get something from the drug store and asked me to cook hot dogs for Mom and Darion

3:30 Joe Sr returned from the store and wasn't hungry. Mark arrived with a flashlight.

5:00 Mark brought home a portable air conditioner which we assembled and put in the window while Dad said he probably wasn't going to keep it.

5:30 Dad said be quiet to Mom when she asked what we were doing.

7:30 We had just finished installing an air conditioning unit with extension cords from the generator when the electricity came on.

I sent a text to everyone in the family letting them know they should drive safely home from the crazy traffic if they were doing something to help Mom and Joe Sr because the electricity was on.

Mark called and said he and Connie would come sleep in the air conditioner. Their's hasn't come on yet.

8:00 Mark and Connie arrived and Mark slept on the couch watching TV downstairs. Mom and Dad were quiet all night.

7/9/24 Betty Broome Report

2:30a.m. Loud shouting matches and the door was slammed shut.

3:00 The whole house smells like wine urine when Dad took the diapers outside.

7:00 I hear Mom calling Joe Joe! I ran downstairs and Dad was working on the generator in the backyard. I told Mom that's where he was and she asked for a glass of milk. I could see Mom and Dad ate shredded wheat for breakfast. Joe sr said he was going to the bank but he fell asleep in the chair and the living room.

8:30 dad went to get gasoline for the generator and Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair. She suggested she shouldn't dry her hair because the house is so hot.

Mom and I talked about the flood and the weather. We saw on the news that several people were killed in the hurricane. I exercised her feet, her legs and her arms on the trapeze.

9:00 I called Mark and asked him if he has a fan or if he could buy a cheap one and bring it for Mom and Dad's bedroom because they are estimating the next group of houses to get electricity from Abbott's power grid isn't going to be until tomorrow.

9:30 Joe Sr came in the bedroom and saw the refrigerator was not plugged in. I had unplugged it to raise Mom's head so she can watch TV. Dad plugged in the refrigerator and went and got some milk for himself. I transferred the refrigerator cord to an outlet on the generator and straight into the kitchen. I told them I was going upstairs to get cleaned up and dressed for the day.

10:00 Mark arrived and I asked if he got my message about the fan for Mom and he said his phone wasn't working at his house. Dad told Mark the gas stations are packed and he had to wait for 30 minutes just to get a gas can filled for the generator. Mark left.

10:30 Mark returned with fans.

11:00 Mom calls Dad to change her and he talks for a long time.

12:00 Byran (physical therapist) arrived and gave Mom a good workout. I told him I have ordered the Sara Stedy and I hope he would show us how to use it next time he visits. He said he's coming on Thursday.

12:30 Byran left.

1:00 Mark and Dad came back with food for my restaurant that was real good.

2:00 each time the generator stopped running I filled it with gas and started it.

3:00 I found some extension cords and plugged in the internet Wi-Fi and the TV in the front room. I fell asleep.

5:00 I went in and Mom and Dad were talking about early family life. It looked like I missed Mom's evening dragging and they were reminiscing.

6:00 I fixed bagel pizzas and they ate half.

8:00 Dad realized the freezer would run out during the night and I said I would go get gas. I looked for gas for an hour and a half and had one somewhat violent interaction with another driver who didn't want me to cross the street for the line to the gas station.

11:00 Joe Sr thought of a strategy for finding gas and left for an hour. He returned with 5 gallons of gas. I left the TV on quiet so he could see when he came in.

12:00 Dad unplugged the refrigerator and the downstairs television and got upset with me saying that I did it.

10:30 Darion sweeping

7/8/24 Betty Broome Report

It's obvious a minimum wage assistant can not and will not care for Mom the way a professional nurse would for the same price but without expensive administrators. Joe Sr needs to speak to the insurance company and hire someone to care for Mom including her ostomy, her physical therapy and her medication.

At present the insurance company is paying minimum wage for babysitters who do not allow Dad the freedom he needs to build up his health. Caring Senior Service assistants do not care for Mom in a way that builds up her health. They show up and leave whenever they want to and they take an extraordinary number of days off.

We need a real nurse to take control of Mom's health and free dad to care for himself. Even if Dad read these Adult Protection Services reports everyday he is challenged to remember anything but the unhealthy routines he developed over the past 13 years when everyone in the family said "no" to everything he suggested, including me.

We were caught up in our careers, neglected mom and dad for as much as 30 years since he retired and we never gave Mom the attention she deserved because our family was born in the misogynistic '50s.

5:00 The wind is blowing intensely and it's raining off and on from the impending hurricane.

I asked if Joe Sr wanted eggs and bacon for breakfast and he said they would want them by the time they were ready. He was in the process of changing Mom's diaper.

5:30 I brought Mom and Joe Sr eggs bacon and fresh peaches slices and they ate them.

6:00 I fell asleep and the lights must have gone out while I was asleep.

7:00 I got up and saw the generator was turned on and extension cords were plugged into Mom's oxygen machine and the refrigerator.

9:00 I went in and held Mom's hand because she was shouting, "where is the shirt. Where is the shirt I can wear when I go outside?" Dad said, "you would get wet if you went outside" and he laughed. Mom started crying in pain clutching her ostomy. She said, "I'm hurting" she said, "I'm hurting Joe!" Joe sr said, "it's not full yet" and I asked if they have a stool softener.

Dad became upset and said, "it isn't constipation and you can tell because her eliminations are liquid." Now I can understand Joe Ss rationale for thinking Mom doesn't need irrigation or more regular bowel movements. He still thinks the more solid eruptions once a week are an anomaly and he puts it out of his mind. They happen regularly but he tells everyone they've only happened eight times in the past 13 years.

Mom said "what do I do about this?" And she was obviously in pain when she made even the slightest motion. Mom was saying to Dad, "you don't know what I need." She kept repeating to Joe sr, "you don't know what I need." I think it was think it was finally a compromise she said, "I need my diaper changed now."

Joe Sr said, "let me wait a little while till you finish." She said "I am finished. You don't know when I'm finished." I went upstairs to send yesterday's report to the negligent adult protective Services institutions and my ignorant family.

9:30 Joe Sr was talking for a long time about some political issue till Mom said, "oh Joe. I'm hurting." As usual Dad gave her an antacid rather than withholding stomach upsetting medications or relieving her ostomy. He talked in baby talking said "you want aTums for your tummy."

10:00 Joe Sr went to the grocery store and I started playing songs for Mom. She seemed very inspired and asked me to take her to the living room.

11:00 Mark and Connie visited and said Darion was with her Mother at the hospital

today. Connie and Mark left to purchase a gasoline generator. Mom asked to be put in the living room chair.

2:30 I missed a call from Joe Sr who was trying to find out if we had eggs at the house. He got home from the grocery store and I put away the groceries. Mom said she was suffering and needed a change. Dad went into the bathroom for a long time.

3:00 Mark and Connie returned and Dad was still in the bathroom. Connie asked how Mom was doing and Mom shook her head in a slow and eerie way and said, "I don't know how I'm doing. Mark and Connie wouldn't leave because they were able to get a cell phone signal.

I called attention to the fact that Mom was saying she was suffering and suggested they look at their cell phones in the garage so Dad could change Mom.

It appears Dad drugged her when he first got home and was waiting for Mom to succumb to the effects of the drugs. It was an ugly performance and very confusing for Mark and Connie.

3:30 I ask Dad if he wanted me to move Mom into the bedroom if it was easier for him to change Mom. Dad said it would and I moved her into the bedroom. She was very upset raving and complaining. So I knew she was at the hallucination stage of her drugging that only lasts between 15 and 30 minutes at the beginning.

4:00 I went upstairs while Joe Sr was changing Mom.

5:00 I got TV going with generator and air antenna. I suggested they install an exhaust fan in the bathroom. I told them a story about how my landlord in Maryland installed an exhaust fan for me. Mom asked for me to close the door. It looked to me like she knew dad was upset with her for showing independence today, especially in front of Connie..

6:00 I started my exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went in the bedroom while Dad was in the kitchen. I think it's surprised him when he walked in the bedroom with a tall glass of wine because he uncharacteristically asked if I wanted some wine. He knows I don't drink.

10:30 Dad asked me to help him fill the generator with gas and start it so I did. While I was down there I plugged in my phone and charged it.

Some old white men in the US are becoming dangerous. The 50s good old boys clubs are dangerous to the good old boys themselves their wives and everyone around them. Joe Sr, Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh thought they had the situation figured out on November 6th 2019 when the doctors prescribed end of life drugs for Mom.

We're just lucky they didn't prescribe a morphine pump assisted suicide system. Almost immediately Mom became bedridden and now Mom needs a nurse to protect her from the doctors and her aged spouse. I'm sure the end of life drug system works for the weaker spouse in many couples but Mom is tough as nails.

7/7/25 Betty Broome Report

Because Joe Sr never irrigated mom's ostomy in the 13 years she has had it he is absolutely convinced her bloated misery is of her own doing. He is short-tempered with her when her stomach is so filled with feces she is too fragile to move. All of the falsehoods and deceptions surrounding Mom's neglected care arise from family and professionals avoiding the disgusting chore of caring for her ostomy.

5:30 I heard noise downstairs and went down to see what was happening. Joe Sr was just finishing breakfast and asked if I wanted shredded wheat and strawberries. I said no thank you and sat in the big living room chair and turned on the TV.

Joe Sr went back into the bedroom and closed the door but it looked like Mom was asleep with her mouth wide open so I don't know that she ate breakfast. I fell asleep on the chair then went upstairs.

7:00 I heard noise downstairs and looked to see a coiled extension cord and I knew Mark prepared the generator for the upcoming storm.

8:00 I spoke to Mom while Dad was in the kitchen and Mark arrived and we all talked about the hurricane. I found a local station with a satisfying image of the hurricane from a satellite and Mom could see it's timing and direction. I told her this is why she needs to get up and start exercising so she can run away from things like this. I was half joking but she said yes and when I asked her to kick her legs for exercise she participated for a little while. Mark had more preparations to do for the hurricane and I went back upstairs to get dressed.

8:30 I woke with the bedroom door open and Mom calling out, "I need to walk. I need to walk." Joe Sr asked her, "how much walking do you need to do?" He quickly closed the door and there was at least 30 minutes of him talking but I couldn't hear what he was saying. I couldn't hear mom responding at all.

9:00 Joe Sr opened the door and went to the kitchen and quickly returned with coffee. Mom made a sound and Dad said, "you wanted coffee so I got you coffee." He was speaking as if he was caring for her in baby talk. She said she wanted to move so she could drink the coffee. Dad started asking her do you want to be moved up or down and she answered in completely confused comments. So I sent the report for the previous day. After a while Joe Sr asked if he could take a nap. Mom said, "why is the door open." He closed the door.

10:00 I purchased a game for Joe Sr's virtual reality headset hoping he would become more physically active and give Mom a break. I played the Putt-Putt game for a while to get used to it and ask Joe Sr to come in the living room and try it.

Joe Sr immediately became competitive and wanted to bet a dollar. I thought that was encouraging. We took turns playing the game for a couple of hours till it ran out of batteries and I plugged it into the charger.

12:30 I asked Mom if she wanted the same chicken and dumplings she had for her birthday and she said yes. Joe sr was ready for another game and I told him to get a score and I would compete with him when I got back from the restaurant.

It was raining intensely but I reached the restaurant and returned with chicken and dumplings.

1:30 Natalie called and asked for chicken and dumplings and I told her she could have some of her father's.

2:00 Natalie arrived, ate and we had an interesting conversation about dreams and reality before Joe sr called us in to talk to Mom.

2:30 I had an appointment to speak to one of my ex students who has been robbed by his aunt's of all of his possessions after his mother died two months ago.

3:30 I went downstairs and told Natalie and my parents about the conversation I had with my special needs exstudent.

4:00 Natalie went home and Joe sr and I played another game of golf with a new defective golf game that discouraged us from completing it. I uninstalled the game.

5:00 it's been several months since Dad blurted out his tourette syndrome comment. Eat her pus**. But today he said it four times. I described previously how he probably feels he missed an exciting life option and this is a psychological release but it is certainly offensive to Mom who I think he blames for getting pregnant young and eliminating this sexual option. At least eliminating it in his inexperienced mind in 1953.

Several times today Joe senior seemed as surprised is anyone else that Mom wouldn't exercise in front of him with the trapeze and her legs. I know he realizes sometimes he is the main obstacle to her health but he also forgets quickly.

But just like Trump, the circle of individuals around Joe Sr and who are involved with Mom's care believe what they want to believe. In Mom's case it is to keep their distance from her ostomy.

7/6/24 Betty Broome Report

It's tragic that someone so clear-headed as Joe Sr, about politics, science and general ethics has a blind spot that allows him to use Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions to torture kill his wife slowly for 6 years. If Mom weren't so strong she would have been gone long ago and it's Joe Sr's confused loyalty mixed with the almost imperceptibly gradual death that comes from a mixture of drugs that cause Mom constipation pain and terrifying loss of body control, which most don't recognize as preventable. Only Byran, the physical therapist, knows how wasteful my family and our doctors have become.

Joe Sr's, the cognitive dissonance about thousands of dollars of unused walking equipment is starting to add up and he can't rationalize his obstruction to Mom's physical therapy and talk like he cares about Mom at the same time.

7:00 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. They said they had already eaten shredded wheat. I asked if Mom felt better this morning and she said yes but she looked upset. Joe Sr also looked upset with me and I couldn't figure out what it was.

8:00 Veronica came and washed mom's hair. I hope she's washing more than her hair.

Veronica left.

Mom kept asking me to leave the room. I was asking her if she wanted to get up and go in the living room. Mom asked me to call Mark and ask him for coffee. I read her the latest version of the paragraph for the back of the Martha Black Huddleston quilt star gifts and she liked it very much. She said it was still too long but it may be time to print them.

We were discussing Mom's college friends and Joe Sr looked up the name of mother's friends from college to try to find a way to contact her close friend who wasn't answering the phone. Dad sent me a text with one of Mom's friends address. I'll see if Mom will write a letter tomorrow.

I could see from her discomfort moving, Mom was still in abdominal pain this morning, but it didn't look as severe as it was last night.

8:30 Joe Sr went in the kitchen.

9:00 Mark arrived and we talked to Mom about Jeweldeen her school friend, and how no one can contact the Broome house because of Joe Sr's phone being the only contact number most people have us. We said that Dad needs to do something about getting his phone to work properly.

It's a dangerous disconnect and I'm sure the family, doctors and adult protective institutions are using that disconnect to wash their hands of their responsibility for Mom and Joe Sr's health.

Something appeared on television and we talked about OJ Simpson. Joe Sr said he had no idea how someone who was so famous could have ruined his family name and his life like OJ did.

10:00 I repeatedly asked Mom to go out and to consider going to Brian's play on Thursday night. I told Mom I ordered the Sara Stedy machine to help her get out of bed and I could tell it upset Joe Sr. I guess that's what he was upset about this morning.

10:30 Mark left saying he's taking his wife on a date today.

11:00 I had a good long talk with Joe Senior about politics. He was saying that the Democrats need to do something noticeable but ethical to contrast with the Republicans noticeable but unethical developing human infrastructure. I said there should be a ballot

for the people to choose between numbers of Supreme Court members and whether to get rid of the electoral college.

12:00 Joe sr fixed meatloaf sandwiches for lunch and said he was going to try to feed it to Mom. Mom was saying that she needed her ostomy changed and it did look like it was starting to be filled but not very much. Joe Sr closed the door behind him and I didn't see them for hours.

3:00 Mark returned and said he had been out with his wife and now she was meeting with her friends. It was starting to rain and we tried to get Mom up to look at the changing weather. Mom wouldn't budge but seemed very alert. It looks like another case of Dad's disparaging gas lighting.

3:30 I took video outside so Mom could hear the rain and see what the front of the house looked like and she was delighted. She felt the rain on my arm and repeated "it's raining." I tried to find something on the television to interest her but she said she wanted to sleep.

I read Mom the the corrections from this morning of the paragraph for the back of her mother's framed quilt stars and she made a couple more corrections, said it was very good but still too long. Mom needed her diaper changed and they closed the door. I was exhausted and fell asleep till 7:00.

7:00 I watched PBS NewsHour and told Joe Sr about something I found on TV. He said I shouldn't wake Mom so I went upstairs for the evening.

Joe Sr is becoming an expert at keeping the whole family separated from Mom when she is alert. But even family members who would prefer to participate in Joe Sr's characterization of Mom's mental and physical state. would not be able to tolerate witnessing his manipulations. If they were in the house enough to see through Joe sr's performances they would be disgusted. So the family keeps their distance and visits only during social gatherings where everyone has their role to play moving around Mom.

7/5/24 Betty Broome Report

Women and people of color are expected to deal with constant pain throughout their lives because they are considered different in their ability to tolerate pain.

4:00 a.m. the television was very loud downstairs but my sinuses hurt badly from the spray paint the days before so I waited to go to their bedroom.

7:30 Dad said they already ate hours before. I opened the curtains and gave Mom some dried apricots.

8:00 Joe Sr said I could get them some chocolate cake. I put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes and got her and Joe Sr. pieces of Mom's birthday cake. They both ate it while I ate some cereal.

Mark arrived and talked to Mom and Dad.

9:00 I asked Dad if he would walk next to the ditch for some exercise. He said he would do it tomorrow but they should leave earlier. I said, maybe Mark will come early in the morning and we can leave before an assistant arrives. Dad changed his mind and we left to go for a walk leaving Mark with Mom.

9:06 Darion arrived and we waved to her as she passed in her car. We had a good walk and found a smoke bomb left over from the 4th of July. When we returned Mark lit the smoke bomb in the backyard and we watched it smoke. We asked Mom if she would get up and get some vitamin d in the backyard and she said no.

10:00 I started spraying backgrounds for Mom's Mom's quilt stars. All the backgrounds are going to be white and I am making 15 of them for all the family members including Mom. I forgot to wear a mask again so I'll need to find one for spraying tomorrow.

11:00 Dad started cooking but Darion took over and finished excellent meatloaf and Joe Sr was very happy with the help. He repeated it several times that Darion took over and did a great job.

12:00 The oxygen machine repairman arrived with a duplicate oxygen machine hoping it would not cut out like it has for the past few days. Darion made this happen and it seems to have upset Joe Sr. He changed the main line from the oxygen machine and disconnected the water because Mom was complaining of water dripping out of the nostril tubes. It seems possible that made this happen.

1:30 Mia arrived as we were all eating Darion's excellent meatloaf. The bacon on the top was not quite finished cooking but it was extraordinary anyway. Darion left for the day.

2:00 Mia changed Mom's diaper. I watched a couple of monster movies and kept an eye on Mom while Dad and Mia talked over her.

3:00 Mom continued to say she wanted to sleep when I went in to give her water after each time she coughed. It was good for Mia to occupy Joe Sr but she probably should have done it in the living room wow Mom was either drugged or sleepy. Joe Sr and Mark left for a while. I tried to get Mom to finish deciding what the paragraph should say for the back of all the framed quilt stars but she said she couldn't think.

5:00 Mia left for the day. I showed Mom the machine I was going to order when I get paid on the 15th. It's called a Sara Stedy and it will help her get up and practice with her legs. Byran (the physical therapist) suggested it to transition from the bed to being able to stand. I thought he was going to visit yesterday or today but he did not.

6:00 It appears that Mom went through her entire afternoon drugged hysterics behind closed doors. When I visited her she was calming down but couldn't move or laugh without severe abdominal pain. I talked to her for about 15 minutes trying to discover what kind of pain it was and it appeared to me she was constipated.

I asked Mom many times to get up in hopes activity would cause her to have a satisfying bowel movement and stop her pain. She finally asked for root beer.

6:30 I went to the store and got root beer and a newspaper. When I returned she drank some and asked if I put anything in the root beer. I'm not sure what it means that she is suspicious me or someone else might put something in her drinks. Joe Sr's constant gas lighting must be terribly confusing for her and my explain.

I reassured her I didn't put anything in her drink and I told her I was going to watch her from the living room while I did my exercise. When I returned with a refill of root beer Joe Sr had already thrown away her newspaper.

7:00 I finished exercise with PBS News and I went upstairs.

Mom doesn't want to have a bowel movement while an assistant is in the house because she has spent a lifetime caring for others and doesn't want to inconvenience anyone. There is a variety of assistants and none of them are familiar enough or make her feel comfortable putting them through the disgusting task of changing her ostomy bag.

This is something Mom is dealing with in her own thoughts because she can't trust Joe Sr. to be considerate of her. He thinks of himself as a martyr caring for her and sometimes even makes fun of her when she is hysterical with abdominal cramps or hallucinations from medication.

APS could end Mom's suffering with one visit by demanding the sedatives and alcohol removed from the house. They don't even believe Joe senior has what he calls "Mom's auntie fussy medicine." They appear to be run by incompetent individuals from Ken Paxton at the top, to Angela who represents the organization visiting the house.

They believe the elderly portraiter of Mom's daily suffering rather than the one who reported him. Women are expected to deal with constant pain throughout their lives because they are considered different from men in their ability to tolerate the pain.

7/4/24 Betty Broome Report

So far we are unable to schedule any family activities predictably because of the random schedules of the Caring Senior Service assistants but it may get better because we mostly have the same one every day sometimes. At the very least Joe Sr should walk every morning after the assistant arrives somewhere between 9:00 and 10:00. Exercise is one of the keys to clearing people's thoughts and dementia.

5:00 I heard Joe Sr downstairs and I went to the kitchen and asked what was for breakfast. He said shredded wheat. I went and put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes and when she was finished wiping her face I asked her to throw the washcloth at the laundry hamper and she almost reached it today. She's getting better everyday.

5:30 Mom and Joe Sr finished breakfast and Dad took the tray away. I talked to Mom for a while about finishing the windows this morning. They were watching Cheers reruns and I went upstairs to get cleaned up.

7:00 I started washing the the last Windows.

7:30 One sure way to know when Mom has received a serious dose of drugs is when Joe Sr can't lay on the bed. He has to sit next to Mom to keep her from jumping out during the manic portion of her drug event 30 minutes into each drugging.

It's ironic he's the one who causes it with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions and he's the one who has to deal with it. Even though he blames her lack of control on dementia. Hopefully he'll snap out of this nightmare soon and start having his family again.

9:09 Darion arrived and got Mom in the wheelchair waiting for the neighborhood 4th of July parade. Joe Sr kept saying Mom didn't want to go outside but when I asked, I got Mom to go to the door to watch the parade and hear the music.

9:30 The parade went by and it was fun.

<https://youtu.be/WdM6JfGkhEM?si=MTxKNxD2jMtYuA42>

10:00 I transferred Mom from the wheelchair to the big living room chair and she smelled terrible. She must not be getting bathed properly or some part of her is not being babe properly. I couldn't determine the source of the smell but it could have been her teeth. She needs to go to the dentist very badly. Mom stayed in the living room all morning talking to us.

11:00 Joe Sr went to get barbecue sandwiches and we all ate.

12:00 Mom ironed the quilt stars for the family framed quilt star presents. She must have done a lot of ironing in her life because she fell right back into the skill immediately.

1:00 Mark found a balloon outside leftover from the parade and we had about 20 minutes of hitting the balloon around which was excellent exercise and coordination skill for Mom and fun for everyone. I got video of one of the bouts.

https://youtu.be/yPwJmbwnH_k?si=aV5pV04QrthQrG7-

Mom asked if she could have alcohol for the 4th of July and I don't know if they slipped it to her or not. Dad changed Mom's ostomy in the living room chair so Mark and I stayed away from that room while Mom was undressed.

Dad demonstrated how to change the ostomy for Darion. Darion said she liked to learn new things, so I guess she has never changed Mom's ostomy. That should be the main thing she does so that Dad can leave the house and build his health. That's necessary so Mom can have independence fragile fullness and build her physical therapy health.

1:30 Mom was moved back into the bedroom where she said she wanted to sleep. I can't tell if she is just being polite and doesn't want to bother anyone with her inability

to walk. But she is convincing that she was sleepy and I didn't see Joe Sr slip her any drugs..

2:00 Mom asked for money to tip people. I gave her the \$8 I had and told her I would get her cash the next day. Darion said she didn't want any money.

2:30 I ran to the store to get some things for the band but they didn't have them. I came back and Mark was still here. We took turns saying hello to Mom in the bedroom who seemed very tired or drugged.

3:30 Darion had to leave because she's helping with her mother. She said she would have to leave at 1:00 tomorrow but someone else would take her place. She said she's being scheduled with a lot of overtime that causes her to have to take time off from our house but she's not in charge of scheduling.

5:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted me to make them bacon sandwiches. They said yes and there were no tomatoes or lettuce so I made bacon, spinach, onion and sweet pickle sandwiches. They both ate half of the sandwich and I put the other half in the fridge for a midnight snack if they wanted it later.

6:00 I started my exercise with PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I finished exercising and ask if they wanted a ice cream shake and they said no. I went upstairs for the night.

7/3/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom didn't seem to have been drugged today. So I'll save my police reports until she is drugged again.

8:00 I put a washcloth on Mom's eyes and she woke up. She complained but she was alert. Joe Sr said they already ate but I gave Mom apricots and she ate them. I reminded Mom of my promise to wash the windows for her birthday and gathered the supplies.

8:30 The AT&T man came and I let him in the backyard where he checked the fiber.

9:00 Teresa arrived and started talking to Mom and Joe Sr. Mom loves talking to Teresa.

9:18 Darion arrived and I suggested Mom go in the living room so Teresa could fix the bed. Mom said, okay. I moved Mom into the wheelchair using the strength of her legs and let her stand for a couple of seconds. I did the same thing moving her from the wheelchair to the chair in the living room. Mom seemed surprised and happy she was undrugged and capable of communicating with everyone.

9:30 Mom seemed happy to get to see me washing windows. She repeated she wanted Mark to cut the hedges he planted in the backyard so they were nearer to the same height.

I told her I would call Mark and tell him what she said. She said, "don't tell him he's coming to cut the bushes or he won't come" and she laughed. We all laughed.

Mark arrived and trimmed the hedges significantly, which seemed satisfying to Mom.

Joe Sr signaled to Mom and she started making incoherent statements for a couple of minutes. This is a significant new development.

10:00 Margaret, the Wednesday nurse, arrived and gave Mom a perfect a+ for her health today. Her oxygen was 86 which conflicts with Brian's texted understanding that the oxygen rates should be higher.

11:00 Margaret left as the oxygen machine repairman arrived. The man suggested the tubing must have been pinched because of the way the machine was dysfunctioning the day before.

11:30 Shelley arrived and talked to everyone. It was great that she got to see Mom without drugs. They all kept reminding me to be safe because I was so high on the ladder washing the windows.

Dad asked Mom what she wanted for lunch and suggested meatloaf, a Reuben or a hamburger and mom said she liked all of them. Joe Sr said he would fix Ruben's for everyone. Mark and Joe Sr went to the grocery store.

12:00 Joe Sr and Mark returned with groceries and Joe Sr made Ruben's for everyone.

12:30 Mom wanted to have her diaper changed in the living room. She wasn't drugged

so she couldn't have her mind changed with suggestion by Joe Sr. He and Darion changed her diaper but she wasn't finished and there was some confusion.

Once mom stops being drugged and starts being believed, she can be confident to ask to be changed at the right time. Or she can start going to the bathroom herself once her legs are exercised.

1:00 Mom wanted to go in the bedroom so I moved her into the wheelchair letting her stand for a moment and pretending to dance with her. Then I moved her from the chair into the bed and asked her to pull herself up with her arm trapeze and her legs walking but Dad signaled to Darion to assist Mom.

I finished washing some of the windows and the bedroom door was closed for hours.

5:00 The house was quiet and I asked Mom and Joe Sr if they wanted spaghetti for supper. I fixed them spaghetti and Dad ate his. Mom ate a lot of hers.

6:00 I started doing my exercise and though I didn't see Mom get drugged today she was digging on her teeth like she does after a long drugging.

7:00 I finished exercise and Dad closed the door when Mom needed a change. I went upstairs for the night

7/2/24 Betty Broome Report

Dad keeps saying, "I want a family" which is an ambiguous message. I think he says this wishing he could do what he wants without consideration for Mom. But if we were to follow his example, family means torture murdering spouses with prescription drugs from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh over a period of 6 years.

8:00 Mom was yelling "Joe" "Joe." I ran downstairs and Dad was just coming out of the bathroom. Mom is overwhelmed with medication this morning and desperately asking to get out of bed.

When I started to get her up she said, "I can't." She started yelling, "You're a fatty fat fat fat" "fatty fatty two by four." She said, "I'm was losing weight and you're getting fat."

I said, "yup we're changing places. Soon you'll be walking to the bathroom on you own two legs." She was upset for 20 minutes, asking to have one of her new birthday shirts put on and a pair of pants.

I pulled a pair of pants on her legs and told her to pull them the rest of the way up herself under the sheets. I showed her the shirts and let her pick the one she wanted. I took the shirt and accordioned it to make it easy to put over her head once Joe Sr gets back up and gets her nightgown off.

But the monster who used to be my dad was laying down facing away from Mom. He appeared to be happy that his gas lighting really worked this morning.

He began repeating to Mom, "you're fussy this morning. You're so fussy today." He acts like it's Mom's fault when he drugs her. And he uses this fussy behavior, she exhibits in the first 30 minutes coming on to the drugs, to excuse his giving her more sedation whenever he chooses.

8:30 Mom asked where I was going and "I said I'm going to play golf." Joe Sr's disposition immediately changed because he obviously forgot there was a golf game today. His performance had been all about cutting me down using gaslit Mom and punishing her for her independence yesterday. But now it was a golf performance.

Now that he remembered we were going to have a golf game today he asked what time it was. He said, "yes today there are four of us playing." I left the room so Joe Sr could finish dressing Mom and get ready for the day. Mom's pants were partially on and her shirt was next to her.

9:00 I looked in the bedroom and Veronica was cleaning Mom. I felt sorry for her because Mom is really hard to work with when she's completely incapacitated with prescription drugs.

10:00 Veronica finished cleaning Mom.

10:30 Mark arrived and was talking to Darion. I don't know when Darion arrived. Dad must have drugged mom again before we left because of what was happening when we returned.

11:00 We left to go play golf. Dad didn't badger us this time but he put on a show by not playing golf. There's really no purpose in going to play golf because none of us enjoys it

except to do something with Dad.

Certainly none of us can afford it without him and he doesn't play anymore because it's all about this performance of his. The last two times I played with him alone 2 months ago, he went through eight of nine holes without any discomfort, but that isn't what he wants the rest of the family to see when my brothers play.

1:30 We returned from golf and Darion was in the kitchen traumatized. She said "I'm in here because the physical therapist is in the bedroom. I was happy because the physical therapist was here but Darion had obviously been through a bad experience with mom drugged or she didn't want us to see her not working. Or both

Byron was giving Mom physical therapy and told us about a kind of lift which can help her get out of bed without falling. It is specially designed for her knees to fall against pads with handholds to help her slide on to a seat getting out of bed. It's called a Sarah Steady. I can't wait to try it!

2:00 I fixed food for everyone and Byran was working with Mom. Mom complained almost the whole time I was watching but she did what Byran told her to do. I showed Byran how Mom can squirm to the top of the bed holding the trapeze and walking herself up with her legs but Mom was paralyzed because Joe Sr was watching.

Joe Sr signaled to Byron to stop listening to me and Byran moved Mom with his arms instead of letting Mom do it like she does when Dad isn't there. I gave it one more try and told Mom to squirm towards the center of the bed asking her to lift her bottom off of the bed. But again she was paralyzed looking at Joe Sr.

I told Byran Mom would have to be alone to do this and Dad left the room for a minute. But by this time Mom was confused and had already been moved to the desired location.

2:30 Byran finished working with Mom.

3:00 Darion found Mom's food I left outside the door after she had already given Mom fried chicken leftover from yesterday. Our family house is a disgusting nightmare but that's not what Joe Sr sees.

3:30 Darion started moving around the house picking things up and told Mom and Dad she's OCD and that is in their favor. She said it makes her do good work.

It's true she's better than most but she has no incentive to do all than the confused and conflicting messages she receives in the house from different family members and her boss.

5:00 Darion left for the day. I decided to count the golf as my exercise and went upstairs.

7/1/24 Betty Broome Report

9:00 I asked Mom and Joe sr what they wanted for breakfast. Dad was asleep so I got Mom biscuits and blueberries. I returned with the breakfast for Mom and Dad said he wanted whatever I fixed. I fixed him a fried egg and a jelly biscuit.

9:20 Darion arrived and told us about her weekend and we told her about Mom's birthday. I showed Mom what the framed quilt stars look like with the label on the back and she said that would be fine.

10:00 I started spray painting the backgrounds to the framed quilt stars. Darion was in the kitchen.

10:30 Darion went back in the bedroom and said something about washing Mom's hair because today Mom is getting her finger and nails and toenails done. That will probably cost \$100 because someone has to come to the house.

11:00 Mark arrived and said hello to Mom.

2:00 I went to get groceries and more spray paint.

4:00 The nail person arrived to do mom's nails. Her husband was with her so me and Mark talked to him while Mom got her nails done.

5:00 Mom was not drugged all day today but yesterday was so bad I had to send a report today. Joe Sr gave Mom leftover chicken and dumplings for supper. They seem to be even better the second day.

6:00 I did my exercise with the PBS NewsHour.

7:00 I asked if Mom wanted some apricots and she did. I told them good night.

6/30/24 Betty Broome Report

Mom is presently bedridden because she isn't being cared for by her family, who she spent her life caring for. Every time I walk by their room and Joe Sr's asleep, Mom is looking around unable to do anything for herself. It reminds me of the special needs boy I used to know in Houma Louisiana who used to sit at his window looking out hoping someone would visit.

8:00 I went downstairs and watched TV in the living room until Joe sr called out, "5 minutes." This was an unusual way to begin the day but I waited 5 minutes, sang Happy Birthday to Mom and asked what they wanted for breakfast. Mom said she wanted eggs and bacon so I made eggs, bacon, watermelon and jelly toast. They both ate all of it except dad didn't need the watermelon.

9:00 Brian and Cindy arrived, with cake and cookies and we sang Happy Birthday and talked to Mom and Joe Sr for a while until it was obvious Mom had been drugged. As she started to exhibit the effects she was desperate to do some of the things we expected of her for her birthday but she she was extraordinarily challenged to try to do anything with her stomach upset from the drugs and her inability to focus.

Cindy helped Mom get into the new bra and her and Joe Sr helped her get the new dress on. They put her in the wheelchair and she went out to look out the window as she usually does.

It was obvious she was in excruciating discomfort and she kept saying, "I'm sick I'm sick." Joe sr was pretending that her upset stomach was due to needing to go to the bathroom which may have been partly true but she is always sick and disoriented as she starts to come on to Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs.

10:00 Brian didn't know what to be mad about, but he was clearly upset with Joe Sr for not caring for Mom properly. Brian visits rarely, so his attempts to change the circumstances of such a long drawn out codependent relationship between Dad and Mom can't be accomplished in one visit or one text like Brian thinks it can. Brian seems to be satisfied to throw a monkey wrench in the situation wherever he can with a few minutes of effort.

Joe Sr repeated a crude comment stating that mom said, "Our wedding vows included changing my diaper and ostomy many times a day." I don't believe she would ever say that but she doesn't defy Joe Sr when he says she said it even on her birthday.

10:30 It was time for me to go get the chicken and dumplings Mom wanted. I drove to Mel's, got the food and returned.

11:30 Mark and Connie were waiting for Dad to prepare Mom for visitors. We put together a tray of food for them. Joe sr had removed mom's dress and bra which must have been confusing for Mom. But putting her back in her nightgown so quickly and worrying Mom about the cost of the presents is just the kind of thing Joe Sr does to exhibit control when Mom is suggestible with drugs.

12:00 Mark and Connie talked to Mom and ate. Connie talked to Dad for a long time about trying to control the television channels on the new Internet and air TVs. Mark had a good conversation with Mom.

1:00 Mark and Connie left.

2:00 Joe Sr came out of the bedroom and got some cookies. Mom waved to me in the living room.

3:00 Joe Sr asked me to bring a piece of cake to Mom and we put candles in it, lit it up and she blew out the candles. The cake Brian bought was extraordinary. Joe sr tried to show me how the TV works but settled on the show they were watching earlier in the day.

I have to guess that my brothers are fairly heavy substance abusers to miss this opportunity to save their mother from neglect. I fell asleep for a couple of hours.

5:30 Joe Sr asked me if I wanted him to heat me up some left over chicken and dumplings. I said no thank you. It seems like Joe Sr has no recognition that he destroyed Mom's birthday today by drugging her so badly.

He obviously gave the drugs to her right before visitors started arriving. I don't understand why Adult Protective Services don't take the drugs and alcohol out of the house. They don't have to mess with the ostomy or the diapers. They just have to stop the drugging so Mom and Joe Sr can function with reality and snap out of their bad habits.

Angela, the representative of the APS said the doctors told her my reports were rambling and unprofessional. I didn't ask what her credentials were but she seems to be overly influenced by her boss's who don't want responsibility for ostomy and diaper care.

On one hand I hate this torture murderer who used to be my Dad. But at the same time it doesn't help to keep that in my thoughts. It's like Putin or Netanyahu who we know to be mass murderers but we have to make the next move with a clear head. Maybe Joe Sr will come to his senses soon.

Summary of the situation

There is someone in the house all day on most weekdays but Joe Sr has convinced those minimum wage adult sitters not to do anything. This is in spite of the prescribed requirements for Mom's physical therapy three times a day and the requirements to give Dad his independence from constantly changing Mom's diapers and ostomy, so they can build up their strength and enjoy their last years.

I feel sure Dad would snap out of his cruel putting Mom out of her misery if he was free to play golf and she was given the physical therapy and attention to her body care.

On November 6th 2019 Dad received Mom's diagnosis of terminal cancer with expectations of Mom going to hospice in a matter of months. He was also given drugs that he calls "Mom's anti-fussy pills" with the freedom to give them to her anytime he chooses. Angela from the APS doesn't even believe that Dad has these sedatives.

Joe Sr found quickly that he liked the control but Mom quickly became bedridden and he became completely responsible for her ostomy and her constant diaper changing. I know he didn't anticipate this but he also certainly didn't think it would last for 6 years. When I had a car accident and stayed with them for a while I recognized what was going on in the house and told Dad I would take over the ostomy and diaper job if he would also give me control of the medications. But Mom doesn't want her sons caring for her in this way.

So I hired a professional ostomy, physical therapy and medication nurse for \$256 a day in November of 2023 who Dad would not allow near Mom after three visits. He clearly didn't want anyone to see into the cruel situation he created with the doctors prescriptions. It's a terrible codependency but it's invisible to my family members and medical professionals.

Moms prescription medications are easy to use making her seem permanently bedridden and incapable of normal communication when she hasn't seen a doctor face to face, except on FaceTime, for years. Dad makes sure she is hallucinating or incapacitated with sleep using the drugs whenever she FaceTimes with the doctors. Mom needs a dentist now because she is constantly picking at her teeth. Joe Sr doesn't want to think of that because a dentist can't be FaceTimed.

Adult protective Services have been here three times and have been convinced by my delightful Dad that I am the problem. Once they are confronted by the understanding, they would be responsible for Mom's disgusting ostomy and diapers they cease to pursue the situation.

Medical, police professionals and family members choose to let Dad suffer alone ironically dealing with the situation he has created with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

6/29/24 Betty Broome Report

12:30AM I saw the door open and Mom was awake so I asked if she wanted a little bit of vanilla shake. She said yes and Dad said he wanted some too when he woke up. Mom said to turn on the TV so Joe Sr started looking for MSNBC. Mom was completely alert and when I asked her if I could send her some pictures of dresses would she pick one for her birthday dress she seemed very happy when she said yes.

8:00 I talked to Mom about her birthday tomorrow. I asked Joe Senior if we should ask Kenny the guy who hit our bumper to play golf with us on Tuesday. He said we already have a foursome because Brian is playing.

9:00 I called Mark and asked if he could come sit with Mom and I would send pictures from stores some mom could pick her own dress for tomorrow.

9:30 Mark started responding with Mom's comments but he must have started drinking with Dad because he lost interest.

10:00 I showed Mom some of the clothes I bought and she liked them very much. She said they look like what she wore when she was young. So I must have done a good job.

11:00 Joe Sr and Mark made excellent salmon and green beans for lunch.

12:00 I started watching the werewolf movies on monster TV channel.

1:00 Joe Senior continued to watch plane crash shows.

1:30 I went to Macy's and asked for help to find a dress for Mom and a woman really got into helping me for about 30 minutes and found something really perfect for Mom's birthday tomorrow.

2:00 I stopped at the grocery store and got Mom a newspaper and a couple of odds and ends.

2:30 I got home and mom was still alert so it looks like this was her first day without a drugging and quite some time.

3:00 I tried to find something for Mom to watch while Dad was in the kitchen because I know she's tired of watching plane crash shows.

3:30 Mom seemed to be ready for a nap but did not look drugged so I still haven't sent a report for yesterday.

5:00 I asked Mom if she wanted a bacon lettuce and tomato sandwich and she said a little later. I cut up all of the ingredients for the sandwich and had it ready for when I thought she would be ready for it.

5:30 Joe Senior left with Mark but I thought he was going out to get the mail. I brought him and Mom bacon lettuce and tomato sandwiches which mom ate very quickly while I started to exercise. I told her I would make Joe Sr a new one if she wanted to finish Dad's sandwich. She said no and I put Dad's sandwich in the refrigerator.

6:00 Joe Sr and Mark returned, I gave Dad his sandwich and Mark left immediately.

7:00 I finished exercising and Dad was telling Mom I bought her some dresses for her birthday tomorrow. I reminded her that Brian said he was going to bring a cake. Dad said that Neal wasn't coming. I reminded her that I would have to be at Mel's diner to get the chicken and dumplings and we might have to microwave it when I get back because it's so far away. Mom said that would be okay.

7:30 I went upstairs for the night.

6/28/24 Betty Broome Report

5:00 there was a lot of noise downstairs.

7:00 I as quick they wanted for breakfast and Dad said spinach eggs. I made some and added some blackberries on the side.

7:30 Mom and dad ate both of theirs.

8:00 I called the auto shop and found out the car would be finished today.

9:00 I received musical equipment in the mail. I worked with the equipment most of the morning.

10:00 Darion said she was going to give Mom a shower and Joe senior said he would help. They gave Mom a shower and Mark waited to go to home Depot with Dad afterward.

11:00 Mom was awake but was told several times by Darion and Dad that she was tired after the shower. Darion said she would move Mom into the living room later after she was rested. I talked to Mom about her birthday and Brian sent a text saying he was going to bring the cake. I ordered chicken and dumplings from the place Mom wanted.

1:00 Joe Sr asked what kind of pizza I wanted and I said put everything you have on it. He did and it tasted pretty good.

3:00 I was shut out of the bedroom most of the day.

4:00 the auto repair shop called and said the car was ready. I called Mark and asked him to take me to get the car. The car was better than new but when we returned Mom was completely knocked out on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

5:00 Mark came home with chicken salad but Mom was still knocked out. Dad said he was going to wake her up to eat but I had been pushing on her to wake her up for 15 minutes. Mom was sleeping with her oxygen in her mouth.

Joe senior put on a show acting like it was time to give Mom her medications when she was obviously completely incapacitated by them already.

5:30 I went upstairs but Joe senior called me down to give her the sandwich he made for Mom with Mark's chicken salad. It was a silly performance but Joe Sr doesn't recognize how obvious his actions are.

6:00 I worked on my new musical equipment and went upstairs for the night.

6/27/24 Betty Broome Report

7:00 I could hear the television really loud from upstairs. Mom and Joe Sr were watching a documentary about Trump. I went in to ask what they wanted for breakfast. Mom said eggs and bacon. I asked if Dad wanted eggs and bacon and he said yes. I could see Mom wasn't drugged yet so I quickly put a warm cloth on her eyes and ran to fix breakfast before she became incapable of eating.

7:15 I brought them fried eggs, bacon and jelly toast but Mom was already starting to show the effects of the morning drugging. Luckily she got through breakfast and ate it all. I stayed with her and Joe Sr didn't convince her not to eat my food this morning.

8:00 We were watching the Trump documentary when Mom started spasming and hallucinating. She said she couldn't breathe. I checked her oxygen and she was at 82, which is low. I asked her to pump her legs like she was walking in bed to get her lungs working.

When Mom couldn't be consoled I told her that her first reaction to the morning drugs would be finished in about 15 to 30 minutes and she would sleep for 2 to 3 hours.

She was responsive enough to ask "what first reaction?" I said, "to the drugs." Joe Sr said "Joe doesn't know what he's talking about and so he just says what he thinks." Joe senior continued, "Joe thinks he knows better than the doctors." I said, "For 3 years I've seen Mom have the initial reaction to the drugs 30 minutes or so after they are administered and there are 15 to 30 minutes of howling, hallucinations and spasms. Then she sleeps for 2 to 3 hours unless you wake her and give her more drugs to extend it."

I said, "I do know better than the doctors about what's going on in this house." "They haven't seen Mom in years other than on FaceTime when she's full of the drugs and hallucinating or sleeping." Joe Sr. didn't respond.

8:30 I took Mom and Dad's tray to the kitchen and went upstairs.

I promised I wasn't going to send reports until I saw Mom drugged each day and it was time to send today's report after that drug spectacle.

9:00 Mark called and asked if I wanted him to take me to get the battery he discovered my car needed. I said, yes and we went to the auto parts store and left the battery there to be tested.

10:00 Mom was on her guard being kept awake by Dad and Bridget. It was uncomfortable to watch but I was able to ask her what she wanted for her birthday and she said the usual family comments about not wanting anything.

I finally got her to say she wants people to help around the house. I said I would wash the windows but I wanted to know if she wanted a cute sundress. I asked her what size she was and she said, size 12 and she liked pink.

I brought her some apricots and trail mix which she rejected at first but which I found sitting next to her half eaten when I returned from the kitchen.

11:00 I asked if Mom wanted Indian chili and Fritos for supper. She and Bridget said yes but Dad said he didn't want any.

12:00 I brought three bowls of Indian masala with Fritos and Indian sweet vanilla chai. Mom and Bridget ate theirs and Joe Sr tasted his but said he wasn't hungry. I ate his and mine.

2:00 Mark called saying the battery was not charging and he came to pick me up to get a new one. We stopped at the grocery store and then the party supply store on the way home. I got a bubble blower for Mom's birthday and the newspaper for her to read.

3:00 We installed the battery.

4:00 Bridget left for the day. I never had a job where I could leave an hour early. Mark and Dad left the house to go to Mark's house. Joe Sr left Mom apparently full of drugs

and with her ostomy unattended. Mom was obsessing about how full her ostomy bag was and said she needed to get up.

I said it would be good for her to get up and I put the walking machine on myself and showed her how I could set her on the stationary bike. I demonstrated how the walking machine would allow her to go into the bathroom anytime she wanted to and she wouldn't need to use diapers. I suggested she ask Joe Sr to allow me to have the door to the bathroom enlarged slightly.

Mom started to calm down but asked that I call Joe Sr and tell him she needed her ostomy changed. I am unable to call Joe Sr's phone because I'm blocked but his phone message says the messages are not accepted because his message box is full. I called Mark and told him Mom wanted Dad to come take care of her.

5:00 Mark and Dad came home and Dad laughed when Mom yelled at him that she needed help. I told Joe Sr it's good to be needed.

I fell asleep for a little while and woke up when Dad said the debate was at 8:00.

8:00 Joe Sr, Mom and I started watching the debate and it was hard to watch Biden having to respond to lies with simple honesty. Mom had obviously been given a dose of drugs since Dad knew I would come and watch the debate with them. Mom tried to get up out of bed and was hallucinating. After the 15 or 20 minutes of the first drug rush I asked Mom if she thought people would believe all the silliness Trump was saying and she said insightfully, "The people who believe that stuff made up their minds before the debate."

9:00 There was still 30 minutes of the debate left when Mom started asking Dad to change her diaper because it was wet. He said he would change it after the debate.

9:30 I told them good night and went upstairs.

6/26/24 Betty Broome Report

It must seem obvious, Joe Sr should catch on and stop drugging Mom, but he spent a lifetime being in complete control of her. Mom was all he thought he had control of for 30 years after he retired. So there's a breach of logic for 10 to 30 years, making it hard

for him to give Mom her independence. This is especially true now, the week before Mom's birthday on the 30th when she would compete for attention.

Joe Sr was patient with me when I was young so Mom has to suffer while we wait for him to snap out of this mindset his doctors created with Mom's prescription drugs.

12:30AM Joe sr made loud noises and it smelled like something was cooking.

7:00 Joe sr called upstairs and asked if I wanted eggs and spinach for breakfast. I told him I didn't. When I went downstairs he was trying to deal with Mom drugged on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs. Mom kept saying she needed to get out of bed and had a wide variety of hallucination complaints. She asked me to clean the vents again and I took the vent off of the ceiling and put it in the dishwasher to comfort her that it would be thoroughly cleaned.

When someone is watching, Joe senior uses Mom's hallucinated complaints as evidence of mom's mental capacity problems. Mom has not seen a doctor or a dentist in years except on FaceTime when she is full of drugs.

Joe sr created the situation by giving Mom the drugs now he has to live with it serving Mom and ruining both their health unnecessarily. The hardest part is when Joe Sr starts losing patience with Mom and chuckling at her, when it's all his and the drug supplying doctors fault.

8:00 I contacted the person who is supposed to fix my car and was happy to find they were expecting me. They said they already ordered the bumper.

I was leaving to take the car to the body shop when Joe Sr got called me "stupid" for not having a clear plan to be repaid by the one who hit me. I told him, "what is stupid is killing your wife with prescription drugs." I said "trusting someone to pay for the damage they did is a whole lesser level."

Mark said he would pick me up at the body shop.

9:00 Teresa arrived and talked to Mom the best she could. I went to the body shop and was told Kenny, (the person who hit the bumper,) was already coming to pay for the repairs.

9:30 Mark and Dad arrived to pick me up and they were glad to hear the payment issue was resolved. We also went to look at the restaurant from which Mom said she wanted

to get chicken and dumplings for her birthday Sunday.

10:00 We returned home and Mom was in the living room on the chair. She wanted to be returned to the bed so I lifted her out of the chair letting her use the strength of her legs four extra times for a little bit of physical therapy. As we moved her into the bed Margaret (the Wednesday nurse) arrived.

10:30 I practiced some of my songs in the living room and learned a new one.

12:00 Dad made salad for everyone for lunch. It looked like Mom ate some of it.

1:00 Darion asked me to put the vent back on the ceiling in Mom's bedroom, so I did.

2:00 I watched television in the living room while Mom and Dad's bedroom door was closed.

3:30 Mark and Dad left the house and Mom was having severe drug seizures.

4:30 Darion stayed longer than she might have because she was worried about Mom having spasms. She left for the day telling me she had to leave early to get to another client she was scheduled for.

It looks like Darion is overbooked by Caring Senior Services and we shouldn't have to pay for the time she is required to be on the road to somewhere else. John Hancock insurance doesn't know anything about this so far.

5:00 I held Mom's hand while she was drug spasming until Joe Sr and Mark came home. Mark spoke to Mom who tried to communicate with him but he was short-tempered with me and didn't take much time to talk to Mom. I guess he and Joe Sr had something to drink while they were away from the house.

I knew if I left the bedroom Joe Sr would drug Mom because he is very intent, for the last couple of weeks, to make sure everyone thinks Mom is permanently bedridden and mentally weak. So when Mom said she needed to have her diaper changed I knew there was only a 30 to 40 minute window before she would be incapacitated again with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

I ran in the kitchen and sautéed some fresh ham and crushed some blackberries with honey and returned to the bedroom within 7 minutes. It took Dad a long time to open the bedroom door but he finally let me in and both of them very much enjoyed the ham

with blackberries. As I expected, Mom was incapacitated with drugging after 30 minutes. I gave some suggestions for television shows for Dad and started my exercise.

7:00 I went upstairs after exercising with television news.

6/25/24 Betty Broome Report

The man who used to be my Dad thinks he's getting back at me when he converts my Mom into a growling and spasming zombie all day like he did today. He uses Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription drugs to make Mom suffer after I call attention to what he's doing. He's spent most of his life with Mom and is completely desensitized and unempathetic about the grinding misery he causes her.

8:00 The door was open so I know a performance was waiting for me. Mom was hallucinating intensely and asking that the vents in the house be cleaned. She also said she needs her ostomy cared for and that I need to go to the body shop to get the estimate for the accident the day before. She's pretty sharp no matter how drugged she is in the mornings.

I called Mark to make a plan to go to the body shop and Mom was not comforted by that. In her anxiety fits she asked for me to get dressed to go to the body shop, but as I left the room she was yelling for me to come back. When I returned, her feet were hanging off the bed. She said she needs to go to the bathroom.

I lifted her to a seated position and I told her I would take her to the bathroom with the small rolling chair if she wanted me to, but she backed out and asked to stay in bed. Dad was watching the whole thing like he was enjoying his puppetry.

10:00 Mark took me to drop off the car at the body shop and to Walmart to get more antennas for the TVs.

Mark suggested taking the car to two collision places to get two estimates because the guy was so polite after he crunched Dad's back bumper.

One of the collision places had a much higher estimate than the other and I told the

offender on the phone, I didn't mind going to the less expensive place.

11:00 I told the offender both places said, this was just an estimate and when they get the bumper off they would see if it cost more.

The offender said he would pay whatever it turned out to be and wrote a contract. But I said, if I signed for the repairs I would be liable for them. I asked, would he come and sign for the repairs himself? He said he would meet me at the repair shop at 3:00. So far so good.

12:00 I fixed sautéed ham sandwiches for Dad Mom and Bridget. Mom was completely incapacitated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs and didn't eat any. Bridget is completely indoctrinated by Dad saying he doesn't give Mom any drugs during the day. It's easier for her to stay out of the controversy and she doesn't have to do anything but watch TV and occasionally change Mom's diaper. Ostomy cares completely out of the question because she doesn't have bowel movements when she's completely sedated.

1:00 I installed the antenna in their bedroom quickly without carefully locating the external portion because I couldn't stand hearing mom howling and growling and reaching into the air.

2:00 I tried to give Mom something to eat but she still was completely drugged.

2:30 I tried to give Mom apricots and she couldn't open her eyes. The body shop did not accept the idea of having the offender sign for the work so we had to move to plan B.

4:00 I went to two more estimates from body shops and they all had different prices. Every time I get home Mom is completely drugged out and Dad says she has eaten but there's no evidence of it.

5:00 I brought groceries home and Dad said they already ate supper. I tried to give Mom a little bit of Indian tea but Dad said twice not to bother her. I said I wasn't able to bother her all day because she was so badly drugged. He didn't say anything.

6:00 Joe Sr called to me upstairs and said Mom could talk to me. I went down where she was completely knocked out. I sat with her for 30 minutes and turned on Andy Griffith. She gradually woke up and we talked a little about the TV before she needed to be changed and I started exercising.

8:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night.

If adult protective services were educated well enough to read they would see the patterns and remove the drugs and alcohol from the house.

6/24/24 Betty Broome Report

Joe sr's older brother and father convinced Joe that life was cruel. This was understandable because Joe's father was indigenous and mistreated with racism when he was young and his brother had cruel medical problems in middle school. This pessimism and subsequent contrariness was transferred to his sons who said, "no" to many great ideas Joe Sr had when he was trapped in his noble responsibility as a husband and father.

It wasn't until Joe Sr's kids saw he had become self-destructive with a codependent drug prescription and alcohol relationship with Mom, we started saying, "yes" to all of his ideas and trying to get him to be active. But after 80 years it's hard to get Joe Sr to become optimistic and active even with his favorite things like golf.

After a life of lazy rejection from his family he gets his pleasure controlling his wife even being defiant about playing golf. Out on the course he's complaining like his bossy father did about the rules he didn't want to break. It was extremely important to his father not to break rules because of his indigenous mistreatment when he was young.

We have to get Joe Sr to snap out of his disappointment with life for his final years. He can become optimistic, especially with Mom. He needs to feel good enough about life to stop sedating her wit Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, so Mom can get her physical therapy.

I think this information will be valuable to generations of families and immigrants whose parents seem overly controlling.

9:00 Bridget arrived and I was encouraged because yesterday Mom wasn't drugged all day.

Joe Sr., Mark and I went to the golf course and played nine holes. Dad didn't play so it was excruciating listening to him complain like Papa Ogie (his father) about not going fast enough. Joe Sr finally stopped complaining when he realized we had rudely pushed

two groups of elderly people together in front of us.

Another interesting thing that happened during the game was when Mark jokingly said Dad was trying to sweet talk the old ladies in front of us. Joe Sr said, he was looking for someone he could have conversations with. I started to say that he could have conversations with Mom if he didn't drug her, but it wasn't the right time on the golf course.

It was hot but it was a good day to play golf.

1:00 we got home and took naps taking turns talking to Mom. Mom was almost completely alert and focused all day. I think it would be better if Bridget would communicate with Mom in a more adult way.

3:00 I guess the heat and the game took more out of us than we thought because we slept a lot during the day. Mark fixed hot dogs for Mom and Joe Sr.

5:00 I went to Walmart to get an antenna so they could see their daily television channels on their new internet televisions.

6:00 On the way back I was hit from behind by a man in a truck who exchanged insurance. He asked if we could repair it in cash. I said we probably could do that if it went quickly. Mom loved having a car accident to get excited about but I think that was too much for Dad. She was communicating with too much independence, so Joe Sr gave her a stiff drugging.

I promised I wouldn't send reports as long as Joe Sr stopped drugging her so it was time to send another report.

7:00 I installed the new antenna and it seems to be functioning well. I counted the golf game as my exercise for today and went upstairs for the night.

There aren't enough people who know about psychology yet, but there will be if we start sharing information about the lineage of wounds and the methods we're using to revive family members. Psychiatrists and psychologists can't be trusted in their isolated positions to contribute to our sensitive families lives. But they can develop automated or gamefied tools and prompts which are objective and tested with the scientific method.

6/23/24 Betty Broome Report

If you mention that Mom desperately needs to visit the dentist it brings the real world into Dad's fantasy world. The fantasy world created by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh on November 6th 2019 when Joe Sr was told Mom would possibly die in months. Joe Sr was sure mom would die before she needed a dentist.

But it's 6 years later, she's wounded physically and mentally by the doctor's drugs and dad's willingness to give them to her but she needs a dentist. How long is denial going to work and why can't adult protective services or the police help with things like this without doing catastrophic psychological damage?

7:00 I went to parents room and put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes. Joe Sr came back from cooking something. I read Mom the latest version of the paragraph that's going on the back of the framed quilt stars for everyone in the family.

She said "you haven't been getting much help with that." I said "I'll catch you at a time when you're more alert." She asked Joe Sr to change her diaper and I left the room.

8:00 I found a local news channel that is live on the new TV system. I asked if Mom wanted to see something other than the British drama they had been repeating for the last few months. She defiantly said, "I like Dr Martin. "

9:00 I told Dad I have all the equipment to record another first aid video for the Boy Scout youtube and let him read the script.

9:30 He burned some cloth which was needed for the video and he told me I could talk to Mom for a few minutes because she's awake. Mom didn't want to talk and asked for Joe Sr to come help her with her diaper or her ostomy.

10:30 Joe Senior went to PF Chang's and got a really good lunch.

11:30 He was gone a long time and then he returned and we ate.

12:00 Mom and I worked a little on the quilt paragraph while Joe Sr flew the virtual jet.

1:00 Mark and Joe 2 came in and we all talked to Mom.

1:30 Mom wanted the ostomy changed. Mark and I slept on the chairs in the living room.

2:00 I woke up and started practicing my songs.

3:00 Mark left and I went upstairs to work on the music equipment.

4:00 Dad was playing with the video game but mom couldn't talk.

5:00 Natalie brought lasagna from Connie and Mark which was absolutely fantastic!

Dad started playing the video game and Mom was starting to wake up so we talked about ideas for the quilt paragraph.

Here's video of mom talking tonight with some older video of her playing the video game on Father's day.

<https://youtu.be/tYv8xz-XbwE?si=Lc4MzaUyox0Qtdph>

6:00 Mom was ready to sleep again and I went to bed for the night.

If you want adult protective services or the police to intervene they cause catastrophic psychological damage rather than just removing drugs and alcohol from the house. But you would think they would at least require an old person get a dental appointment.

6/22/24 Betty Broome Report

The only thing Mom did to protect herself from Dad's misogyny when she was young was start paying John Hancock insurance for her to be cared for when she was old. This was insulting to Dad but he paid for it himself for 30 years though it drove him crazy.

Now Joe Sr has found himself caring for Mom 24 hours a day because the insurance is useless and predatorial the Angel Care and Careing Senior Services are inept. This is causing extreme exhaustion and confusion for Joe Sr. when Mom simply needs someone to deal with her ostomy, physical therapy and to free up time for Dad to build himself up mentally and physically.

5:00 I heard their TV downstairs and went and laid on the couch watching a silent movie.

7:00 Joe Sr woke up and got cereal for both Mom and himself. I had already eaten trail mix.

7:30 Joe Sr started playing the virtual reality flight simulator while I was watching an anime movie.

8:00 Veronica came in and washed Mom. I then watched the rest of the anime movie while Mom was knocked out and having drug spasms.

9:00 Mom woke up and I asked if she wanted to go outside for vitamin D and she said she didn't want to hear me talk. Just then Joe Sr came in bedroom and I went to work on my music equipment.

10:30 Mark arrived and talked to Joe Sr.

12:00 Joe Sr made excellent Reubens for everyone.

1:30 Joe Sr left to go get bird seed with Mom still too knocked out to talk.

2:30 Joe Sr returned with bird seed and filled the bird feeder.

3:00 I wrote a script for the next realistic first aid Boy Scout video. I told Mom I was going to have lots of projects for Dad so she would have time with her physical therapist when he starts to visit. She said, OK.

4:00 Natalie visited and talked to Mom and Joe Sr for a long time. I didn't want to hear anymore of the usual musicians double talk excuses I hear from my fellow musicians so I continued to work on the first aid script.

5:00 I fixed bacon lettuce and onion sandwiches for Mom and Joe Sr and they ate it all while I started exercising.

7:00 I finished exercising and went upstairs for the night.

6/21/24 Betty Broome report

I wish there was a professional connected with our family who is capable of a complex diagnosis. Joe Sr is so high functioning he has been able to protect everyone from having to deal with Mom's ostomy so no doctor wants to rock the boat and bring up any diagnosis which will cost anyone any money or interfere with the jovial environment our family creates for anyone who enters the house.

Joe senior is an expert at blurring the lines between three and a half hour druggings, so Mom doesn't get to eat properly. She certainly doesn't have proper or regular bowel movements with all the sedation.

Mom is starting to lose her patience knowing that at any time she could be cared for properly with physical therapy and ostomy care. She could prosper without constant sedation draining her enthusiasm and confidence.

3:00 There was noise and the bedroom door was open. I knew this was a performance for me. Mom was incoherently babbling much earlier than her usual druggings. Dad was speaking loudly and asking if Mom was certain she wanted a fresh diaper.

The door closed and I couldn't hear what he was saying but it was 20 minutes of Joe Sr talking.

3:30 Joe Sr went to get coffee in the kitchen so I put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes. The lights in the living room came on and I saw Joe Sr was playing the virtual reality video game. I asked if he wanted me to help him get to an easier place in the game but he said he would rather become more familiar with it himself.

I'm glad he has such a strong interest in his father's day gift. If he just had a caregiver to free him from the constant interruptions of Mom asking for diapers, ostomy care or howling with drug hallucinations, they could both develop themselves and their independence for their health's sake.

9:00 Bridget arrived and Mark soon after. They were talking around Mom for a long time so I went in to try to involve Mom in the conversation. She was very medicated and couldn't help me confirm any of the information she gave me last night when she was so much less drugged.

Bridget gave Mom a bed bath and Joe sr fell asleep on the couch in the living room. I

could see he was exhausted and we didn't interfere with him for as long as he would sleep.

Joe sr woke and said Byron (the physical therapist) was going to start coming again soon. He said he called for Byran to start again. I know better than to be too enthusiastic about good news like this but I couldn't help but feel hopeful.

10:00 Margaret arrived (the weekly nurse) and took Mom's vital signs but Mom was barely responsive. Mom tried to be polite and communicate as much as she could. Margaret always asks many times if Mom is in pain but pain is the last of Mom's concerns. Mom is painless with drugs and needs freedom from medication to do her physical therapy and have regular bowel movements.

Joe sr has been given the freedom to provide mom with what he calls her anti-fussy pills "as needed". There are two kinds of sedatives and when mixed with other drugs and or alcohol she can be completely incapacitated and easier to care for at Mom's expense.

10:30 Margaret left.

11:00 Mark, Joe Sr and I went to the driving range and had an excellent escape from the constant simmering about Mom's plight.

12:30 On the way home we picked up barbecue and peach cobbler for everyone.

1:30 Mom choked on the barbecue. Joe senior and Bridget attempted to turn her over on her side before mom stopped choking.

2:00 Mark left for the day. I'm really glad when Mark helps keep Joe sr occupied because he can get him involved in activities better than most.

3:00 Joe Sr tried again to learn to use the virtual reality game but was quickly interrupted by mom who needed a diaper change.

5:00 Joe sr made cornbread and put it in milk. Mom ate two bowls of it even though she still wasn't communicating.

6:00 I did my exercise and the last 30 minutes the door was open so Mom could see me but she was out of it.

8:00 I went upstairs for the night.

6/20/24 Betty Broome report

I feel like Joe Sr. or the doctors who give him the cruel medicine that is ruining my parent's lives, will wake up and make it possible for me to leave Houston some times.

When my brothers occasionally see objectively how Joe Sr fools them with his still genius dementia personalities they get mad at him and that doesn't help. Joe Sr has to stop giving the drugs to Mom himself because the doctors absolutely can not stop supplying profitable drugs.

My brothers have to see the larger picture and occupy Joe Sr directly while Mom is provided physical therapy and Dad builds himself from those activities and freedom from Mom's ostomy responsibility. Joe Sr's self imposed 24 hour post guarding Mom could make him bedridden and complicate the situation further.

I bought expensive sandwiches today and was uncomfortable feeding the assistants who don't work with Mom's ostomy. I happily paid \$256 a day for the registered nurse in November Joe Sr wouldn't allow to care for Mom. But I don't like feeding these people that don't give Dad the freedom to build his health and don't provide Mom with physical therapy.

When I told Dad I spent \$700 in the last 4 weeks on food he wrote me a check but that wasn't what I was trying to get across to him. He has to snap out of his codependent drug supplying relationship with Mom and get assistants who will deal with Mom's ostomy so he is free to develop his health and she gets her physical therapy without the sedating drug combinations.

6:00 I came downstairs and Mom and Joe Sr were just finishing breakfast. Mom was still upset with me but I could see it was going to get worse because Joe Sr was very annoyed. He seemed to have the attitude I made him drug Mom so it was my fault. I tried to show him how to fly the flight simulator but he was irritable and wouldn't accept any demonstrations.

Getting the man who used to be my dad to turn back into a thoughtful caring person can't take much longer because Mom's suffering is intolerable.

6:30 Mom started calling from the bedroom and it was obviously because of being drugged and hallucinating thinking she could walk into the bathroom. Joe sr put down the video game and went into the bedroom to deal with the confusion he created with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs.

7:00 Joe Sr called me and told me he was on his way to the doctor and would be back in about 3 hours. I went and talked to Mom and asked her to please let me exercise her so she could soon walk to the bathroom on her own. She asks to do this every time she first gets medicated and starts hallucinating.

7:30 Mom uses the same angry words, gestures and tones of voice Joe Sr. uses when he gets upset. So I know he spent time gaslighting her recently. She yelled at me many times saying, "you're sick sick sick, everyone thinks you're crazy" and "I don't want to do anything." I said, I'm sorry you have to act like you're mad at me, and it's true some people think I'm crazy. But that's just because they know if they get involved they will have to deal with you're ostomy." I said, "everyone keeps their distance except the nurse I hired last November." "She was a real nurse and saw into this sick situation." I said, "when Dad tells you to say mean things to me you could pretend to sleep." Mom smiled.

She doesn't want to defy Joe Sr because she doesn't want to be drugged all day or gaslit all night.

8:30 Teresa arrived and talked to Mom for a while. She started cleaning up the house and Mom let me move her in the living room so Teresa could do the bedroom.

9:30 Darion arrived and shortly after Joe senior arrived home from the doctor. As soon as Joe Sr arrived mom yelled, "I want Joe to stop doing everything!" and she started requesting to be moved back in the bedroom. No one called attention to how out of context her comments were. I had her stand up holding my neck and Joe Sr. said for Darion to move the chair closer to Mom next time.

Mom easily stood up and got into and out of the chair and then into the bed using the strength of her legs to stand and sit down again. She should be doing this 30 minutes a day but she is discouraged from doing so.

I found an old western series on TV I thought Mom might like and she told me I needed to go upstairs to change my sweaty shirt. Dad gave me a box of chocolates to take

upstairs with me.

10:30 Joe Sr asked me to go get barbecue sandwiches but the store wasn't open yet. He came with me and we got chicken sandwiches. Everyone ate them but Mom just ate the cookie.

2:00 Mark and Joe Sr went to the grocery store and to get coffee for mom. I was unable to get Mom to wake up. Mom doesn't have many bowel movements when she is so medicated and this makes her fragile and uncomfortable.

It's obvious Mom was given an early dose to throw off everyone's expectations.

4:00 Mark and Joe Sr returned from the grocery store with coffee and Mom was "asleep."

4:30 Darien left for the day.

5:30 I was unable to wake mom to ask her if she wanted supper.

6:00 Joe Sr left pills on table for his performance of the evening. He chuckled and came to me saying, "she says she wants to be left alone for a while. I can tell when to leave her alone when she doesn't even want a hug."

I was enraged at his performance but I kept my silence.

Joe Sr Made a special trip and came in the living room while I was exercising. He explained, he doesn't give Mom more drugs when she is, what he called, "like this." He said he does try to give her her pills but he wasn't able to tonight.

He's trying to get the point across that he didn't give Mom the drugs tonight because she has such bad dementia. But I know it's only a matter of his having provided her drugs earlier in the day. Joe Sr is unaware how obvious it is when he provides Mom with drugs that either cause her to hallucinate or to black out completely.

8:00 Mom started to finally come out of her drug coma for the day and Joe Sr asked if I would fix Mom a sandwich. I made one out of sausages and hot dog buns with onions and barbecue sauce. The sausage skins were too tough and neither Mom or Joe Sr finished them.

But I was glad to see Mom was awaking. I asked her to help me write the paragraph

which will be attached to the back of the framed quilt stars we're sending to all the family members. She provided me with a list of facts from her early days I had never heard before. Dad kept interrupting with stories which were embarrassing to Mom. He seemed to start to realize he was focusing on unflattering stories after the third contribution. Mom helped me list the recipients of the presents and I excused myself for the evening.

There are probably going to be a great many people who start to recognize innocent caregivers abuse of prescriptions provided by doctors who are prematurely supplying the option to euthanize with drug combinations.

6/19/24 Betty Broome report

Sometimes Joe sr remembers the excruciating suffering he put Mom through the day before. He will then teach Mom to keep people away saying she's sick while he leaves her undrugged for a day. This leaves Mom wounded and concerned to show any Independence.

That's what happened today. I could tell Mom was really happy to see me after 3 days of being knocked out completely since Father's day. She somewhat remembers yesterday when she appears to have almost died of an overdose in front of three witnesses.

But this morning she has been thoroughly gaslit over night to keep her distance. She knows she doesn't want to go through any more drug or gaslighting torture anytime soon. So she'll be quiet.

8:30 I woke and asked Mom and Joe Sr if they ate breakfast. They said they had. I asked if Joe Sr saw the video I posted yesterday of the "realistic first aid" lesson. He said he did not and he did not delete it. I asked to see his phone and realized I had never finished posting it.

I posted it and put it on YouTube to let him and Mom see it. While they watched it he joked to Mom that he is a movie star and he laughed. I also noticed while looking at his phone that he has me blocked again and so he is only receiving characterizations of the reports I send to the three a p s institutions and the family. My poorly educated Brothers

can't provide accurate enough information to stop Joe Sr from torture killing Mom so the police may finally have to take things into their own hands. I have asked that they don't make it worse than it is in the Broome house, but they have very simple and unadaptable policies.

9:00 Joe sr called to find out when Darion would arrive. But he didn't seem to have the right phone number. I showed him how to use the virtual reality headset again and he played a game for a while. I took a video of dad playing the game and showed it to Mom so she could see him playing the introductory game to the new toy.

9:30 Shelley from Caring Senior Services called when I was trying to get Dad to use the flight simulator. Shelly told us Darion got a new car, it didn't start and she would arrive at 11:00 most likely. It's very lucky Caring Senior Services provides no actual assistance and will not be missed except for the doting politeness they receive from Joe sr and Mom.

10:00 Joe sr started cooking lunch after watching a YouTube video about salmon. Mom has obviously been given a break from druggings after three solid days of incapacitation. But she has been thoroughly trained to avoid me because any signs of Independence are punished with more days of grueling body death.

I tried to get her out of bed and into the wheelchair, sit up and exercise or just do her leg exercises. But her gas lighting is complete for now. I told her to be patient because some people are starting to catch on to the situation and she seemed comforted but still on her guard about any comfort around me. And there's really no sign stopping Joe Sr or the doctors deadly flow of prescriptions.

11:00 Joe Sr served excellent salmon but it was tiny servings and he saved a portion for Darion in hopes she would arrive soon.

1:00 I spent several hours watching a movie and watching Mom at the same time from the living room chair. Darion has not arrived yet.

3:00 I fell asleep and woke in the chair and asked if Joe sr and Mom wanted ice cream sodas. Dad and Darion said yes but I knew Mom would like some if I brought it to her, and it was great to see she was still completely alert.

I fixed floats for everyone and told Joe Sr that since British Comedy Dr Martin was just ending, I wished they would check out another British comedy to see if they would like it. I put on the "Last of the Summer Wine" and as I did my exercise, we watched the first

two episodes that ended just as Darion left for the day at 5:00.

5:00 I can tell Joe Sr isn't going to let Mom get in the routine of this new show but it was good for her to see something different.

I went upstairs for the night.

6/18/24 Betty Broome report

The Joe sr has doctor's and family permission to slowly torture kill my Mom using the prescriptions provided by doctors Taylor and Venkatesh. He very nearly killed Mom today and was surrounded by people trying to wake her.

7:00 I got up and Mom and the man who used to be my dad were asleep. I started working on my music equipment in the living room waiting for them to get up. Joe Sr went in the kitchen and asked if I wanted cereal. I said no but I asked if I could borrow his computer to get my equipment running.

7:30 Joe sr brought me his computer and they both went to sleep after he ate fruit cups in cereal which Mom doesn't like. Mom was knocked out so I worked with the music equipment for a couple of hours.

8:00 Teresa sent a text letting me know she would not be here tomorrow and she would come on Thursday to clean the house.

9:00 Bridget arrived and shortly after that, Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair.

10:00 Veronica left and Bridget said she washed Mom's bottom. Mom could barely babble but kept repeating that she needed to be cleaned to stop the burning. Bridget started repeating, I just finished washing you don't you remember?

Bridget disingenuously took mom's temperature the way Joe sr does when he doesn't want to change Mom's diaper or clean Mom at busy times. Mom asks to stop the bed rashes from burning and in her incoherent condition they can choose what they want to believe she is trying to say.

12:00 Joe's sr fixed hot dogs for everyone and said Mom ate hers.

1:00 I started making a realistic first aid video with Joe sr's phone so he could see, he has the equipment to make YouTube videos for his beloved Boy Scout projects.

I understand now how hard it must have been to get us to get anything done when he was the scoutmaster. He wanted to do everything different which slowed down the project. I'm sure we did the same when we were kids.

2:00 Mark arrived and we continued to work on the first aid video while he got coffee for Mom.

Realistic first aid video

<https://youtu.be/IAE8D5I6Uuw?feature=shared>

3:00 While we were working on the video Glenn (the head of physical therapy) called and I answered while using Joe Sr's phone to make the scout video. I gave the phone to Joe sr. after Glenn said he had been calling for a long time but was not able to reach this number.

I told him one of my brothers just emptied the message box so Joe sr was able to receive calls. Mom was completely medicated and unable to communicate. During the visit Joe Sr said he called Dr Taylor to order physical therapy.

I guess this was all a performance to make Mom look bedridden and completely incapacitated to another health professional. It was humiliating to hear Joe Sr so chipper giving his routine about how Mom can't do anything, without ever mentioning the drugs that make her his zombie puppet.

3:30 Glenn left telling me he hopes she was in better shape next time and everyone was trying to revive Mom. I don't understand why they don't recognize a drugging by now. Joe sr was trying to give Mom her afternoon dose of drugs in spite of her almost comatose state and he received help from Bridget. Mom was only able to repeat, "Why are you giving me pills. Why are you giving me pills." Joe sr said, "They're for your heart."

Mom knows better but she's defenseless. Joe sr instructed Bridget to give Mom the rest of the pills if she could wash them down.

Mark was there and witnessed the whole spectacle but he doesn't seem understand what's going on when Dad leans back and tells all the stories about staying up with Mom

all night and how they are such an ideal couple after all these years.

You can imagine what Mom's thinking inside her drugged comatose body.

4:00 I sent a text to my brothers.

"The boss of the physical therapists came today after dad said he told Dr Taylor to send him. I've never seen Mom so drugged out before this. Everyone was trying to revive her as dad was giving her more pills."

One brother repeated that I shouldn't contact him at that number and another suggested that we get Mom to move. Other than sending them these APS reports everyday for the past 5 months, my family is not significant to Mom's hope. She doesn't remember most of them visited Sunday for Father's Day. She received a thorough drugging that day.

7:00 I started my exercise with the news and the man that used to be my dad asked if I wanted a grilled cheese sandwich. I told him I didn't.

8:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

6/17/24 Betty Broome report

The challenge of getting Mom mentally ready to heal herself is complicated by the prescription interference provided by her husband and Drs Taylor and Venkatesh. It's hard for any observer to know what to believe when Mom is accepting and enthusiastic about anything, suggested.

It's only after a great deal of repetition with something she really dislikes that she will not accept fruit cups, frozen pizza or physical activity. She has been gas-lit against any independent thought or activity with long nights of disparaging cruelty.

You would think she could stop Joe Sr. from giving her the drugs that cause her so much suffering, but Joe sr has become an expert at delivering it instantaneously. When this international phenomena of care givers trusting drug doctors is exposed there may be a renaissance of healthy elderly people, contributing to society.

My brothers and I left Mom and Joe sr unchallenged for more than 2 decades except for 4 to 6 holidays a year. We responded to their obvious lack of sleep, misogynistic relationship and ridiculous lack of activity with words. We thought just because we told Mom and Joe sr they were being irresponsible with their mental and physical health our responsibility was met.

We forgot about how much time on task they spent with us getting us to job interviews, going on boy scout trips and vacations.

But they made it difficult for us to contribute in their old age because they were so successful, pushing us out of the nest. Most of the family weren't psychologically prepared or didn't have the free time to think it through, we have to push through the clever rejections and get Mom and Joe senior up and out.

Probably most people don't know to blame themselves for not pushing past the variety of gripy behaviors of their elderly parents.

Now Joe Sr. is confidently drugging Mom to the point of atrophied limbs with years of neglectful corroboration from the family. I'm sure this stealthy torture murder is common, but it won't be addressed until government or popular television makes it mandatory or entertaining.

7:00 I asked mom and Joe Sr. what they wanted for breakfast. Mom said biscuits and jelly. As I went to the kitchen Joe sr said they wanted shredded wheat. I fixed shredded wheat and biscuits with jelly.

8:00 Mom was upset with me, so I knew Joe senior spent the evening preparing her to be mean to me.

9:00 Bridget arrived and Mark, Joe sr and I went to the golf course. We played nine holes and Joe sr played all but the second to last hole.

11:30 Mom was still very upset with me and was seriously medicated.

12:00 Joe sr made sandwiches for everyone. I didn't want to participate in the anti Joe performance, so I worked with my musical equipment all afternoon.

5:00 I asked what they wanted for supper and Mom said Frito pie. Joe Sr said, he wanted a hamburger. Mom greed to have a hamburger. I made hamburgers for them and

continued working on my musical equipment.

7:00 I started my exercise.

8:00 I finished my exercise with the news and went upstairs for the night. I wish I would have made separate chili frito Pie for Mom. But Joe Sr. can be very convincing for me as well.

The tv sitters from Caring Senior Services are indistinguishable from each other and insignificant except they drain resources which could assist Mom and Joe sr to become active and enjoy the end of their lives.

6/16/24 Betty Broome report

I guess Joe sr wanted Father's Day to be all about him so he gave Mom druggings for most of the day forcing Mom to apologize for sleepiness to all the family visitors. It's terrifying for Mom to show hope of escape from her captor. And she's obviously sick of the performance she is sick of playing as a bedridden zombie even when she starts to emerge from the drugs. She knows she has to act sick and dependent to avoid nights of scolding and whole days of drugging.

I promise will help to discover how common this Stockholm Syndrome/Munchausen Syndrome combination is among the elderly once I get Mom and Joe sr free.

6:00 I got up when I heard Mom call "Joe."

Joe Sr. said they would wait till later to eat.

7:00 Brian arrived with McDonald's breakfast sandwiches for everyone. Brian talked to Mom and Joe Sr while the rest of us got dressed and ate.

8:00 Brian and Neal talked to Joe Sr while I got Mom to play with Joe sr's virtual reality headset. Brian tried the head set for a minute till the game stopped. Then I started a flight simulator and Joe Sr started setting it up while he talked to all of us. Mom was clearly sedated and wanted us to leave her alone while Dad changed her diaper.

9:00 Mark, Connie, Brian, Neal and Jo senior sat at the kitchen table and talked for a long time. It was so comforting to have them all together I fell asleep in the living room chair.

10:00 Brian left for rehearsals.

12:00 Mom called out and I went to her. She asked for Joe sr to change her. The group disbanded saying they were going to buy socks. I fell back to sleep.

1:00 Joe Sr made a sandwich for me, I checked on drugged out Mom and I went upstairs.

2:00 Joe Sr put Mom on the wheel chair and took her to the living room. Mom was obviously suffering from feces bloat and immediately wanted to go back in the bed. I put her in the bed at her insistence and I didn't have to lift or hold her up at all.

Her legs are strong but she needs relief from sedation, she needs professional ostomy care and walking exercise immediately.

3:00 Joe sr and I were watching a western when Natalie arrived and she wrote a Father's Day card on the kitchen table. She also brought in the electric razor blades I purchased yesterday. They arrived from amazon on the door step. Joe sr thanked us and said the blades were just in time.

3:30 I gave Mom apricots and Cheetos. Natalie had Father's day cake and Cheetos.

4:30 Neal and Joe Sr were looking at a computer in the livingroom while I sat next to Mom for ten minutes. She was suffering with spasms and was knocked out on perscriptions supplied by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

When I went to the bathroom Mom made one of her blood curdling howls. Joe Sr ran in and said 5 minutes, like he does when he's going to change Mom's diaper. I left the room and the door was closed.

5:00 Mark called and said to fix Sunday supper because he and Connie had some trouble with their usual Sunday meal for parents. I started fixing steak and potatoes.

I tried to involve Joe Sr but he didn't catch on to seasoning the potatoes and he went on to sabotaged Mom's enjoyment of the meal. I can't leave Mom alone to eat or she feels obligated to repeat the complaints he makes when I'm out of the room.

This time she kept repeating, "I don't eat meat. It will choke me." Joe Sr seemed very pleased he got Mom to refuse the food but I'm sure he'll be able to snap out of this controlling personality if I stay focused on productive projects.

6:00 I did my exercise with the news and went upstairs for the night.

6/15/24 Betty Broome report

Today was the first day in a very long time that Mom wasn't sedated but Mom was allowed to slide on to the floor.

7:00 I went in to see Mom and Joe Sr in their bedroom. Mom was laying on the floor next to the bed and Joe Sr. had already put the sling under her. He was preparing Mom to be lifted with the lift. She was clear-headed and we put her in the chair in the living room.

Joe Sr. went to the grocery store. Mom was completely alert and read part of a magazine before I started watching a movie with her.

9:00 Joe Sr returned from the grocery store and Mom stopped the movie. She asked to be moved back to the bedroom. We did so just as Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair.

10:00 Veronica was just finishing bathing Mom when a woman named Jody from Angela Assistance Services arrived to take blood from Mom.

10:45 Jody left.

11:00 Neal arrived and talked to Joe Sr. in the bedroom with Mom. Mom was completely alert so I tried several times involve her in the conversation but Joe Sr. kept interrupting and telling stories.

11:30 Joe Sr. and Neal went to pick up lunch from a local restaurant. I got to ask Mom about the things I tried to speak to her about when Joe Sr. was in the room. She told me about her first work experience and her upsetting boss.

12:00 PF Changs takeout arrived with Joe Sr and Neal. We all ate and rested.

2:00 Neal I went out to get Joe Sr a Father's Day present.

3:00 we returned with a virtual reality headset which had a variety of flight simulators for Joe sr to play and get some upper body exercise.

He asked about the new flight simulators often and they are finally fairly easily available.

4:00 I felt Joe Sr should be involved in the setup of the video game equipment so he could run it on his own. This gave Neal a rare opportunity to see Mom and talk to her when she is not sedated. They had a long conversation.

5:00 It took approximately an hour to get the equipment running so Joe sr. could play one of the initial test games. He let each of us take a turn with the introductory game.

6:00 I did my exercise with the news.

7:00 I finished my exercise gave Mom and Joe sr a little bit of chocolate shake and went upstairs for the night.

6/14/24 Betty Broome report

The man that used to be my Dad, Joe Broome is successful convincing everyone around him he isn't sedating my mother. As a group the FaceTime doctors, assistants and family members keep her from physical therapy and appropriate care. Let's hope he gets treatment for Lyme's disease brain fog or just snaps out of this nightmare.

It probably isn't a new societal phenomena that Trump, Putin, Netanyahu and Joe Broome Sr get away with murder while everyone dances around them politely. But it is incredibly hard to identify.

8:30 I asked what Mom and Joe Sr. wanted for breakfast. They said they wanted cereal with blackberries and I made it for them. Mom acted like she was on the verge of falling into her medication. I was concerned about her being able to hold up her bowl of cereal. She ate it all.

9:15 Darion arrived and asked what the FaceTime doctor said. Mom asked Joe what the

doctor said also. He said, Betty was whining about not being able to run around. He also said that he thought she was doing really well for being in her 90s. Darion, the new puppet babysitter, agreed they were doing extremely well.

9:30 Joe closed the door because they were changing Mom.

11:00 Joe tried to heat up expensive lobster bisque from Whole Foods and turned it into Lobster jelly that wasn't heated up enough but was possible to choke down.

1:00 Joe Sr. watched some TV in the living room.

2:00 Mark went with Joe Sr. to the drugstore. That gave me the opportunity to exercise Mom's feet and legs.

Darion told me she would lose her job if she exercised Mom like I do.

So Joe Sr. has convinced another assistant to keep Mom from developing independence. Joe has ironically created the grueling 24-hour care situation he has put on himself because of his need to control everything around him.

He was more capable of this Herculean responsibility when he was young and not weekend by constant protection of the illusion he's creating, of Mom's dementia and irreversible incapacitation.

Darion said, if the physical therapist came every day and Mom still didn't get better, would I accept it. I said, make that happen and of course I would accept it. She's said I wasn't accepting it. I said it hasn't happened.

I reminded Darion, Mom hasn't received physical therapy in months and the assistants, like herself, were instructed with a sheet of drawings to show them how to do the physical therapy. She said that after the Adult Protective Services visited last time she was instructed not to give physical therapy by Shelley her boss at Caring Senior Service and she didn't want to lose her job.

Darion has been provided with a circular argument which is not helpful to Mom's health. But it does relieve Darion of any responsibility other than to sit next to Mom and watch television, eating and looking at her phone.

Joe Sr. doesn't allow anyone to do physical therapy except me, and he keeps me away from Mom as much as possible.

2:30 Joe Sr. and Mark returned from the drugstore with medication to relieve Mom's gas. Joe Sr. said it was the gas that caused Mom to have the feces eruption two nights before.

Now Mom will be less likely to have regular bowel movements because natural levels of gas are required for expulsion of waste.

I visited Mom many times during the day and she was unable to respond. So she was robbed of another beautiful day of life by her husband who is no longer capable of caring for her effectively. Mom is trapped by her husband using the combination of drugs supplied by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

When Mom does communicate in her drugged state she is irritated and hopeless. I look forward to seeing her happy and undrugged again at some point but Joe Sr. keeps her intoxicated with alcohol and incapacitated the doctors prescriptions most of the time.

6:00 I did my exercise.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

The following morning.

7:00 Mom was on the floor and Joe Sr. and I used the lift to take her to the living room.

6/13/24 Betty Broome report

When Mom asked what would be done about the FaceTime meeting she had with her doctor today Dad characterized the meeting by saying, you were whining about not being able to get up and run around. He continued saying, he thought we were doing really well for being in our 90s.

I'm sure this will be counted as illegal cruelty in the future but for now it's just another day trapping an old woman who's no longer valuable enough to motivate with removal of sedatives, physical therapy and encouragement.

It's a cruel world where few would believe such a terrible situation exists without living with the couple for months and seeing into the slow motion train wreck. Most people don't recognize it's probably happening in their own family. Prescription medicines are allowing people to politely wait for family members to kill each other.

9:00 Bridget and Mark arrived. Everyone was talking around Mom and she was embarrassed, saying we needed to take back the carpet cleaner. I used the machine to make one more pass over the ostomy spill from last night and I rinsed out the machine in the backyard. Mark took it back to the store.

9:30 I started watching a movie.

10:30 Dad asked me what it was about. I caught him up on the movie and then he told me he was going to FaceTime with the doctor and Mom so he was getting coffee for Mom to wake up to speak to the doctor.

10:40 Dad asked Bridget to leave the room and he closed the door for the FaceTime meeting with the doctor. It was a particularly sensitive moments in the movie I was watching and Bridget started blurting out about the recipes she was finding on facebook. I called attention to the fact that I was watching the movie.

It seems suspicious to me that the doctors don't show concern that Mom is incapacitated every time they FaceTime with them instead of having face-to-face doctor visits. When I spoke to Angela of the Adult Protective Services she said the doctors described Mom's dementia as being up and down in scale from very alert to completely incapacitated.

Mom is always incapacitated and babbling each time she has a FaceTime meeting with the doctors and they haven't done anything to adjust to the situation. I can only guess it's very profitable for them to have a bunch of unquestioning patients hooked on a variety of drugs.

12:00 Dad fixed Asian sweet salad for everyone. While dad was in the kitchen I asked Mom if she told the doctors she wanted less sedation so she could do her physical therapy and she said, she did. I told her I hope she did but she appeared to be babbling in response to my questions.

Dad said mom was whining about not being able to get up and run around. He continued saying, he thought we were doing really well for being in our ninteens.

I'm sure this will be counted as illegal cruelty in the future but for now it's just another day trapping an old woman who is decided to be no longer valuable enough to motivate with removal of sedatives, physical therapy and encouragement.

1:00 Dad asked if I wanted to go to the drugstore with him. It seems kind of immature that he always makes a point calling attention when he goes to the drugstore. He knows I blame him and the doctors for keeping Mom sedated so she can't have regular bowel movements, physical therapy or communicate normally.

I didn't know I would have to protect my family from the Brave New World.

1:30 We went to the boy scout store to get supplies for Dad's first aid videos.

2:00 We returned home and Bridget said she changed Mom's diaper.

3:00 Mark arrived.

Dad and Mark left to go finish supper and bring it home. Dad seems to be acting as if he thinks there is a competition with me. It might be that one of my poorly educated brothers is motivating this imagined competition in Dad's thoughts.

I think if I remain patient Dad and my brothers will learn that all I care about is Mom enjoying the rest of her life. Dad was always competitive but he has to be feeling very strongly about this imagined competition to overcome his recognition of the harm he's doing to Mom.

4:00 Every time I tried to talk to Mom today she was mostly unresponsive. I fell asleep.

I woke up at 6:00 and dad said there was food for me in the refrigerator. I ate it, exercised for an hour and a half and went to say good night to them. Mom was still barely able to communicate so she lost another whole day to Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives.

6/12/24 Betty Broome report

I found Mom by herself in her bedroom with a pile of feces next to the bed. She said Dad was gone to get a steam cleaner machine.

Dad doesn't see the connection between how many days of the week he incapacitates Mom with the doctor's prescriptions and how overwhelming her constipation is when she finally has an inconvenient bowel movement twice a week or so.

If Dad stopped sedating Mom today she could become active enough to sit on the toilet with the ostomy tube leading into the toilet in days. She hasn't had Byron, her physical therapist in months.

I never respond when Dad repeats, "this is the 7th or 8th time Mom had an ostomy emergency". Dad's memory doesn't allow him to keep a realistic count. Mom has eight or more "emergencies" a month.

Maybe Dad is partially blocking the disgusting events out of his memory pretending Mom has only had eight such emergencies in the 15 years she has had the ostomy. Or maybe the Lyme's disease brain fog is keeping him from remembering how often it happens until he gets that disease treated.

Part of the reason Dad repeats to me that Mom mustn't be encouraged to walk again is probably that he started thinking on November 6th 2019, 6 years ago, that her sedated immobility meant, this horrible part of his job was coming to an end when Mom would die.

But Mom hasn't died and she's extremely strong thank goodness. But living, also means that her torture has been extended for years and no one in the family, medical field or assistants believe such an impossibly cruel situation could exist in our seemingly ideal family.

I hired an ostomy specialist nurse in November of 2023 to relieve Dad of this harsh responsibility, which he isn't handling well. Dad and my brothers didn't like a professional nurse knowing the private goings on in my parent's house, so one of my brothers hired the cheap Shelley's Caring Senior Service babysitters, which do not include the ostomy as their responsibility. Sometimes Dad doesn't allow them to do it.

If Caring Senior Service isn't relieving 91-year-old Dad of the responsibilities he needs to become active and build up his health, CSS has no reason to be in my parents house, eating my parents food and watching television all day while Mom is unnecessarily sedated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

9:00 Teresa our family friend arrived and I moved Mom from the bed to the living room, so she could clean the bedroom. Mom was gradually falling into her medication and was hypersensitive from a belly full of feces.

9:58 Darion CSS arrived almost an hour late. Dad said we can go to hit some golf balls. Teresa asked us to get vacuum cleaner bags but Dad was defiant about getting bags for the vacuum cleaner during the golf trip. I moved Mom back to the bed after Teresa finished cleaning the bedroom.

10:30 Mark, Dad and I went to the driving range and when Dad saw the store was on the way we went to get vacuum bags.

12:00 We returned home and Darion said Mom wanted food when Mom was still asleep and incapacitated. Dad made excellent baked potato's and I found a comedy series on the bedroom TV.

1:30 Dad was changing Mom's ostomy while Darion laughed at the TV sitting next to him. How did Caring Senior Service ever get hired without the requirement to take care of physical therapy and the ostomy? Both Dad and Mom need activity and freedom from responsibilities at the ages of 91 and 92. Nothing has changed around here except we feed someone who sits and changes Mom's diaper sometimes.

2:30 I'm framing the quilt stars to distribute to everyone in the family. Mark made an appointment for golf on monday for Dad, Mark and I. Mark attempted to clear the messages on Dad's phone as Dad was interrupting him. I tried to call Dad and was still blocked. Dad said he would unblock me so as of today he may start receiving these reports again that caused him to block my phone number.

I don't know how long this will last but he needs to know what is going on the reports of his own house so he can snap out of this terrible sedating of Mom.

3:00 The cloth label company sent me an email saying I would receive labels for the framed quilt stars before 9:00 p.m. tonight.

4:45 Darion left with Mark to take her home as he does every day.

5:00 Mom said she wanted to be changed. I did my exercise.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

9:00 I went downstairs to get a snack and found Mom alone in the bedroom with feces on the side of the bed and on the floor. Dad was gone to the store to rent a steam machine and Mom was very alert.

I told Mom, she should use this upsetting circumstance to convince Dad to let her remain unsedated so she could help him with emergencies like this, instead of being stuck in bed. She agreed that Dad should not have to take care of all of this himself at his age.

When Dad returned from the store with the steam cleaner he repeated for the 100th time, "this is the 8th emergency since Mom got her ostomy" 15 years ago.

I started to help him fill the steam machine with hot water but Dad wanted boiling water and was upset with me for filling the machine with hot tap water like the instructions required.

I let him do the cleanup and told him I would rinse out the machine in the morning in the backyard and would take it back to the store. He chuckled and agreed. I went to bed for the night.

6/11/24 Betty Broome report

Mom hasn't seen Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh face to face in several years and when she does see the doctors on Facetime she is unable to communicate normally because of their incapacitating prescriptions. She also needs to go to the dentist immediately.

8:00 Dad called me saying breakfast would be ready in 5 minutes. I went downstairs and he had viscous scrambled eggs on viscous spinach and little crunchy pieces of toast with jelly on them. He said he and Mom loved the eggs and spinach.

I could have told Mom she didn't like the eggs and she would have agreed because she was over medicated. I told Dad he didn't need to cook for me in the mornings because I eat so often on my own.

I came back into the bedroom after eating my breakfast and Dad was telling Mom he was going to let Darion give her a good bath. Mom was complaining about her bottom

burning. As I walked up Dad could see I heard him and he started telling Mom that he already gave her a bath but he wants Darion to give her a better one. He repeated remember I gave you a bath, remember?

9:00 I found a television station on the new internet TV system Dad started yesterday. Mom focused in because I guess she hadn't seen the news all night.

9:28 Darion arrived and told Dad she was told by her office they were going to get in touch with him to let him know she was late this morning. Dad gave her his phone and she checked the messages. She said he had messages.

Dad responded loudly to Mom's upset reaction to him. He said he was trying to tell her he loved her but she was mad at him. Mom knows what Dad is doing to her and has to suppress her anger because he watches over her 24 hours a day.

10:00 I heard Mom calling out and I found her alone. I asked her what she needed and she said she was going to get a bath because she was burning. Darion came in from the bathroom and said she needed to go to the store to get something for herself but I told her there might be what she needed upstairs in my nieces supplies .

It turned out we did have what she needed and then she said she was going to need special soap to wash Mom because Dad told her to use hand sanitizer to wash Mom and she wasn't allowed to do that.

I went to the store to get soap and Dad and I arrived home from at the same time. He got some groceries. The pharmacist gave me two kinds of soap. One was the correct pH and left no residue. The other was advertised specifically for feminine cleaning.

11:00 I went to the store to buy more frames to frame the quilt stars for Mom.

12:00 Dad fixed extraordinary stuffed bell peppers. Darion left for the day.

1:00 I asked Mom if she would go outside with me to get some vitamin D and she said she needed to sleep after her bath.

2:00 I updated the archive of Mom's reports. I've started waiting until I see if Mom is incapacitated with drugs before I send the reports each day, to the various Adult Protective Services and family members.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

3:00 Mark came to visit. I brought Cheetos, iced tea and apricots for everyone to snack on. Mark and Dad were trying to figure out how to respond to the John Hancock insurance company's somewhat insensitively worded request for evidence of paying the Caring Senior Service CSS company.

I reminded Dad that he discussed it with Shelley of CSS about sending a record of the money they receive to the insurance company for evidence and Shelley said she thought that might be automated.

Mom was hallucinating but not fighting from being highly overdosed. She kept asking what everyone was talking about but couldn't catch on to what Mark or Dad were saying about the insurance. She kept repeating what Dad has said over the years about how they made their payments for all those decades to John Hancock but now the insurance company is cruel.

Dad said he hates the way they communicate with him now that Mom is using the insurance and they've stopped making payments. So far Dad has been able to answer their requests but his mental illness is going to interfere at some point unless he starts becoming active and dealing with his brain fog. Possibly with Lyme's disease treatments.

It's hard to see a man who was one of the best possible fathers become a torture murderer of his own wife and become angry and confused with simple requests from vendors.

5:00 I started my exercise and Dad went outside to check the mail. I asked Mom if she was all right and she said she was fine so I did my exercise where she could watch.

6:00 I finished my exercise and watched TV looking over at Mom sitting there doing nothing hour after hour because her family has abandoned her believing Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh. The doctors haven't seen Mom face to face in several years.

6/10/24 Betty Broome report

It's understandable that Darion has to go along with the majority in spite of what she sees with her own eyes. She has to do what is most likely to allow her to keep working.

Dad has convinced her not to interfere with his routine of drugging Mom off and on all

day. Darion has to keep Mom from physical therapy or meaningful interaction with others.

8:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast. Mom said jelly toast.

8:15 The toaster wasn't working because of a blown fuse, but I brought them jelly toast with cornbread and Apple slices.

9:00 Mom was medicated, Darion arrived and Dad and I went to the mall to take back his cable boxes.

Dad had been rehearsing in his thoughts about having specific aps deleted from his cable account for so long, he was unable to accept the idea of dropping cable completely. I brought all of the cable boxes and equipment just in case he would finally come to realize that by purchasing an account with a new internet connection last week, he had committed to canceling cable all together. Once she learns how to use the internet for television it will be much less expensive but we'll have to see how long this takes.

Dad closed his account after he talked to the representative for 30 minutes. It was the cable companies karma for overcharging him for years, to have to suffer through that conversation.

11:00 we returned with sandwiches for everyone and ate. I couldn't help Mom who was knocked out, so I fell asleep.

3:00 I woke up and went to the store to buy supplies for Mom's quilt presents for family members.

3:30 dad gave Mom a mouthful of pills saying "I'm holding your hand with my hand like this." I don't know what that meant but Darion saw it and told me later that Dad gives mom her drugs early sometimes.

4:00 I framed one of my mother's quilt stars. They were hand sewn by her mother. Mom really did like it but she was too medicated to really do anything about it. I helped her turn on the show she watches most often.

I guess it will take some time for Dad to learn the new television system. Mark, Dad and Darion talked about finances and school loans while Mom drifted off.

I'm going to frame enough of the quilt stars for everyone in the extended family to have

a hand sewn memento with a label explaining where it came from.

4:30 Mark took Darion home.

4:45 Tonight Dad is dealing with Mom's out of control effects of drugs he was prescribed to give Mom by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh. He seems to be pretending to himself that her out of control actions, as she comes on to the drugs, are part of her dementia. But he should be able to put two and two together after all these years of seeing her lose her mind each time he overdoses her.

I can't imagine a more horrifying catch-22 that causes a 90 year old control freak man to slowly torture kill his wife with medications prescribed by doctors who receive money and or ego control freak satisfaction for those cruel prescriptions.

I suppose that ultimately I will receive the consequences for not having reported Adult Protective Services more than the three times I already have and sending them daily reports of the doctor's cruelty for 5 months.

5:00 I started doing my exercise.

6:00 Dad went outside to get the mail and I went into speak to Mom. She said she was waiting for Dad to bring her a "drink drink." I guess that means an alcohol drink. Dad came in with coke with ice and I guess alcohol.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

6/9/24 Betty Broome report

The challenge of getting dad to remember to stop over medicating Mom with sedatives and conflicting medications is complicated because of his poor memory and his lazy complicit children.

Dad is very confident he needs to stick with his routine of medicating Mom especially in the mornings. Then he is upset and overextended when Mom's hallucinations and erratic activity become a challenge for him.

This morning Dad had the audacity to ask Mom if she was going to be grumpy today. She

was babbling and out of her mind with his hallucinogenic combination drugs provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh. But the look on her face was chilling fear when he asked her if she was going to be grumpy today.

This is particularly dangerous when a lot of time passes without doctors and dentist appointments for Mom. Dad is able to sedate Mom thoroughly and make her look demented when she Facetimes with her doctor over the past several years but that won't work with a dentist. Mom needs a dentist immediately.

It's constantly horrifying to see what Dad has become but it's all worth it when I get to hold Mom hand at least once a day. And because the task is simple for Dad to stop drugging mom I can be patient.

6:00 I heard them downstairs and found Mom was already in the living room chair with Dad nervously attending to her hallucinations. He acts like he's doing Mom a favor by catering to her erratic requests as if he wasn't the cause. He repeats the same sentences every day as if it doesn't matter what he says. If he has an audience like myself he acts like he's doing a great job of caring for her.

The doctors who prescribed these conflicting medications will probably not be held accountable because of the authority doctors and huge pharmaceutical companies wield but hopefully they will suffer their own consciences as they fall into dementia. There must be more and possibly many more grizzly tortured deaths slowly grinding to a miserable conclusion because of these reckless doctors.

6:30 Mom started repeating again and again "I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick." It must be very irritating for her stomach to have these medications sometimes three times a day and no food.

7:00 As the sun started to rise Dad said Mom should eat something so I fixed her Raisin Bran with banana slices. She was still making ridiculous requests but at least she was manageable by this time. Mom's out of control rushes from the drugs usually only last about 30 minutes after the 30 minutes it takes to start coming on. After the first manic rush it's really hard for her to stay awake for about 3 hours.

7:30 Dad started putting together a pecan pie on the living room table so Mom could watch him do it. He was pretending to be accommodating to her dementia when it was obvious she is over medicated. He put the pie in the oven at around 8:00 and Mom wanted to return to the bed.

8:00 I put Mom in the wheelchair and she was able to stand holding on to my shoulders and then stand again when she got out of the wheelchair and I helped her in the bed.

Mom said she wanted her diaper changed so I went in the living room and Dad helped her.

8:30 The internet installing man arrived and talked to us about where to locate the router box.

9:00 the internet man finished installing the new fiber internet but Mark and I discovered Dad thought he was getting a new cable company with all of his channels. We have to figure out how the different televisions in the house are going to use apps to get the television programming he wants.

10:00 the internet Guy did his best to help Dad install apps on two of the televisions and sign his phone and computer onto the internet.

12:00 Dad tried to feed mom. Mom has not had a glimpse of lucid thought so far today so she has clearly been given two doses.

2:00 Mark, Dad and I sat and talked around Mom for about 30 minutes. Mom kept interrupting our conversation saying that Darion was late . She kept saying, "it's afternoon and why isn't Darion here." Mark said he would call Darion and Mom could talk to her. But she was still clearly inebriated. I asked Mom if she wanted to go for a quick trip outside to get vitamin D and she said she knows she has to go sometime because, "it's been a long time since I was out of the bed." I told her she was in the living room this morning. She didn't remember it at all. Mark left to go fix supper for me, Mom and Dad.

3:00 I started practicing with the quilt Stars I am trying to help Mom make into presents for everyone in the family.

3:30 Dad and Mark went to Mark's house and I got to talk to Mom as she was just starting to come out of her medication. Mom and I spent about an hour trying to sew the edges of the quilt Stars and discovered the inexpensive handheld sewing machine was not designed for such intricate projects as this. So we started looking on the internet for different ways to display the stars and found that round frames might be the best thing.

Mom became upset when she needed to go to the bathroom and I couldn't help her get into the bathroom till she exercises more often. I asked her to have another exercise of her legs and she did more intently because of the purpose to gain independence. She knows she could walk if she wasn't feeling dependent and incapacitated on prescription drugs all the time.

4:30 I fell asleep waiting for supper and the door was closed to the bedroom.

6:00 Natalie brought the roast beef, rice, gravy and green beans that were excellent. Mom didn't hardly eat any so they put it in the refrigerator.

8:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted a little bit of ice cream float and they both had a little bit. I asked Mom if she wanted to read the paper and told Dad Rachel Maddow was coming on. Mom said no.

I went upstairs for the night.

6/8/24 Betty Broome report

I'm still waiting for Dad to snap out of it but he still medicates Mom and repeats to her, she doesn't like her glasses, doesn't like me helping, doesn't want to go to the doctor and generally doesn't want to get up.

When Mom first comes on to her medication and she's hallucinating, her first words are, "I've got to get up, I got to get up." She knows what she needs naturally, and even in defiance of Dad's gas lighting. Luckily today she only had one dose in the morning so there was time to communicate with her all afternoon.

7:30 Veronica came and washed Mom's hair.

8:00 I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Mom said cereal and fruit. I fixed Mom's strawberries crushed like she likes and Dad's whole strawberries like he likes.

8:30 Mom ate all of her cereal and berries. I put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes and she had fun throwing it at the hamper across the room and almost got it in the basket this morning.

I told them they have to remember to stop turning the oxygen machine away from the cabinets in the bathroom because the last time the expert was here he said, the vents are on the back of the machine and it can't be pushed against the wall the way it looks more aesthetic.

This morning started well with Mom's hair washed and she was allowed to eat. She must have really been hungry after yesterday.

But then she was medicated for the usual three and a half hours.

10:30 Mark and dad went to the store to get something for the television to work properly when the new cable company comes on monday. I asked Mom if Veronica gave her a bath or if she just washed her hair but Mom didn't know.

11:30 Mom started to wake up and I started teaching her how to use the new sewing machine. I found her glasses so she could read the instructions to me while I followed them step by step to change the thread on the bobbin.

We threaded through the machine and practiced sewing with the new pink thread instead of the preinstalled white. We needed pink thread to match the patches of cloth her mother used to start the quilt we want to turn into family presents.

12:00 We started to sew the pieces of fabric together but discovered we need spray starch to spray the fabric and iron it stiff before we move forward with the project. Mom kept complimenting me on my patience and I said it's just persistence I learned in Boy Scouts and from being a teacher for 30 years.

I said I wished she had been challenged to do the projects with us when we were in Boy Scouts so she would be confident and motivated to do more projects now and be excited by life. I said I would keep thinking of things for her to work on and get her back on her feet.

12:30 Mark fixed lunch for Mom and Dad and that was a big help. Connie visited and me and Mom showed her the new sewing machine.

1:00 Dad fell asleep next to Mom and I left them with Mom reading the paper. I practiced my songs for an hour.

2:00 Mark came back and was talking to Mom about a number of handwritten recipes he found in an old cookbook and I started fixing Swiss steak.

3:00 I fell asleep while the Swiss steak was slow cooking.

4:00 Dad started asking about the Swiss steak and tested it.

5:00 I served steak and Dad made potatoes for everyone. Mark returned and complimented me on the food. It did come out really well. Mark helped with the big job of clean up after the supper and there are still leftovers for tomorrow or the next day. I started exercising.

7:00 Mark left and the door was closed so I went upstairs for the night.

6/7/24 Betty Broome report

Mom needs to go to the dentist as soon as possible. We can't depend on any of the Adult Protective Service institutions or my brothers to assist so I need to find a dentist that will come to the house.

6:00 I went downstairs and Dad was fixing breakfast for Mom, so I put a warm towel on her eyes and she said, no. She grabbed the towel as if she was mad at me, put it on her eyes and wiped her face and hands.

We have started a new thing where she throws the towel at the laundry basket across the room. She attempts to get it in like a basketball. She's definitely getting stronger at throwing and more accurate at judging the arch.

6:30 Dad came in with breakfast and coffee. He was trying to give it to her but she wasn't accepting anything.

8:30 I went to Joanne fabric store and bought a handheld sewing machine to work with Mom's Mother's quilt patches. I also stopped at the grocery store on the way home and got plenty of good stuff for this coming week.

9:30 When I got home Mom had already been given a shower and seemed really comfortable but medicated. I showed Mom the handheld sewing machine and she really seemed excited. I asked where the ironing board was and she knew exactly where to point me. I but the iron would be with it and when it wasn't I said, "I wonder if anyone

borrowed it?"

Dad made a big deal out of the iron being in a different location as if I was supposed to have figured it out myself. He does these big exaggerated competitive nonsense conflicts quite often, so it's hard to figure out what might be sensitive.

For instance, when he was younger he probably would have benefited by my suggestion to ask his doctor about Lyme's disease. But instead he is very defiant and he may be missing an opportunity to get rid of his cloudy thoughts.

Mom wasn't able to focus on the new sewing machine and she fell asleep. Mark arrived and I left to get filters for their air conditioner.

11:30 Darion said Mom wanted food so I fixed sweet and sour Asian salad and barbecue sausage. Mom didn't eat much but she was awake for a few minutes.

12:00 Darion cleaned up the kitchen and Mom fell asleep.

1:00 Dad was gone for part of the morning and most of the afternoon to get coffee and then to the doctor. But he stopped and talked to me for a while watching television. We talked about authoritarian leaders and I couldn't help but think how Dad is a misogynistic and power hungry personality like Trump, Putin and Netanyahu the way he treats Mom.

He kept Mom drugged all day today because he was out of the house for most of the time. It couldn't be more obvious. Mom is just a zombie remote control doll and Dad lost his self control when Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh gave Mom sedatives on November 6th 2019 six years ago.

It's lucky Mom was raised on a farm and is as so strong. But it's hard to know whether she really wants to continue living with Dad drugging her so many days of the week. He feels the need to convince everyone Mom has dementia and is permanently bedridden.

It's just a fluke of psychology where a 50s couple falls into rolls that are self-destructive.

Hopefully if I'm patient Dad will snap out of this disgusting codependent routine, build up his health, start playing golf with his sons and let Mom get off of the drugs. She needs to start doing her physical therapy immediately. And she desperately needs to go to the dentist as soon as possible.

4:30 Darien said Mom was hungry and I asked if she would like a ham sandwich. She said, yes. But someone had eaten the ham so I made a hamburger. By the time I got back to Mom she didn't know what I was talking about and said she didn't want the sandwich. Dad came in at the same time and I said, maybe Dad will want half of the burger. Mark took Darian home and Dad closed the bedroom door.

6:00 I started my exercise news and finished at 7:30.

7:30 Dad had the door open, apparently to show me he had Mom completely drugged, so I didn't participate in the performance and went upstairs.

Days like today when Mom was never given an undrugged chance to eat are especially cruel.

6/6/24 Betty Broome report

Mom has politely excused her family from attending to her for so many decades the whole family is trained to keep our distance when we should have been as diligent as she was when she was young and caring for us.

I don't know how a doctor convinced Dad it was better to put Mom out of her misery with sedatives than to motivate her to be active and enjoy her last years. But you would think Dad would have snapped out of it after 5 years since November 6th 2019 when Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh first started prescribing the sedentary drugs.

6:30 Dad was on his way to the kitchen to get cereal with bananas for breakfast. I tried to talk to Mom but she was out of it and so I just put a warm towel on her eyes and wiped them off. Mom was unable to eat her cereal with bananas. Dad tried to feed it to her with a spoon.

8:30 Mark arrived with biscuits and sausage. I tried to give Mom the meat out of my sausage biscuit because that's the only part she really likes. She wasn't really communicating well at this point.

9:00 Darion arrived.

10:00 Mark and Dad went to get Dad a haircut. I tried to speak to Mom and she was

starting to be able to communicate. We tried to watch a comedy series with Mom but she couldn't wake up enough to give it a chance.

10:30 I told Darion I would like to practice my songs and if she needed me she would need to call loudly upstairs because I'll be focused.

11:00 I went and spoke to Mom again for a short while and Mark and Dad returned and left while I was downstairs.

4:30 I was talking to Mom and Darion about the band and how much trouble it is to find musicians who don't have drug problems. Darion said she doesn't do any mind-altering substances. Mark and Dad came home.

5:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for supper and Dad said Mark's leftover beef stew. I heated some up and served it to them but Mom couldn't eat any of it. I asked her if she would like a bacon sandwich and she said yes. I fixed it for her and she ate most of it. She started to give the leftovers to Dad and he said he didn't want it. So she continued to eat the rest except for a little piece.

5:30 I put away their tray and silverware and told them I was going to exercise.

7:00 I finished exercising and told Mom about another drama she might be interested in. It was just finishing so she didn't get a chance to check it out very much. I switched the television to Andy Griffith and watched with them for a little while.

I told them I was going to bed for the night and Mom seemed disappointed. I need to prepare something to do with Mom in the evenings because I'm starting to see now that if she is not given a night dose of medication she wants to be active.

I told her I'm getting a handheld sewing machine and she seemed very excited about that. We will use it to work on her mother's quilt patches.

6/5/24 Betty Broome report

9:00 it was dark outside because of the rainy conditions. Mom, Dad and I slept right up until Darion and Teresa arrived.

9:30 Darion gave Mom a shower and Mom really looked better after weeks without one. Mom was highly medicated but appeared to be really happy about being thoroughly clean. Dad and Mark went to the store.

10:00 Mom had her glasses on and was trying to write a check to pay Teresa but kept making mistakes. So I helped her void the check and tried to write another. I showed Darion how to fix the light so it's easier for Mom to see when she reads or writes.

10:30 Mark and Dad returned from the store and Mom disappeared into the background.

11:00 Margaret arrived.

12:30 I asked if Mom and Dad if they had eaten and Dad said they ate the tuna sandwiches he brought from the grocery store yesterday. I asked if they wanted a treat and Mom said, no. I brought both Dad and Mom iced tea.

There were plenty of people watching Mom so I fell asleep.

5:00 I started watching a movie and doing my exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise with the exercise news and asked Mom and Dad if they wanted a milkshake. Mom said she wanted one and I made a blackberry milkshake that was almost a third crushed blackberries. Mom ate all of it and I watched the news with them while Dad was playing bridge on his computer. I told Mom I could put the walking machine on her and set her on the stationary exercise bike and she could exercise her legs while she was just sitting there watching TV. She said, not tonight.

7:30 I said good night to Mom and Dad and went upstairs.

I know of at least two and possibly three loved ones in my family who were trapped in similar pharmaceutical death traps, this must be a worldwide problem. I don't have money for lawyers so this may be a job for a press conference.

6/4/24 Betty Broome report

I'm starting to think it's Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh who have Munchausen Syndrome by proxy. They are either jealous of Dad and Mom's relationship and are tempted to control them with Dad's trust in them or they are substance abusers themselves and think everyone wants to be sedated.

7:00 I went downstairs and the door was closed so I started practicing songs. I knew this would mean Dad would probably medicate Mom while I was practicing but I guess I have to be patient waiting for him to realize his druggings with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions could stop at any time by his action.

8:00 I knocked on Mom and Dad's door. Dad said, come in and Mom was obviously knocked out. I asked her what she wanted for breakfast. She couldn't answer but Dad gave me her coffee cup to fill and said, After she gets her coffee she would want breakfast. It was obvious Dad wanted breakfast but wanted to wait for Mom.

I got Coffee for Mom and she took her first sip with assistance. I was concerned she would let it spill on her chest but Dad was watching, so I suggested I should wait a little longer to see when she is ready for breakfast.

9:00 I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Dad looked at mom. I asked Mom if she wanted fried eggs and bacon and she said yes. I fixed them and they were eating when Darion arrived.

9:15 Darion arrived and started writing in her journal. She then checked Mom's ostomy and said it wasn't ready yet.

9:30 I asked what the tee time was and Dad said 12:00. He said Mark was coming and only made plans for three.

10:00 Dad and I went out to check the clubs and make sure everything was ready in the car.

11:00 Dad and I went to the golf course and met Mark and a new golf buddy named Eric.

12:00 We hit some balls on the driving range then started playing.

I could see Dad had some kind of conflict in his thoughts because he was disagreeable throughout the game and only played about four shots for the whole 2 hours and nine

holes. At least we got him outside.

2:00 We stopped at the grocery store and got some treats and staples using the indigenous debit card. Mark started fixing stew.

2:30 Darion said, Mom was asking for food. Dad brought home sandwiches and I split them up for Mom, Dad and Darion. Mom was somewhat alert but didn't start communicating normally until around 3:00.

3:00 There were enough people watching Mom that I fell asleep till 5:00.

5:00 I woke up and Dad and Mark left to take Darion home. It was a rare opportunity to talk to Mom even though she was quite medicated at first. I gave her a piece of candy and she became upset and said, "You don't want me to have more candy!" I said, "I'll go get you a whole jar of it right now." I brought her a jar of peanut M&Ms and she seemed very interested in talking to me.

She was able to defy the intoxication but was still hallucinating when she asked me to remove and clean one of the vents in the next room. I got the ladder out of the garage, removed the vent and put it in the dishwasher so it would be cleaned thoroughly.

5:30 I apologized to Mom for taking so long to get Dad to stop knocking her out with medication. I said, "I think it shouldn't take too much longer because Dad is starting to see I know exactly when he gives you the drugs." I told her, "Dad can't pretend it's just dementia anymore and I know he genuinely likes to see you doing activities sometimes."

Mom said, "But I could be dead before that." I said, "I hope not because there are so many things the family needs from you." I told her, "You are really good about figuring out what people are thinking and what they want and need." I said, "You are naturally good at psychological inferences". She agreed with me.

I told her, dad didn't want to play golf today. I said, "it was good we got him out in the sun but he didn't play." She said, maybe he didn't want to play because he knew I wasn't having any fun." I said, "that could be it."

I asked her if she would let me take her in the living room so we could wait for Dad and Mark to get home. She said, she didn't want to. I said she was going to have to defy her 5-year-old habit of not getting out of bed and she said, she knows.

I gave her the daily newspaper and she asked if I would let her read for a while. I went

and sat in the chair where she could see me in the living room and she read the paper for about 20 minutes.

6:00 I was demonstrating how I could use the walking machine to get her on the exercise bike while she was watching TV so she wouldn't have to worry about falling. Dad came in the room. He didn't complain or interfere. Mark said the stew would be ready at 6:30 halfway through my exercise news. So I started my exercise and Mom said she was proud of me.

6:30 I stopped my exercise and served Mom and Dad some stew. Mom ate most of hers, except for the potatoes and I finished my exercise.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

11:00 I thought I heard someone call me and I went downstairs. Mom was awake and Dad was asleep with the television on loud. Mom said, Joe, and I said, "I thought I heard you call me. She said she didn't and I went back to bed.

6/3/24 Betty Broome report

The assistant services seem to send individuals who think of themselves as very helpful and participating in a useful career but fall short of doing what is best for Mom and Dad. Last November I hired a certified nurse who was specialized in ostomy, medication and physical therapy for \$256 a day. But over time that would have exposed too much of what is going on around here, so Dad let her go.

Dad then let the insurance company hire assistants who do not promote Mom's independence or Dad's physical activities. Mom and dad are trapped together in sedentary habits just as they've been for at least the past 5 years when Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh prescribed medications which keep Mom from being active and cause Dad to have to watch Mom 24 hours a day.

8:00 I checked on Mom and Dad and Mark brought coffee and McDonald's biscuits for everyone. Then I practiced an hour of my songs.

9:00 Bridget arrived and I turned on Chopin in the living room. Mom read her new digital newspaper till she started falling under the effects of medication. The timing of her incapacitation means she probably got her pill at 8:30. As she drifted off Mom seemed genuinely happy to have Bridget catch up stories about her family.

9:30 Bridget called attention to the fact that Mom was not supposed to have medication until the end of the day. Dad started preparing chicken for lunch.

11:30 I checked on Mom and Bridget was very proud to say Mom had a shower but then she changed her wording and said Mom had a bath here in the bedroom. I don't know what that confusion was about but she went on as usual for a long time repeating the same sentence.

Mom asked me twice to get lunch.

Mom's mouth was completely dried out so I gave her some water. I went in the kitchen to get fresh water with ice and told Dad, Mom was asking for food. Dad said it would be a little while because he just got back from the grocery store to get supplies.

Dad said he was going to call Caring Senior Service to let them know he wanted Darion to be their steady assistant because he doesn't get along with Bridget. I said I didn't know there was any choice in the matter. He said, "we're in complete control." I gave Mom some cold water and told her what Dad said about lunch being a little bit later.

1:00 dad served great chicken and mashed potatoes with gravy. Mom ate most of it.

1:00 Mark visited again and expertly salted and peppered meat for two meals.

5:00 Bridget left and everyone was relieved. Dad said Mom wanted me to get her out of the bed so she can go in the living room in the wheelchair. Dad was coughing intensely. The out of control coughing is what happens when he is embarrassed for me to see Mom freaking out on medication.

It was just the time for Mom to start having a bad medication reaction because Bridget is very precise about making sure Mom has her medication on the days she is here at 4:30. Dad doesn't know how obvious it is when he is having to negotiate around Mom's intense reactions to the medications. He trapped himself into this situation where he promised the assistants at Caring Senior Service, he would only give medication at 4:30 everyday.

Mom had her feet hanging out of the bed like she did yesterday and her legs were up on the wheelchair in a very awkward position. I guess Dad can't stop Mom from putting her legs off the bed when she's hallucinating, so he pulls the wheelchair under her feet to stop her from falling. She is completely over medicated by the full dosage in the evenings now days.

I put Mom in the wheelchair and walked her around to the window where she looked out for a short time and quickly said she wanted to get back in bed. Anyone could see Mom is suffering when the first rush of the combined drugs surge through her and she tries to control it visibly.

The representative of the APS said it was natural hallucinations which come with dementia. Mom doesn't deserve this neglect when it's so obvious with the timing of her medications.

I walked Mom through the kitchen and living room so she could look through the house before I put her back in the bed.

Dad said to start cooking supper and I fixed steak, corn and squash from the garden. Mom never eats when she's over medicated so I wasn't surprised when none of it was missing when I put the leftovers in the refrigerator.

5:30 Dad closed the door and I watched television for a while and went upstairs for the night.

It is the Broome boys job to pay Mom and Dad back for all of the time waiting in the car for us at ball games, job interviews and all the time they spent keeping us involved in activities. We were always active with things like Scouting and any interest. But Mom was never provided with incentives to be active and in fact she was always punished with humor for anytime she tried a diet or exercise. We made fun of her for anytime she didn't fit into a 50 housewife stereotype.

She still does deserve to be coaxed into fitness, trips to visit her boys anywhere in the United States and provided with constant requests to go walking and working on projects that she's interested in. She fought all her life to make sure we always had activities and she was severely punished with glares from the man she trusted most. Now both Dad and Mom need incentives to be active so they can enjoy the end of their lives in good health.

6/2/24 Betty Broome report

6:30 Noises downstairs

7:00 I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Mom was sleeping. Dad said they already ate. I sat in the living room where Mom could see.

Mom knows Dad treats her worse when I communicate with her, so it's a tough balance to wait for Dad to tell her it's okay to communicate with me while I'm waiting for him to snap out of his Munchausen Syndrome by proxy.

The gaslighting topics Dad has come up with to make Mom upset with me are starting to overlap. Joe's lazy, Joe's trying to control us, Joe has an Oedipus Complex. It's easier for me to continue to wait for Dad to snap out of it and for him to let Mom have control of her life and both get fit, if I can anticipate the ugly comments Dad teaches Mom to say when she's suggestible on Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs.

11:00 I asked what they wanted for lunch but Mom was too out of it to answer.

11:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and said Mom was ready for food. I suggested fried egg sandwiches. I made the sandwiches and gave one to Mom but she was asking, "what is this?" "I don't want this." "What are you putting on me?" So Mom must have had a second dose of medication early today to interrupt the routine I called attention to yesterday. I guess Dad is still upset about the APS visit.

12:00 Dad said, Mom ate half of her sandwich when he brought the tray out of the bedroom.

2:00 I picked a couple of small vegetables from the garden.

2:30 I asked if Mom wanted vitamin D from the Sun and some honey tea and she said, tea. She drank more tea than usual. She said, she needed to go to the bathroom and to be changed so I went outside and Dad said he would do it soon.

3:00 I heard a commotion in their bedroom and I went in and saw Mom was hanging her feet off the bed onto the wheelchair. I asked what was going on and Dad said Mom wanted to go in the living room.

I helped Mom out of bed and in the wheelchair. Dad rolled Mom in the living room where she looked outside. I asked her if she wanted to get in the Sun and to touch the ground. She said, no and wanted to go back in the bedroom.

4:00 Dad went in the kitchen to fix the dish washer. I can see Mom was coming out of the medication and I asked what time of day she would be comfortable with me practicing my songs in the living room. She said anytime was good but morning or evenings are usually the best.

I told her it's hard for me to hear what's going on around me when I'm practicing even though I will practice quietly. I said, she will need to remember to press the bell button next to her if she needs me. She practiced pressing the bell and Dad called from the kitchen asking if that was the doorbell. I told him that was Mom practicing the emergency bell.

I told her I would try practicing in the morning. Dad was coming in the bedroom. He asked what I was talking about and I told him about my plan to practice my songs in the mornings so I could get the band play around here in Houston. Dad said he was going to get McDonald's breakfasts in the morning and wanted to know what I wanted. I said I'll have a breakfast biscuit.

We all watched Meet the Press on YouTube until Mom needed to be changed and I went in the living room.

5:00 Mark and Connie brought excellent New Orleans pasta with shrimp and we all ate. They also brought peach cobbler that was equally perfect.

6:00 I went into say hello to Mom and she was alert. I asked her if maybe evenings would be a better time for me to practice my songs if she is this awake. She said she is up till late almost every night. When she needed her diaper changed I left the room.

9:00 I visited Mom and Dad again when Dad was in the kitchen and I asked Mom if she was really up this late every night and she said, usually. I went upstairs for the night.

It appears the adult protection agencies can't afford to hire psychiatrists, psychologists or even certified nurses to evaluate families. It's dangerous to have people without credentials deciding how to care for neglected and wounded elderly people.

The adult help institutions seem to have to wait till the elderly are bleeding and crawling in their own filth to assist. It could be much more easy and cost effective if they were adaptive enough to function at the "quality of life" level, with careful monitoring for a few days or weeks visiting in the home.

In our case, the medications simply need to be adjusted so Mom can become physically independent and Dad will be freed from protecting his deadly progress sabotaging Mom with prescription drugs. He can then exercise and get his head together as well.

6/1/24 Betty Broome report

Dad has something to prove lately since the Adult Protection Service came again. Mom lost another whole day today to Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

7:00 Mom and Dad were sleeping after I heard some motion earlier.

8:00 there was rice left over from the meal yesterday so I used brown sugar and butter to make it into hot rice cereal with milk. Mom didn't eat any of it and Dad said it was two different from what she's used to but Mom was babbling.

8:30 I suggested a comedy movie. Dad said he didn't think Mom would like it.

9:00 I watched TV in the living-room while Mom was knocked out. Mark came to visit and I told him mom didn't eat breakfast and asked if he wanted to get Mom a breakfast biscuit from McDonald's.

10:00 Mark and Dad went to get a breakfast biscuit for Mom but ended up at the the grocery store. I tried to talk to Mom but she was knocked out and wanting Dad to change her diaper.

Dad and the doctor's prescriptions have created this dependency having to change Mom every couple of hours but she is too drugged to change the diaper herself. I tried to comfort her while we were waiting for Dad to get home. I gave her apricots and read to her about the medicinal benefits of honey. She said she wanted honey in iced tea so I made some for her. I demonstrated the walking machine for Mom by putting it on myself and dancing around showing her how she could get her feet used to being on the ground.

11:00 Mark and dad made Ruben's for everyone that were excellent. Dad and I watched part of a '60s movie. I cut my toenails and then cut mom's while Mom started reading the paper until she passed out.

12:00 Mom started spasming and falling asleep indicating she was medicated a second time today. I guess Dad thought he has to prove something.

4:30 Dad pretend Mom wanted to eat even though she was still knocked out. I made turkey sandwiches with barbecue sauce and pickles. Dad didn't seem to want me to see the plates when he removed them from the bedroom and he cleaned up the kitchen on his own.

5:00 Dad asked for milkshakes for him and Mom and I made them.

6:00 I was watching television when the house started smelling like wine urine and I was thinking I need to install a large ventilation fan in my parents bathroom when Dad came in the living room and told me not to install anymore safety handrails without his permission. I said I would not and I went upstairs for the night.

5/31/24 Betty Broome report

If you found yourself moving into the Broome's parents house for any length of time you would recognize Mom is incapacitated for three and a half or 4 hours precisely at varying times during the day.

Upon recognizing this pattern you would see that the four hour knockouts would be timed so it wasn't too inconvenient to feed Mom at regular breakfast lunch and supper hours.

But then if you call this pattern to Dad's attention the pattern would suddenly change to call attention away from the precise incapacitation times.

If your job was to care for Mom you would very likely choose not to call attention to the possibility that she was being incapacitated on purpose because your job is so much easier just watching TV next to a zombie.

Assistants choose to keep quiet sitting next to a woman who is often growling and suffering with a grimace on her face showing internal medication pain.

Old women are treated worse than dogs in every part of the world. I think it's because most people neglect their parents and don't want to think about how they neglected their own parents, so the tradition continues.

7:30 I heard a crash downstairs and asked what it was. Dad said, he dropped the tray of oatmeal. They already ate so I talked to Mom while Dad was in the kitchen cleaning the mess. Mom was completely lucid and it was great to talk to her about the rain, what we needed to do around the house and Perry Mason.

I put a warm washcloth on her eyes and she wiped her eyes off and wiped her fingers thoroughly. Dad brought me a bowl of oatmeal which was a perfect mix with butter and brown sugar.

8:30 We all started watching a 70s movie together when Mom started acting upset with me and I knew she was coming on to Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications.

8:40 Mom started trying to get out of bed and said, she wanted to walk to the bathroom. I said I would help get the walker or the wheelchair and she got upset and said, "no." She looked almost terrified with disappointment that I was the one discouraging her from getting up.

Mom knows I'm the one who is trying to get her to become independent and it must be extremely confusing as she starts to come on to the hallucinogenic combination of drugs if I stop her from standing.

Mom repeated she wanted to walk to the bathroom. She uncovered herself and started repeating, "there's something sticky in my clothes." I called attention to the time 8:40 for Dad, who was sitting unresponsive to all this in the bed next to him. I said "Mom wants to be changed" and I left the room. I hope this isn't as bad as it looks.

8:45 I could hear a long difficult conversation going on in the bedroom.

9:03 Mom started howling and Dad started in with his explanations at her. I guess this is one of those days Dad wants to prove he can do what he wants with Mom and martyr himself with the extra responsibility for Mom's out of control drugged behavior.

9:06 Mom started grunting and Dad came to the door and said, "Joe is out there in the living room". He didn't say anything to me but went back in the bedroom and closed the door. Then there was no sound but the TV for a long time.

I watched it raining. This is one of those times I wish it was true what Angela (Adult Protective Services) said, "Medicare, hospitals and doctors don't make mistakes with medication because there are legal consequences for misuse.

9:22 Darion arrived 22 minutes late.

10:00 Darion put Mom in the wheelchair and Dad brought Mom to the window by the bird feeder. Mom looked out of each of the windows and then wanted to go back to the bed obviously disoriented. Mark arrived with coffee while Mom was in the wheelchair and after Mom got back in bed everyone finished their coffee.

I would have encouraged mom to stay out in the living room chairs except that she was very uncomfortable with the disorienting medication.

10:30 Dad started cooking lunch.

11:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to play cards or do something other than watch tv. She said, "go get me some food." I told her Dad is fixing food and she said, "good."

12:00 Dad served tough chicken and rice and everyone ate. I talked to Mom for a few minutes as she started to come out of her morning medications.

12:30 I found an old movie to watch with them and turned it on. Everyone seemed to be occupied by the movie but Mom was concerned about her ostomy. Darion told Mom it wasn't ready to be changed.

1:00 I had just seen the movie the night before so I went to practice my songs upstairs.

3:00 I went into the bedroom and Darion was changing Mom's diaper. I asked what Mom wanted for supper. Her choices were pulled barbecue turkey or turkey salad with pickles. Mom said she didn't know and was lethargic as if she got another dose of medication. Dad said, he wanted turkey salad with pickles and suggested Mom would like it. Mom said, "if that's what you want me to have." She was upset.

3:30 I made the turkey salad with half of the turkey Dad had ground into dust.

4:30 Mom took a long time but ate all of the turkey salad.

4:40 Mark arrived to take Darion home. I watched the news with Mom and Dad.

5:00 I started my exercise and Dad closed the door after the first hour.

7:00 I finished exercising and ask Mom and Dad if they wanted an ice cream shake. Mom said no but Dad said she might like it by the time I get back. I made small shakes for them and we all watched Washington Week until Mom said she needed to be changed and I went upstairs for the night.

Consider you're exhaustion, if you have been reading my reports. I wish you would consider your discomfort may be from realizing you didn't go to any effort for your own parents when they are self-destructive and abusive with each other. We didn't think we had time for it. Luckily my Mom is tough as nails and has survived a lifetime of neglect as a 50s housewife.

The ugliest truth is that no one really wants to care for Mom's ostomy and they are happy to allow a 90-year-old husband to continue to handle that disgusting task recklessly. I offered to take over the ostomy if I was also allowed to take over her meds.

It would seem justifiable to let Dad suffer because he allowed the doctors and their prescriptions to incapacitate Mom because of his own confused need for control. But it's the responsibility of the family and the government to address the fact that millions of baby boomers are going to be in a similar situation. The psychology of this kind of isolation and self-abuse are going to have to be addressed on a large scale.

Adult Protective institutions are not going to be able to afford to pull the neglected and abused parent out of the house and observe them long enough to provide them with the appropriate incentives for fitness. Adult Protective institutions are going to need to provide assistants in the house who are prepared to assist abused and neglected adults to independently care for themselves whenever possible.

It's tempting to make excuses and let the elderly die under horrifying circumstances as long as they're not bleeding.

Mom has lost 5 years of her precious life since November 6th 2019 when Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh provided sedatives and a blood thinner that causes disorientation. I'm sure they were rewarded financially for prescribing the poison that stole my families

happiness when we were distracted by survival jobs.

The super rich have extracted so much wealth from the nation, most of us are barely surviving and we don't think we have time to care for our family members other than to keep ourselves from any appearance of leaching off of each other. Trump conned the rural third of the country with fear of retirement without money and propaganda about the end of Medicare and Social Security (they call entitlements).

Imagine working hard all day and going home to conservative radio and television lying to you saying, your government is falling apart. You might believe a television con man who got famous pretending to fire other television personalities.

5/30/24 Betty Broome report

9:00 I started watching MSNBC with Dad in the living room while Marie was giving Mom a bath and washing her hair. I wish we could always get along like this talking about projects , movies we were suggesting for each other and politics.

He now has helpers to exercise Mom and who make it possible for him to constantly play golf or walk instead of childish competitions and guarding his progress of isolating and immobilizing Mom.

9:20 Darion arrived and when she was introduced to Marie she threw her arms in the air saying to Mom, "woohoo we don't have to give you a bath on Friday." Darien has apparently joined the throng of those assistants who seek out less and less responsibility, the more confident they feel in the Broome parent's house. Mom hasn't had a shower and weeks.

9:30 when Marie left Dad went in the bedroom with Mom. Mom looked disoriented from the bath but I couldn't determine her level of sedation. I asked Mom what chores she wanted me to do and she said she hasn't been up yet so I would have to go in the yard and check what needed to be done. I said I thought the bird feeder was clogged because of all the rain and she said I should go and clear it out so the birds could have food. So I did.

11:00 Darian said mom was hungry so I asked Mom if she wanted a bacon lettuce and tomato sandwich. Mom was leery but not very confused saying, yes. So I made them for her and Darion. Mom ate half of hers.

Now that Darion has been convinced by Dad, she doesn't have to do anything but watch TV with Mom, serving her meals has lost its charm.

11:21 Dad called and said he was bringing home sandwiches on his way home from getting gas with Mark. I let him know we ate.

11:30 I asked Mom if she wanted to go out to the living room and look outside. She said, no. I started exercising her feet and legs. I mentioned that one of the exercises mom started doing on her own was from the list. I told her she is starting to learn the program.

It was profoundly disturbing when Darion said, the lists are no longer up to date. She said, she is not supposed to do physical therapy until she gets a new list of exercises from her office at Caring Senior Service. I said, it's interesting how every day there's another excuse not to exercise Mom.

I looked at the table with the lists of exercises and two more pages had been added to the lists of illustrations. I don't know if these are the new exercises she is waiting for but I didn't want to have a conflict with her when Mom seems to have a friendly relationship. I went upstairs.

11:40 Darion called to me upstairs and let me know the air conditioner man was ready to leave. Darion was cleaning Mom's fingernails.

2:00 Dad made a big deal out of saying he was going to the drug store and left.

2:30 dad returned and I told him about the air conditioner man.

5:00 I started my exercise so Mom could see my example through the doorway. Dad came out, got a drink which looked like a forth of a glass of coke with crushed ice and returned to the bedroom closing the door.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night. Not much progress today but Mom got some exercise and I'm strong enough to be patient.

5/29/24 Betty Broome report

I'm sure if we would have visited Mom and Dad more often immediately after he retired, they wouldn't have developed this deadly psychological and substance abuse induced codependency. We would be playing golf everyday and doing activities with Mom visiting all the extended families.

Not everyone knows how much of a role we are required to play in the incentives to physical fitness of those we love. When we do know how much we can contribute to the health and quality of life of our loved ones it can be our pleasure to go to the effort of fitness activities.

9:00 I didn't sleep well, so I woke late and found Teresa and Darion already here with Mom in the living room chair and Dad preparing to go to the doctor with Mark.

Teresa said Mom had already brushed her teeth and I could see Mom was sedated. Dad instructed Darien to move mom from one position to the other one quick movement rather than letting her stand on and feel her feet like I suggested. Dad was baby talking to Mom about the birds outside and then he went to the doctor.

9:30 I played Mom some songs, coincidentally about "contagious motivation and defying unethical authority figures" and she smiled but she was out of it. The songs I sang were originals I wrote.

https://youtu.be/ShG_iDXakos?si=jqJ2cY2cauut1-SJ

<https://youtu.be/-Pmoh6cmu7U?si=ZqBT6LqvkgGdbUTp>

<https://open.spotify.com/track/4iMpTBHhZ7TfMePsLwUkBI>

10:00 Margaret (the Nurse) arrived and went through her checklist while Mom was still sedated. Mom was communicating the best she could, to be polite for Margaret.

11:00 Mom wanted to move back in the bedroom and we tried to keep her in the living room as long as we could. But when we started to move Mom, Darian got Mom out of the living room chair and into the wheelchair.

I lifted Mom out of the wheelchair and into the bed. I'm sure it was Dad who convinced everyone, in my absence, not to use the walking machine to move and motivate Mom. She needs to be reoriented with comfort standing.

I tried to show Mom the digital newspaper but it wasn't very easy for her to navigate. She said she was tired and I left her to rest.

11:30 Shelly arrived and talked with Mom and Darion for a while. Mom was still drowsy.

12:00 Darien changed Mom's diaper while I fixed lunch of Frito pie. Thank goodness Mom was alert enough by this time to eat hers.

12:50 A representative from APS arrived and Dad said Mom was having her diaper changed. Shortly Dad came out and the representative went in to speak to Mom and Dad in the bedroom.

2:00 The APS representative came out to the kitchen and spoke to me. The basic points were as follows.

She said she didn't see anything other than Mom was aging.

When I mentioned technical terms like Munchausen syndrome by proxy and Stockholm Syndrome she asked if that was the diagnosis of a doctor. I said it wasn't, but told her I am 6 hours short of a licensed professional counselor (LPC).

She said she would contact anyone she could about getting Mom physical therapy if Dad allows it. She said, "physical therapy couldn't hurt."

She repeated ad nauseam, "You should know she is not going to get better."

I said, "if Mom is unable to get physical therapy or do PT because she's sedated, there is no likely hood of her getting better than what I can do without PT certification."

I told her about the obvious drop off in Mom's abilities beginning November 6th 2019 when she was prescribed the knockout medicines. I also told her about the obvious improvements Mom has made in the past 4 months since I've been exercising her feet and legs.

I said, "I am with Mom everyday and can see how she is able to support herself so much better when I hold her up." She said, "if a doctor told me that it would have more of an effect on her decision making."

I said, "the doctor hasn't seen Mom in years except on FaceTime when Mom is completely sedated and unable to communicate normally." The APS representative said,

"your mother is unable to communicate normally because that's what happens when you have dementia."

I said, "the doctors have made their diagnosis of dementia based on FaceTime conversations, when Mom is over medicated with their prescriptions."

The APS representative suggested I study the process of aging. I said, "I take all suggestions about research and enjoy studying very much."

She only discussed one of the issues I reported. She asked how neglect and verbal abuse were displayed in the home. I explained how any indication of Independence, PT or even showering which Mom demonstrates is punished by Dad's gaslighting comments and a bad drugging immediately or the following day after Mom acts confident in any way.

The APT representative appeared to have made up her mind before she spoke to me until I called attention, a second time, to Mom and Dad's drinking. Suddenly it became obvious Dad was capable of being dishonest even with his confidence and charming nature. Dad repeated four times, he only gives mom enough alcohol for it to make her Coca-Cola smell like alcohol.

I'm sure she must have realized Dad was also being dishonest about how often he sedates Mom during the day, so Mom's assistants are easily convinced not to exercise or move her.

The APT representative didn't seem to recognize the relationship between Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications and Mom's inability to meet their prescribed physical therapy requirements. But she did say that if I am so concerned about over medication it was the job of a lawyer and litigation.

Dad participated in the conversation part of the time and angrily said, what I said was lies. He also said, I'm mentally disturbed. That was after I exposed his and Mom's drinking and explained that Mom only fell when they were drinking.

Dad also said the APS representative suggested an intervention for me, but Dad said, I am too hard headed for interventions. He was referring to me.

The result was that, I still have to patiently wait for Dad to snap out of this collaboration with the doctors and their medication, which causes Mom's deadly inactivity, unless I can find a free a lawyer. Mom is slipping through the cracks of the family and state and

Dad keeps saying, all he wants is his family.

But Dad's actions don't demonstrate that his family should include the effort it takes to protect an independent thinking wife from the pharmaceutical trap ruining so many lives now days.

3:00 The APS representative left and the bedroom door was closed.

4:50 Mark gave Darion a ride home.

5:00 I gave Mom and Dad Caesar salad with sausage bits for supper. Dad gave Mom the signal that she won't like it and she didn't eat much.

5:30 I started my exercise and the door remained closed the rest of the evening.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs for the night.

5/28/24 Betty Broome report

Hospitals are full of cancer victims sedated only when needed. Mom is sedated most days all day due to ambiguous instructions from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh which say, "AS NEEDED."

Gaza and the people of Sudan are trying to sleep with no showers for months. Mom's assistants attempt to clean her with Dad actively but innocently interfering. It has also been weeks for Mom without a shower? Ask her if she's clean or wants a shower and in her sedated state she is trained by Dad to say, "no, I don't want to move."

Mom is 91 but the circumstances of her atrophied legs have nothing to do with her age. Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh gave Dad sedatives beginning November 6th 2019 and Mom lost control of her life that day, with Dad supplying confident and often clever words which provide excuses for family, friends and attendants.

The doctors, who are responsible for Mom's delirious suffering have not seen Mom unsedated or in person in years and the nurse who is supposed to represent Mom to the absentee doctors is retiring soon to care for her own family member.

It's a story worse than The Cask of Amontillado and The Tell-Tale Heart by Edgar Allan Poe combined because it's real. I don't know if I'm making it worse patiently attempting to alert Dad to snap out of his role as the aged supplier of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives.

All over the world there are families, communities and countries run by gaslighting leaders like my Dad. Probably most don't know they could escape their deadly choices by adopting physical fitness and the sciences as their on going sources of life choices.

One of the Adult Protective Services says they will visit again soon. So far they are as complicit as the U N in Gaza and the Sudan.

8:00 I visited Mom before the drugging took effect today because she was fine when I asked what she wanted for breakfast. She said fried eggs and toast. So I fixed them and Mom and Dad ate.

8:30 Veronica arrived while they were eating and then washed Mom's hair. But Mom was already becoming affected and was pretty out of it by the time Veronica left.

I suggested we watch Roseanne and Mom seemed to be able to stay up to watch it for a while. I gave her apricots she ate.

9:00 Darian arrived and joined in watching TV with Mom and other visitors all day. I gave Mom's legs as much of a workout as I could but she was mostly knocked out for hours.

12:00 Dad made pizza for everyone and it was excellent. Mom didn't eat hers. I put it in a baggie in the fridge.

12:30 it began to storm outside. We each took turns going and putting something on the television for Mom to pretend to watch.

1:00 Mark arrived and talked with Mom while the lights were out and then they came on.

2:00 Mom was watching shows she has seen several times but not participating because she's sedated. I gave Mom sliced apples she ate.

5:00 Mark took Darian home and dad fixed mashed potatoes and the leftover Swiss steak for supper. Mom must have been very hungry by then because she ate quite a bit

of it.

5:30 I started exercising and Dad closed the door.

7:00 I finished exercising and went in Mom and Dad's bedroom where Dad was exercising on the new stationary bike. I was very encouraged and told him, "good work dad." He continued to exercise on the stationary bike for about 30 minutes of Rachel Maddow's show. Mom was sedated all day so she knows little about what happened today.

7:30 I went upstairs for the night.

5/27/24 Betty Broome report

Spouses who choose to control someone all their life you have the responsibility to understand incentives for providing them with Independence once they have performed all the tasks you wanted from them when they were young.

Even if, as you near death, you're tempted to satisfy needs for power, it's your responsibility to motivate your partner to enjoy their healthy life to the end.

When Dad started stumbling and the Dr canceled a medication that caused his stumbling, Dad didn't stop the medications that keep Mom from doing her physical therapy.

8:00 I asked Mom what we should get for Cindy for a get well present and she said flowers. They had already eaten breakfast at 5:30 so I exercise to Mom's feet for a while and they started watching Dr Martin English comedy drama.

9:00 Bridget arrived and interfered with me exercising Mom's legs. Bridget uses the method Dad taught her to move Mom up in the bed in a way that Mom doesn't exercise her legs. Dad justified it saying we should move the waterproof pad up with Mom at the same time.

10:00 I washed my clothes and Mark and Connie visited Mom. Connie thought it was a good idea to visit Cindy with flowers. But Brian sent Mark a text saying it wasn't a good time.

10:39 I made Swiss steak.

1:00 I gave everybody steak and it was good.

3:00 Dad didn't seem to drug Mom all day today but she appeared to have been thoroughly instructed to keep me at a distance.

5:00 I started exercising. Mom and Dad said they didn't want to eat anything for supper or snack.

6:00 Halfway through exercising I strapped myself into the walking machine and lifted myself up onto the exercise stationary bike so Mom could see how stable she would be when she does it. I did the second half of my exercise with the walking machine stable and impossible to fall.

7:00 I finished exercising and told Dad Rachel Maddow was on and went upstairs for the night.

5/26/24 Betty Broome report

More people need to know about the Catch-22 created by "Munchausen Syndrome by proxy", which causes caregivers to torture their clients and family members added to "Stockholm Syndrome" which causes clients or family members to become dependent on their abusive caregivers.

Much of the time I have to keep myself from vomiting, witnessing the cruelty but I'm the only one in the family who gets to communicate with Mom regularly. I'm in the house often enough to see her in the few minutes a week Dad doesn't drug her mercilessly.

8:00 Veronica arrived and washed Mom's hair but Mom was barely awake even when she was immersed in water. She seemed afraid of me and could not be wakened.

8:30 Dad fixed waffles and Mom ate some.

9:00 Mom could not be wakened so I watched Meet the Press in the living-room.

10:00 Mom and Dad were sleeping and Mom called for Dad. They are rarely fully awake

at the same time because Dad keeps her knocked out when he has to do anything.

10:30 evidently Mom had a normal BM because Dad made some freaked out noises.

12:00 Dad joked, "Her highness wants sandwiches" and I made chicken salad. She ate 2/3s of it. I asked how she liked Veronica's hair wash today and she said she didn't remember. Dad asked if Veronica gave her a body wash with her hair wash and Mom said she didn't know.

1:00 Mark arrived and waited for Dad to finish changing Mom. We played guitars together for the first time in years.

1:30 I fixed ice cream for Mom and Dad and everyone talked over Mom. We talked about playing golf this week and Dad made a tee time for Thursday at 1:00 when it is forecast to be very hot and possibly rainy. Mark took Dad to get coffee and gas for a couple of hours.

2:00 Mom told me she's already dead and there was no point in exercising. I asked if Dad told her to say that and she didn't answer.

Mom tries desperately to remember the mean things Dad tells her to say. But she can't often get much of that unkindness out to her family. Dad goes to a lot of trouble gas lighting Mom to say mean things when she is awake because Dad has to justify sedating Mom so much.

I exercised Mom's feet for 30 minutes and demonstrated how the walking machine would allow her to use the stationary bicycle. She said she understood but she didn't want to get up.

3:30 Mark and Dad returned and Dad fixed excellent bacon lettuce and tomato sandwiches after Mark went home.

4:00 the door stayed closed for the evening and I went upstairs at 6:00.

5/25/24 Betty Broome report

Who is responsible for my Mom's constant suffering, sedated with atrophic limbs and frightened calling, "I need to get up" all hours of the day and night?

Is it government who hasn't prioritized education of developmental psychology and physical fitness without pharmaceuticals?

Is it the drug companies who have intoxicated a world of individuals to believe they require constant relief from inconvenient stress making choices?

Is it the doctors who legally prescribe the poison that has kept Mom from enjoying the last 5 years of her life since November 6th 2019?

Is it my Dad who is motivated by 90 year old revenge for not getting the fun he saw on TV while he raised his family ethically and with scientific precautions?

Is it the busy kids who don't involve Dad and activities once a week because of self absorbed attention to their own concerns?

Is it me who doesn't allow separation of Mom from her house by The Adult Protective Service institutions of Texas in hopes Dad will come to his senses?

Or is it Mom's own fault, allowing herself to be cared for and oppressed all her life while raising her five boys?

8:00 Mom is knocked out this morning. Dad told Mom she wanted scrambled eggs and bacon so I fixed them for them. As usual Dad didn't eat much of his because he wants to show me he cooks better than me. He has a competition going on in his 90 year old thoughts that doesn't really exist.

9:00 Dad got on the computer too find out the breakdown for his Xfinity Comcast package of over \$400 a month. Each time I suggested he call and have someone explain the bill to him he became defensive so I stopped.

12:00 Mom is still unresponsive so she must have received more than one dose of medication today.

1:00 Dad is still trying to find out how much he pays for the various parts of his cable, computer and phone bill. I start to exercise Mom's legs and she finally woke up and said she's hungry. I asked if she wanted barbecue beef sandwiches and she said, yes. I made sandwiches for Dad and Mom. Mom ate half of hers and fell back to sleep.

1:30 Mom asked for Dad to change her and he said he would do it as soon as he was finished working on the computer.

2:00 Dad asked if Mom liked her barbecue sandwich and she said, "I don't know if I ate it." Dad closed the door and I didn't see them for a long time.

5:00 I started exercising and Dad fixed something for Mom to eat. I asked if mom wanted some berries I fixed for myself and she started to eat them before Dad closed the door to change her diaper.

6:00 I met Dad in the kitchen when I was getting a drink of water and I reminded him the last two times we played golf he said it was "thoroughly enjoyable." He told me to call Brian and find out when he can play this week.

I immediately called Brian and planned to let Brian talk to Mom but I was only able to leave a message. I sent a text to all of the brothers asking them to play golf with Dad every day this week if they can. Dad sent a text to me saying he was able to play golf every day but Wednesday, presumably because of a doctor's appointment.

7:00 I finished exercising and sat with Mom for a while watching a British comedy.

7:30 Mom was very alert for the first time today but she was on her guard when I asked if she wanted me to have her practice walking with the walking machine. She didn't seem to want to answer in front of Dad and I went upstairs for the night.

5/24/24 Betty Broome report

Dad seems to think his positive mental comprehension test results implies more than it does. He is still a genius most of the time except when he's drinking or acting like an evil mastermind lowering his mentality when he tries to control Mom with a variety of medications, manipulative setups and gaslighting. Those are simple-minded habits he developed when he wasn't visited often enough for 30 years by his sons.

But while we're waiting for Dad to come to his senses and stop controlling Mom with sedation Mom is being complicit from Stockholm Syndrome dependance, and we have

to walk on egg shells.

9:00 Darian arrived and I heard her say she would wait for Dad to return from the Doctor to give Mom her Friday shower. I knew this meant Mom would not receive her shower today. Dad walked Mom around the house in the wheelchair then turned on Dr Martin which is the most recent series Mom enjoyed before she tired of it. I gave Darian my pancakes because I was not hungry and I went to the grocery store.

9:30 I returned from the grocery with Mom's news paper and supplies for lunch. Mark and Dad were gone to the doctor for Dad's tests.

10:00 While Mom was incapacitated with medication I installed a stability bar for her and Dad to sit more easily on the toilet. Mom was able to instruct me that she would rather have it be installed virtually. But Mom was too out of it to read the paper.

11:00 I asked to change places with Darian, held Mom's hand for a while and then went in the living room.

1:00 Mom told Darian she was hungry so I fixed barbecue chicken and beets for her and Darion. Mom was emerging from the morning drugging so I asked if she would like to get up. Darien repeated what dad must have told her about not being active before her shower.

I asked what Mom would like to watch on TV. She was ready for something different so we watched my favorite comedian and laughed out of control till Dad and Mark came home. Dad ate chicken and we listened to Mark's long-drawn-out description of someone making a long-drawn-out description at his HOA meeting.

Dad convinced Darien that Mom didn't want to take a shower and he slammed the door in the bathroom. I guess this was his disapproval for my installing the stability bar.

2:00 I spoke to Mom again and she was medicated again in the middle of the day. As hard as she tried, she couldn't say that I should change my shirt because it was sweaty from my being outside watering the plants.

I asked her to try to say what she wanted to say several times. She kept mixing in words from the television. She finally said, "You should change your shirt because it's sweaty" and I kissed her forehead and went to change my shirt.

Darien changed Mom's diaper and the door was closed for a long time. Darien is better

than any of the other assistants about exercising Mom's legs but Dad kept mom sedated almost all day.

5:00 I started my exercise and Dad went in the kitchen to get drinks. I don't know if it was alcohol, but it seems likely because of what happened next.

6:00 I looked over at Mom and she was on the edge of the bed apparently preparing to stand up. I knew she hadn't stood on her own in 3 years so I ran to her and asked her if she wanted help to get to the walker.

This was hopeful thinking but I told her I would catch her if she had trouble standing with her weight on her arms with the walker. Dad was not responding and it made me think he may have encouraged Mom to get up for a fall as a punishment for allowing me to install the vertical stability bar next to the toilet.

Mom seemed very disappointed when I didn't push more persistently to get her out of the bed but I rewarded her with profuse compliments for making another attempt to advance her independence. Dad said, "good job Betty Broome" as I helped her reach the trapeze and she pulled herself up to the top of the bed.

6:30 dad went to the kitchen and left the bedroom door open. I waved to Mom. She waved back and I asked her if she needed anything. She was very medicated and barely responding but she waived that she didn't need anything.

7:00 I finished exercising and told Dad, Washington Week was on. Dad went in the kitchen so I turned on Washington Week and sat with Mom for a little while raising her head so she could see the television. Dad returned and told me to watch the libertarians and I said I saw it and couldn't stomach the big babies pandering to those who think they are being practical but who are just one ups-men ship and monday quarterbacks claiming no one is doing it right. Dad laughed and I told them I was done for the night and would see them in the morning.

5/23/24 Betty Broome report

If you didn't have
good parents you can't care for
them when they go nutts.

Isolation for so many years after Dad retired must have caused him to crave something to control. So when the doctors gave him medicine for Mom, 5 years ago, which caused her to be helpless, it must have been a rush of power he has not been able to shake ever since.

And now it's a terrible choice for Mom who has to suffer druggings with Dad telling her she wants to die soon or she can show independence or strength.

Dad has taught Mom to scream at me telling me, "You're sick sick sick" squealing exactly like he does. But she couldn't continue that because it harmed her too much to be cruel to her son.

8:00 Mom was too drugged to answer when I asked if she wanted bacon and eggs. Dad suggested strawberries and cereal. I mashed a bunch of strawberries and put them on Corn Flakes and she ate all the strawberries and some of the Corn Flakes. Mom said she thought the Corn Flakes were cake.

9:00 Bridget arrived and the chatter began. I don't understand why people in the senior care business make an elderly woman, who needs physical therapy all day, listen to a chattering helper who never does anything to build up Mom's legs or confidence. I'm sure there are clients who need someone to sit there and talk all day but not my mother.

10:00 Dad asked if I wanted to go to the store with him. I should have realized he wanted Bridget to see Mom knocked out on medication but we got bread and returned.

11:00 Shelley (Caring Senior Service) arrived and checked her checklist. She asked if Mom had pain and I said "whenever she receives medication she looks like she's in pain spasming, hallucinating and unable to communicate responsibly." I said, "she needs activity so she can breathe."

Mom's oxygen levels are too low and Shelley worked to make sure the oxygen machine was functioning properly.

Someone with authority needs to ask Dad what he thought the first time he realized Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions made Mom helpless. I think it would help for him to think back to the time he first decided to start putting Mom out of her misery instead of building her up with activity. Mom has been on these life destroying meds since November 6th 2019.

12:00 Dad fixed excellent Ruben sandwiches and we all ate. Mom was still knocked out but she was able to eat some.

1:00 Mom has to listen to Bridget talk in her face when she really needs to be active, develop her lungs and legs to increase her oxygen level and her independence.

2:00 Mark and I ran an errand and he repeated that Mom and Dad are just old and tired. I hope no one gives up on me like my brothers have given up on my parents. I do understand the situation is psychologically uncomfortable but they are needed here keeping Mom and Dad active.

3:00 Mom started to become conscious for the day and Byran the physical therapist didn't show again.

4:00 Mark brought Asian food and Mom ate all of it.

4:25 Bridget left.

5:00 Dad brought Mom a large glass of wine and I started exercising. Dad knows Mom isn't supposed to have wine with all of her meds so when he had to change her diaper he also had to take it out to the trash. The whole house smells like wine urine.

6:00 Dad went out and got the mail and Mom yelled to me from the bedroom she was proud of me for exercising for them to see. I said, she needs to start exercising with me and Dad. She said, she knows.

7:00 I finished exercising and told Dad what channel Andy Griffith was on and they said, okay. I went upstairs for the night.

Five years ago my aunt didn't want to take the medicine that made her drowsy and incapable of communicating rationally. But when her daughter's prepared to give her the medicine they said, "we can do this the easy way or the hard way."

I can't stand to think I didn't say anything when Aunt Jeanne looked at me and accepted the pill. Later when I suggested there might be another way, one of the daughters lost her temper and said, "it is prescribed!"

After an excellent early morning conversation with my aunt, the other sister woke up and laughed at me saying, "It's so cute you think Mom is responding to you." She said this in front of her mother who looked at me politely allowing her daughter take the

matriarchal role in the house.

My family is messed up because of prescription substance abuse and warped politeness.

5/22/24 Betty Broome report

8:00 I got up and asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast. Mom said pancakes. I made them and brought them to them. They ate most of them.

8:30 I sat with Mom and it was obvious Dad gave her a strong dose of drugs while I was making breakfast. Mom was starting to have fits and call out, "I need to get up." I raised her head with the bed but that didn't satisfy her.

She started tapping Dad on the back and I never noticed it before but it must be something she developed over time because he didn't respond. She was obviously hallucinating and I told her, "you will have to wait thirty minutes or so for the initial rush of Dad's drugs too level off." Dad raised his head and was obviously upset when he said, "please call it medicine."

Mom knew what was going on then. She stopped asking to get up. She fell asleep and started having fits and spasms. I held her hand as much as I could but she kept spasming and was upset.

I don't know why we have to pretend Mom wants to change her bed position when she starts hallucinating and saying she needs to get up. She knows she needs to get up and start moving but she is trapped with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions and Dad has to pretend with the idea, Mom wants to make some kind of adjustment in bed.

You can see she is afraid when she realizes she said, she "needs to get up" and she has to figure out what to say after she blurts it out in a drugged stupor. She's obviously avoiding consequences. I hope the terrible wound on her right arm two weeks ago was not from Dad responding angrily in his sleep to her tapping and requests to get up.

Only recently has Dad started to see through his lifetime of taking Mom for granted and started to realize she's not a zombie rag doll. She's a human being he has mistreated for a long time and could appreciate for their last years together.

Mom pointed to her ostomy and said it had to be taken care of but there was nothing in it so I told her so. She laughed as if I was lying to her and she fell back to sleep and I went in the living room.

9:00 Theresa and Darion arrived and we talked for a while before Darian went in and tried to wake Mom. Mom and Dad were not budging.

9:30 Mom woke and Theresa went in to speak to her. There were plenty of people to watch Mom so I went upstairs to take a rest.

10:00 Darien told me Dad wanted me to go get fish meals from Sam's. I knew it was too early but Mark arrived and said he was going to get a tool we needed for the house.

11:00 I went to the grocery store and Dad went to Sam's to get lunch.

12:00 Everyone ate.

1:00 Dad seemed to be having a caring conversation with Mom off and on for a long time. He listened to her respond and this wasn't the way they usually communicate.

2:00 I asked Mom if she wanted to read the paper and she said yes. I asked Dad if he wanted me to finish the moccasins he was working on with the leather kit and he said, no it was interesting. I gave Mom the paper and her glasses and she started reading. Dad turned on a short story on YouTube. I fell asleep on the living room chair.

5:00 I started exercising and Dad went out to get the mail.

6:00 Mom said they were proud of me for exercising. I reminded her I could put her on the walking machine and she could exercise with me. She said she knows but not yet.

7:00 I finished exercising and started watching "Nature" about Ireland until Mom needed her diaper changed and I went upstairs.

5/21/24 Betty Broome report

Mom knows she's at the center of Dad's controlling torture experiments and can't imagine why it's taking so long for us to extract her from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications. In her moments when she's drug free she takes it for granted she'll be

cared for properly and gain independence.

Even though Dad hasn't caused her growling howling over dose pain in almost a week. That doesn't mean he won't do it again at any time, and it doesn't mean he will ever set her free long enough to do her physical therapy and walk to the bathroom.

Today was another day without the physical therapist who used to come on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Byran (the physical therapist) says he's waiting to be scheduled.

Dad acts like a big baby on Tuesdays and Thursdays and I guess it's because he stopped Byran from coming to work Mom's legs. His childish manner may be out of guilt feelings.

It's disgusting for me to have to watch this spectacle but it's possible to tolerate because I can occasionally hold Mom's hand even though she lives in almost constant zombie suffering from Dad's mixtures of medications.

7:00 Dad said pancake batter was ready for me and said, they ate earlier. I went to Mom to wipe her eyes with a warm wash cloth and she couldn't lift her arms to rub her own eyes. When I left to fix breakfast Dad closed the door.

8:00 Mark brought coffee and asked Dad if he wanted to play golf but Dad said he didn't feel good enough.

9:00 Bridget arrived and the loud chatter began.

10:00 Veronica arrived, closed the door and washed Mom's hair.

11:00 I went to the grocery store and got a lot of the staples we forgot on the last trip.

11:30 Mom was coming out of this mornings drugging and read the paper. I made one of the moccasins from a leather kit and gave Dad the other one to build.

When Dad was in the kitchen I asked Mom if she needed anything. She blurted out, "you're lazy and I didn't want you around me." It's obvious when she's been gas-lit with phrases like this. So I knew she had been through a long ordeal, having to listen to Dad repeat it.

I told her, all I can do is be a good example of exercising where she can see me for 2 hours a day and hope she will be inspired to start exercising as well.

12:00 I was watching TV when Dad suggested we cook together. So we watched a video about how to cook salmon. We fixed it exactly like the video except for using milk instead of cream, but there were only 3 pieces so I went upstairs to avoid a conflict about feeding Bridget.

Dad made a big deal out of suggesting, I didn't eat the salmon because he ruined the sauce with milk. I told him, I knew he wouldn't eat it if I did because there were only 3 pieces of fish. I genuinely didn't know he put milk in the sauce and wouldn't have cared at all. I think this was about Dad feeling guilty for canceling Mom's physical therapy.

1:30 Mom said she wanted her ostomy changed. Bridget asked if Mom wanted Dad to change her. Bridget closed the door so I don't know what Mom decided.

2:30 Mom said she wanted strawberry shortcake and to make a special one for Bridget because it was her birthday. I made strawberry shortcakes for them and one with a lit candle. We all sang happy birthday to Bridget.

3:00 Byran didn't show again today.

4:30 As Bridget left I asked her what times she did the physical therapy (she's supposed to do it twice a day). She said, "Joe said, Betty was too weak and irritable."

So that explains why Dad sedated Mom all day with the medicine he calls the "anti-fussy medicine." No exercise today, except for what I gave Mom in the morning.

4:45 I called cousin Frances and gave the phone to Mom who had a simple but nice conversation in spite of being medicated again.

5:00 I started exercising and when Dad went out for the mail I asked mom if she wanted a bacon lettuce and tomato sandwich. Mom said no, but she wanted a milkshake. I made milkshakes for them. But when I gave it to Mom she was only allowed to have a couple of bites before Dad said, "If you eat that it will make you feel bad" and he took it away from her.

7:00 I finished Exercising and asked them if they wanted a bacon lettuce and tomato sandwich and they said, no. They both made a big deal out of being proud of me for exercising in the evenings, so I knew there must be some guilt involved for last nights-lighting and Mom's critical performance this morning. I thanked them and told them good night.

5/20/24 Betty Broome report

Dad needs to stop drugging Mom so she can become exercised and independent and so he can start doing fun things with his sons.

Part of Dad's self confidence makes him misread the motives of the people around him. Dad needs to be active to save himself from his self-destructive constant overseeing and sedating Mom.

He thinks he has to control the impression Mom gives everyone of being bedridden, even though she can easily become independent if she is off the sedatives and does her prescribed physical therapy.

Dad doesn't seem to want to give me the satisfaction of doing activities with him because he thinks, everyone is waiting to get to do fun things with him. We are waiting to do fun things with him but not while he destroys Mom's health with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Dad must have developed this defiant self important psychologically because his sons didn't visit him more than 4 times a year after he retired 30 years ago and because he has demonstrated profound accomplishments in his career and family.

It's absolutely true our family loves doing things together. But his sons became absorbed in our jobs and the development of our own families for so long, both Mom and Dad became competent, excuse makers. They were inadvertently giving us permission to visit them less and less.

Dad would say, Mom isn't feeling well and that would be the end of Thanksgiving plans for everyone. Both Mom and Dad are extremely polite and don't want to bother anyone including their family members with visits. It's a self destructive catch-22 family trait.

Our family is pretty messed up but it's for all the right reasons. If authority figures like Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh give Dad medicine that slowly kills Mom, Dad gives it to Mom like the military man he was.

The doctors will have to eliminate the drugs from the house because Dad can't be stopped after years of routine and declining memory.

The memory loss can partly be from Lyle's disease that both he and Mom had previously, alcohol use and their natural aging.

Dad's sons are too busy to see into this complex situation.

6:30 I put clothes in the dryer and asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. Mom could hardly be wakened with a warm washcloth on her eyes but she did finally ask for coffee. Dad gave her a cup and when I returned from the kitchen Mom had spilled the coffee all over the blanket, sheet and her nightgown but didn't wake from her drugged stupor.

Dad was involved in something with the blue nurses binder and talking on the phone excitedly. When I suggested we change the bedding and Mom's clothes Dad didn't respond said I could do it but didn't get off the bed. He appeared to be in some kind of competitive state with me.

Mom woke for a moment and said, "hurry and leave the room." So I did.

7:00 Dad was cooking and I went to see Mom again. All of the bedding was wrapped around her prepared to be changed and she was upset by it. She asked me to get Dad to change the bedding and her nightgown. So I traded places with Dad and finished breakfast.

We all ate scrambled eggs, toast with jelly, mushrooms and strawberries. Dad said he thought the eggs were overcooked and Mom didn't eat hers either. Dad often tells or implies to Mom what not to eat.

Dad said, "the eggs should have been glistening but not wet." I held up his uneaten eggs to him and calmly said, "this looks like a perfect example of what you just described." He said, "oh okay." I took their dirty dishes and cleaned up the kitchen.

8:00 The bedroom door was closed when I came out of the kitchen.

I think Dad can't remember to stop drugging Mom when he is egged on to continue his regular routine by his absentee sons. I'm concerned Dad may still be chastising Mom, in her suggestible drugged state, for not performing enough dissatisfaction with me this morning.

9:00 Bridget arrived and Dad accidentally scared her by going up to her car window.

10:00 I was able to do a little exercise with Mom's legs. But Bridget had been incorrectly told my Dad that Mom didn't wear her oxygen for half the night.

I knew this was incorrect because I was the one who accidentally left the oxygen off of Mom's nose when I washed her face with a warm wash cloth this morning. That was why Bridget found the oxygen misplaced when she arrived. But that didn't stop Dad from using the oxygen mishap to convince Bridget, Mom should not be exercised today. And, as usual, Bridget was glad to comply with inactivity.

12:00 I brought soup for Dad, Bridget, Mom and myself. Bridget was very flattering about how it tasted. Mom was mostly knocked out but drank her broth.

1:00 Mark involved Dad and they were able to leave for hours going to Sam's and then HEB for groceries and supplies. I was feeling bad from allergies and slept off and on looking up from the living room chair to watch mom.

3:00 I went to Michael's and got supplies to work on Mom's mother's quilt project and Dad came with me.

4:45 Bridget left for the day and Mom could not be consoled from discomfort in her belly. She always has a terribly upset stomach when she is given her medication. Dad said, "you can't be constipated because your colon is cut so short you don't have excessive waste in your body." That's a new one.

5:00 Dad made a grilled cheese sandwich for Mom, but she said she didn't like it and said, she didn't want cooked food. Dad became upset and said, "you could have told me seventy years ago" and threw the sandwich down. Dad knows when Mom is drugged (4:30) and should not be held responsible for her nonsense comments.

6:15 Dad closed the door, I did my exercise for 3/4 of an hour and went upstairs for the night.

Dad needs to stop drugging Mom so she can become exercised and independent and so he can start doing fun things with his sons.

5/19/24 Betty Broome report

When Dad poisons Mom with a dose of medication, she's upset for between thirty minutes and an hour. She only knows that something is terribly wrong and she starts hallucinating or asking questions.

Today it was around 3 o'clock Dad must have given her an uncomfortable dose to prove he was in control.

He never would have done such a thing when he was young because he was confident and had plenty of opportunities to demonstrate his prowess. But he and Mom have been isolated for thirty years since he retired.

It must have been interesting at first when Dad discovered that Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications gave him so much control over Mom. When the combination of those medications, her diagnosis of a terminal illness and alcohol started causing her to fall, it was easy to rationalize Mom was close to death. But that was five years ago and she's strong as an ox.

Next came the drunken trips to the hospital which were the straw that broke the camel's back. Mom is pretty much broken and convinced she's weak, but she never stops with her questions about where her personal items have gone when she is coming on to an intense dose of Dad's concoction of doctor's prescriptions.

Mom is terrified when she asks, "Where am I," "Where was I just now," "Take me to our real house, so I can get my things."

Dad pretends to be a loving husband answering his wife. And it's terrifying to see this happen in real life. Hopefully, this phenomenon will be come well known and other dependent spouses won't be trapped in this kind of terror.

8:30 Dad and mom were watching TV. I told them Meet the Press was coming on and asked what they wanted for breakfast. Dad said cereal and I told him I already chopped up strawberries which would be perfect for cereal.

I put a warm rag on Mom's eyes and she was very groggy. She may already be coming out of her first dose of medication for the day.

I did arm and leg exercises with the trapeze and I gave her cereal with strawberries while Dad made coffee. Dad said he didn't like the strawberries cut into such small pieces and

he seemed to think he was being defiant pouring all the strawberries on the last bowl of cereal but Mom ate the whole thing.

9:00 Dad was watching golf so I went in the living room to watch Meet the Press at nine o'clock.

9:30 Dad came in and talked to me for about a 1/2 an hour about controversial topics that are hard to talk about on social media and how they need to be discussed. I told Dad he should make memes and videos for social media because he has a diplomatic and insightful way of communicating complicated issues.

10:00 Dad went back and changed Mom and closed the door. They fell asleep.

11:30 Mark and Connie arrived to pick up their TV and didn't want to disturb Mom and Dad sleeping, so they left.

12:00 Dad left to get barbecue beef. Mom read the paper and I got her to exercise her legs while she was waiting for Dad to return.

1:30 Dad was gone for a long time because the lunch crowd confused the sales people at the barbecue place and he was lost in the shuffle for a while. He returned with barbecue and we all ate. Then they fell asleep.

3:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted a snack and they were already eating graham crackers. Mark brought brownies and we ate those too.

4:00 Mom started calling for me. When I went in the bedroom Mom was covered in brownie crumbs and some barbecue pieces. It was easy to see she had been given medication because she said, she feels really bad. Dad asked me to give mom stomach medicine like he always does when Mom's stomach is upset with medication.

Dad was engrossed in his golf game, but when he saw I was trying to clean Mom he took over. He could see how bad it looked for her to be so disoriented and covered in brownie and barbecue on her neck and chest.

Mom responded to dad's patronizing tone by asking to change her position. I sat Mom on the edge of the bed for a minute but then she wanted to sit down again.

I could see, because she was coming on to medication she was going to be upset for thirty or forty five minutes. I held her hand while Dad asked if Mom's head was at the

right height. He moved her up and down a few times with the remote control.

Mom kept needing water and asking Dad where she had been. Every few minutes she said, "I didn't know what to do." She attempted to ask questions about the golf game and Dad pretended she was really interested. Then Mom had to wait for him to finish his explanation. It's disgusting to be there at times like this, but it's better than leaving Mom alone.

5:00 Mom said she needed to pee and I left the room for Dad to change her. He didn't open the door again till I was exercising at 5:30.

5:30 Dad said he was getting chicken soup for mom and she didn't want my beef and vegetable soup because it was too heavy. I guess they were drinking because dad would never make such an obvious backhanded competitive comment otherwise. Dad asked if I wanted him to leave the beef soup out and I said "no, I'm not hungry."

6:30 I went Upstairs after I finished exercising.

5/18/24 Betty Broome report

I reported countless times to adult protective services, a man who falsely convinces his elderly spouse she is bedridden and mentally unstable. I explained how he does it with various combinations of medications provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

What's more interesting is how much easier it is to convince an entire busy family, a 91-year-old woman is bedridden and mentally unstable.

Over a period of 5 years, since November 6th 2019, I discovered he is using a variety of levels of druggings, which produce 1. growling howling fits, 2. confused hallucinations, or 3. uncontrollable sleepiness.

Enough time passed, this man became convinced no one can understand how he is doing it or that it is him causing this despicable performance with his zombie puppet spouse.

Most of his family can't help themselves but defend him because they don't see

anything but their growling, hallucinating or sleeping Mother being cared for by a noble committed spouse. He's changing her diapers year after year and occasionally submitting to her demands when he accidentally allows her to speak for herself in front of someone else.

But he's a 90-year-old himself and there is a rationale, a history and respect which keep him from accountability anyone else would suffer.

Institutions charged with the responsibility of assisting aged abused spouses are not run by those who are educated or funded enough to recognize drugged spouses, much less capable of responding in an ethical way which would recognize the abuser needs help.

The elderly abuser needs in home psychological and physical therapy as much as the abused spouse needs the same things.

Add to the problem that we live in a state run by a judicial branch leader who is corrupt and controls the legal systems which should punish his own ego-driven misuse of power. Big corruption isn't treated the same way bread thieves and desperate immigrants are. They are free to continue their neglect and predatorial acts while elderly care institutions they are responsible for languish unattended.

We citizens are required to report elder abuse, but nowhere in the systems of adult care are they prepared for evaluating or responding to elder abuse other than black and blue beatings or wealthy starving after their death. How does one change that and get less expensive, on site mental, physical therapy and ostomy care for those who can't or won't care for themselves ethically?

6:00 Mom wanted coffee and to hear music. I turned on music but it went off automatically. We need a good music.Music source under her control.

I asked if Mom wanted to go out in the living room to wait for Mark and Connie to get up. She said no.

6:30 Dad brought coffee.

7:00 Veronica arrived. When Dad and I went to the door we discovered amazon delivered 5 boxes of diapers. Dad complained it was a \$1000 of diapers he didn't order. Veronica washed Mom's hair and they seem to have a happy time together.

7:45 Veronica left, I turned on music again and exercised Mom's arms and legs with the

trapeze. Then Mom read the paper and Mark visited.

11:00 Dad brought us lunch of dry bread with a little chicken salad on it. They asked me to leave the room because Mom needed her diaper changed.

12:00 I fell asleep on the living room chair until I heard Mom calling for Dad. I exercised Mom's legs again while we waited for Dad to come home from the new meat market he visited with Mark.

It's much harder for Dad to control Mom when she's only knocked out enough to be constantly sleepy. Dad has to convince Mom to participate in his farce about her being permanently bedridden when she can occasionally speak and blurts out something he can't control.

Mom knows I'm here to help but she also knows she has to go along with Dad because he can cause her such suffering if she shows independence.

It's been several days since Dad caused Mom to growl in fitful medication. But so far he hasn't been satisfied for long periods, just talking Mom into saying she can't workout or use the walking machine. He often has to prove how much control he has with a growling howling drugged performance.

How has such a deadly standoff become normalized?

I think when Mom's assistants realize how quickly Mom responds to physical therapy and active mental stimulation, it's tempting to back off and go along with Dad's sabotage so they can continue to have an easy job sitting next to Mom. The only exception I've seen to this is Darian, so far.

5:00 I gave Mom the paper to read while I was cooking. I made excellent beef and vegetable soup Mom and Dad enjoyed.

6:00 I did my exercise and asked mom if she wanted to exercise with the walking machine. She said She knows she could but she doesn't want to.

6:30 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

5/17/24 Betty Broome report

It appears Mom and Dad did some drinking last night and It appears to have been a mixed drink like the ones that caused Mom to have her falls which put her in the hospital over the past few years. Neither Mom or Dad are allowed to have alcohol because of their medications. So Dad isn't trying very hard to improve their situation. Maybe he forgets every day.

8:00 I went downstairs and Dad had already made waffles with blackberries. I went to speak to Mom and she kept saying her stomach was uncomfortable. I asked, what kind of uncomfortable and Dad said she just had the biggest BM of her life.

There was a time when I could believe what Dad said but now he is often dishonest about Mom, so his comment may be an indication that just the opposite is true and she needs a BM.

Dad went in the bathroom so I tried to reassure Mom, she will come down off of the intensity of her morning medication in a half hour or so. She was very upset.

8:30 I used the remainder of the batter and blackberries to fix myself waffles and went back in Mom and Dad's bedroom. I convinced Mom to do her trapeze leg and arm exercises when Dad went in the bathroom to get dressed. She did her exercises with unusual enthusiasm. I tried to find an entertaining television show to distract Mom from her discomfort.

9:00 Darian Arrived and I gave her the seat next to Mom. Darien told us a large branch fell on Mom's rose bushes and I went out and showed Mom the branch where she could see it out the window.

When I came back in the house Mom was telling Dad she wanted to get up. Dad said to Darion, this is the first time he ever discouraged Betty from getting up because she was going to get a shower later in the day and he knew that would tire her out.

So nothing has changed after yesterday's comment about trading, stopping reports for better behavior. Dad is still discouraging Mom's progress and sabotaging her health.

I sat in the living room and I could hear him talking to Darien about how Mom and he met, their honeymoon, their first years together in college and moving to south Louisiana. Mom kept asking to get up and do something.

Every time Mom asked, Dad said he wanted to wait until she got a shower later on when Shelley arrives. This happened 4 times during their conversation and Darien started to look concerned. But Dad reassured her that he has never told Mom not to get up before. This is absolutely not true.

Almost every time Mom asks to get up Dad says, wait until you have a diaper change, or wait until Mark comes with coffee , or wait until any excuse. I'm pretty sure Dad doesn't realize he's doing this. That's why Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives and Mom's physical therapy have to be taken out of Dad's hands so Mom can become healthy.

11:30 Dad said he wanted steak for lunch. He asked me to cut it up smaller. So I made a Caesar salad and little bits of steak, stir fried with barbecue sauce. Almost every bit of it was eaten.

12:00 Shelley Arrived and talked to Mom and Dad. She went outside with Darien for a little while. Darien and came back in saying she would give Mom a shower by herself. It looked good, as though Shelley trusts Darien now. Shelley seems to be going through a healthy transition herself, so maybe Mom's improvements are inspiring her personal life.

12:30 Darian gave Mom a shower and Dad heated a towel in the dryer to dry her. I started practiced singing my songs.

1:00 Dad asked for milkshakes and I made coffee shakes for everyone.

2:00 Mark visited Mom and Dad for about an hour.

4:00 I finished practicing two thirds of my songs.

5:30 I started exercising.

6:00 Dad exercised on the exercise bike as well. I hope things are starting to improve. I asked mom if she wanted me to use the lift to put her on the exercise bike and she said, no. But at least she hasn't been subjected to growling fits from over-medication in the past two days.

There's a catch-22 involving Dad's short term memory and the need for overt reminders, for Dad to stop sedating Mom. I haven't had the courage to provide reminders often enough, as his son who doesn't want to constantly upset him.

5/16/24 Betty Broome report

It's hard to imagine how the administrators of the Caring Senior Service company could think Bridget is helpful to Mom and Dad. She is underfoot and in the way because she is instructed by her administrators and my overly polite elderly parents, what not to do.

The problems she causes are compounded by her attitude of expertness. But It's an understandable defense from being trapped in a situation where she's not allowed to contribute obvious needs, while expected to save the lives of loving elders.

Darian handles the situation better, but she is obviously sought-after by other clients and overworked.

Imagine if Dad were freed to become active with golf and other activities, which rebuild his confidence and allow him to enjoy the rest of his life with his family.

Imagine the adult care John Hancock insurance, Mom paid 40 years, caring for Mom's ostomy and physical therapy with an assistant who activates Mom's self confidence by simply keeping Mom off the sedatives that stop her BMs and physical therapy.

Imagine how elderly people world wide could enjoy the last years of their lives if they received what was obviously needed. I would love to stop having to write to Adult Protective Services every day about the cruelty caused by prescriptions provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

7:00 Dad asked for cereal and berries so I brought some corn flakes and fresh crushed blackberries to him and Mom on a tray. Mom asked several times, "what is that?" So she must have received Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions early. Most of the breakfast was eaten.

8:00 I talked to Dad while Mom was sleeping and he said, I shouldn't write my reports because it makes him look bad. I said he knows how to stop me from writing the reports.

I watched c-span for a couple of hours. Then I asked Mark to ask Dad for us all to go play golf.

10:00 Dad came and got the lift so I helped him harness Mom and put her in the wheelchair. We took Mom outside but she wanted to go right back in the bed after being

outside for a few minutes. Dad said that was good exercise.

10:30 Mark arrived again and took Dad for coffee.

11:00 Dad and Mark returned. I gave everyone a piece of dark chocolate.

12:00 I served lunch of beef and dumplings. They were extraordinary. I don't think it's right for us to be feeding Bridget home cooked meals.

1:00 Mom asked us to do something smart. I don't remember ever being more excited about anything Mom ever said. I asked her if she wanted to play cards and she made a happy face. It's clear the morning medication was wearing off and Dad had probably not given her more or much more.

We played cards for about thirty minutes and it was really fun. Then Mom said she wanted to go to sleep. Quite often that just means she doesn't want to bother anyone since she's stuck in bed.

Mom seemed to be cared for so I went upstairs and got some sleep too.

3:00 At 3 o'clock I asked dad where Byran the physical therapist was. Dad said he thought Byran had dwindled away. I have no idea what that means but I sent a text to Byran telling him I would pay for him myself.

5:00 I told Mom to exercise her legs while I'm exercising in front of the TV. She said Okay but dad closed the door so I couldn't see if she did.

6:00 There was a tornado watch and I took video of the trees so Mom could see the backyard being blown around.

6:30 We made jokes about the tornado until it passed and I went upstairs. Mom said she wanted strawberries for breakfast.

5/15/24 Betty Broome report

I guess we have to love our President who helps Israel bomb families, the same way we have to love our family that drugs and slowly kills our mother.

My brothers and I didn't visit my parents often enough to keep them objective with feedback. Dad and Mom became competitive with each other and then self destructive over a long period of time. Now it's not easy to undo that psychological trap that has them killing each other with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives and inactivity.

Dad needs freedom from caring for Mom's ostomy and physical activity in and away from the house. Mom needs intensive physical therapy and escape from the sedatives that keep her from thinking clearly.

Much of the time Dad is the genius he has been all his life.

But when he's drinking or in his manic state of mind, he is dishonest and cruel to Mom. But he still thinks of himself as trustworthy after a lifetime of being trustworthy.

6:30 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. Mom said nothing yet. Dad seemed to pretend to sleep so I would leave the room while Mom is alert. He doesn't want anyone to see Mom when she is not medicated.

Mom said she needed to go to the bathroom. She was completely alert and I felt like she could have moved herself to the wheelchair like she wanted to. But I stopped her and ask her to wrap her arms around my neck so I could lift her. She changed her mind and asked Dad to change her diaper but he was asleep or still pretending to be.

7:30 I asked what they wanted to eat and Mom was upset and said, "nothing". But then Dad came to the door and said to fix steak and eggs. I fixed them and Mom ate a little, but her legs were hanging off the bed and she didn't put the plate on her chest like usual.

I apologized to Mom for not letting her get on the wheelchair by herself, like she wanted earlier.

Then she came fully on to the drugging for the morning.

8:00 Mark came and started working with someone in the yard. Dad, Mark and I helped Mom get in the living room with the lift jacket. Mom was complaining the whole way and Mark complained about the size of Mom's steak bites I cut up for her.

8:30 Mark left for a while and we all talked about politics and the backyard birds. Mom said she wanted to get bottles of water for the worker in the yard. Theresa arrived and talked to Mom. She was able to revive Mom somewhat and the sedation seemed to

have leveled off by this time.

9:00 Darian arrived and talked to Mom. Darian put a bandaid and ointment on Mom's wound on her right arm. Mark took Dad to the doctor's office.

10:00 I helped Mom work on her mother's quilt pieces and we watched a sitcom. Mom wrote a check for Theresa and Darian laughed loudly for a long time.

10:30 Dad and Mark got home and Mom wanted to get back in the bed. Dad, Darian and I moved mom with the lift.

11:00 Mom said she didn't want anything to eat yet.

12:00 Someone made sandwiches for everyone with Cheetos. Dad and mark left and Mark's helper was cleaning up the backyard. I exercised Mom's legs for a few minutes and demonstrated to Darien how to get Mom to exercise her legs with the trapeze.

12:30 I gave Mom some chocolate and we talked about Darien's nursing school.

1:30 Darian tried to get Mom's hearing aids to stop feeding back and then she had to change Mom's diaper. It seemed like Mom was being cared for so I took the opportunity to get some sleep.

6:00 I did my exercise with the PBS news.

7:00 I went upstairs for the night.

Archive

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

5/14/24 Betty Broome report

The adult assistance company, Caring Senior Service, seems to have been receiving impossibly mixed signals from Dad. Dad should be receiving their services rather than dictating limitations. Dad needs to be relieved of the responsibilities of Mom's ostomy and medications so he can leave the house for the day and build his own physical fitness.

The assistants should be building up Mom's physical fitness with physical therapy and

social interaction. They should provide an escape from the druggings Dad uses to control Mom.

But Dad confuses the administrators at the adult assistance companies by over-politely telling them he will care for Mom's ostomy and he continues to drug Mom throughout the day. So the job of improving Mom's health is much more difficult. Mom's drugged sleepiness serves as a temptation for the assistants to do nothing to help her.

The insurance for adult assistance programs, which Mom paid into all of her adult life, are being used against her.

Dad is allowed to drug Mom all day and the assistants do not perform the tasks that would allow Dad and Mom healthy independence for part of each day. My parents need to be capable of building up their health with assistance and not in spite of the Caring Senior Service company.

I wonder how many elderly people are trapped in a similar deadly death spiral clung to by inadvertently parasitic adult assistance programs.

Anyone can see how a confused elderly person can contribute to an adult care company becoming predatorial unintentionally. The embarrassed elderly client declines help with the inconvenient assistance tasks. But he or she needs to be assisted to reverse the bad habits dragging the elderly couple down.

This catch 22 may be a source of worldwide elderly suffering.

6:00 I put in a load of laundry and dad snuck up behind me and scared me in the washroom. I laughed it off and told him he knew it would scare me this time.

We are used to unintentionally scaring each other coming around corners in the dark house but this time he used a punch line from an old scary joke when he touched my shoulder. If it weren't for our stressful present circumstances, it would have been a good joke. And I'm always optimistic we are getting back to that kind of fun family relationship.

6:30 I put a warm wash cloth on Mom's eyes and she started to wake up. I asked what they wanted for breakfast and she said coffee. Dad brought coffee and I brought dried apricots.

7:00 I asked Dad if the clothes in the wash basket were dirty and he said he didn't know.

9:00 Brian called to let me know there was someone at the front door needing to get into the backyard to work on the fiber cable. I went back downstairs and Darien was sweeping around the walking machine by the front door without hearing the bell.

I spoke to the AT&T guy at the door and he went around the house with permission to go in the backyard. Darien asked why Brian had to respond to the "Ring" doorbell camera and call from South Houston to let us know there was someone at the door. I said we need to work on that.

I spoke to Mom and asked if she wanted to go in the living room. Darien said she was planning on moving Mom at 10 o'clock and to exercise Mom's legs.

Darien said Mom's medication would be given at 10 o'clock. This is new, that an assistant was involved in any medication earlier than the four o'clock meds. Mom was not supposed to receive medication during the day. This was supposed to keep Mom clear headed for exercise with the assistants.

This is probably also an attempt by Dad to convince the Darien Mom hadn't received medication yet today.

Dad goes to a lot of trouble to convince people Mom is permanently bedridden, including using the term bedridden in front of mom. Mom said, I needed to leave the room so Darien could change her.

It looks like Darien is trying hard to figure out this complex situation and to participate in as many jobs as she can around the house doing laundry, changing Mom's diaper and sweeping.

10:00 Mark started working on the backyard garden with a helper. I asked Mom if she wanted to go in the living room to watch Mark and she said, no.

11:00 Dad went to the grocery store and brought back sandwiches. I asked Mom if she wanted to go to the living room again and she said no.

1:00 Every time I spoke to Darien, she mentioned Mom being very alert as if Dad called attention to Mom not being drugged but not wanting to get up. But Mom was just at the non-hallucinating level of being drugged and very defensive about getting out of bed.

It's hard for all the different assistants to see how Dad is controlling Mom with

medications. The assistants are very concerned with meeting Dad's expectations and his confusion about insurance requirements shape his 90-year-old expectations focused on keeping Mom inactive.

Insurance companies, Doctors and caregiving companies should be anticipating and assisting confused clients rather than weakening them.

You would have to be around Mom for a long time to experience the variety of ways Dad promotes dependence and inactivity in Mom. Some examples over the past year include...

1. Dad threw away the first walking lift exercise jacket.
2. Dad teaches everyone to stop Mom from using her legs when she slides to the top of the bed several times a day.
3. Dad tells us to read letters to Mom when she easily reads them herself or to us.
4. Dad never informed anyone, the times Mom fell were only when they were drinking.
5. Dad lets Mom believe she was unstable but it was only when they were drinking. On a related topic, Dad's Doctor recently told Dad to stop taking one of his prescriptions which was making Dad unstable for ten years. He did not adjust Mom's meds.
6. Dad keeps Mom medicated during the day and drinking at night so, over time, she can't stand on her own.
7. Dad gaslight's Mom into accepting her bedridden status with cleaver comments.
8. Dad didn't change the size of the bathroom door when it became an obstacle for Mom to reach the toilet.
9. Dad called nurses and doctors to observe Mom when she was hallucinating on medication he gave her.
10. Dad used to sabotage Mom's ostomy when she was mobile, so it would leak in active situations.
11. Dad calls Mom bedridden in front of other people.

4:00 Mom had some BM in her ostomy and Darian said it was enough for Dad to change her. Dad closed the door and Darian and I could talk. I asked how she got the idea that she was not responsible for the ostomy.

Darian said her supervisors told her she was not there to do those activities. She seemed to imply Dad had informed her bosses he is in charge of the ostomy. She also said she had not been informed at all about physical therapy. I asked her where her bosses might have got that idea. I wanted conformation Dad was giving the wrong impression to the assistant managers Shelley and Billie. Darian didn't know.

The reason we hired the assistants was to give Dad the freedom to become more active and develop his fitness while the assistants had Mom to themselves to work on her fitness with physical therapy and social interaction.

5:00 Darian left and I started my exercise.

6:00 Mom seemed desperate to give me money to give to Mark to pay the helpers Mark hired to work in the yard. When I saw Mark I told him Mom wanted to speak to him. He came in and said he had already taken care of it. I don't think Mark understood how much Mom wanted to participate. Mark went to the mailbox and brought in a letter from cousin Frances. Mark gave mom her glasses but dad asked me to read the letter to Mom. I asked her to read it to me and she did without any inconvenience.

I asked if Mom and Dad wanted milkshakes and they said yes. I made strawberry milkshakes with fresh strawberries and finished my exercise.

7:30 I went upstairs but I could see Mom was either asleep or knocked out with medication. The door was left open so I thought Dad was probably wanting me to see something.

I guess it's worse in Gaza where the children are blown up or hear percussive explosions like thunder all the time.

5/13/24 Betty Broome report

After hundreds of dollars spent and two visits from the dishwasher repair man the dishwasher still does not work since April 12th. I know, I should have taken care of it myself but Dad didn't want me to and said so definitely. Ask anyone about the dishwasher and you will hear confident answers, just the way Mom is being cared for with confident answers and slow tortured death.

The ultimate goal of waiting for Dad to stop drugging Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives is incompatible with Kim Paxton's useless adult protective services.

<https://www.texasattorneygeneral.gov/consumer-protection/seniors-and-elderly/how-spot-and-report-elder-abuse-and-neglect>

The APS and police only use crude and cruel separation as a response to elderly citizens suffering. Mom needs someone to come in, like the nurse I hired in November, who could monitor and separate Mom from the drugs that keep her from doing her physical therapy and having regular BMs.

Dad won't allow the minimum wage assistants he has hired, to take real responsibility for Mom and they aren't paid enough to defy the one who is in charge of the house. They don't even have the training to recognize the self-destructive habits exhibited by Dad controlling Mom.

So Dad remains tied to all the tasks which keep him from building his own physical fitness. The assistants allow Dad to control Mom one hundred percent of the time so he is almost constantly exhausted.

He has the poorly trained assistants convinced they don't have to do Mom's physical therapy, shower or care for her ostomy as an expert would, and they are not paid enough to do more than sit next to Mom all day. Family members are starting to become envious of these paid sitters. It's a disgusting situation I never imagined possible and which is too complex for most to understand.

The cheap assistants feel important with the responsibility of reminding Dad to give Mom her crippling meds at four thirty every day. Ironically, this time adjustment to Mom's schedule was created when I called attention to the fact that Dad is not allowing his assistants to do physical therapy or care for Mom's ostomy because of the sedating medication he provides covertly when ever anyone visits Mom.

He promised he would only give medication when the assistants remind him at four thirty every day. But this didn't stop him from providing sedation all day, because there is a stipulation in the instructions from the Doctor, that the sedating meds be provided "as needed."

Dad continues to decide and provide the sedation when he determines it is needed all day every day.

But Mom is incredibly strong and her strength has led to 5 years of suffering. She blames herself because the sedation makes her think she's lazy and she believes it's her choice to never get out of bed.

My brother's seem to think it's justifiable for Dad to be cruel to me and Mom, but they are short-tempered when Dad's poor memory, repetitions or confusion inconveniences them. There are very obvious clues of Mom's suffering, but changes are not convenient for my family and they are unable to understand the complexity when it's written out for them.

6:00 I asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast and Mom said she wanted coffee. She looks groggy but not drugged so far.

7:30 Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications are causing the pain of atrophic limbs, mental clouding and spasming for Mom.

But at least I get to see Mom once or twice a week when Dad lets me talk to her without incapacitating drugs. Or sometimes I wake up really early and she happens to be awake before Dad drugs her. At those times we know the possibilities. She wants to walk to the toilet herself and visit her son in Seattle.

She knows we can't stop my family, the Doctors and unresponsive government agencies from killing her slowly. The only time she rebels is when Dad gives her the hallucinogenic drugs or combination of drugs that make her hallucinate. Then she attempts to get out of bed, like she knows she could with a minimum of physical therapy and expectations from the ones who should be caring for her.

9:00 Mark and Bridget arrived, but I didn't care to see Mom babbling. So I just stayed upstairs rather than watch Bridget demonstrate to Mom how to do nothing all day.

12:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted creamy garlic chicken for lunch. They said they ate Brian's leftover shrimp from yesterday. Mom looked wide awake and able to focus but I didn't want to go in there with Bridget and Dad.

5:00 I started my exercise and Dad went in and out of the bedroom a few times getting mail or going to the kitchen. I know Mom enjoys drinking alcohol with dad but she knows it's not good for her with her medications.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

5/12/24 Betty Broome report

8:00 I made steak and eggs for Mom and Dad. Mom was too drugged to eat it on Mother's day. I was upset with Dad for taking away another mother's day from Mom but I enjoyed her breakfast very much.

9:00 Mark brought coffee and we gave Mom gifts. She was knocked out and tolerated us for a few minutes.

9:00 Brian sent a text telling us he will be here at eleven.

10:00 Mark went home to cook for his wife for Mother's day.

11:00 Brian arrived and we visited Mom for a while. She was barely responsive and I could hear her hearing aids feeding back loudly across the room. I got upset with Brian for leaving them in Mom's ears while they were feeding back again.

It's great that Brian took the initiative to get new hearing aids for Mom. But he will need to test them and figure out how to stop the feedback before we put them in Mom's ears. I have tried them several times and it may be, we need to buy a better set.

12:00 Dad and I went to get fried shrimp for lunch.

12:30 We returned with shrimp and rice plates for Brian and I and Mom and Dad split one. Brian set his off to the side and started to take a shrimp from Mom and Dad's shared plate. When Dad asked why he didn't eat from his own plate Brian left for the day. Clearly something was going on in Brian's thoughts he wasn't telling us about.

2:00 Brant called and said hello to Mom for a minute. Dad and I watched Futurama and a movie while Mom slept.

5:00 Mom called for Dad and he said five minutes and closed the door. Natalie arrived and had to wait for Dad to finish getting mom ready so we talked about music production. She has a few catch phrases which may keep her from having to discuss what she's doing with most people but it's a chance to give her some valuable information about a subject I understand from years of teaching music production in digital media class and from live performances.

5:30 I did my PBS News exercise for an hour and went to bed.

5/11/24 Betty Broome report

Both the physical therapy and the Friday showers have ceased for the past three weeks. They are inconvenient for assistants who may think the physical activity is a luxury which won't be missed.

Adult protective services seem to have found too many women eating their own feces to think of a slow torture death with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions as an emergency.

A big part of the challenge working with Mom and Dad is Dad's separation between us and Mom. All our lives we never questioned Dad's honesty and now he is no longer limited by that character trait because of years of isolation justifying lies. Most of the people in the family have a hard time seeing his hidden manipulations of Mom's medications.

Mom is falling through the cracks of public assistance and family care.

8:00 I heard Mom calling out saying, "we need to get my things from the other house, so the boys can come work in the yard for Mother's day." Dad clearly gave Mom the hallucination drug or the mixture of drugs which makes her hallucinate.

I knew it was likely he was going to make Mother's day weekend miserable for her. The irony is that it complicates Dad's life enormously, having to watch her every second. But it seems to be worth it to his ego to control Mom completely. It's going to take an emergency effort to get Both dad and mom exercising and occupied with constructive thoughts.

I chose not to get involved in their conversation so I stayed upstairs for a while.

8:30 As I entered their bedroom Dad was going to great lengths to repeatedly explain, "there is only one house we live in."

It's disingenuous for Dad to pretend to be placating Mom when he's the one providing the hallucinogenic medication or the quantity of medication that causes her to hallucinate. The past two days Dad only made Mom sleepy while Neal was here. I'm not sure why Neal is privileged not to have to see Mom terrified and hallucinating. Neal sees

Mom inactive but not hallucinating.

Neal has the power of attorney and maybe Dad doesn't want Neal to know how often he makes Mom growl and cry with medication.

9:00 Dad called me upstairs and said breakfast was going to be ready in five minutes. I went to Mom while dad was cooking and she appeared to be reaching for something across the room. I asked her what she needed and she said she wanted the skin lotion to put on her arms and legs.

The lotion was next to her on the table but she was reaching aimlessly. I put lotion on her arms and legs and she kept saying "Veronica couldn't find them because they are in the wrong house."

I sent a special text message to my brothers to ask for help.

MESSAGE TO BROTHERS

Dad gave mom the hallucination drugs today. I knew he was gonna make mother's day weekend a living hell.

My brothers each have obstacles to participate in Mom's recovery.

Mark helps in my parent's house almost every day, but he is unaware how alcohol desensitizes him and keeps him from making complex connections of ideas and responses for his family.

Brian has started to recognize what is needed for Mom and Dad but he can't be bothered to stay long enough to help without expecting it all to be solved at once by simply him mentioning the problem.

Neal is uncomfortable with conflict and his wife prepares him with canned responses which do not match the reality in his parent's house.

Brant never visits but for some reason thinks he understands everything perfectly. A recent example was yesterday he sent chocolates to one of Mom's assistants who has not worked here since April 8th.

It's a busy but dangerous environment for my mother who is lying here inactive for 4 years growling, howling, sleeping and suffering from from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions. None of the sons are with Mom often enough to see the connection

between the various levels of drugging Dad has learned to control.

Dad clearly has no shame talking down to Mom when she is hallucinating under the influence of his mixture drugs for the day.

10:00 Dad said he was going to the drugstore and the bank and called for me to watch Mom. Shortly after he called me he realized he didn't have his keys and Neal accidentally took them to Austin. He called Neal who had already sent them with Mark. Mark gave Neal a ride to Austin this morning and Mark was on his way back to Houston.

11:00 Mark arrived and Dad left with Mark to the bank.

11:30 My guitar arrived with UPS and Mom asked to be taken in the living room. After 6 or 7 attempts with Mom changing her mind she finally let me put her in the wheelchair and take her to the recliner in the living room.

12:00 I played seven or eight songs for Mom on my new guitar. Mark and Dad returned from the bank and left to go get Mexican food for lunch.

Mom was still hallucinating about being in the wrong house but it was becoming less of an issue.

2:00 Mark and Dad came home with Mexican food and Mom ate 6 bites of guacamole on chips.

2:30 Mom said she needed her ostomy changed so Dad sent Mark and I out of the room. Mark went home.

5:00 I asked what they wanted for supper and Dad said they had a large lunch. Mom had only a couple of chips with guacamole for lunch, so dad brought a few more chips with guacamole to Mom.

6:00 I went to the grocery store and got a load of groceries and supplies for a wood and metal project I'm working on for Mother's day. The project took most of the night because it required staining and gluing and waiting for things to dry.

5/10/24 Betty Broome report

8:00 Dad called me downstairs for breakfast and had the plates already warmed and

loaded to be served to everyone. It was good fried eggs, bacon and toast with jelly. I went in to talk to Mom and the tape that held her new hearing aids was no longer holding the box. Dad said, the tape didn't hold them up they put the hearing aids away.

8:30 Neal went upstairs to clean up and I followed after he was finished. I was still shaving when he called up and said he was leaving to go back to Austin.

I called to see if there were any free times at the golf course but they said there were none till two thirty which was too late to make use of the household assistant to watch Mom.

9:00 Bridget arrived and I was looking around the house for wrapping paper for Mother's day gifts when I discovered Neal's phone on Mom and Dad's bed.

9:15 Dad Called Mark who was driving Neal back to Austin and they returned for the phone.

11:00 I woke up from a nap and Mark and Neal had already come and gone.

12:00 I made Turkey sandwiches for everyone and went back upstairs. I made the sandwiches too big and everyone brought half of theirs back to me. Dad said the sandwiches needed salt.

2:30 I visited Mom's room while Dad was watching bridge videos in the living room. She was too sedated to play cards by herself but Bridget helped her get started playing "go fish" and it ended up being a really long thirty minute couple of games.

Mom legitimately won the first game and I won the second game. It was very enjoyable because she was clearly not given the hallucination medications today. Possibly because Dad didn't want to scare off the assistant when he didn't know which one would arrive today.

3:00 I demonstrated for Mom again how we are going to make family decorations out of the stars Mom's mother made for a quilt she was working on when she died. Mom enjoys hearing about the plans for the quilt parts.

I asked what Mom wanted for supper and she said she didn't know yet, but she was feeling queasy.

4:30 Bridget came and told me it was time for Mom's medication and I didn't answer her

but let her continue to go see Dad. I asked again what they wanted for supper and Mom said she wanted a coke float. I made Coke floats for everyone and because there was little going on today, and I didn't want to see Mom suffer with another dose of medication I went upstairs early.

5/9/24 Betty Broome report

I'm concerned that as Mother's Day approaches, Dad may be more abusive with Mom and my brothers are digging in their heels with convenient but fearful ignoring of what's happening in their parent's house.

7:00 Neal and I went in Mom and Dad's room to see Mom and Dad. Dad said he would get McDonald's breakfast but he didn't leave.

7:30 Neal and Dad went in the living room to talk.

8:00 Veronica washed Mom but didn't take off or change the large bandage on Mom's right arm. Dad went to get McDonald's.

8:30 I showed Dad the new TV controls. I could see Mom was coming out of early morning sedation and there was always someone with Mom in the morning, so Dad didn't give her any more drugs until later in the day.

9:00 Mom was reading the paper and Neal came in to talk to her. I wanted to show Mom how to stitch her mother's quilt patches into separate decorations for the family members. I demonstrated it as quickly as I could hoping not to interrupt Neal's visit. I let Mom do three stitches herself. It was great to see her not medicated for the first time in two days.

10:00 Mark brought Mom a coffee drink she really enjoyed and I changed Mom's bandage on her arm. I was a bit surprised neither Mark or Neal showed concern about Mom's huge wound.

11:00 Neal went upstairs.

11:30 Mark and Tom G. visited, Neal came back downstairs and we all visited.

12:15 Dad retold the story about how a neighbor was so happy when Dad buried some trinkets in their yard and left a slightly burned map for their kids to follow. The irony is

that Dad doesn't go to any trouble creating incentives or motivational situations for Mom to become fit or enjoy life. Instead Dad sabotages most opportunities for Mom's independence.

This is similar to other substance abusing family members and their codependent spouses who are missing so many subtle opportunities to contribute to their children, family and spouses lives. The false, satisfying ego boosts from substance abuse is a problem in our family.

12:35 The dishwasher guy came and fixed the dishwasher again. Telling us that we need a piece to keep a shield attached on the side of the machine. But this wasn't clear until after the repair man left. Alcohol may have caused the lack of communication.

I gave mom a basket of grapes and she ate some.

1:00 Dad went for egg rolls and Brian was trying hearing aids on Mom. I heard feedback sounds coming from Mom's room with Brian asking Mom to repeat sentences. Mom was reporting she could hear Brian speaking in different parts of the room. The unfortunate part was, 7 to 10 minutes the feedback sound ,which was loud enough for me to hear in the next room, was coming from the hearing aides in Mom's ears.

I was horrified and I asked Brian if he realized how loud it is in Mom's ears. He was defensive and said, he did it himself at home before he came to parents house. I asked if he heard feedback while the hearing aids were in his ears and he said yes. Mom somehow survived politely looking at me with feedback screeching directly in her ears. She asked if I could hear the squealing.

2:00 Dad returned with egg rolls and we all ate them. Natalie visited and talked to Mom for a while then sang with Brian and I playing guitars. Brian was excellent as usual on the bass and Natalie always sings beautifully. Mark lost his temper when I told him I ordered a guitar so he could join us. He said he would destroy the guitar. I think Mark surprises himself when he's under the influence of alcohol.

I kept trying to visit Mom but she would tell me to leave the room. Neal may have finally glimpsed Mom's differing mental states which Dad manipulates with three controls, but it's subtle for someone who intentionally avoids conflict like Neal.

If Neal would stay in the house long enough he would learn how

1. Dad's grooming gaslighting,

2. Mom's fragilness from an untreated ostomy and
3. both Mom and Dad's confusion from a variety of substance abuse,
keep Mom and Dad codependent with alcohol, Dr Venkatesh and Dr Taylor's
prescriptions.

3:00 Dad received the exercise bicycle I ordered for him and I assembled it while
brothers were talking about old times. Dad was alone with Mom for a long time then
came out of the bedroom as I finished the exercise bike.

When I brought the exercise bike in the bedroom and told mom it was for them Mom
became out of control with anger. I didn't understand till later that Dad must have
prepared her with a gaslighting session just before I entered the room. She then became
extremely apologetic before Dad came in as I left. It was a dramatic performance which
Mom was able to report to Dad she had completed.

3:30 No one dared to mention Byran, the physical therapist is on his third week without
visiting after Dad canceled a visit back then. Three weeks ago Mom was drugged out and
when Dad called, it may have interfered with Byran's schedule. That schedule was
Tuesdays and Thursdays until then.

4:30 Dad's phone alarm went off reminding him and the daily assistant, (who was not
here today) it was time to give Mom drugs. She had been very irritable all afternoon but
not hallucinating. So I hoped Dad would not give her any more medication today. Part of
the irritability seemed to be from constipation or withholding a BM because of the way
she remained so still.

Brian was preparing to leave so I told him it might be a good time to communicate with
Mom before or her next dose of medication took effect. I don't know how his visit to
Mom's room worked out. But we all said goodbye knowing we will meet on Mother's
day Sunday.

5:00 Dad gave Mom chocolate cake and she enjoyed it very much.

5:15 Mom became very upset with me and asked me to leave the room. I told her, in
fifteen minutes I would be starting my exercise with the BBC news and I left.

6:00 I was exercising while Dad and Neal talked about politics and Dad's phone.

7:00 I finished my exercise and Mom was angry with me again when I asked her if she

wanted some savory snacks.

7:15 Dad stopped and asked me to sit down to talk to him. I could tell it was part of a performance but I didn't make the connection until he said, "it hurts me very much when Mom is upset with you."

He said, "you shouldn't keep telling her she's going to walk again." He said, "you should talk about happy things if you are going to exercise her feet at all." So it finally made sense why Mom was upset with me all afternoon.

She had probably been gas lit about not walking again, possibly all night, to complain to me. Now Dad was pretending it hurt his feelings when she was upset with me. Dad would never be so obvious if it weren't for substance abuse. Alcohol makes him particularly reckless with his subterfuge. I'm concerned that as Mother's Day approaches, Dad may be more abusive with Mom.

7:30 I went upstairs for the night.

5/8/24 Betty Broome report

Today there was a large unexplained open wound on Mom's right arm, she was sedated all day, but didn't start hallucinating until late in the evening. The walking machine was used for the first time.

5:30 The door to Mom and Dad's bedroom was opened and the TV was on. So I visited when I put my clothes in the washing machine. I asked what they wanted for breakfast and Dad said eggs and bacon. Mom was babbling. I returned with eggs and sausage because there was no bacon. When I gave Mom her food I saw she has a large open wound on her right arm. After she ate I washed and dressed her wound. I asked both Mom and Dad how she got the wound and both said they didn't know.

6:00 Mom is sedated but not hallucinating today. I would love to be able to figure out Dad's reasoning when he chooses one medication or quantity over another. His Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh should be held responsible for Mom's druggings given by a 90 year old man.

9:00 Theresa arrived, greeted everyone and started cleaning the kitchen.

9:10 Darien arrived. Dad came in the kitchen to get the box of drugs. Theresa called my attention to the fact, when Darien arrived, Dad took drugs to Mom.

9:30 Mom said she wanted to go in the living room and we moved her there with the walking machine for the first time. Darien was interested and helpful learning to use and using the vertical lift jacket and lift (walking machine). This was the second lift jacket I purchased and it had been unused since December.

I played three songs for Mom and then she asked that I fill up the bird feathers. She is still sedated but not hallucinating.

10:00 Dad helped Mom brush her teeth and I can already see, Mom is coming more heavily on to the drugs. For some reason Mom was not given the hallucinogenic drugs or portions today.

10:30 Margaret visited and asked Dad when was Mom's last BM. Dad didn't answer and she asked again more firmly. Dad acted somewhat annoyed and said, "she is regular." Margaret said, do you know when Betty had her last BM?" Dad said, "she is regular!"

It seems that, as a nurse, Margaret wouldn't be allowed to accept important reports from a spouse with dementia. Especially after so many reports from me about BMs being a serious and constant problem. The main reason Mom is afraid to be moved is because she is almost always filled with feces and that makes her fragile and embarrassed.

11:00 Dad signed Margarets sheet and she left. Mom is still in the living room lounge chair but she is too sedated to enjoy conversation. At this level of medication she politely tolerates any responses she has to give.

12:00 Mom wanted to be moved back to the bedroom so she got her second ride on the walking machine. This time she alternated her feet on the ground mimicking walking all the way to the bed. It's very exciting, but she is still too sedated to remember this milestone.

3:00 Mark and Neal arrived and tried to talk to mom for a short time.

4:00 Dad and Mark started drinking. They don't understand the emergency level of alertness needed when Mom is sedated.

I waited next to the bed sewing a practice holiday ornament till Mark walked in and woke Mom. With Darien watching, I was then able to show Mom the stitching project

I'm going to involve her with and she was alert long enough to say, "it will make very personal gifts."

4:30 Dad, Mark and Neal started fixing a grilled cheese sandwich for Mom and Dad. There are enough people watching Mom sleep off Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives, so I fell asleep.

6:00 I woke and the television was not working again. So Neal and I quickly researched TV's. Dad said he had an online game of bridge and Mom was still knocked out.

6:30 Neal and I went to Costco's and bought a new TV. It took about an hour to bring home, assemble and set up.

7:30 Neal went to bed, I turned on youtube and started my exercise.

8:30 Mom begin howling loudly. Dad finished his bridge game and attempted to connect his new television with passwords which didn't work.

9:00 I went to bed.

5/7/24 Betty Broome report

Imagine absentee family members corroborating Dad overmedicating Mom and convincing him to block me from providing him with my family and APS reports. Can you imagine a more despicable way too exercise their gossiping egos from a lazy cowardly distance?

5:30 The TV was blaring and the door was open so I could tell a performance was prepared for me. I went in Mom and Dad's bedroom and Dad was sitting next to Mom to stop her from jumping out of bed. As she comes on to certain druggings she is profoundly confused and either terrified or elated.

Mom shouted, "thank goodness you're here Joey! Go get your car and take us home!"

I couldn't participate with Mom's outburst when Dad said to me, "Doesn't it make you feel good to be wanted?" Dad can't know what Mom is going to say or do when he drugs her with the harshest mixtures of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, so he has to improvise. Today he is disingenuous or even cynical.

I left the room. Dad said, "I don't know where he's going." referring to me. Mom yelled, "Go get the car!"

5:55 I reported the emergency level of agitation to adult protective services separately from my regular report.

Dad knows Mom will be knocked out soon so he just answers Mom's nonsense questions patiently at first.

Mom is hallucinating intensely so Dad can't move from the side of the bed. I can listen from the living room undisturbed. Mom is repeatedly begging Dad to take her home. This particular hallucination seems to be an unexpected side effect of Dad gaslighting Mom about his concern of adult protective services taking Mom away.

Mom's saying she needs to get up but when Dad helps her start to sit up she says, she can't. Dad keeps saying, "I want you to do what ever you want to do."

When she starts to level out Dad knows he can leave the bedside for a few moments. He said, "I'll go get us something to eat for breakfast." Dad came into the living room, saw I was there in the lounge chair, turned off the lights and returned to the bedroom without food.

Mom's ranting as she falls into less a agitated state, she calls out to me to call Mark and ask him to come over. Dad is still responding to Mom's questions as he becomes exhausted.

6:33 Mom is quietly questioning Dad and the TV is turned off. I don't know why today was chosen to be a severe drugging day.

I asked what they wanted for breakfast. When I suggested strawberries Mom lit up and I brought them both strawberry shortcake for breakfast. Dad ate his but Mom left the cake untouched after eating the strawberries off the top.

As I left the room Dad answered Mom, "there's only one house."

7:00 Mark arrived and Mom was still hallucinating about being in the wrong house. He talked to Mom for a while and then decided to go get coffee.

7:30 When Mark returned Dad and I decided to use Mom's hallucination to see if we could get her in the car. Mom appeared to think she was outsmarting us by going to the

car to see which house she was in.

8:00 I got a pair of pants out of the closet and put them on Mom's feet and she helped pull them up. I got her in the wheelchair.

We then moved Mom out to the car and she balked for a long time but finally let us move her in the car seat. She seemed disappointed that her theory about being in the wrong house was incorrect. But then she accepted it was time for a ride.

She pointed us around the neighborhood and didn't want to go to her friend's house, I think because she didn't feel prepared with clothing and makeup.

We made our way to Mark's house and then back home when she started saying she felt sick.

We moved her back in the bed and she thanked Mark for the trip.

9:00 Bridget arrived and talked incessantly for hours. I think Dad chose today as a hallucination drug day to convince Bridget Mom is bed ridden, so she wouldn't attempt to give Mom physical therapy.

1:00 Mark left to go pick up Neal from Austin and get some things from my house.

3:30 Mom was still hallucinating and asking asking to be moved. Dad and I took Mom to the living room chair and she relaxed for a few minutes. Bridget was constantly in the way and interfering.

I informed Dad and Bridget Mom has a fowl smell like a homeless person. Dad said, "I bet that makes her feel good." Why is it that now, with all the helpers from Angel Care and Caring Senior Service, Mom has never smelled so bad?

Dad says he doesn't allow anyone to wash Mom's lower half because she's shy. But I think he doesn't want anyone to see that he has neglected her so long. Imagine how irritable she must be with her skin unbathed or not thoroughly bathed for weeks.

No-one in the house has the authority to stop Dad from his various kinds of drugging Mom. That includes today's intense hallucinations all day.

4:00 I gave Mom apple slices she enjoyed.

4:39 Bridget left for the day.

5:00 I fixed Indian beef and Fritos for Mom and Dad, but Mom was still hallucinating violently Telling dad she's sick. It appears Dad has continued delegating the responsibility he gave to the assistants from Caring Senior Service and he let's them witness or actually administer to Mom, her full dose of medicines just before they leave in the evenings.

This was supposed to be a commitment for Dad not to give medications during the day when the assistants were supposed to be allowed to provide help with the ostomy and physical therapy. But because he never stopped drugging Mom all day they he has to suffer from his own confused manipulation in the evenings with a thoroughly drugged spouse well into the night.

Mom is out of her mind and Dad knows he has to watch her till she gets through the initial violent suffering.

5:30 I started my exercise.

6:00 Dad went out to check the mail and he received the Boy Scout realistic makeup first aid kits I sent off for him. He commented about the new name for Boy Scouts as he closed the bedroom door for the night.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went upstairs.

5/6/24 Betty Broome report

It took years to convince Dad to allow an assistant in the house. I paid \$256 a day for an expert nurse beginning in November 2023. I selected the certified nurse because she specialized in ostomy, medication and physical therapy but Dad would not allow her to care for Mom longer than the 4 hour length of time Mom's sedation pills last.

The pills he calls the "anti fussy" pills keep Mom unmotivated to do her physical therapy and keep her feeling constantly fragile with constipation. But that isn't the extent to which Dad can incapacitate Mom, when he chooses to knock her out for a FaceTime visit with her Doctor or convince an observer Mom is bedridden. Dad can have Mom hallucinating or knock her out completely.

I think Dad feels he needs to prove to everyone Mom is at death's door. He's using Dr Taylor's and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions, because Dad thinks he is making the tough choices for the family. He seems to think he needs to prepare us for the day Mom is actually at death's door by mimicking death's door using Mom as a drugged torture doll.

The druggings began when he was informed that he and Mom both have terminal illnesses which was devastating to him. Simultaneously in November of 2019 he discovered the various levels of incapacitating Mom with which he can control her. Various combinations of medications provided by Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh produce levels of incapacitation.

It's as if Mom's feelings and suffering don't come into play because of the times Mom and Dad were raised and the patriarchal role he clings to. He would never do anything so cruel when he and his bride were young. But now they are both much more physically fit than he was led to believe by the doctor's diagnosis five years ago. And the confusing insurance requirements made it nearly impossible for him to get appropriate assistance during his devastated response to the premature "end of life" diagnosis.

Attempt to involve Dad in activities longer than Mom's sedatives last and you will learn, the hired assistants are just an obstacle to his daily performance.

The sedatives, alcohol and conflicting meds must be permanently taken away from the house so Dad can't use them to convince the brother with power of attorney, the Doctors and the assistants that Mom cannot exercise and become independent.

Mom is perfectly capable of physical improvement as prescribed by her physical therapist. Mom is capable of clear thinking when Dad is away from her for longer than four hours at a time. I have interfered with adult protective services because their only strategy is removal of abused, which could be deadly for Mom and Dad. Their confused emotional response to separation could be instantly worse than Dad's slow torture.

But something has to change soon because Mom is in turmoil and occasionally has psychotic outbursts of laughter. She knows what's happening and she's aware of the time she's wasting when she glimpses reality.

5:30 Dad called up to me in my room, asked if I wanted a McDonald's breakfast and I said, yes. He said, his car battery died and he needed to use my car. I gave him the key chain and he left after being instructed how to start the car with the button rather than

an actual key.

That gave me time to exercise Mom's feet and I begged her to exercise and get herself independent to walk to the bathroom on her own.

6:00 Dad returned with breakfast and I added strawberry jelly to Mom's, like she likes it. Dad offered to pay off my credit card, I declined and thanked him. We all watched a cooking show as Mom became sedated. Dad said "we want to take a nap" and I left to get cleaned up for the day.

8:15 Dad took out the trash so I visited Mom who was completely out of it by then, babbling and asking "what do I do?" Dad said he would change her diaper and I went out of the bedroom again.

9:00 Bridget arrived and I left to go to the grocery store and home depot. I got lunch, milk and a safety bar for the bathroom.

10:00 I arrived home, put away the groceries and tried to give Mom a popsicle and exercise her feet. She wouldn't let me work with her and she said I was in the way for Bridget to view the television. I really shouldn't have interrupted the movie.

11:00 I fixed chicken salad sandwiches for everyone. The dishwasher repairman arrived.

1:00 Bridget, Mom and Dad finished watching the Great Gatsby with Mark interrupting to tell the story of getting his shoes wet with stinky dishwasher repair water. The dishwasher repairman left.

2:30 I started watching a comedy with Mom and gave her some iced tea.

3:00 Mom needed to be changed and Dad wanted to teach Bridget to change the ostomy. Mom is only partially medicated today and Bridget repeatedly tells Mom she is proud of her for staying up all day.

4:00 We all watched two episodes of a comedy show and Mom slept through much of them, but without the intense suffering of the maximum drugging combination.

4:30 The TV repairman came and fixed the TV in the living room while I fixed seafood soup for Mom and Dad. Bridget told us she was allergic to seafood and couldn't have any.

4:50 Bridget left for the day.

5:30 I did my exercise. Mark came, visited and left.

7:00 I told Mom and Dad good night and went upstairs for the night.

5/5/24 Betty Broome report

I promised my Mom
I wouldn't abandon her
no matter what comes.

It appears, Dad's dark side is clinging jealously to the destroyed level he gradually produced by sabotaging Mom's health over the last five years with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions. He keeps Mom from rising above the bedridden, hallucinating dependence he achieved so far.

Part of being a drugged spouse is believing your state of mind is your own laziness. Mom going along with any gas lighting she receives from her drug suppliers.

Part of exposing a slow torture death is, there are so few examples of such extreme behavior, it doesn't match with the public's everyday lives. They can't absorb the reality of such a terrifying activity actually happening in their world.

8:00 I put a wash cloth on Mom's eyes and she really seemed to enjoy it more than usual today. I opened the window and she could see it was raining. I told Mom and Dad I would make cinnamon croissants for breakfast?

8:30 I brought them cinnamon croissants. Dad came up with a backhanded complement saying, "they are toasted better than last time". I could see there was something going on when he said, they took Tylenol pm and slept all night, which was unusual for them.

He also mentioned that Mom had a BM last night and he had to change her diaper more often than usual. He was leading up to something like a long especially over medicated day for Mom.

He began describing the night before as if it was a problem, but then he changed and said it must have made Mom feel better. Mom said Dad needed to change her diaper

and I left the room.

11:00 Mark fixed lunch for Mom and Dad. Chili Fritos.

11:30 I asked Mom if she wanted to go for a walk and she said she needed to put on clothes first. I got out a pair of pants from the closet and said I could stick them on her feet and I would step out so she could pull them up herself. Just then Dad walked in and Mom said she wanted to go for a walk with Dad, but then she changed in mid sentence.

Mom scrunched up her face and said, she didn't want to go. She said she needed to have her diaper changed. So they asked me to leave the bedroom.

12:00 I met Dad in the kitchen and he apologized for not letting me know they ate lunch. I told Dad they don't have to worry about me.

1:00 Dad said he rented The Great Gatsby and was watching it in the bedroom because the living room television is still not working. He also said, a repairman was coming Monday.

Mom was clearly overmedicated and I could see the tell-tail signs because she was asking to be alone in a panic. She wants to be polite and doesn't want to bother anyone with her confusion. Then she fell asleep out of her control. She was unable to watch the movie being shown in front of her.

2:00 Mom started having fits of drooling, violent kicking and squirming. I said to dad, "At least she isn't irritable." I shouldn't lose my temper with him because I know he has two personalities now and one of them is unaware when he is unregulated and unfeeling.

Dad has been repeating to me that Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh prescribed the sedating medication so Mom would not be irritable. It's a hideous display most days when Dad drugs Mom into fits. If it was a stranger Dad was drugging, he would be in jail for this kind of cruelty. I couldn't continue to watch the movie so I left the room.

I hoped dad would see he needs to change and let Mom have her consciousness, physical therapy and regular bowel movements. But it doesn't look good. He doesn't enjoy spending time with the family, or he doesn't enjoy it enough to let it distract him from the apparent ego boost he gets from torturing Mom.

I think if my brothers and I would have started visiting more often when he first retired 30 years ago we could have caught these habits early. But now it appears he thinks he

deserves this warped pleasure.

I promised Mom I would stay and wouldn't abandon her. So I have to continue to be in the same house with this monster, who is also the best Dad I could have ever had when he was young.

It disgusts me to be near him during and after each of Mom's unnecessary torments, but I have to be optimistic Dad will see how obvious it is. Mom is only stuck in bed and crippled because of him and she can be resurrected with regular daily interaction and the prescribed physical therapy.

3:00 I heard the news coming from their bedroom so I went in and asked Mom, if she wanted water. She could barely open her mouth, it was so dry from the drugs. She stuck out her stiff dry tongue and I gave her a drink from her big ice cup.

I said I think I found a TV series that will replace Doctor Martin as Mom's favorite show. Dad asked what it was and I suggested we wait till Mom is awake and can evaluate it. Mom asked for Dad to come check her and she pointed toward her stomach. So I left the room as Dad said it would be five minutes.

3:15 We watched an episode of the comedy series I think Mom may enjoy but she slept through it. I watched two more comedy shows waiting for Mom to wake up. I have hopes of finding a series she may like to watch while she does her physical therapy and works on the sewing project I'm starting with her.

6:00 Mark brought the best salmon, broccoli and sweet potatoes I ever ate.

6:30 Dad was putting away the dishes so I exercised Mom's feet and asked her how she felt. She said she needed Dad to change her diaper. I called and told Dad, Mom needed her and went upstairs for the night.

5/4/24 Betty Broome report

Dad's been egged on by absentee substance abusing brothers. Dad's playing a game using Mom as a torture toy. Today Dad made a big deal out of going to the drugstore. He does this often.

6:00 I put my clothes in the dryer. Mom was lying on her side and unresponsive.

7:00 I watched the Saturday morning shows.

9:30 I was just getting Mom up with apple slices when Veronica arrived to give her a bath.

10:00 Mom and I happened to catch the beginning of a movie and started watching it while Dad worked on paperwork. Mom ate strawberry and coconut popsicles.

11:00 Mom asked to have her diaper changed and Dad turned off the movie while doing so.

11:30 Dad and Mark left to go to the drug store for medication.

12:40 Dad and Mark returned from the drug store and Mom asked what kind of medicine he bought. Dad said, he bought thyroid pills. But when Mark came in the room Mark said, one of the medicines was Mom's "anti-fussy" medicine.

In the context of Dad's sedating Mom to the point of missing her past 5 years of life, this was a terrifying moment for me. This wasn't the first time dad referred mom's sedation pills as "anti fussy". It calls attention to the fact that it's Dad's choice to have Mom incapacitated with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

Brian and Cindy arrived and talked with Dad and I in the living room.

Mom missed lunch because she was asleep and asked for a B.L.T. when I went in to tell her Brian and Cindy were here.

1:00 Brian and Cindy told Mom about how they were moving family members around Texas. Dad told them about our golf game and how we had such a great time. I suggested we pick a time every day and go when we can walk in.

Brian and Cindy asked Mom if she had been told by a doctor she was bedridden. Mom said she was not and Cindy, Brian and I called attention to the fact that Mom is able to stand when being moved from the bed to the chair and back. We all agreed, Mom should be able to walk with the walker to the bathroom soon if not now.

Brian said, "at least Mom is getting physical therapy." I said Byran, the physical therapist, had not been there in two weeks. Dad interrupted saying it was only one week, which is inaccurate.

A record is available and updated often.

<https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports.pdf>

Dad said the physical therapist pauses sometimes. But he didn't mention, Dad calls and cancels when he has Mom sedated so badly she can't communicate or move. Dad also didn't mention that he puts on these sedation performances with the assistance of Mom's supposed household assistants. They unwittingly, corroborate Dad's wishes for Mom to be inactive. It's a much easier job to sit with a sleeping woman than to do the required 30 minutes of physical therapy twice a day.

2:00 Brian did a great job of stimulating Mom to move her legs and she let him scratch her back.

3:30 But when Brian requested for her to sit on the edge of the bed and get in the wheelchair for a trip around the house, Dad became upset and put a stop to it. Brian and Cindy left. Brian isn't used to the cognitive dissonance of remaining polite and present, while still getting Mom to be active against Dad's wishes.

4:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted a treat and and dad said they would like butter pecan ice cream. So I got them each a cup.

6:00 I asked if they wanted chicken and rice and they said, yes. I heated up Dad's lemon chicken and rice but added some shower cream to lessen the intense lemon flavor. They didn't eat hardly any of it. I ate all of theirs. I asked if they would rather have peanut butter and banana sandwiches and they said, no.

Their television went out and it was encouraging to have Dad say he was going to think of some activities to replace the TV. After an hour it seemed to be more of an idea than an action plan, but we may build on it.

Mom wanted the TV working. She uses it as a method of diffusing tension in the bedroom even though she hasn't figured out how to use the remote herself.

7:00 I traded the TV with the one in the living room, turned on Svengooly and asked if they wanted anything to eat before bed. They said no.

8:00 I went upstairs for the night.

5/3/24 Betty Broome report

It appears that because Mom showed independence yesterday, by expressing an interest in exercise, Dad had to make sure she was put in her place today. How do you explain to people that your Dad has two very distinct sides of his personality because his sons didn't involve FaceTime him in conversations for a long time. He's a cruel torturer of his spouse and a captivating conversationalist.

The 30 years I was teaching, I was told if I saw unethical behavior I should report it to the correct authorities. I have done so in this delicate case with the request they don't make life harder than the horror it already is.

I always thought the authorities would have an appropriate response when provided with precise descriptions like, "My dad is sedating my Mother with so much prescription medicine provided by Dr Venkatesh and Dr Taylor, Mom can't do her prescribed physical therapy, have healthy bowel movements or FaceTime with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh for over two years." But the authorities are run by poorly trained Individuals without the resources to deal with psychological torture and prescription drug suppliers.

Any onlookers have to wonder if the emergency is in my imagination, because it's so much more convenient not to respond and to blame me after years asking for help.

So Mom and Dad fall weaker and weaker in front of family, friends and helping professionals with gaslit performances year after year. Dad has been physically strong enough to keep up appearances with what he thinks should be their polite exit. He's exaggerating their diminishing abilities out of some warped kind of politeness our family has perfected.

Mom and Dad have missed years of family interactions in attempt to match the ungrateful level of appreciation and visiting Dad was led to expect from his lazy substance abusing sons. But now we started retiring from our careers and discovered the self-destructive state Dad is using his extraordinary brain to perform for us, Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh.

My guess is there are probably a great many aging parents who have committed themselves to this kind of complex unnecessary suffering with a protective force field of egos, sloth and substance abuse.

It's disgusting to have to continue to work with the same person who is murder torturing your Mother but who has been your loving father all your life.

But he persisted when I was a miserable teen.

6:00 Dad's in the kitchen and I put a warm wash cloth on Mom's eyes. It's thundering and has been for an hour this morning. I talked to mom about the storm we had yesterday and we ate apple slices together. I could see Mom was already sedated and that must be why Dad left the door open to the bedroom.

6:30 Dad came in the bedroom and Mom asked him to turn on the TV. She knows how to avoid unpleasant conversations, even when she is particularly sedated. Dad said, he was going to put on the "boobie piano lady" I complained about the day before.

He told Mom I had a tantrum about it because I told him he has shown it to everyone who has entered the house for more than a year and that the total number of viewings is in the hundreds of times at least. I complained about him for forcing Mom to watch that same video hundreds of times in Mom's captive state.

6:50 Mom used her other power to avoid conflict and said she needed to pee. Dad said, he would change her in twenty minutes. So I left the room with Dad repeating it would be 20 minutes.

I think dad knows he stopped Mom from being active and he feels responsible for her inability to walk to the bathroom. It's ironic he is responsible for changing her diaper so many times a day. But he's defiant and doesn't allow her to exercise or use any of the equipment designed to help her regain her independence.

9:00 Bridget arrived as we ate breakfast. She was straightening up the bed table and asked Mom if she should throw away the news paper. Mom said yes and Bridget did so as I entered and complicated the situation by asking Mom if she wanted to read the paper.

Mom does not like having the helpers in her house and especially does not like Bridget, so she may have been sabotaging her assistant by saying she wanted to read the paper. This was obviously concerning to Bridget who explained, she was tidying up and asked Mom previously for approval to throw out the paper.

But now Bridget was in for an inch and would continue for a mile by participating in

Dad's gas lighting against Mom's reading glasses. When Mom is sedated and suggestible Dad talks bad about anything that leads to independence, like the leg exercising machines and reading glass. So, as mom puts on her glasses, she says she hates them as she has been trained to do over the years.

Assistants who are not privy to this convoluted gaslit lifestyle want to win points with Mom by protecting her from all the independence building equipment Dad has taught Mom to speak badly of. This includes showering, physical therapy and anything that involves getting out of bed.

So it's especially easy for unethical individuals, who are paid to assist Mom, quickly discover how rewarding it is to avoid doing anything and leaving as early as possible.

9:30 Dad put all the dishes from the sink into the dishwasher for a test to see if it continues to leak.

9:50 I showed Mom that Brian sent her a text. I took this opportunity to test Mom's eyes and discovered she was only able to read the text with her glasses on. As I mentioned previously, Dad is discouraging Mom's use of the glasses by telling her she hates them when she is sedated and persuadable.

10:00 Bridget gave Mom her bath In the bed rather than the shower saying, Mom's Friday shower had been postponed, possibly to monday, because of the flooding which kept Shelley from visiting to assist Mom's movement to the shower.

Dad started fixing lemon chicken.

11:00 I left the house to get a shower curtain to replace the one upstairs which was not working properly.

11:30 I returned and Mom was sleeping so I suggested to Bridget she might want to watch the movie showing in the living room. Bridget sat in the chair in the living room where she could see mom at all times. The movie was awful but occupied us till Dad finished fixing lunch with the kitchen floor covered in water from the leaking dishwasher.

12:30 Dad asked for help serving the lemon chicken as the oxygen machine repairman arrived and demonstrated how to use the regulator on the oxygen bottles.

The SOS man said the regulator requires Mom's breathing for it to function and you don't feel the air flow without being attached to it.

2:00 The dish overflowed again so Dad's going to take it out on Mom.

2:20 Mom's crying saying, she's sick. Dad says, there's nothing he can do.

There is something he could do. He could cease to give Mom meds that make constipated and confused.

Dad started lecturing Mom about not throwing up laying on her back. He's telling her to wait it out.

Only Dad knows what medications bring this suffering and how long it will last. Anyone would think mom would need to go to the hospital with her continued pain. Dad brought out his box of meds from the refrigerator and Mark is oblivious to Mom's suffering and yammering about the dishwasher.

If you've ever seen a little kid torture a frog or a mouse it's a very similar psychological problem to what Dad is experiencing during this dip in his cognitive abilities. When Dad wants to show who's in control around the house he tortures Mom with her medications. It causes her profound pain for hours and she can't understand what's causing the pain. Dad tells her what hurts and she starts to repeat it.

2:37 Mark is having a repairman come tomorrow for the dishwasher. The dishwasher has been partially dysfunctional since April 12th but Dad wouldn't let me call anyone.

The last time I asked to call a repair man to enlarge the bathroom for Mom's walking machine, he had a fit.

4:49 Bridget left for the day.

6:00 I passed the bedroom and Dad said they ate my salad. I didn't know what he meant but I didn't want to talk to them after Dad's torture day. It's like he and mom have made an unconscious deal that she is going to tolerate his torture and she is going to get back at him with hysterics, diaper and ostomy changes.

I went upstairs for the night.

5/2/24 Betty Broome report

I've been trying to imagine the conversation I will have with Dad calling attention to the dangerous mistakes he admits to without upsetting him and then relating those mistakes to the fact that he is keeping Mom sedated so much of the time she is unable to exercise or have regular bowel movements.

Presently he gets upset with me about why I don't want him watch the same youtube video in front of Mom and I get upset with him for the dangerous mistakes he makes in the kitchen.

But Dad doesn't remember the arguments we have, so he doesn't change his long-term habits developed over the years his sons didn't visit. I hope by living with him I can get him back to objectivity with safety and get him off this track. He's like a child torturing a small animal.

4:30 I heard a noise down stairs and got up. All the lights were on downstairs but just as I looked down I could see all the lights going out. I haven't been able to hear with my left here since last Wednesday when I had the ear ache, so I don't know what was going on downstairs.

6:00 I woke up again and asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast. They said they weren't hungry yet.

7:00 When I asked again Dad said they want spinach eggs, bacon and toast. So I fixed it for them. Mom left a little of the eggs.

8:30 I drove to the hospital to confirm my appointment because my email was not entered correctly when I made the office on the phone.

9:00 I stopped at the grocery store and got berries and a newspaper for Mom.

9:30 I got home, Bridget was there and I fixed berries and cream for Mom.

10:00 A violent thunderstorm knocked out the electricity and the oxygen. Dad argued with Bridget and Mark about what to do but Mark got the generator running and Mom's oxygen began to flow. We learned that Bridget has a violent fear of thunder and jumps with every loud crash even in front of Mom.

10:30 Mark decided to get a new emergency regulator for the oxygen bottles as a

backup. Mark and Dad went to get coffee.

12:00 I went to the doctor and saw Mark and Dad coming home as I left.

1:00 I came home from the doctor having discovered I hadn't lost my hearing but I did have a bad infection.

1:30 I made chicken salad sandwiches for everyone. Mom didn't eat much of hers.

2:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and talked for a long time until Mom called him.

3:00 With Dad in the bedroom I told Bridget the circumstances are very complicated because of Dad's sedating Mom. I suggested that Bridget should spend the prescribed time on physical therapy helping to get Mom up and going to the bathroom on her own.

Bridget prepared to leave for the day and said, "There's no reason for me to be here if they're asleep." I said, "I never had a job where I could leave two hours early so I don't understand that way of thinking". I said, "Mom can be asleep anytime because of the medication Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh supply Dad."

"We have to push against the sedatives until we can stop Dad and the doctors from stealing Mom's life." Bridget repeated, "But when they are asleep there's nothing I can do." I knocked on the bedroom door and Bridget said, "oh well if you're going to wake them up."

Dad was in the process of changing Mom's diaper. So I closed the door and said, "You will see when Dad is finished changing Mom (Bridget's job) that Mom is in a sedated state where she says she wants to sleep but can easily be involved in activity. Most hours of the day she is borderline knocked out by Dad who says the sedatives are for keeping Mom from being irritable.

Dad called out telling us we could enter and I gave mom the newspaper and her reading glasses. She started reading the paper till I told her about my trip to the doctor.

Mom was clearly sedated but she can stay awake if we talk to her, exercise her legs, and or find something fun to do. Dad looked disappointed we came in and interrupted.

We talked for a while and dad started cooking.

5:00 Bridget left for the day and Dad brought Mom salmon and string beans for supper.

6:00 I started exercising and Dad asked me to get mom some apple pie. I got her the pie and reminded Mom, "the walking machine will let you get on the exercise machine and exercise without any worries of falling." She said, I will soon." I said, "please keep remembering that."

7:00 I finished exercising, Mom and Dad were asleep with the television on. I changed it from news of the war to Andy Griffith like I did last night and went to bed.

5/1/24 Betty Broome report

It's not fair that almost no one has really communicated with Mom in years because of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives provided by Dad for almost all visitors. Anyone would think you could just tell one of those 3 drug suppliers to take away the drugs and let Mom do her physical therapy and have regular BMs.

But there are male egos involved and that are the same forces causing terrifying division worldwide. Adult males control all the buttons, money and power. So no one gets to act with objectivity and Mom helplessly suffers with her assistants thinking it's a waste of time to exercise her legs.

8:00 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for breakfast and they said they already ate. Mark was telling about his reunion and It was great to hear and see pictures of his trip to our hometown town in south Louisiana.

9:00 Theresa arrived and started cleaning the house as she talked to Mom.

9:20 Darien arrived as I was attempting to move Mom to the living room. As I started to move Mom from the wheelchair to the recliner Darien stood in my way saying, Mom would not be able to sit up long enough to get in the recliner.

I told Mom her assistants were interfering with her improvement by keeping her bedridden. Mom said she wanted to sit on the couch. So I moved her to the couch.

9:35 I played a couple of songs for Mom and lifted her once to put a dry pad under her.

Mark was making antagonistic comments which sounded like he was repeating from his wife. Thank goodness he didn't continue for long and I was able to talk to Mom before

she was too medicated to talk.

10:30 I moved Mom back in the bedroom because she was becoming less comfortable.

Dad made an early lunch salad that was barely eaten by anyone. He included frozen cauliflower which he didn't thaw and lettuce, which was too old to eat. But his homemade dressing was excellent.

11:00 Together Mom and I created online labels for her Mother's quilt stars so everyone in the family could have one.

12:00 Dad and I left to play golf. We had a great game but on the way home Dad said he was at the age when he doesn't care about anything. He started talking about the different assistants who had been coming to the house.

Dad said how much he didn't like Bridget and how he did like Ashley. I said, none of them give Mom the physical therapy she is supposed to be getting thirty minutes twice a day.

2:30 We returned from golf and Darien asked how we enjoyed ourselves. Both of us explained we had a great game and plan to play again soon.

2:50 Mark arrived and lurked round quietly.

3:00 Darien folded cloths from the dryer talked to Mark, Mom and Dad and then sat in the dark dining room till 5:00 when it was time to leave.

5:30 Dad asked if Mom wanted a hot dog for supper. Mom said yes and Dad asked for half a hot dog for him and half for her. I brought plates to them and Dad scowled at the paper plates. Mom only ate the meat out of hers.

Dad asked me to clean the skillet I used the day before to cook hamburgers. He had removed the pan uncleaned from the dishwasher and I guess he thought I would notice it and realize it was the one I used the day before. It's one of Dad's little childish daily competition games.

7:00 I finished exercising and Mom and Dad were asleep. So I turned the channel from violent news of Gaza to Andy Griffith and left them for the night.

My family don't know what they're missing when twice a week or so Dad let's Mom out

of her drugged stupor and I get to talk to her. It's unbelievable that Mom is missing almost her entire life because of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives.

4/30/24 Betty Broome report

7:00 I talked to Mom who was not hungry but I couldn't tell if she was sedated.

7:30 I asked mom if she wanted to go into the living room and watch the workers in the backyard. I told her they were installing AT&T lines right through the garden with some kind of air powered pulsing drill. Mom was asking about workers for details but wouldn't move.

9:00 Bridget arrived and said not to exercise or move Mom to living-room because Veronica's coming to wash her hair. Bridget is a serious threat to Mom's health because she is another sedentary excuse maker for herself and Mom.

9:30 Veronica came and washed Mom's hair and Mom looked like she felt better. But Bridget kept talking about how tired everything makes Mom instead of motivating her.

10:00 I talked to Mom about the Boy Scout store and started to exercise her feet and legs. Bridget interrupted me saying, Mom needed to rest after being tired out from Veronica's hair washing and in preparation for Byran coming to do physical therapy later in the day. I reminded Bridget that Dad canceled Byran last Tuesday because he sedated Mom all day to make a point.

Bridget said, Byron was there last week but had made an excuse he wasn't able to get Mom up and he gave up. I showed Bridget my text from Byran saying Dad called and cancelled him for that day.

10:20 Dad came in the bedroom and started reading "the dying rose" poem to Mom again. He read 2 more sad poems he has read many times. Then he came in the living room and said, he was surprised every time he read poems to Mom he found new great ones.

I chose to pick my battles and didn't let him know he had read them so many times before. Dad said, "we have a golf game set for tomorrow." I asked if he contacted Brian and Mark and he said, "it is just for us."

12:00 Dad cooked pan fried chicken, mashed potatoes and tried to fix gravy, but it burned. The chicken was not cooked through and was bloody.

3:20 Dad left the house just as I was wondering why Byran hadn't arrived to give Mom physical therapy. Byran sent a note that he was waiting for his schedule.

4:30 Bridgette made a chuckling spectacle about how it was time for Mom's meds and Dad wasn't here. Today was an unusually chatty day for Bridget with long conversations directed at Mom and repeating jokes as many as four times. Dad arrived just then with groceries which I helped bring in the house.

5:00 I asked mom what she wanted to eat and she said, nothing. I said I could fix her some blackberries and she said okay. She ate all the blackberries and I told her I was going to do my exercise.

6:00 Dad started pulling weeds in the backyard and it was obvious Mom was sedated and unable to communicate normally. Mom called out to Dad in her stupor. I relayed the message but I guess Dad knew Mom was close to unconscious because he didn't come and answer for at least thirty minutes. When he did visit Mom he briefly asked her what she wanted and went back out to pull weeds.

7:00 I finished my exercise and the bedroom door was closed for the night so I didn't communicate.

On this day two years ago 4/30/22 Mom went to the hospital after falling when she was drinking. At that time Dad kept giving her sedation even though the hospital doctor told him not to do so, in my presence. Dad went through a lot of trouble to have nurses and other professionals to come look at Mom when she was hallucinating with sedating medication. That was one of the first times Dad told me I had no evidence he was sedating Mom.

4/29/24 Betty Broome report

No matter how hard Mom tries to escape the sedation to help herself, she is drugged back down and considers herself too lazy to succeed in any improvement.

Imagine the more Mom takes comfort in the sedation Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh supply Dad to knock her out, the further she finds herself from independently walking in the bathroom to relieve herself urinating.

Mom growls and howls for escape from the misdiagnosed, end of life drugs, she's been given since November of 2019 by her trusted spouse. There is no help from Mom's lazy children who are too busy to pay attention to her capabilities.

It's a desperate monotonous cruelty of minutes, hours and years passing with Mom politely pretending gratitude to her prison guard family and trusted prescription providers.

8:30 I heard activity downstairs and went down to see Mom on the reclining chair in the living room. I was happy to see her there but she was already ready to go back to the bedroom. Dad said she had been in the living room since 6:30.

I moved her from the living room chair and then onto the bed and she stood up very strong and took a step to and from the wheelchair for both maneuvers. She was very comfortable with this move and confident in me. Very encouraging. But she was soon sedated.

9:00 I asked where Mom's helper was for the day and Dad said he canceled them because some of them were sick. This reminded me when dad canceled the physical therapist so many times last year the assistance providers stopped sending him for months until I returned and began requesting Byran's help again.

10:00 Dad came from the bedroom and gave me a sheet of paper that reminded me of the ultimatum I gave Mom when I was a child. Back then I wrote, "I will do my chores, if I get what I want for Christmas."

Dad thought his ultimatum was serious because it said, "if you stop communicating with the the adult protective institutions I will not call the police to have you removed from the house." The paper ended by saying he loved me and wanted to have a happy family.

I said, "the document doesn't mention your sedating Mom so many days a week that she can't do her physical therapy or have regular BMs." I Reminded him that Mom's constant sedation is the reason I am here in his house.

He said, "there is no evidence he is sedating Mom". I said, "I am not trying to

accumulate evidence. I'm only here to remind you whenever I can to stop sedating Mom." He said, "there is no evidence, so no one could legally do anything to me." I said, "by repeatedly saying there is no evidence, it is the kind of evidence I need to continue to be patient waiting for you to snap out of your drugged controlling behavior of Mom."

He said, "no one will do anything to me because there is no evidence." I said, "all I am hoping for is for you to play golf and involve yourself in activities with your sons as Mom is allowed to do her physical therapy and become independent the way it's obvious she can on those rare occasions when you stop sedating her."

Dad said, "there is no evidence I am sedating her" and I said, "I'm not going to record you because I am the one who is stopping the adult protective services from taking Mom away. Dad interrupted saying, "so there isn't any recording." And he scoffed as if he had won in his imaginary competition.

I said, "when they ask if Mom needs to be removed from the house I say, please don't make it any worse than it already is." I continued, "I have to keep a record so you can learn from your behavior and in case there is another drunken fall which requires emergency attention."

Dad said, "so there is no evidence of any sedation", and I reminded him he has told me many times, "I have to give Mom sedation, or she would be irritable." I said, "Mom is irritable because she's sedated and the sedating medicine irritates her stomach so she has to take Tums constantly."

Dad said, "the doctors know more than you do about what she needs and they said she needs the medicine." I said, "None of the doctors have seen Mom face to face in years and when they see her on FaceTime you have her knocked out on sedating pills." I said, "you should think for yourself and decide what is actually best for the family since you keep saying how important the family is to you. It's disingenuous to pretend you care about the family while you keep mom sedated and unable to exercise, improve and communicate normally."

I called attention to the fact that it is the sedation and his inability to leave Mom with someone else to fully attend to her, which keeps him from building his and Mom's strength to normal fitness.

I gave him back his piece of paper and said, "you will not remember this conversation tomorrow unless you keep this piece of paper to remind you to call the police." I said,

"even if you decide to start caring for Mom without sedation it is likely you will forget and fall into the habit of sedating her again unless you remove the sedating medications and alcohol from the house." Dad went in the bedroom.

11:00 I fixed chicken salad sandwiches for Mom and Dad and they ate them. I should have made chicken salad on a piece of lettuce with a fork because the sandwich was hard for mom to handle sedated.

12:00 Dad came in to the living room and said he wanted to contact local Boy Scout troops and donate his time and materials to help them make realistic first aid and monkey bridges like he did with his troops. I suggested he do video blogs so he didn't have to keep repeating the instructions for multiple troops.

I turned on a youtube that was discussing contemporary boy scout merit badges. Then we watched a video about the First Aid merit badge and found there is a booklet to study. I called the local Boy Scout store and found they had two copies of the booklet. I told Dad to call Mark and see if he could stay with Mom while we go to the Boy Scout store. Mark at a reunion so Dad had to stay home with Mom.

When I got home from the scout store Dad was working with papers at the kitchen table and I put markers in the booklet which would be likely candidates for realistic first aid videos. Dad said he wanted to make the monkey bridges.

3:45 I fixed Chinese beef and Mom and Dad ate it all. Mom said she needed to be changed so I closed the door and watched tv.

4:00 Mom received a package with the ostomy irrigation kit I ordered, which upset Dad. He said, you don't know anything about Mom's ostomy." I said, "all I know is what the certified nurse asked me to order when I hired her in November.

5:00 I asked Mom if she wanted blackberries and ice cream. She asked Dad, "is that what we want?" Dad said, "yes just half a glass." I fixed black berry shakes for Mom and Dad and they ate them.

5:30 I started exercising and dad said, they were done for the night and closed the door. I finished exercising at seven o'clock and went to bed.

4/28/24 Betty Broome report

Emergency! Dad and my brothers don't understand how obvious it is when Dad sedates Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs. Today Dad repeated several times, as if he was prompted by my brothers, "there is no evidence" of his druggings. "There is no evidence!"

My brothers and Dad are not sensitive to Mom being knocked out, growling, constipated and atrophic from their neglect for most days.

Dad seems to think, because he let me see Mom for part of the day with less sedation and because he allowed Mom out of the bedroom for the first time in two months, he should be free from observation. Dad's short term memory makes him think it's perfectly logical to stop reporting his behavior because he didn't drug her for 1 day.

Dad doesn't remember the previous two days, much less the continuous years controlling Mom with cruel psychological grooming down her self esteem, destroying her physical fitness.

Luckily if the doctors or the brother with power of attorney stop the sedations today Dad will not often remember the suffering he caused, and he and Mom can enjoy golf and activities with their sons for the rest of their lives.

All he would have to do is stop sedating Mom and all is well. But he has to stop his long-term habits so Mom can exercise and communicate more than a couple of times a week. Mom should not be sedated at all at her age.

Helpers who understand the two Dad's personalities we are contending with can respond in a more helpful way.

Personality 1. Dad has bad health habits he developed over decades in retirement without feedback from his sons.

Personality 2. Dad is very alert, clever and politely defensive when he is involved in conversation.

So it is a special challenge to remove the sedating drugs provided by Dr Venkatesh and Dr Taylor from the home so dad is not tempted to control Mom. Mom and Dad's decades of poor health routines have to stop so they can enjoy their Albert minds they are so lucky to have maintained through all this unintentional self abuse.

8:00 am, Dad called me and said, scrambled eggs would be ready in five minutes. I put in a load of laundry and Dad asked me to bring Mom's eggs to her. We all ate our eggs and I brought Mom blueberries which she also ate. We watched the local news and I could tell Mom was only partially medicated this morning.

9:00 I told dad, Meet the Press was on and we watched it till nine forty five when he went to the bathroom and came out with toothbrushing supplies for Mom. I left the room to give Dad the seat next to Mom so he could let her brush her teeth. Dad closed the bedroom door and I did chores.

10:00 Dad left the house and I went in to speak to Mom for a long time. We got to exercise her arms and legs and watch some TV shows to try to find a series she could enjoy.

12:00 Dad brought home groceries and Chinese food. Mom ate the meat from the meal and I went out of the room while Dad changed Mom. They fell asleep.

2:00 Dad brought Mom in the living room and let her see the flowers in the backyard. She has not seen the Spring growth in the yard since March 2nd. Dad moved Mom around the house so she could look at all of the items she had been asking about for the last two months. Dad asked if Mom wanted to go to the bedroom or sit in the chair in the living room. Mom said "in the chair".

Mom sat in the chair and we all talked about the birds and projects we would like to do until she needed to urinate and asked to be moved to the bedroom where she is used to going in her diaper. Dad closed the bedroom door.

3:00 Dad came in the living room and said he wanted to speak to me. He said that Mom wanted me to take one of the paintings in the living room and I should take it to avoid any disappointment if anyone else cared about. It has only sentimental value but it was comforting to hear they wanted me to have it. I said I didn't think I should take it right away because it would be disappointing for Mom when she came in the living room and household items had been given away.

Dad said he just wanted to let me know that mom wanted me to have it but then he went on and I realize what this conversation was really about.

He said, my communications with adult protective institutions was not necessary because I was welcome in the house even though he said I wasn't at previous times. He

said, "you are my son and you are always welcome here, but it is not necessary to communicate with the state about Mom when there is "no evidence" they could use to take her away.

I said, no one wants to take Mom away but we can't be patient forever waiting for him to stop sedating her unnecessarily. She needs to be allowed to do her physical therapy and interact normally with visitors and doctors. Dad kept repeating, "There is no evidence." I said, "it couldn't be more obvious when Mom is not able talk, eat or have regular BMs compared to when she is alert and capable of her physical therapy."

I said, "Most days you don't let her have any control over her own life and that is tearing her down needlessly over time." Just outside of Mom's bedroom door and with the door open Dad said loudly, "You do know that she's dying don't you." I said, "We are all dying but not all of us are being sedated so we can't take care of ourselves." I said, " you don't understand the situation because you are following the instructions of doctors and family who have not seen Mom unsedated in years.

Dad said, he had made his point, went back in the bedroom and closed the door.

5:00 I went in their bedroom when Dad took out the trash. I asked Mom what she wanted to eat and she said she didn't want anything. I went in the kitchen and met dad on his way back to the bedroom. He said they wanted half a peanut butter sandwich. I made sandwiches and brought them to Mom and Dad. Mom said, she didn't want anything. I brought her some watermelon and strawberries. She took a strawberry but didn't want anything else. I told them good night and went upstairs.

4/27/24 Betty Broome report

Emergency! Dad says he needs to keep Mom sedated or she will be irritable, but she is irritable BECAUSE of constant stomach complaints, torched sleep and constipation from Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedating drugs.

When I first arrived at my parents' house to get surgery 4 years ago, I saw they were dying from inactivity. I thought I would just list a bunch of activities and they would join in with me. But they have a confusing mix of, not wanting to bother anyone and bad retirement habits developed over twenty years. They were visited only four times a year

by their family.

5:00 I came downstairs to get something to drink, their bedroom door was open and the light was on. Dad was asleep and Mom was awake. I brought Mom 3 peeled tangerines and she ate them all. I went in the kitchen and Dad came in. I asked what they wanted for breakfast. He said cereal and fruit. I brought them raisin bran, strawberries and blueberries. Mom ate most of hers.

I asked Mom what she wanted to do today and if she wanted to go in the living room to watch TV while Dad fell back to sleep. She said, no. I reminded her Veronica was coming to wash her hair. She asked me to take the tray so Dad could change her.

5:30 am, I started watching TV in the living room. And Then went upstairs to take a shower and get dressed.

1:00 pm, I fell asleep and didn't wake up till dad called me down saying sandwiches were ready.

3:30 Their bedroom door was closed all day while I watered the plants and watched TV.

3:50 Dad asked me to go get a fish dinner and more diaper wipes at the grocery store.

4:50 I brought them a food tray with their fish dinners and I came to understand what Mom has gone through her whole life. It's a death by a thousand childish cuts with dad's constant complaints. They are not humor like he presents them.

I just returned with giant packages of wipes but Dad left and bought more, coming back complaining about the size of earlier purchases of wipes. I guess he didn't like the ones I just brought home and he made a special trip to the store to make his point without saying anything.

If he is in turmoil which he feels he has to resolve with what he thinks is defiance, he should allow his sons to occupy him with the activities we offer to recover his appropriate thoughts.

He took a walk on his own recently and that could be a daily routine with all his sons.

6:00 Dad put on a real performance giving Mom her meds for the first time in front of me. He seems like a child acting out defiance with a rag doll wife who happens to be a living being. Mom is no longer a partner, she's a drugged animal for Dad's performances.

I did my PBS news exercise and went to bed.

7:00 I heard mom calling, "Joe". I rushed downstairs, Dad was in the kitchen, Mom had a plastic cup, usually associated with their nightly alcohol, and I asked if she called me. She said she called Dad and held up her cup. I didn't get involved and said I would see her in the morning.

All these performances could be replaced with interesting card games, board games, physical therapy, art projects or blogs.

4/26/24 Betty Broome report

Emergency! One of the adult protection institutions doesn't think slow tortured murder with immobilizing prescription drugs warrants assistance. I think most of the reason they don't want to help has to do with Mom's ostomy. I will remind Dad of my open offer to take the ostomy job if he will stop sedating her. He says Mom is irritable if she's not sedated but I think he is made irritable when she can see what he Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh are doing to her.

It may help Mom's advocates to understand Dad.

Dad's grandmother hung herself on her front porch after having a rape baby at the age of fourteen and being shunned by everyone till she was in her fifties.

Dad's older brother hurt himself in high school football exposing heart problems leading to a life of criticism.

Mom lamented to young Dad, her mother died when she was a child and she was too young to be unselfish with her cancer patient Mother.

The 50s and 60s sexual revolution appeared with dependable birth control just after Dad was trapped by the evolutionary loyalty test of child birth.

Hardened with the usual thousands of life hardships, Dad pessimism was strengthened by hopeless poetry like "The red balloon" and "Cassy at bat" which he read to his kids often.

Dad was dedicated to do the best he could continually learn for his kids.

But being raised in the 40s and 50s, he thought women were slaves like fish were thought to have no feelings when we pulled them out of the river by their mouth.

Dad's bossy brother and Dad didn't allow him the self confidence to know there were lots of people who were envious of Dad. Dad's bosses purposely put roadblocks in Dad's path. Dad knew enough psychology to push his boys to be persistent, prolific, and to practice what they wanted to be, but he didn't know enough about psychology to be empathic or an incentive to his wife.

So Dad just put his head down, worked extra hard keeping his job and attending collage after work. His after work chores also included spending evenings and weekends with his and all the neighborhood boys in Boy Scouts.

Dad kept the wounds from his bossy Dad and brother dormant partially by controlling Mom and preparing for the inevitable grueling death he had been taught to expect by family experience.

The straws that broke the camel's back may have been when Dad found his own mother had been suffering in silence for years with a botched hip replacement. Finally in retirement Dad had no incentive to do much more than boss Mom around.

One of his kids achieved 6 hours short of a licensed practicing counselor LPC in psychology. That son became a teacher for 30 years and could see what was happening with Dad's Munchausen syndrome by proxy and Mom's Stockholm syndrome.

Years of attempting to get assistance from family and professionals led to the recent discovery, government agencies don't have resources to provide specialists in aging. Most only assist a tortured and dying aged parent from bloody death traps surrounded by dead animals. Slow torture and death from sedation don't fit that obvious assistance category.

No-one but family or an expensive nurse can care for Mom's ostomy properly, provide her physical therapy and monitor her medicines precisely to stop Dad, Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh from sedating her.

At least now Mom knows what's going on and every couple of days, when she's allowed moments out of sedation she can think for herself. One step at a time I guess.

6:30 I went downstairs and dad was fixing waffles. I put a moist towel on mom's eyes

and she woke up.

9:00 Dee arrived and I exercised mom's legs for twenty minutes. Mom did arm lifts on the trapeze for a minute before I was interrupted by Dee who was convinced by Dad, Mom should not move.

Dad went to the eye Dr.

9:30 I asked Mom what color flowers she wanted in her pots in the back yard and she said pink. I went to the flower store and got pink flowers and a few purple for contrast.

9:54 Dee said Mom's pulse is one hundred over fifty one. I told Dee, if dad let Mom live her life without sedation, Mom would be able to get her Blood Pressure normalized with exercise.

10:00 Dad came back from the eye doctor.

Shelley arrived And assistant Dee giving Mom a shower in the shower chair. Dad appears to have made sure Mom was completely sedated so the shower was exhausting for everyone.

11:00 I started planting the flowers in the pots in the backyard while Shelley talked to Dad.

12:00 I cut the meat off of the ribs Mom didn't eat yesterday and fixed her a little bit of salad and strawberries for lunch. Mom ate it all.

3:00 Mom was knocked out most of the day. But I was able to exercise her feet and ankles twice.

5:00 After Dee left for the day I fixed bacon lettuce and tomato sandwiches for everyone. I exercised till seven o'clock and told Mom and Dad "Washington week" was on TV. I went to bed.

4/25/24 Betty Broome report

Emergency! Dad is sedating Mom with military precision because of a misdiagnosis and prescription of end of life drugs on November 6th 2019 by Dr Venkatesh and then Dr Taylor. Betty Broome can't become independent and is in unnecessary decline as Joe

Broome Sr keeps her incapacitated for a variety of confused motives.

Dad misunderstood confusing insurance requirements, he keeps deadly adherence to the doctor's premature hospice prescriptions and he falsely perceives Mom's immobility as a convince, which has complicated both their lives for 5 years. To those horrid psychological traps add the natural competitiveness from decades of isolated life partners and you glimpse Dad's Munchausen syndrome by proxy and Mom's Stockholm Syndrome.

The authorities will need to move in the house and keep Dad from sneaking the drugs to Mom. Whenever professionals come to evaluate Mom or when family comes for social reasons Dad makes sure Mom is sedated, unless they arrive unannounced. Mom needs to be allowed to do her physical therapy and relieve her bowels regularly without the hallucination and inactivity inducing drugs provided by Dad and the doctors.

3:00 am, Dad made a lot of noise in the kitchen. So I know he was trying to get me to come down and see Mom medicated early. He's always trying to prove Mom is permanently bedridden and incoherent. I have to visit Mom in an unpredictably random pattern to catch her unmedicated, exercise her legs, let her read the newspaper and have an intelligent conversation.

I understand how outsiders see Mom's situation as fortunate because recently she has the attention of all her boys and her husband. But the family is usually drinking when they visit and unable to determine Mom's health and psychological plight. She is almost constantly sedated for Dad's misguided idea of convenience for Mom's caregivers.

8:30 Bridget arrived and Mom was fairly alert after being medicated early and starting to come around. Dad was asleep when she arrived and Bridget was able to communicate with Mom for quite some time.

9:30 Bridget asked me to go to the store to get some Tums or Malox. Mom requires Tums or Malox almost every day because the sedating drugs upset her stomach and she is often made incapable of eating by the drugs.

10:00 I gave Mom the newspaper and her glasses and she read the paper until she became incapacitated.

12:00 Dad asked me to fix lunch and I fixed baby back ribs, Asian salad and blueberries. Mom ate part of a rib And was mostly out of it until Byran, the Physical therapist,

arrived.

3:30 Byran was here for the first time this week because Dad called Tuesday and cancel the appointment because he incapacitated Mom. While Byran was working with Mom Bridget told me some of the pills were missing from the daily daily dispenser. That needs to be addressed by an administrator who can control Mom's medications with absolute certainty.

4:00 Byran Is a consummate professional and gets as much a physical therapy out of Mom as humanly possible, in spite of the drugs. I asked if I could pay for Byran to come every day to do the prescribed daily workouts. The paid assistants and I are unable to accomplish workouts against Dad's drug manipulations. Byran suggested I communicate with Doug his supervisor.

Byran left and Dad requested ice-cream and berries which I fixed for them.

4:30 Bridget left for the day so I knew in 45 minutes Mom would be incapacitated with the only sure application of medication Mom gets everyday from the paid assistants as they leave for the day.

5:15 I suggested a movie we started watching till Mom became overwhelmed by the medication. We know it takes almost exactly forty five minutes for Mom to become apologetic and then incapacitated when the entire group of medications is given to her.

5:37 Mom did her best to politely ask me to leave the room so Dad could change her diaper. I said good night to them.

4/24/24 Betty Broome report

Emergency! My often drunken family doesn't stop my Dad from sedating my Mom almost constantly so she is kept from becoming independent. Dad is old and confused by the requirements of insurance companies and tempted by medication prescribing doctors.

The Adult Protection Services have a logistical obstacle. They can remove the neglected elderly from being sedated by their family and physicians, but the APS don't have the resources to provide the physical, mental therapy and ostomy care the family of origin

falsely reports they are providing. So Adult Protection Services neglect some emergency patients of neglectful families.

Maybe something can be done about this.

3:00 I couldn't sleep all night because of an ear ache.

5:45 I drove to the store to get ear ache medicine.

6:30 I saw Mom before Dad medicated her and I gave her a warm wet towel. She wiped her eyes herself. I took Tylenol PM and the ear ache medicine. Dad made pancakes.

I went to my room and slept till twelve o'clock. Mark called and then came in and asked if I was okay. My ear was still pounding.

11:59 I got a text from the APS saying to let them know if there is an emergency with Mom.

12:23 I sent a text to Angela at Adult Protective Services.

My aging and forgetful Dad drugs my Mom almost every day with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedatives so he will not be inconvenienced or cost more money with physical therapy or a real nurse. A real nurse would care for Mom's ostomy in a way which will allow her physical and mental growth.

Instead Mom growls, barks and howls in fitful sedation for hours every day when visitors or medical professionals announce they are coming or FaceTiming.

Mom has not seen a doctor face to face in years and her FaceTime doctors appear to be more interested in selling medication than making my Mother healthy.

I have lived with my parents for years begging professionals to help my Mother. She is as clear headed as you were when I spoke to you on the phone, when I catch Mom unmedicated by getting up earlier or visiting their room later than Dad expected. At those times she can read the paper, do her physical therapy and discuss what she wants to do once she gets her legs exercised.

Would you call that an emergency if you were in my Mother's situation?

1:00 Dad called to me upstairs and asked if I wanted tacos. I said yes, and went down

and ate one with Dad over the sink. Neal, Mark and Dad were in the dining room with Dee (the new assistant) eating and laughing.

Mom was by herself in the bedroom sitting up and awake. I brought her some sweet tea and took some unsweetened tea for myself.

Mom asked me why I brought her tea. Dee came in and I was telling Mom how I would ween Mom from the sugar once she got addicted to iced tea and drank more fluids that way. Dad, Mark and Neal came in the bedroom and started talking to Mom. It appears they are all drinking and clumsy.

I went back upstairs because my ear was still pounding.

1:20 I hear them downstairs with their cackling laughter. That may be stimulating for mom but it does seem to be an indicator they are all drunk except for Dee the assistant. Drunks act and feel superior to those who report their drunkenness.

3:00 I went downstairs and asked Dee if I could trade places with her. I started exercising mom's feet and ankles and Dee was encouraging Mom with motivating comments. I told Dee, the physical therapist said Mom was supposed to do her physical therapy at least twice a day following the instructions on the sheet. I pointed to the sheet and Dee said she saw them before. I went back upstairs.

5:00 I slept most of the day but Neal brought me edibles to comfort my ear pain and asked if he could go to the store to get something for me. I thanked him. I can't try the edibles because I have to be on 24/7 call for Mom.

6:00 I visited Mom and gave her another short foot and ankle workout in which she was providing a lot of good pressure against my hands. Dad came in the room and Mom began to complain that she didn't want to exercise and she wants to "always be medicated".

I wonder how much terrifying gas lighting she had to go through to say something like that. I left to go to bed for the night.

Two ideas have to start living in Dad's head at the same time to make his way back into self care for him and Mom.

1. Dad has to remember that his cognitive abilities are somewhat diminished and that he forgets important things. This may be reversible if it's because of Lyme disease, but he

has to adjust his responsibilities and relearn to enjoy fitness building habits.

2. Dad needs to remember that as long as he is in charge of Mom's health he's got to stop sedating her with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's drugs. Mom has to be allowed to do physical therapy, have regular BMs and communicate with family members and medical professionals.

4/23/24 Betty Broome report

Dad convinced everyone around him today to waste another precious entire day for Mom. He was in rare form talking about the beginning of Mom and Dad's relationship and convincing Mom's assistants trump is exactly like hitler controlling the whole republican party, as if the republican leadership had no part in the present MAGA corruption.

Dad seems to have adjusted to the acceptance of Mom's suffering. He makes excuses for her howling and being trapped in her sedated body, drugged with Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions. My brothers and their wives are helping Dad torcher Mom to death in this slow and hideous way.

My family observes from a distance and promotes Dad's confidence with his horrific behavior as if it were a video game, forgetting Mom could be happy and active. My brother's don't seem to want to interrupt their visits with the exercises which could be fun for them. Instead Mom is glimpsing consciousness with growls and howls like an animal.

Mom's assistants are willing to go along with Dad's instructions, not to exercise because it's the path of least resistance. With Bridget it may be partly because she is obese and possibly wholly inexperienced with personal fitness. It seemed that Ashley didn't do the physical therapy because she was more focused on hiding to look at her phone. Assistants have very different motivations than professionals.

When I hired the professional ostomy, physical therapy and medication nurse for \$265 a day last November, Dad wouldn't let her work with Mom. I can only guess it was because she would have seen into this terrifying Zombie making machine Dad has developed with doctor Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

But Dad is charming, convincing and apparently committed to putting Mom out of her

misery even though he and Doctor's Taylor and Dr Venkatesh have created Mom's misery themselves with daily sabotage.

1. The sabotage methods include, neglect of Mom's ostomy leaving her constantly fragile and full of feces.
2. Dad is belittling with immature competition for anyone who attempts to help Mom become independent, especially family members who back away immediately out of hierarchy and tradition.
3. Dad gaslights Mom when she's drugged and helpless, convincing her she is lazy and she doesn't want to make her legs fit for trips to the bathroom and independence.
4. Dad uses various combinations of Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedating prescriptions to immobilize Mom so she is unable to do physical therapy or have improving expectations from family or professionals.

6:00 I heard Dad in the kitchen.

7:00 I moved downstairs to watch TV.

8:30 Veronica arrived and washed Mom's hair.

9:00 Bridget and Dee (new assistant) arrived and talked with Dad about medicated Mom while Mom babbled. Apparently the first thing Dad instructed Bridget to do was not to exercise Mom saying, "she is too tired and she would get more tired when she does physical therapy with Byran later in the day."

The reason I guessed that Dad provided Bridget with that anti exercising phrase is because she interfered twice with me when I attempted to start Mom exercising her legs. Dad looked on at his accomplishment and Mom babbled Incoherently.

10:00 Dad asked me to go to the driving range and he and I hit balls. It turns my stomach to have conversations with Dad knowing what he's doing to Mom, but it is a long term project to get Mom independent and I can't abandon her like the rest if the family has.

12:00 We returned from the driving range and Dad went on to the drug store.

2:00 I fixed strawberry shortcake for Mom and Dad.

3:00 Dad called the physical therapist and said Mom couldn't work out today.

4:00 Dad offered medicated Mom all kinds of food but she is too drugged to eat.

4:30 Bridget was delighted to be given the responsibility of giving Mom the meds in two tries. Mom's mouth was too dry to swallow the first time. She'll be dead to the world and hallucinating in 30 minutes.

4:45 The super loud TV car races were on when Bridget left for the day laughing with Dad over medicated Mom.

5:30 I did my exercise and went to bed at 7:00.

I feel bad that Mom lost another day of consciousness in part, because I exposed Dad's morbid euthanasia plans.

4/22/24 Betty Broome report

Today Mom was not drugged so badly until the evening. Dad says he has to give Mom sedation or she will be irritable. But because she was not so badly medicated we were able to talk with Mom, exercise her feet and watch a movie together.

As Mom has started to see that she is missing opportunities for a quality of life, she is not able to deal with the cognitive dissonance of being polite to Dad like I am.

How often can I tell my mother she's going to be ok when she is being sabotaged by the one she should be able to trust the most.

6:30 I brought a warm rag to Mom to wipe her eyes and she was somewhat responsive wiping her eyes herself. But I turned away and Dad had despised of the washcloth and he acted like he didn't know where it was.

It must be hard for Dad to know I know Mom's drugged states, but he appears to have an almost separate personality when he thinks he's going to have to defend what he's doing to Mom with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions. I'm still hoping he'll snap out of it and start focusing on his health as well as Mom's.

I went back upstairs to get dressed for the day.

7:00 Dad fixed ham, eggs and toast. Mom ate most of it. She wasn't as badly drugged as she usually is at this time of day, so she was able to eat.

7:30 I went to the grocery store and got lots of berries because Mom wanted berries.

8:00 Mom ate blackberries and I started cooking Swiss steak.

9:00 Bridget arrived. We started watching Footloose, the movie. Bridget talked through the movie and told what was going to happen next. Bridget has bad manners, and talks loudly on the phone in front of Mom.

12:00 I brought Swiss steak, mashed potatoes and mixed vegetables for Mom, Dad and Bridget.

12:30 Mom ate a little and Bridget brought grapes and Mom which Mom ate.

1:30 Dad said he was leaving for an hour. Mom was still awake and I was able to get her to do foot and ankle exercises for almost half an hour.

3:00 Dad came home with coffee for Mom.

3:45 Dad gave chocolate to us all.

4:30 As Bridget left, she said mom took her medications. I said, I would ask Dad if we could play golf tomorrow, if Mom is as alert as she is today.

I went in the bedroom and started talking to Mom and Dad. I was hopeful Dad was going to stop making Mom unresponsive with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's medications. But as we were talking about playing golf, Mom began to have full on hallucinations again, apparently from her 4:30 medications.

The medications which dad gave Mom while Bridget was present must be the ones that make Mom unable to do physical therapy and practice independence.

4:50 Now Mom was babbling and Dad asked which of her clothes she wanted to give to charity. Dad asked what she wants for supper and Mom started making repeated angry sounds at Dad.

Dad piled up Mom's clothes in boxes by the door and I fixed Mom chicken and rice left over from the day before.

Dad said Mom told him she wanted beef and I said she told me chicken. I said, "Mom is not in a state of mind to make decisions." Dad said, "yes she's ninety one years old." I said, "she was able to make conscious decisions all day today."

6:00 Dad closed the bedroom door and I started my exercise.

7:00 When I finished exercising I told dad about a couple of shows in which they might be interested and I went to bed.

11:00 I discovered a text.Dad sent me telling me I could watch the television shows with them.

11:50 Dad texted me the following image.

11:44

48



Knowledge



Oedipus complex

Desire for the parent of the opposite sex and contempt for the parent of the same sex



In classical psychoanalytic theory, the Oedipus complex refers to a son's sexual attitude towards his

Hey Siri what is the Oedipus complex >



To this I responded.

I must be getting close to stopping you from drugging Mom if you post a desperate comment like this. You know I have to include this in my daily report. You shouldn't be drinking at all.

2/21/24 Betty Broome report

How long do we pretend dad isn't sedating Mom, dropping her blood pressure with Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescription medicines? Mom can't do her exercises or have normal bowel movements but it makes her more predictable to work with for Dad, health professionals and assistants. It's a cruel torture to make Mom into zombie everyday just to meet Dad's need to keep her from jumping out of bed. Especially if you are one of the few who is in the house often enough to see that Mom is very mentally fit and capable of a regular life if she were not medicated almost every day.

At least 20 times a day Mom says in various levels of fear, "I've got to get up!" In this man's world a man can turn his wife into a zombie without consequences, but you would think caregiving women would find some way to expose and stop this living hell for a fellow woman.

There is a huge difference between care givers having expectations of impending death versus having expectations of convalescence and recovery. Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's message to Dad in November of 2019 destroyed Dad's motivation. We could quickly stimulate Mom to health but we have to wake Dad up and let him see the life he is stealing from Mom and himself.

7:30 Dad called me down. Saying breakfast is ready. He made eggs, ham and toast. Mom is too drugged to eat and kept asking "what should I do with this."

Mom keeps saying she needs to get up and dad has to respond with some kind of action when someone is there to hear her medicated requests. Dad keeps raising and lowering the mattress and pillows and pretending he doesn't know Mom wants to be helped to independence.

Mom asked me to contact Brian and tell him to bring her "sitting up pillow" so I sent Brian a text.

This morning Dad tried to go through the cloths he says, Mom wanted to give to charity while Mom was knocked out.

10:30 Mom is still completely knocked out.

Mom keeps suffering her zombie life because Dad controls the narrative of a family and assistants. Family and assistants with only specialized educations and little time to visit. Dad points us all away from most of the responsibility of caring for Mom instead going out and building up his fitness with activities.

11:37 Dad called me down for lunch. Mom couldn't eat her chili Fritos. Dad helped Mom brush her teeth.

12: 00 I talked to mom for a while and she was less medicated by this time. I brought her some grapes and she ate them all. I asked her if she would go in the living room and she said, no. She did exercise for me with Dad interfering. Dad suggested I do the lifting but mom wanted to move her upper end lower extremities.

1:00 Dad brought us chocolate and must have medicated mom again because he closed the door and I didn't see her f l r hours.

5:00 Mark called and asked me to come get the Sunday meal they always fix. It was extraordinary barbecue chicken, green beans and long grain rice. Mom didn't eat much.

6:00 I told Dad and Mom there were some public television shows that might be more soothing than the news and they tried one.

6:30 Dad asked me to watch the movie Chicago with them. I guess he doesn't remember that he used to show that movie to everyone who entered the house for about a year. I've seen it many many times just being polite with whoever was visiting.

I went to bed.

4/20/24 Betty Broome report

Dad has become a pharmaceutical expert controlling Mom for those who visit her and to keep her conveniently quiet. He says, "if I don't give her the sedation medication she is irritable." But it clear, after 3 years of living with them, Mom is more responsibility for Dad when she is able to think for herself and move her body. So Dad unconsciously stops Mom from thinking and moving especially for visitors and medical professionals using Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's prescriptions.

1. Dad can leave mom completely unmedicated so she is able to read the paper, give those around her instructions about what needs to be done in the house and describe the activities she wants to make happen after she's allowed to do physical therapy, get up and care for herself.

2. Dad can cause Mom to say crazy things but still look like she is participating in conversations but she continually asks to get up, and "how do I get up." Dad has to continually make up meanings to Mom's requests to get up.

3. Dad can have Mom drift in and out of consciousness according how entertaining her family members are that day but she doesn't make requests.

4. Dad can make Mom sleep a fitful nightmarish sleep in which she howls occasionally as she glimpses consciousness.

9:00 I woke late and asked if Mom and Dad if they had eaten. Dad was over cooking cinnamon cresaunts, to which he added too little sugar and cinnamon. Mom wouldn't eat it.

I pulled a bunch of grapes off of their stems and Mom ate them. I gave Mom the paper and her glasses and she read for a while, till her medications kicked in and she dropped off.

10:00 Brian arrived and persisted with mom until she was up and participating. Dad, Brian and I moved the furniture back in the bedroom after having steam cleaned the carpet the night before.

11:00 Brian and Dad left to get barbecue sandwiches for everyone. I asked Mom if she wanted to try on some of her clothes on before she sent them to charity. She said, "dad would be very upset with that."

I realized later Mom thought I meant I would see her naked between outfits. But I meant

she would keep her bed clothes on when she tried on her cloths. I'll be more specific next time.

11:30 Mom ate some barbecue.

12:00 Brian was really good at keeping Mom focused as they had a fun time watching a silly 80s spooky movie about werewolves.

12:30 Brian left and Dad put on the news. Mom said she wanted to sleep. Dad closed the bedroom door.

4:30 Dad got up and left in the car and I gave mom a bowl of segmented mandarin slices with lots of juice. She ate all of it and thanked me while I ate apple slices. Dad returned saying, he realized, after he left, he had everything he needed from the grocery store.

5:00 I started exercising in the living room and Dad came out of the bedroom to get drinks for Mom and himself. I suggested some of the television shows that come on Saturdays but they weren't interested.

7:00 I went upstairs to bed.

4/19/24 Betty Broome report

Dad convinced mom that she hates her reading glasses and he almost gave away all her expensive clothes to charity. That's just one night's gas lighting.

I asked mom if she was really giving away all her nice blouses and dresses and she said, no, but dad was giving away his. I asked because, Dad put a pile of Mom's clothes with one or two of dad's shirts on the one side of the pile by the front door. I brought them to Mom and she said she wanted to try them on before she gave them to charity. She said, "thank you Joe."

After steam cleaning the floor I moved the reading lamp closer to mom so she could read the paper better and I gave her her glasses. Dad left mom unmedicated last night and she wanted to know what was going on in the world. I made milkshakes for us all. And when I returned Mom's reading glasses were on Dad's bed stand.

I asked where Mom's glasses were and dad said, "she hates those glasses." Mom repeated, "I hate those glasses." I said, "it's great that you can see the paper without your expensive reading glasses, now that the reading lamp is closer to you."

Calling enough attention to Dad's dark sabotaging side doesn't stop him from sedating Mom and coaxing her to say she wants whatever he wants.

Now giving her clothes away and saying she hates her reading glasses, you would think it would infuriate Angela, the woman at the adult protection services, Judy, the nurse at Doctor Taylor's office, Margaret, the Wednesday nurse and the women who assist mom every day. You would think they would be profoundly offended see Mom being reduced to a vegetable whose opinions don't count.

It may help to have all the reports available at the following URL. <https://www.safelylimitless.com/BettyBroomeReports/BettyBroomeReports4-18-24.pdf>

6:00 I put my clothes in the washing machine and the TV was on in Mom and Dad's room.

9:00 Mark and I visited with mom, Dad and Mya. Mom was thoroughly medicated and barely responsive.

10:00 Shelley arrived and helped Mya give Mom a good shower.

11:00 Mark went to get groceries and came back griping about the temperature of the tea I put in the refrigerator.

11:30 Dad made excellent Rubens for everyone. Mom was too drugged to eat.

11:50 Dad put a frozen apple pie in the oven. Mom ate some apple pie as Bridget arrived and Mya left for the day.

It's good that we have the opportunity to compare a lot of assistants because Mya is educated, more capable of independent thought and strong enough to lift Mom easily. But there is no indication she is free to work with Mom as often as we would need her.

1:00 I cut mom's toenails while she was trying to snap out of sedation. Bridget remarked several times that Mom had her eyes open today when she didn't at all yesterday.

2:00 Dad and I rented a carpet cleaner to clean the carpet in Mom's bedroom.

3:00 Dad must not have given Mom a third medication for today because she is starting to be able to communicate and wanted to get out of bed when she was about to urinate.

5:00 Dad put some of Mom's clothes out by the front door and said mom wanted to give them to charity. There were a couple of his shirts on one side of the pile which seemed suspicious. I showed Mom the clothes from the front door and Dad brought more clothes from somewhere. Mom said she wanted to look at them before she gave them away.

6:00 I gave mom the newspaper and her glasses and Dad asked me to make us banana shakes. He heated up Mom's reuben she wasn't able to eat at lunch. She didn't seem interested in the Rubin because it was mushy, so Dad put it in his empty milk shake glass. Dad tried to take away Mom's milkshake while she was nibbling on the Rubin but she said "no." She ate the giant banana shake made out of frozen bananas, some ice cream and milk.

7:00 I Reminded Mom and Dad, Andy Griffith or Washington Week we're coming on TV. Dad said Mom likes her MSNBC reporters but switched to Washington Week for a while. Mom said she needed to be changed so I said good night. I will suggest a laxative tomorrow.

4/18/24 Betty Broome report

Abstract: Mom knows dad is knocking her out and it's torture, but it's better to pretend she hates me than to put up with another night of gas lighting and being sedated all day for acts of independence.

Anyone who has been allowed by Dad to see Mom without medication will know the difference instantly. It's cruel but there is no point in visiting with Mom when she is drugged. Her blood pressure drops and she will not remember your visit anyway.

You would think Dad would take advantage of the assistance Mom's insurance is paying for, by allowing assistants to work with Mom without sedating medication. They could develop Mom physically and mentally when Dad could go out with his sons to play golf, see museums and hear and play music.

It must be a hell of a lot harder to believe one live-in son is wrong about Mom being

overmedicated to keep her conveniently in bed, than it is to believe the son who has been living with the elderly couple off and on for 3 years.

All my life, my family has been so generous they made it easy on me to get my way. Now my family is making life miserable as I try to expose the doctors and Dad sedating Mom. Mom can't have comfortable BMs or exercise with the physical therapist with Dad drugging her with the drugs prescribed by Dr Taylor and Venkatesh.

Either Mom is really beyond hope physically our Dad is a genius about giving me another chance to get out of the hellish parts of family life. Does he really want me to stay away while he slowly puts Mom out of her misery? His aged calculations often don't include Mom's feelings, because his age group didn't take women's opinions into consideration.

I think Dad's sons were gone so long in our careers, we convinced Dad he was not needed and he became despondent. His hopelessness led to this abuse of Mom which cannot be evaluated without days of constant monitoring. This nightmare is almost as hard on Dad as it is on Mom as he changes diapers as often as ten times a day and Mom gets unnecessarily weaker and more dependent.

8:00 Margaret the a Wednesday nurse is supposed to visit this morning to evaluate Veronica the hair washing nurse. Maybe it will get through to Margaret why Dad doesn't let Veronica wash Mom thoroughly.

I don't know why Margaret hasn't seen or done something about Dr Taylor and Dr Venkatesh's sedating drugs which Dad uses to keep Mom from being inconveniently active.

8:30 Veronica and Margaret arrived And worked with Mom behind the closed bedroom door. As they left we all poured praise on Veronica.

9:00 Bridget arrived was sitting in the chair next to Mom and Dad talking mostly to Dad. Mom was completely medicated and almost completely unresponsive. Those who are unfamiliar with Mom think this is the extent of her conscious activity.

I think Dad won't let Mom be unmedicated for Bridget or Mia and allowed to go out in the living room for hours the way he did when Ashley first arrived. Those unmedicated trips to the living room raised expectations too high to match Dad's wish to create the illusion of Mom being completely bedridden.

10:30 Occasionally it appears that mom has an internally lucid moment where she tries to reach out to whoever is around her by howling. Dad tells anyone who witnesses this, Mom must be having a nightmare. Bridget reacted by asking unresponsive Mom what she was dreaming about.

10:50 Mom woke partially and some of the conversation was pointed at her.

11:00 Mark was visiting when Mom asked for food and I told Bridget there was ham, eggs, bacon, fruit or sweet rolls. Bridget asked mom what she wanted and Mom said scrambled eggs and ham. I brought apple slice appetizers which Mom ate a couple, while Dad asked Mark to cook and then fixed spinach eggs and ham himself.

11:44 Bridget asked what kind of movies Mom likes and I told her the last two I watched with Mom were dancing movies. I directed the question to Mom but she couldn't remember the names of the movies either. Bridget suggested watching "Mamma Mia".

Mom had eaten a little but still wasn't communicating well. That moment would have been a good time to involve her in conversation instead of starting a long movie which didn't require activity.

1:10 I couldn't continue watching the movie with Bridget who was telling what's going to happen next throughout.

1:15 Byran arrived and was convinced not to give Mom her workout. I can only guess Dad provided Mom with a second dose of medication sometime during lunch. Byran is excellent about motivating Mom no matter how drugged she is.

2:28 Mom was still knocked out with Bridget watching Mama Mia part 2.

Bridget left for the day sometime after 4:00.

4:44 Dad went to get barbecue sandwiches and mom is still knocked out after a full day wasted spasming in her sleep. While dad was gone getting sandwiches I played several songs on my guitar for Mom. Mom was still barely conscious.

I ate my sandwich while Mom and Dad ate theirs and I excused myself to do my exercise.

7:00 I finished my exercise news and went into Mom and Dad's room where the news was playing. Mom was sleeping and dad was in his office. I switched the television to the Andy Griffith show and went upstairs for the night.

4/17/24 Betty Broome report

Abstract: Maybe if we visited Mom and Dad more often in the past 20 years when we were fighting for our careers, Dad would not be tormenting Mom's waking and sleeping hours with sedating drugs. Dr. Venkatesh's and Dr Taylor's drugs keep Mom from exercising and having regular bowel movements but she conveniently doesn't try to get out of bed on her weakening legs.

Maybe a by-product of the super-rich monopolizing the world's financial resources keeps families from having the free time to care for each other.

7:30 I went downstairs and Dad was carrying a tray to the bedroom with pancakes. He said there was dough waiting for me in the kitchen. I fixed pancakes for myself and brought them in the bedroom and asked if they wanted any of mine because I made extra. They said no.

While I was eating Dad said, "did you notice I fixed the dishwasher?" I chuckled and said, "by putting a towel on the floor?" He said, he was just kidding.

I said, "shouldn't we call the GE repairman today." Mom started babbling saying , "we need to contact them and let them know where our house is." So she's already medicated for the morning.

Dad interrupted saying he would let Brian have a shot at the dishwasher repair. He said, "Brian likes to fix things."

Dad pretended Mom was babbling about the adult helper and said, he thought Ashley was coming today.

Dad said, he wanted to know if I could stop mentioning Ashley in my daily reports. I said, "all I do is describe each day in as much detail as I can, to get Mom off Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh's sedating prescriptions.

Dad said, he received word from the state that my reports were affecting Ashley's career and he wanted me to stop damaging her job opportunities. I said, "I would like to see the message you got from the state indicating I was damaging Ashley's career."

Dad became upset and said, "if you can't stop writing in your reports about Ashley I can no longer have respect for you." I said, "all I can do is my best to help Mom become independent and healthy." Dad said, "so your answer is no and I can no longer have respect for you."

There is some comfort knowing Dad will not remember this conversation in an hour. But he will still be able to discuss complex issues like physics and human consciousness.

Still it's a violent psychological blow to have my Father say such emotionally charged statements every few days.

9:00 Mia, a new assistant arrived, and Dad started teaching her how to change Mom's ostomy before Mia even sat down.

10:00 Theresa, Mom's 40 year friend and house cleaner, was cleaning the house since 9:00. She said Mia did a really good job of moving Mom from the bed to the wheelchair, taking her out to the window to look outside and then getting her back in the bed.

10:30 Theresa and I finished cleaning the book shelves in the living room.

12:30 Dad had some trouble making lunch and asked me to go get sandwiches. I said I could make better sandwiches than I could go buy and I made ham sandwiches for everyone.

1:45 Mark picked up Dad to take him to the doctor.

2:45 I introduced myself to Mia and we talked to medicated Mom for hours about Mom's childhood and Mia's psychology classes till Mia changed Mom's diaper and I left the room. Mia did some of Mom's physical therapy which was encouraging.

3:30 Dad and mark got home. Mark made comments about my weight and brought alcohol drinks for him and Dad. Dad was embarrassingly obvious whispering to Mom that he would give her a drink after I left the room.

4:00 I talked to Mark, Dad, Mom and Mia and then went upstairs to avoid any drinking drama.

It was a drama filled day and I stayed upstairs to avoid anymore.

4/16/24 Betty Broome report

Abstract: I realize now, it was my job to share the information about incentives and motivation when I learned about them in college. Family feels perfectly justified to suffer and inflict enormous unnecessary cruelty and neglect when they think it is a natural part of life they anticipate and bring on themselves prematurely.

This is especially dangerous now when prescription drugs cause people to seek out the lack of incentives and motivation prescribed, in our case by Dr. Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh.

7:50 I asked Mom if she wanted me to sit her up a little higher so she could watch TV. She was straining to look over her cheeks. When she said, no, I said, are you sure and she screamed, no. Dad asked, why do I argue with her and I asked why he gives her so much medication. I said, it's a complicated world.

8:00 Mom said, "I got to get out of this." Dad said, diaper? Mom said, Yes. I left them alone.

8:30 Veronica arrived and washed Mom's hair.

8:40 Brigitte arrived and we discussed the relief about the missing medication box. We also discussed the dissatisfaction that the portable oxygen repairmen have not returned my two calls.

8:46 Shelly sent a text asking me not to send the A.P.S reports to Ashley and I said okay. Shelly asked how Bridget was doing and I wrote, "she is involved in pleasant conversation with Dad right now, but Dad will certainly ask for Ashley later."

9:00 Bridget was talking to Mom.

9:30 Dad said he had to go get blood work done and I rode with him. We arrived at hospital and he joked with the nurses.

10:10 Dad and I got home, Brian was here with cinnamon buns and Mark left saying he would be back soon.

12:00 We went out to eat and brought back shrimp for Mom.

1:00 We flew Dad's drone for the first time in two years. Brian and Mark talked to Mom.

3:00 Bridget and Dad were hanging out with Mom.

3:30 Mom was still overmedicated but she was brought out in living room in the wheelchair.

3:35 Byran came and tried to give Mom her physical therapy work out with medication. He left saying saying, Mom needs to practice sitting up and work out her legs so her circulation reaches her head and she is not so effected by hypertension.

What Dad heard and said was, he was concerned about how Mom was unable to sit up for more than a few seconds without passing out from high pretension.

5:00 I watched the news with mom and Dad until it was time for me to do my PBS news hour exercise.

7:00 I suggested they watch Andy Griffith for a while but there was a baseball game on. I asked Nom if she wanted me to bring her in the living room while dad watched the baseball game. She didn't want to move.

Brian sent a text with a photograph from the game which was requested by Bridget. I told them I was going to bed for the night and did.

4/15/24 Betty Broome report

Abstract,

What is actually best doesn't just happen but develops with understanding. Dad must certainly be learning, he isn't going to put Mom out of her misery with doctor Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh's misery causing drugs. But understanding doesn't come easy.

I found Dad's box of Mom's daily meds where Ashley left them. She contacted Dad today and told him she put them in the drawer and left a text for him Friday. But Dad doesn't look at his texts. So he thought I threw them away or he lost them. All that searching through the diapers and garbage was for nothing.

But we did have an important conversation Dad gas probably forgotten by now. I think it's cruel and unethical for Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh to keep sending drugs to Dad which Dad gives Mom with military commitment. If I believed in karma it would explain what I learned from meeting doctor Taylor's kids. But how long is Mom going to have to be tormented.

7:00 I checked on Mom and Dad and they were asleep with the TV.

7:30 I checked again and Mom wanted strawberries for breakfast. I asked if Dad wanted left over pizza like I had and he said yes.

8:00 Mom asked when Ashley was coming and Dad said Ashley is probably sick today and Bridget is coming at nine.

Dad said I should do everything I can to keep Ashley.

It must be a huge challenge for the adult help administrators to decide what is literally and objectively best for Mom and Dad to develop their fitness after years of prescription inducted self-destructive habits.

We were watching the beginning of the trump trial When Mom said she needed to be changed and Dad said he would do it and then go get her some McDonald's coffee.

8:30 I told Mom I was going to get the band together as soon as she gets her feet working and she said I could practice my songs on her. So I played the first five songs from the safety limitless set before Dad returned with coffee and Bridget arrived.

9:00 Bridget talked to Mom and exercised her legs. But Mom was mostly knocked out with Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh's unnecessary drugs.

10:00 Bridget is with Mom and Dad is outside.

Dad came in and laid down for a nap. I asked Mom if she wanted me to move her in the living room so Dad could have a nap. She was knocked out and said no.

I got to talk to Bridget in the kitchen about why Mom and Dad might be grumpy with her. I explained that Mom and Dad are creatures of habit and they like Ashley. I told Bridget about the argument I had this weekend with Dad and how the medications are missing. Bridget said she understood about old people being set in their ways and said Ashley may have asked for this week off, but she would probably be back on Wednesday when Bridget has a doctor's appointment. We decided to look in the bedroom when we got a chance for the medications.

11:00 Dad started fixing lunch. I was with sedated Mom and Bridget in the bedroom. I looked in the chest of drawers for the medications and that's where they were after I

looked in all the less obvious places for the past two days. They were in the top drawer and I didn't want to argue with Dad about them, in case he had hidden them there. So I told him Mom wanted some socks and I found them.

12:30 Dad woke up Mom for lunch and Bridget was encouraging for Mom to eat most of her large steak meal.

2:00 Dad contacted Ashley who told him about the medication mix up. Ashley had sent Dad a text on Friday saying she put the drug box in the chest of drawers.

So all that suspicion and arguing this weekend was for nothing.

Bridgette sat with Mom most of the day and had to watch Mom having her terrible fits from Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh 's overmedication.

2:20 Dad changed Mom's ostomy when Mom started complaining about it early like she always does. Bridget seemed to want Mom to finish her BM before the ostomy would be changed. This may be something important to consider. It may be that Mom needs something to facilitate her bowel movements, especially if Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh's sedating drugs are opioids.

2:30 I was tired from worrying about the drug box all weekend and fell asleep.

5:15 I woke up and fixed cinnamon crescent rolls for Mom and Dad which they enjoyed very much. Then we watched a couple of episodes of Mash and a couple of episodes of Andy Griffith till Mom needed to have a diaper change and I went to bed just before 7 o'clock.

Mom made a disappointed sound when I left and I told her I would finish the Andy Griffith episode upstairs, but I think she was bored. She has got to be allowed to get up and have an independent life without Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh's drugs.

9:00 Mom was awake and I brought her grapes and visited with her watching the news for another thirty minutes before she needed another diaper change and I went to bed for the night.

Tomorrow I will publish all of these reports I've made for the past few months. Maybe they can help someone write an article or help us.

4/14/24 Betty Broome report

Abstract: The family needs to visit Mom and Dad without warning, so they can see Mom unmedicated, exercise her legs and get both Mom and Dad up and out of the house. Dad cleverly tricked us all our lives, mostly into improving ourselves, but now we have to push him to improve himself and enjoy the rest of his with us.

9:00 I slept late and Dad was playing video game bridge with "shoop shoop shoop" sounds right next to Mom while she was sleeping. I asked what he wanted for breakfast. He said they ate hours ago. "Wait till lunch."

10:00 Dad made a big deal about leaving the house announcing twice he was going to the drug store and the grocery store and would be gone 2 hours. I went in to talk to Mom, asked her, unsuccessfully, to try the lift exercise machine and gave her her physical therapy exercise. She read the paper and talked until her meds seemed to kick in and she fell asleep.

Video

<https://youtu.be/zUs9battppc?si=mFOQmihaND8FOdr5>

11:30 Dad came home with groceries and a new medicine box for Mom. He said the old one was missing since yesterday.

12:00 I looked through the trash for the medicine box.

Video

<https://youtu.be/OrNGHbyfuWg?si=VSo6uv-4570N-3Ue>

1:00 Dad went to the grocery store again to get supplies for tacos.

Dad got home and burned the taco shells in the oven. So we used corn chips and made excellent taco salad.

1:30 Mom ate a pretty good bit of taco salad, but she said it was too spicy.

3:00 We all watched golf and I suggested a road trip to Austin Monday to check my solar panels after the hail. Dad said no. I suggested golf with Mom watching from the car now that her legs are getting stronger. I told them I could try to book a gig to perform at the golf place while we are there. Mom said, "maybe."

4:00 Mark called about bringing lasagna for supper. Someone called and Dad told us Ashley was going to be off on Monday and Bridget would help Mom that day instead. Mom looked upset and I said, "I'm sure it's just Monday." Dad repeated, "it's just Monday."

5:00: I started a movie by myself the living room.

5:30 Natalie brought lasagna and Mom was alert enough to enjoy it. I finished the movie and went in with Mom, Dad and Natalie. I suggested Natalie, should come with Mom, Dad and I to the putting golf place so Mom could watch us putt putt for a few minutes and get out in the car for the first time in two years. Natalie didn't agree.

6:00 I did my PBS news exercise.

6:30 Natalie went home and Dad closed the bedroom door.

9:00 I folded the clothes from the dryer and took them in Mom and Dad's room to put them away. Mom was delighted to see me and I sat next to her watching the Sherlock Homes movie she was watching. We made fun of the movie till it ended and another movie began. I watched part of it with her. Dad remained on his side facing away from us "sleeping" and occasionally commenting the whole time I was in the bedroom. I was there for an hour or so commenting with Mom about the subtle British humor of the movie. I guess Dad was signaling that I should leave by laying on his side facing away from us. Mom was up and alert.

10:00 I got sleepy and went upstairs.

4/13/24 Betty Broome report

Abstract:

My dad needs exercise and relief from 24 hour care of my Mother. He isn't the same man who raised his five boys. If he was he wouldn't sedate his wife all day. He needs rehabilitation and that has to come with removal of the drugs Dad uses to simplify the job of keeping her under his control.

Dad says, "Betty is irritable without the calming drugs." So Dad must be keeping that part of Mom drug regiment separate from the daily distribution box and ready to sedate

her when ever someone visits. Mom can't do her physical therapy, move her bowels or enjoy her life this way.

Mom's recovery has to be considered in every calculation of Dad's recovery plan.

7:00 I checked Mom and Dad. They were asleep with the TV on.

7:30 Dad came in the kitchen where I was cleaning up. He turned on the dishwasher and I asked if he wanted eggs for breakfast. He said he was going to fix spinach eggs.

8:00 I was almost finished cleaning the kitchen when Veronica arrived and I said hello as she went in the bedroom to wash Mom's hair.

8:30 I was watching TV downstairs when dad asked, "Where are the eggs and ham." I said, "you said you were going to make spinach eggs." He said he meant for me to go ahead and cook the eggs and ham.

I went in the kitchen and the dishwasher was leaking on the floor.

9:00 I Fixed eggs and ham and Dad brought the tray to Mom. Dad was explaining to Veronica why Mom keeps asking to give Veronica tips. Dad gives Veronica a dollar each visit.

9:30 I'm composing a message for the doctors saying, If they hadn't misdiagnosed and prescribed end-of-life, sedating drugs for Mom in November 2019, I could be spending my retirement playing golf and shopping with Dad and Mom. I can still start having Mom and Dad come see me and sing with my band at night if the doctors stop sending sedating drugs to Mom for Dad to give her. My parents have lost half a decade of happiness because Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh.

10:00 I sent everyone yesterday's report.

12:00 Dad had some very overcooked potatoes and some canned beats in the kitchen and asked me to organize it into a meal. I added slices of ham and sour cream so it was pretty good for lunch. Mom was sedated and unable to eat much.

1:30 I checked on Mom and dad. They both looked like they were asleep and Mom didn't wake when I pushed her arm.

2:30 I asked Mom if she was okay and she said, "I don't know." Her ostomy was exposed

and empty. I asked Dad why it was out in the open and dad joked, "she was trying to be sexy."

3:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and said, "trash days are Tuesday and Friday mornings if you're going to help us remember." He said, "the trash bin is overflowing and can't be closed."

While he was taking out the trash I went in the bedroom to see Mom. Her ostomy supplies were on the bed, she was completely sedated and barely able to talk.

It looks like Dad is going to keep Mom medicated all day to show me he doesn't have to change Mom's drug routine after our talk about medication abuse yesterday.

4:00 Mom started to wake up and I knew she would want something she could enjoy. I asked if she wanted a milk shake and Dad said he was about to make salads. Mom couldn't communicate well, but she did make it clear, she did not want a salad.

Mom ate a tall glass of coffee ice cream shake. It was her first substantial food intake for the day.

I don't know how Dad lives with himself controlling Mom with medications the way he does. His total focus appears to be on the performance he is creating for any observer. It makes me terribly uncomfortable that Mom is suffering because I'm there in the house, but I can't abandon her.

5:00 Dad made a hot dog for the both of them which he ate. He was standing over Mom and told her she would be asleep soon.

5:00 The smoke alarm went off because Dad left the skillet on the hot stove top. The skillet was ruined and Dad threw it away.

5:30 I started my exercise.

5:45 Dad asked about Mom's medication box as if he hadn't been giving medication to Mom all day. It's a cruel new part of his performance.

6:30 I tried to tell Mom about one of her shows she might be interested in, but she was completely knocked out. Dad interrupted saying it would be much appreciated if I clean up the kitchen. I said, "I always do. More than you."

I can tell Dad's conflicted that I know he kept Mom drugged all day and especially that I didn't confront him on his performance about Mom's medication or ostomy boxes.

6:52 Dad made a big deal about asking about Mom's pill box again. I told him, the way he has told me all my life, "it will be where he left it."

I also told him about the "keeping up appearances" show I thought Mom might like before I went to bed.

4/12/24 Betty Broome report

5:00 I heard Dad making noise in the kitchen.

6:00 I sent everyone the report from the previous day.

7:00 Dad said, "eggs will be ready in five minutes." I went to the kitchen and started fixing black eyed peas for lunch. Dad gave me scrambled eggs and bacon and took Mom a tray.

7:15 Mom was eating breakfast. Dad said, he needed to change Mom, asked me to go out and closed the door.

I started watching television downstairs. Dad came out to the living room and asked for some ideas for meals. I looked on my phone for the list of meals I sent him before.

I told dad I couldn't find the meals I sent him. He said he would find them, he went in the kitchen and I went upstairs.

9:00 I fell asleep and woke up at nine o'clock and Ashley's car was here.

Shelly, Ashley and Bridget were helping Mom get a shower. Shelley said, it took both Bridget and Ashley to get Mom back in the bed after the shower.

I don't know why they haven't taken away the sedating medication that makes it so hard for Mom to have regular BMs and to stay alert for even an enjoyable shower.

10:30 Dad and I went to the grocery store and I bought a lot of supplies with my indigenous food assistance card. It was a coincidence that we bought exactly the amount of groceries as the amount left on the card. \$201.00

11:00 Immediately when I spoke to Mom she asked for berries. So I made blackberry shortcake which she devoured. I asked what she wanted to watch on television and she's said whatever I want to watch. I listed a bunch of television shows and Mom said she didn't have a preference. Ashley joined in and asked what does Betty really want to see. Mom still didn't give an answer, so we turned up the news which was already on the television.

12:00 I asked Ashley to make the fancy rice she asked us to buy and we ate black eyed peas and rice. Mom can barely eat when she's sedated.

2:30 Dad asked me to ride with him to the bird seed store. He said, "if you write one more time about Ashley in your reports they are going to replace her with the loudmouth Bridget." This wasn't the first time dad used the term loudmouth to describe Bridget, but he kept repeating it, saying he would rather have Ashley helping around the house than for me to be there.

I said, "there is nothing to write critically about Ashley today but I'm trying to create a log of precisely what's going on in the house in hopes of getting Mom off the sedating drugs that keep her from having healthy BMs, communicating with family and doing physical therapy.

I said, "it's suspicious you would feel the need to say that one more mention of Ashley would cause her to be taken away." Dad said, "you think i'm lying?" I said, "I can't be sure but it sounds suspicious that you say there is someone in the adult care administration who would tell you that one more mention would remove Ashley from the house."

(It sounded like excessive influence from my brothers. We all love Ashley. It may be that this ultimatum is an exaggeration of the information Dad really received from the adult assistance company.)

I said, "if anything needs to be removed from the house it's Dr Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh's medications that keep Mom from exercising and expelling waste. Dad said, " There are no medications for mom's pulmonary fibrosis! "I said It's disingenuous for you to mention other medications when you know it is the sedating drugs that keep mom from exercise and healthy body functions."

Dad said, "The sedating Drug is necessary because Mom becomes agitated when she

doesn't receive it." I said, "I know it is less convenient because Mom wants to get up and do things when she is not knocked out. But it's mean and irresponsible to keep her from having an independent life and thoughts."

I said, "it's even worse when Mom is given Xarelto, and I know you're going to say that Xarelto doesn't have any effect on Mom's ability to stay awake. But but even the commercials about Xarelto say the famous race driver can't do his job of racing because Xarelto is too dangerous. And the combination of Xarelto and the calming drugs you give her knock Mom out completely."

Dad said, "you don't control this house and don't change the subject from Ashley and your reports." I said, "there is nothing wrong with Ashley and everyone loves being around her, but the drugs you give Mom keep Ashley from doing her job and risks Ashley's back, because Mom doesn't assist moving from the bed to the chair." I said, "Ashley, Shelly and Bridget are just trying to survive another day and go along with whatever you say just like anyone would trying to keep a job."

Dad said, "You're not welcome in the house." I said, "You have been telling me that off and on for 3 years but, you know I can't leave until Mom can walk again and defend herself."

Dad said, "that's a lie. I have never said, you're not welcome, in my entire life." I said, "if you can't remember saying something so extreme as often as you have, your memory is part of the reason you are making mistakes with Mom's medications."

Dad said, "that's another lie. I have never overmedicated Betty." and I said, "It's Doctor Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh who are overmedicating Mom since November of 2019 when they misdiagnosed Mom as preparing for hospice."

I said, "when they told you she only had months to live they gave you inappropriately strong medication, which you have given Mom for 5 years without question."

I said, "I have been extremely patient waiting for you to snap out of it. Please let Mom exercise and have her body function normally."

Dad was on the verge of losing his temper and starting to squeal again but we arrived at the bird seed store. He was very gracious as usual, with the sales person and we were back in the car and on our way home again quickly.

Dad said, "if you can't stop talking badly about Ashley in your reports I will report you to adult protective services and have you removed from the house." I said, "the more attention you call to this terrible situation the better it will be for Mom's health." He said, "you won't be able to write about Mom if you are removed by the police." I said, "my removal will be part of my report and I will have done my best for Mom."

I told dad, "you should not be overly influenced by the brothers who are absent from this situation. They don't realize it's not a game. They seem to be participating at a distance, in a competition that doesn't exist. They know you like Ashley very much whether her back is strong enough to lift Mom or not."

We got home and Mark took Dad to the Doctor to check his eye surgery.

3:00 Margret and Ashley were talking about Mom's chest pains and I asked if Mom had a regular BM. Ashley said, "Joe told me Betty had two 3 inch BMs in the early morning." Ashley continued "I change Betty's ostomy all the time." I reminded them that Mom wants her ostomy changed too often, when it's just a little dirty but Mom is a human being and she needs to have BMs just like we all do."

Bridget left for the day.

3:30 I went upstairs.

5:09 I came downstairs and watched the news with Mom. She asked me to give her a diaper and leave the room so she could change herself. Just then Mark came in the house from taking Dad to the Doctor and I told him to tell Dad, Mom needs help changing.

Mom said, she wanted black eyed peas and rice and Dad said he just wanted black eyed peas. I fixed a tray for them. Mom ate what she could but mostly just the ham I mixed with the beans.

Mom seemed to be mostly responsive and I was uncomfortable asking if she received medication this evening.

5:30 I told mom, "if you let me put you in the lift jacket I could sit you on the exercise bicycle and you can exercise just like me without having to worry about falling." She said, 'we'll see."

I said, "i'm going to do my exercise." And I exercised watching PBS Newshour with the

door open where she could see me for an hour before dad closed the door.

7:00 I came back and watched the news with Mom and Dad for a little while. I asked mom if she was going to sleep and she said, "no." I said if she wants to get up and do something I'll help her get in the car and we can go visit Jean. I said, "wouldn't Jean be surprised if we just drove up in her driveway?" Mom said, "not right now." I went to bed for the night.

4/11/24 Betty Broome report

6:30 I saw the door was closed to Mom and Dad's bedroom. The television was on but I waited to ask about breakfast.

7:00 I knocked on Dad and Mom's door and they didn't respond, so I looked in and they looked like they were both asleep. I turned off the TV and went to the kitchen to put away the dishes from the dishwasher and fixed myself cereal for breakfast.

8:30 Ashley and a new woman, Bridget (Mom's assistants) arrived and Dad fixed scrambled eggs with garlic and spinach for everyone. They closed the bedroom door for a fairly long time.

9:00 Bridget came out and suggested we get new versions of the oxygen machines. I told her I made an appointment for repairs of the portable oxygen machine. I then called the company about the larger one and Bridget thanked me.

The woman representative of the large oxygen machine company said, "if it is working there was nothing she can do." So I let Bridget speak to her. Bridget was assertive and had the representative make a home visit appointment to judge the usefulness of the old respirator. This was a good first impression of, no nonsense, Bridget.

The topic of Mom's dizzy spells came up and I was very glad Bridget got to hear about how everyone believes Dad's false stories about medication schedules. It's necessary to see his portrayal if anyone is going to see how Dr's Taylor and Venkatesh are overmedicating Mom.

Ashley made her usual comments about how it is Mom's hypertension which don't allow Mom to sit up. This is what Dad has taught Ashley since she arrived 3 months ago.

I reminded Ashley, "when Mom is not drugged Mom can sit up for four to six hours in

the living room chair. Mom's only complaint then is being fragile from full bowels." I reminded Ashley that no one wants to care for Mom's ostomy appropriately and no one has ever treated Mom with irrigations.

I told Bridget, "Dad gives Mom medications which make her dizzy when ever Ashley is here to assist Mom and so Ashley hasn't really met Mom for that reason. Ashley pointed to Mom and said, "she is awake and alert right now." I said, Mom has been medicated since at least 7 o'clock and is starting to come out of it because it was 10:30. I said, "when Mom is not medicated she can play cards, talk normally and read the paper."

Dad interrupted saying, "Joe is dishonest." Dad was referring to me.

Ashley said, "we should move this conversation in the other room." I said, "it's good for Mom to hear someone is defending her.

Ashley said, "Betty sees checker boards when she is sitting up in the shower." I said, Mom would not see checkerboards if she was not given inappropriate medication. Mom's big complaint about sitting up is her fragility from being full of feces, because no one wants to deal with her ostomy appropriately.

I told Bridget, Mom is given medications whenever anyone comes to visit so she will look disabled for Dad's confused reasons. Ashley rolled her eyes. I told Ashley she has barely met mom in these past 3 months because Dad has kept Mom over medicated, whenever Ashley visits.

The only exception was when Ashley first started for a few of her first visits. Dad let Mom go out to sit in the living room for hours at a time. I explained that Mom is kept immobilized for any visitor who is announced or expected because Dad is confused about insurance requirements or because he wants the misguided convince of controlling Mom's every action.

Ashley said, "it is my professional opinion of nine years in this career that Betty is not able to sit up for more than a few seconds due to high blood pressure and low oxygen levels." I lost my temper and said, "her lack of education, never having been to high school was not a good confidence builder for her medical opinion." I said, "being 23 means you are considering your career as beginning at fourteen." Ashley said, yes she began working with the elderly at fourteen.

I said, "few people want to deal with Mom and her ostomy because it's terribly

inconvenient. Ashley asked Bridget if she wanted to see how change Mom's ostomy. Bridget said she didn't have time.

Ashley knows Dad rarely lets anyone change Mom's ostomy, but she made her point without a record to show Mom's tiny BMs and Mom's constant cramps when anyone attempts to move her.

Whether Mom is medicated or not, she constantly says she's sick and has cramps from her lack of BMs. But no one wants to address this partly because the bathroom door is too small to easily move Mom to the toilet for irrigation enemas.

I don't know if Bridget got a clear understanding but she did go outside and speak to someone on the phone. When Bridget returned I told her that now she has heard the whole story she has to decide for herself to let Mom continue suffering or not.

I told Bridget that before they hired Ashley I hired a professional nurse who was an expert with ostomy, medication and physical therapy, but Dad wouldn't let her work with Mom but 6 days. I'm sure it was because a professional nurse would know what was going on with the drugs and the minimally cared for ostomy and physical therapy.

Bridget said, "their company is not in charge of specializations like those and you would need to contact the doctor." I told Bridget I've been contacting the doctor for years and nothing gets done because of the confusing nature of the personalities involved.

Mom needs to be watched 24/7 for enough time to determine exactly what she needs and what she has been receiving for the past 5 years since November 2019 when she was misdiagnosed preparing for hospice.

Bridget suggested I put an alarm on my phone for 5 o'clock so Dad and Ashley would never forget to give Mom her meds only once a day in the evenings. This would be so Ashley and the physical therapist could work with Mom unmedicated during the day.

I told Bridget Ashley leaves at different times every day and yesterday she left at three thirty. I asked Bridget if Ashley should have given Mom her meds at three thirty yesterday when she left for the day.

Bridget said, Ashley should come at nine and leave at five as scheduled. I said, "what about when Dad gives mom her meds in the mornings? That will be too many doses." Bridget asked where dad gets the meds and I said I don't know, but it had to be from the

refrigerator or his own personal hiding place.

I could see that Bridget was starting to see the complexity of the medication problem and the differing opinions in this house. Bridget left but said she would be back and I think that would be helpful because she is a no nonsense, focused listener and acted quickly to address the antiquated oxygen machine issue.

11:00 I left to do errands and get some food. While I was gone a representative from Adult Protective Services visited Mom and Dad. I wish I would have been there to meet her, but I'm glad she got to communicate with Mom and Dad on her own terms.

12:00 I brought home pizza and everyone ate. Ashley said the woman from APS said Dad was, "very alert for someone his age."

1:00 the oxygen machine repairman arrived, added the missing attachment and changed the tubing. He was provided pizza as he left.

1:26 Byran the physical therapist arrived and gave Mom his usual extraordinary workout. I asked Mom why she does so much hard work for Byran when she won't exercise as much for us. Dad answered saying, "Byran is a professional." Dad also said "maybe Mom needs to do that every day." It was very encouraging to hear Dad say that.

4:30 Ashley left for the day in spite of the agreement with Bridget for me to put an alarm on my phone for 5 o'clock to remind Ashley to give Mom her medication. I don't know if more recent arrangements had been made since this morning but it is a clear indicator of how Mom is jerked around and medication times are not taken seriously.

Mom was up and talking and I didn't want her to stop talking from more medication so I didn't mention my 5:00 alarm, knowing Mom had already been knocked out with meds in the morning.

5:00 I asked Mom and Dad what they wanted for supper and Mom said, a hot dog.

5:30 Mom and Dad ate the hot dogs I brought them while we watched the news about the Trump trial coming Monday. There was a banner on the screen about OJ's death. Mom was read, "OJ died at the age of seventy six." I said, "that's pretty young but it may be because he had a lot on his conscience." Dad interrupted and said, "we are watching the information about trump's trial." He told mom to pay attention.

6:30 Mom asked me to close the curtains for the day and I turned off the lights in the bedroom while they watched the news.

Dad said, "the adult protection services woman visited today and he got to say his piece." Dad said, "you will get to say your piece sometime and maybe they will do something to help. I don't know."

8:00 Dad wanted to continue watching information about the trump trial and I had already seen it, so I went to bed.

4/10/24 Betty Broome report

3:00 The electricity went out and I went downstairs to talk to Mom and Dad. Mom was alert and confident as a twenty year old. I wrote a poem about how I would have to keep getting up earlier everyday to see mom undrugged. It looked like Dad was pretending to sleep so I would leave. He doesn't like it when I catch Mom before he drugs her. Dad finally got up and we all talked about the thunder and lightning for a long time.

3:30 Dad and I took turns going in the garage, trying to start and finally starting the gas powered generator. We plugged it in to Mom's oxygen machine but it only ran for a short time because Dad added two stroke gas to the tank.

4:00 Mom started hallucinating and I knew dad had given her medication while I was trying the start the generator. He seemed embarrassed I caught Mom clear headed by getting up so early and unexpectedly because of the storm. When Mom would make loud sounds Dad kept asking me to go start the generator. We had both exhausted ourselves attempting to get it going.

Mom could no longer stay awake and was starting to babble incoherently. I hope no-one with clever dementia ever starts drugging Dr. Taylor, Dr. Venkatesh, Judy and Margaret the nurses, Ashley and Shelly the assistants and my brothers and their wives. They are all unaware it's possible and they would never know what was happening to them.

Dad is using all his remaining genius to unwittingly incapacitate Mom with prescribed drugs and now I'm complicit because I have been so patient waiting for him to come to his senses.

Dad is too loyal to overdose Mom more than he already has, but committed to his deadly task in his confusion about insurance company requirements and his own

messaginistic control over Mom.

5:00 I asked if Mom wanted cereal for breakfast and she attempted to answer but got the point across, she did not want breakfast. She can rarely eat when she's drugged.

6:00 Mom was hallucinating and calling out, so I went in the bedroom a few times and held her hand. She makes it clear to me she doesn't want me to abandon her when she holds my hand, but Stockholm syndrome doesn't allow her to defy Dad.

6:40 Mom was babbling and making sounds and Dad kept telling her, he is there for her and telling me to go and start the generator.

I said, "you need to stop drugging Mom." Dad lost his temper and started squealing, "your sick". I could tell he practiced this performance and I'm sure it's part of the reason Mom fears my going against Dad. I can't imagine how often she has to listen to him squeal while he's gaslighting her through the long nights.

Dad was yelling at me and kept saying Mom is 91 years old and, " you have the wrong idea in your head." He said, "I tried to stop giving her Xarelto (one of the medications) for ten days but it didn't work."

Dad knows that the paralyzing side effect of Xarelto is not enough to knock her out the way he does with the combination of Xarelto and the anti depression drug. The last thing a ninety one year old woman needs is a sedating anti depressant drug which stops her BMs and keeps her from activity like physical therapy.

I said, " you would never call your son sick if you weren't guilty." Dad was terribly upset, calling me sick repeatedly. I told him, "I don't know the precise drugs you use to convince everyone Mom is more mentally dysfunctional than you" "it's not a competition, you need to really stop drugging Mom because adult protection will have the police take Mom away if you can't control yourself." I said, "you could let Mom live again and Mom can get up to go to the bathroom."

I was begging Dad and Mom was holding my hand, the only way she can signal her gratitude to me when she's drugged.

6:54 the lights came on and we connected mom's oxygen.

8:30 Ashley arrived. Mom said, she doesn't want to do anything and Ashley laughed a sigh. I guess it was a relief knowing she doesn't have to do any physical work again today.

9:00 Theresa arrived and we started cleaning the book shelves for the first time in quite some time.

9:30 Margaret arrived and said everything's OK. Margaret is overly influenced with the bias of the doctor's misdiagnosis five years ago in November 2019. She is used to Mom being immobilized with full bowels and medication. Long ago I mentioned to Margaret that dad has never irrigated her ostomy. Margaret said, mom was past that.

Disgust from having to deal with Mom's ostomy is the source of Dad and everyone else's neglect. When it was convenient to drug mom and inconvenient to get Mom to the toilet, passed the tiny door in the bathroom that wrote Mom's fate to suffer all these years with loved ones and professionals whispering all around her.

Margaret doesn't do anything about Mom's suffering because Dad has relieved her of all responsibility for years. It's an easy job leaving Mom as a zombie with 23 year old GED studying Ashley delighting in being Dad's new gaslighting messenger to the aging nurse.

10:30 Theresa and I finished cleaning the book shelves.

11:00 Dad came and spoke to me alone saying he guessed we needed to air our grievances this morning and said, he understands that I think he is overmedicating Mom. He repeated his assertion that his experiment, risking Mom's life, withholding Xarelto for ten days was evidence he is not overmedicating Mom. He said, I "can't stop giving her thyroid or the medication that stops her from having an upset stomach."

Making such a disingenuous omission of the sedating drugs and the obvious distracting admission was offensive but I reminded him those were not the drugs I am concerned about. He said calmly, "we'll have to agree to disagree."

It's hard to sit next to and talk with the monster dad can be when he defends his behavior. Somehow I have to communicate with him about things he won't discuss honestly. One or more of the adult protective services are going to come soon at a random time and date. I hope he'll stop drugging Mom before that time. There's no indicator he will.

11:30 Dad asked me to go get seafood at Sam's. Mom didn't want to eat but I got to talk to Theresa for a long time while we ate.

12:00 The electricity went off again and I tried to start the generator for Mom's oxygen

machine. I couldn't start it.

12:35 Ashley asked for a source of oxygen because Mom's level was at 66. She was using the little emergency air saw bottles. I found an old oxygen bottle and we connected for Mom. Dad knows it's not the oxygen levels that are making Mom lose consciousness. So it was hard to get him to focus when Ashley attempted to get another source of oxygen.

When Ashley spoke to Dad with urgency about getting the portable oxygen machine fixed for future emergencies Dad started to drag his feet till Ashley pressed the issue. I called the portable oxygen machine company and set up an appointment to have it repaired.

1:00 I never saw Ashley after lunch So she must have left early. Mark brought home new oxygen bottles in case the electricity goes out again. He said to call him because he does not read the texts I send warning him about Dad killing Mom.

5:58 Dad heated Moms lunch and chuckled when he said he and Mom were going to eat Mom's lunch for supper. He said she probably won't eat much. He came out of the bedroom reporting that mom did eat a lot.

6:00 I didn't want to witness any more of the suffering or dishonesty so I went to bed.

4/9/24 Betty Broome report

5:00 I heard Dad and Mom talking so I fixed them hot rice cereal with brown sugar and butter. Dad was in the process of convincing Mom not to get out of bed. Mom hallucinating, asked if my clothes were at the other house and I said, they were upstairs. Mom started laughing hysterically.

Mom appears to be developing the strength to get up but her lack of BMs and medication are driving her back down with fragile discomfort. I don't know what is causing the hallucinations the last few days.

This morning Mom is persistent talking about the other house she hallucinates about. It makes me wonder if one of Dr. Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh medications cause hallucinations which complicate the job of caring for her.

8:00 Veronica came and washed Mom's hair.

8:30 Ashley arrived and Dad returned from the donut store with kalachi's and donut holes. Mark arrived and we all sat in the bedroom while Dad took naps as we were talking about deer hunting and Lyme disease.

9:30 Dad left to go to the doctor.

9:40 Ashley started exercising mom.

12:00 Dad fixed hot dogs and Shelly arrived to shower Mom.

1:00 Mom wouldn't allow anyone to shower her. Shelly asked for me to get a covid test and it was negative. It was decided Mom was definitely weaker and less focused. Shelly suggested we call 911 if it gets any worse or Margaret the nurse suggested it was needed. Shelly left letting us know we need to call attention to the possibility of Mom having a UTI.

2:00 Byran Arrived and stayed longer than usual talking about the possibility of Mom going to the hospital because of her hallucinations and weakness.

3:00 Mark arrived and I asked Mom what she wanted to eat. She said she wanted a little bit of bacon. I fixed four pieces of bacon, some cheese and crackers. Mom ate almost all and was starting to become more clear headed but still asking to rest and not wanting to exercise.

4:00 Ashley left for the day.

6:00 Dad started to watch a movie we thought we all might enjoy but it was too sad so I went to bed for the night.

3:00 AM 4/10/24

3:00 The electricity went out and I went downstairs and talk to Mom who was lucid and confident as a twenty year old. We talked about the thunder and lightning for a long time and then dad and I went into the garage and started the gas powered generator. We plugged it in to Mom's oxygen machine but it only ran for a short time.

4:00 Mom started hallucinating and I knew dad had given her medication. He seemed embarrassed and kept asking me to go start the generator. Mom could no longer stay awake.

5:00 I asked if mom wanted cereal for breakfast and she attempted to answer but got the point across that she did not want breakfast.

6:00 Mom was hallucinating and calling out, so I went into the bedroom a few times and held her hand.

6:40 Mom was babbling and making sounds and Dad kept telling her he is there for her and telling me to go and start the generator.

I said he needs to stop drugging mom. Dad lost his temper and started calling me sick and yelling at me. He kept saying Mom is 91 years old and I have the wrong idea in my head. He said he tried to stop giving her one of the medications for ten days but it didn't work.

I said he would never call his son sick if he wasn't guilty. He was terribly upset, calling me sick repeatedly. I told him, "it's not a competition, he needs to stop drugging Mom for real because adult protection will have the police take Mom away if he can't control himself."

6:54 the lights came on and we connected mom's oxygen.

Somehow I have to communicate with Dad about things he won't discuss. One or more of the adult protective services is going to come soon at a random time and date. I hope he'll stop drugging Mom before that time. There is no indicator that he will.

4/8/24 Betty Broome report

8:00 I asked parents if they wanted hot cereal. Mom was alert and said, "no". Dad said they would both be ready for breakfast by the time it was ready. Mom changed her mind and said she just wanted a little bit of cold cereal.

8:10 I brought them raisin bran and grapes.

8:30 Ashley arrived as I was removing their tray. Ashley was saying they didn't get her message and she would start texting instead.

I guess they changed their plans about giving Mom a shower with the help of Shelley, because Ashley said she would give Mom a bed bath and exercise Mom at nine o'clock. Mom said she was dizzy and feeling sick like she does when she needs a B M in her

ostomy. Ashley told Mom that her blood pressure and hypertension were to blame.

I came in the room to get the last of the dishes and silverware. Mom said she was too dizzy. I said, "soon we will get you off the medicine that makes you so dizzy." Ashley said, "Betty has not received any medication all weekend because it was still in the daily cups for those days.

I told Ashley that Dad is putting on a performance for her by not using the medication from the daily cups. I said soon we will be checking Mom's blood and she will understand.

Ashley said, "okay Joe" in a very dismissive manner. It's very troubling to have someone so young and studying for her GED attempting to participate in conversations about Mom's physical and psychological health. I have been sending these adult protection reports to Ashley so she should have known more about Dad and Mom's situation.

Mom asked about her eye and I used my camera to show her the sty, which was much smaller and less red than it was over the weekend.

9:00 I left the bedroom and Ashley closed the door. Shortly after Dad came out and we watched government shows together.

12:00 I received and made more calls from family protection institutions.

1:30 Dad called me down to watch the eclipse but it was overcast and we talked. I missed an opportunity to fly Dad's drone with him.

2:00 I visited Mom and Dad in their room but Mom was incoherent or repeating so much some of Dad's gas lit ideas about being in the wrong house.

3:00 I went back upstairs and contacted a couple more adult care institutions. Most don't have the combination of emergency level testing and careful rehabilitation needed to keep Mom comfortable and to keep Dad from being incarcerated.

Dad is not responding to the years of patience, waiting for him to come to his senses and stop drugging Mom. He got away with it for so long in our busy absence he must think it's necessary for insurance requirements or he feels loyal to Doctor's Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh.

We need to be able to test Mom's blood which is a challenge, but still allow that Dad may have reversible dementia from Lyme disease. Or he could snap out of dementia caused by the families decades lack of genuine and rigorous interaction. The family only met for surface conversations on holidays due to alcohol consumption and busy lives. Possibly the Doctor's are competing with Dad and upset about having their diagnosis questioned. The challenge is to make everyone healthy without further wounds.

4:30 Ashley left for the day.

5:00 I visited their room, asked about and fixed strawberry shortcake for and talked to Mom and Dad. Mom asked to speak to Neal. Dad called Neal a couple of times and Neal called back. Mom wanted to know when Neal was leaving for New Mexico and was told it would be at the end of the month.

6:00 We watched the NBC news until it was time for NPR news hour and I started my exercise.

7:00 We watched more msnbc and Dad suggested again I rent my house. Mom said I have too many family memory items in the house to risk renting it. I agreed.

8:30 We talked about watching Rachel Maddow but I was ready to go to bed and said good night.

8:00 Dad called and reminded me Rachel Maddow was on.

4/7/24 Betty Broome report

9:00 Dad asked mark to leave the room while he changed Mom.

12:00 I spent the morning comparing the removal process of as many of the adult protection agencies as I could.

2:00 Dad asked me to help him present the vegetables and meat he cooked. I then went to visit Mom and she looked fairly alert. I asked her if anyone exercised to legs today. She said, "why would they?". I said, "so you can walk to the bathroom without having to wear diapers". I said, "isn't that a good enough reason?"

Mom said, she doesn't need to wear diapers. She said she can get up. I said, "I haven't seen you do it lately." She smiled and didn't go on with the conversation.

I went back upstairs to continue my search for the institution that will remove Mom from this situation with the least discomfort and the most empathy.

3:00 Dad called me and told me some corn bread was ready.

6:00 Mark called and let me know he brought food.

9:00 Done for the day.

Dad has started drugging Mom up to 3 times a day, because there are so many visitors to preform Dad's trick of making Mom appear more decrepit than he is. Mom and Dad could both be much more fit if Dr. Taylor hadn't misdiagnosed Mom 5 years ago and Dad didn't spend all his time isolating them both from fitness building activities. Now there is a perfect storm of influences which led to this unnatural cruel situation.

1. confusing insurance requirements,
2. Dr. Taylor's misdiagnosis that Mom had days to live beginning November 2019,
3. negligent children and their spouses visiting 4 or five days a year,
4. the small size of the door to the bathroom stopping ostomy care,
5. the convenience of drugged Mom not jumping out of bed and falling when inebriated with alcohol,
6. Dad's tendency to want to control everything including his trusting wife,
7. Mom's tendency to take advantage of any opportunity to avoid Dad's disappointment or anger,
8. the family tendency to avoid discussion of anything uncomfortable,
9. the years it took for me to notice Dad's use of Dr Taylor's misdiagnosed prescriptions,
10. embarrassment of family exercising in front of each other,
11. alcohol abusing family members lack of appropriate responses,
12. the spouse influencing the power of attorney has a specific blindness to this selfish parent aging issue,
13. Betty Broome has never been incentives for her contributions to the family,
14. Dad's reluctance to hire a professional nurse assistant who would see through his manipulative drug scheduling,
15. Dad's charming personality protects him from doubt by observers,
16. Mom's surroundings are relatively enviable but hide her from improvement,
17. Mom's advanced age creates the expectation she can't have a better quality of life,
18. Mom is easily convinced she is lazy and guilty especially when drugged or drinking,
19. Mom's overwhelming wish to make everything polite and classy at the risk of her

own harm.

20. convenience to most lazy family members to have the matriarch drift in and out of consciousness, even though it's completely unnecessary and horrifically cruel to the woman who gave her life to us,

21. patriarchal cultures allow men to think they deserve playboy freedom in retirement at the expense of the matriarch.

22. the huge number of influencing factors is too much for most onlookers. The physical therapy administrator didn't even know what Stockholm Syndrome meant,

23. Dad's failing memory allows him to believe and espouse he's maintaining family principles while drugging his wife mercilessly,

24. a \$300 leg exercise tool was removed from the house,

25. constant discouraging gaslighting about old age and death from Dad.

26. Doctor's Taylor and Dr. Venkatesh need to test Mom's blood for the drugs they have prescribed which is a challenge,

27. Dad may have reversible dementia from Lyme disease,

28. Dad could snap out of dementia caused by the families decades lack of genuine and rigorous interaction. The family only met for holidays and had surface conversations due to alcohol consumption and busy lives.

29. or possibly the Doctor's are competing with Dad and upset about having their 5 year old death misdiagnosis questioned.

There are probably more influencing factors but the overwhelming courting of death atmosphere in the house is completely destructive. Mom and Dad need the same exercise, sleep and healthy behavior everyone needs.

4/6/24 Betty Broome report

6:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted bacon and eggs for breakfast. Mom said, "no", but Dad said, "Don't you think you'll want it by the time Joey's finished fixing it in 10 minutes." Mom is clearly already drugged for the morning and squeaks, "yes."

6:45 I brought them bacon and eggs but Mom was too drugged to eat and though Dad ate his he said, "it was slightly overcooked."

8:00 Veronica arrived to wash Mom's hair. Dad nervously came in the living room and suggested I was wasting money not renting my house and starting a band in Houston. I called him on his tactics and said, "I would think about it."

8:30 Neal and Mark brought coffee for Mom and Mark took Dad for a ride.

9:00 Mark and Dad returned and Mark left to the gym.

10:00 I talked a little to Neal.

11:00 I talked to Mom till she passed out on Dr. Taylor's misdiagnosed drugs. Dad left out a display of Mom's meds on the counter, as he does to imply Mom was not given drugs today. I told Neal, "you were given the full performance today. Dad left the drugs out for you to see, to make it look like Mom was not medicated." Neal mumbled something I couldn't understand.

12:00 Neal brought barbecue. Mom was drugged early enough this morning to be barely coming out of it and alert enough to eat lunch.

2:00 Mark came from the gym.

2:30 Mark took Dad for a ride.

3:40 I asked Neal to listen for Mom while I went upstairs to take a nap.

5:00 I woke and came downstairs where Dad was sleeping next to Mom. Mom had been drugged a second time for Neal's benefit. This is two days in a row Mom has been drugged extra to create the illusion of constant dementia.

Mom's internal organs are not going to be able to tolerate my being patient waiting for other family members to recognize Dad's consistent drugging. We have to talk Dad out of this 5 year nightmare.

6:00 I started my PBS news exercise and Dad uncharacteristically asked me to exercise Mom. Sadly, I knew this meant Dad drugged Mom for a third time today. But I was excited to be asked by Dad to exercise Mom for the first time in all the months I've stayed with them.

I knew it was part of Dad's demented strategy but I still have hope he will snap out of it and I was happy to get to work with Mom with permission and not to have to sneak around exercising Mom's legs and to have her do pull-ups with the trapeze. We watched a thirty minute British comedy while Mom exercised.

7:00 I suggested we all watch the Svengooly movie and Mom went along with it as she

was passing out on the drugs. Neal started the movie with us but left to visit Mark for the night and we all had chocolate before Mom asked me to leave, so she could have her diaper changed. I said, good night and went to bed.

11:30 Dad set out a bunch of food preparation supplies like he does when he has had alcohol. So it's very likely Mom and he endangered themselves with overlapping substance abuse.

Dad has started drugging Mom up to 3 times a day, because there are so many visitors to preform Dad's trick of making Mom appear more decrepit than he. There is a perfect storm of influences which led to this unnatural cruelty.

1. confusing insurance requirements,
2. Dr. Taylor's misdiagnosis that Mom had days to live beginning November 2019,
3. negligent children and their spouses,
4. the small size of the door to the bathroom,
5. the convenience of drugged Mom not jumping out of bed and falling when inebriated on alcohol,
6. Dad's tendency to want to control everything including his trusting wife,
7. Mom's tendency to take advantage of any opportunity to avoid Dad's disappointment or anger,
8. the family tendency to avoid discussion of anything uncomfortable,
9. the years it took to notice Dad's use of Dr Taylor's misdiagnosed prescriptions,
10. embarrassment of family exercising in front of each other,
11. alcohol abusing family members lack of appropriate responses,
12. the spouse influencing the brother with power of attorney has a specific blindness to this selfish parent aging issue,
13. Betty Broome has never been incentivized for her contributions to the family,
14. Dad's reluctance to hire a professional nurse assistant who would see through his manipulative drug scheduling,
15. Dad's charming personality protects him from doubt by observers,
16. Mom's surroundings are relatively enviable but hide her from improvement,
17. Mom's advanced age creates the expectation she can't have a better quality of life,
18. Mom is easily convinced she is lazy and guilty especially when drugged or drinking,
19. and Mom's overwhelming wish to make everything polite and classy at the risk of her own harm.
20. It's convenient to most lazy family members to have the matriarch drift in and out of consciousness, even though it's completely unnecessary and horrifically cruel to the woman who gave her life to us.

I don't think Mom's internal organs can take all this medication and she certainly can't get physical therapy or have regular BMs at an appropriate rigor or frequency.

I'm not going to interfere with the adult protection institutions who determine they need to remove Mom from this environment, where no one can or will keep Mom safe from Dr. Taylor's overmedication.

4/5/24 Betty Broome report

8:20 I overslept and came downstairs while dad was making coffee in the kitchen. Mom didn't have her oxygen on so I put it on her and asked what she wanted for breakfast. Dad arrived and Mom said she wanted donuts. Dad told me where to go to get them so I left.

9:00 I returned from the donut shop and Ashley was talking to Dad. Mom was mostly knocked out as I gave them kalachi's and donuts and Ashley closed the bedroom door.

10:30 Mom was moved into the living room in the wheelchair and though she was clearly too drugged to remember or benefit by it, I was encouraged Ashley was trying to get mom out of the bedroom.

Dad's exaggerated baby talk, referring to comments he's repeated for years about the view of the backyard, made it clear he was uncomfortable how obvious it was Mom was drugged.

After some time with Mom saying, "I need help. What do I do? and I felt sick!" Ashley started to move Mom to the recliner. It was good that Ashley was trying to keep Mom out in the living room but Ashley does not recognize the difference between Mom's drugged state and her undrugged state.

Ashley was making an excellent attempt to be persistent and keep Mom from lying in bed all day. But because Mom was completely drugged Ashley had to go through a long process of having Mom say, she wants to get in the chair and get out of the wheelchair and then changed your mind when Ashley started to move toward Mom. This went on for a while.

Ashley doesn't recognize yet that Mom is trying to get back in bed and politely remove herself from the situation even when she is completely drugged or intoxicated.

Ashley finally got Mom to commit to getting in the recliner chair but forgot to remove the oxygen hose on Mom's head. As she attempted to move Mom from the wheel chair to the living room chair the oxygen hose was caught on the wheelchair and was pulling tightly against Mom's nose. Mom was too drugged to explain so she held on to the wheelchair attempting to stop the pain on her face.

Ashley was not able to force mom from the wheelchair to the recliner and was caught between. I got up and quickly took off the air tubes, pried Mom's fingers from the wheel chair and lifted Mom using the opposite arm which Ashley was lifting.

We got whimpering Mom into the recliner and she was upset because of the confusion and force required. But Mom was clearly trying to make the situation less upsetting for everyone by remaining as calm as she could in her drugged state.

Dad continued with his baby talk about the birds.

12:00 Neal arrived and said he thought about calling to see what we want to eat for lunch but waited in case we already had plans.

1:30 Mom was moved to bedroom exhausted but just starting to come out of the drugging enough to make her wishes known. It's cruel and ironic that so few people recognize when Mom is coming out of one of the (sometimes several) daily druggings. Mom will often want to be moved to the bedroom so she is not a bother to anyone or the center of attention, without having her hair fixed or dressed for company.

I told my brothers they should go in the bedroom and talk to Mom now she's coming out of her stupor for the afternoon. I told Mom to defend herself when she has moments free of the drugs so people will start recognizing when she's drugged and not drugged.

Ashley said not to be negative. I said what Ashley says doesn't matter to me. If Ashley is with us long enough she will be one of the few who is with Mom often enough to start recognizing the difference between Mom's drugged states.

So far Ashley seems more interested in looking away and having free time to look at her phone. She has not recognized the difference yet.

1:30 Neal and Mark went into the bedroom and started talking to Mom. I was very

excited to see Mom involved in the conversation so I left them to talk without me. I hoped someone beside myself could start to see the difference between Mom being drugged and not being drugged.

Shortly after entering the room Mark and Neal started talking to Ashley about makeup and her youthfulness. Mom did her best to listen to the conversation going on around her until she fell asleep or pretended to fall asleep.

2:30 Mark and Neal left the house with me and Dad in the living room. We listened to political videos.

3:20 Dad went in the Bedroom where Mom was sleeping and Ashley was sitting.

4:30 Mark and Neal returned having brought seafood from Sam's, everyone ate and Ashley left for the day.

5:00 Mark and Neal were clearly drinking and argumentative. Mark left for the day.

5:30 I started my exercise and suggested that Neal talk to Mom while she is in one of her rare undrugged moments.

6:30 Neal talked to Mom and Dad in the bedroom.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went in with Mom and Dad to get their plates and glasses. We all looked for Dad's eye patch to protect Mom's healing infected eye. The eye patch was not found and Neal went to Mark's for the night.

4/4/24 Betty Broome report

A reminder

On December 7th and 8th 2023 I interviewed "certified nurses" with specializations and experience in "physical therapy and ostomy care". I hired Maribel D. to care for Mom while we took Dad to

Museums and golf driving ranges to give Maribel D. a chance to work with Mom ,asses Mom's needs and adjust Moms care professionally.

Maribel was not allowed do her job because dad interfered. After I spent thousands of dollars, Dad and Neal (the family power of attorney) knew I was serious about finding someone to care for Mom and Dad properly. So Neal and dad hired Shelley and Ashley.

Dad is able to stop Ashley and Shelley from interfering with his keeping Mom inactive and ostomy unserviced. Whereas he would not have been able to do so with a professional certified nurse.

6:00 I included Ashley in the list of recipients for the report I write every day for adult protective services.

6:30 I asked if my parents wanted croissants for breakfast and Dad suggested cinnamon toast croissants.

7:38 Dad asked Mom to wait to change her later. Mom said she was itching. Dad said he has super cream for that.

9:00 Ashley arrived visibly upset saying, she was going to do everything perfect. Dad comforted her and she was no longer focused.

9:40 After after Ashley finished working with Mom in the morning, I asked how Mom felt. Mom said Ashley gave her a good bath and really good work out. That was encouraging.

10:00 Ashley started cooking. She made excellent chicken and rice. Mom was mostly medicated throughout the day and feeling uncomfortable with the eye patch which remained from the infected eye she developed the day before. Ashley watched the Parry Mason and then "Friends" series in the bedroom with Mom.

2:40 Ashley left for the day.

4:00 Mark and I ran errands and picked up fried chicken because that is what Mom asked for.

5:00 Mom and Dad ate.

5:30 I exercised.

7:00 I went to bed. Mom was still not communicating normally after a whole day of sedation.

4/3/24 Betty Broome report

6:00 I asked if Mom wanted Watermelon, Blueberry shortcake, or bacon and eggs for

breakfast and she said, no. She was barely responsive and her right eye was badly swollen. I wiped her eye with a warm wet wash cloth. Dad said he didn't want anything to eat because he was fasting for tests.

8:00 Dad went to the doctor. I asked

Mom if she was ready for breakfast and she said, no. I asked if she wanted to play Uno or watch TV and she said she felt sick and didn't want to do anything. When Mom says she feels sick it's usually because she has not eliminated feces and feels fragile. We've got to stop Doctor Taylor and Dad from sedating Mom. Mom's ability to move will assist her lack of BMs and her sedated loss of humanity every day.

The family should have noticed Mom's chemical loss of communicability when she first started her terrified attempts to get out of bed saying, "I've got to get up." Imagine how scary it must have been to have her clever husband attempting to calm her, by reminding her she is old and it was time for them too except death.

Doctor Taylor responded with more knockout drugs and at one point she was found to be taking incompatible anti depressants. Now the combination of her sensitive and her blood thinner knock her out completely.

Mom must have known back when she was first being drugged. She was still fighting back, because she wasn't used to giving up her personality to her Impersonal Dr. Taylor and her unwittingly controlling care giver husband.

Any the internet search of the doctor's diagnosis showed that Mom had as little as thirty days to live. So she was being put out of her misery with drugs starting in November of 2019.

But Mom is stronger than that. It's been five years. She should be allowed to do physical therapy and interact with her family unencumbered.

8:30 Mark and Dad arrived and went out to breakfast.

9:00 Ashley and Teresa arrived and Ashley closed the door to the bedroom. I have still never seen Ashley exercise Mom in these two months she has been with us. And her absences, due to illness, have added up to more than a full work week.

9:30 Ashley moved Mom into the living room for the second time since March 2nd, so

they could change the bedding. Mom was barely tolerating the move in her drugged state repeating, "I feel sick." "What do I do?"

Mom needs her ostomy irrigated so she can feel more comfortable when she moves. When I first suggested irrigation Ashley said "she is past that". So it appears Ashley does not think Mom is capable of exercising for the improvement of getting to the toilet. That may be why Ashley doesn't exercise Mom like the physical therapist does.

It's true that the lift machine is too large to get Mom to the bathroom for irrigation enemas or urination for now, but with fun encouragement like the physical therapist provides, it shouldn't take long to get Mom strong enough to walk into the bathroom herself.

10:00 Theresa and I cleaned up the upstairs and plan to do the bookshelves next week. Mark and dad returned from breakfast.

12:00 Margaret arrived with ostomy supplies that didn't include an irrigation kit. Dad had been told Margaret was bringing medicine for Mom's eye which had swollen closed by this time. Margaret said she wasn't able to get the medication on the way to this visit. She put some of Dad's eye medicine on Mom and Mark went out to get some more medicine, which was suggested by Margaret.

12:30 Ashley moved mom back into the bedroom. Margaret left.

1:00 The physical therapy (supervisor) gave Mom a really excellent workout for 30 minutes while Dad was at the grocery getting supplies for Ashley to make potato soup. It was fantastic to watch this new physical therapist work with Mom because he went through all the exercises with full extensions and raising her limbs high every time. His personality was clearly part of getting Mom to participate in a health building way.

It would have been extremely valuable for Ashley to have watched him work. But Ashley focused on Dad's orders which don't include working with Mom other than to feed, massage and move her.

Mom was flush with circulation when she finished her workout and she seemed delighted she gave such a great effort. I feel like Mom was motivated because the therapist allowed me to see her working so someone else knew she was working hard. But that's just a guess. The physical therapist asked me to sign something and said we would keep Mom in the program because she is obviously getting stronger.

1:30 Dad returned with soup supplies. I fell asleep.

3:00 I woke and Ashley gave me my bedding from the dryer. It was still soaking wet. I don't know what she was thinking.

4:32 Ashley left for the day. I played uno with Mom for an hour after Dad gave her a grilled cheese sandwich.

6:00 I did my exercise watching PBS news hour.

7:00 I told Mom and Dad that Nova was going to be a really good one about futurism tonight. I went upstairs for the night.

4/2/24 Betty Broome report

6:00 I went to Mom and Dad's bedroom and asked if they wanted cereal for breakfast. Dad said no and mom waved to me alert and clear eyed. Dad said, "we are going to take a nap". So I knew Dad was going to drug Mom and didn't want me to talk to her before he did.

7:30 Dad came to the bedroom door and asked if I was still serving breakfast. I said, "yes, do you want cereal?" He said, "yes cereal and berries". I brought them a tray and Mom said. "What do I do now? What do I do now?" She ate a little bit of the cereal.

When I picked up the trays a few minutes later Mom said , "what do I do now? What do I do now?" No one will be able to do anything but comfort Mom with a kind voice for hours because Dad doped Mom with Dr Taylor's prescriptions.

8:48 Mom is coughing. When Mom is drugged it is extremely hard to get her to exercise, move her to the living room or to take her outside.

9:00 Mark brought coffee. I told Mark that when I told Dad Mark was looking for Mom's exercise rubber band Dad found it without looking. It was under packages of diapers. I told Dad at that time yesterday, "maybe the vertical leg exercise first lift jacket was under the diaper packages too".

9:10 I went in parent's room and asked if Mark exercised Mom's feet and he didn't say anything. Mark was on his phone and left. So I got the rubber band and did four

exercises of Mom's upper legs and ankles. I asked if Mom wanted to read the paper and she said, I don't want to do anything. So I left the room.

10:30 Dad asked what we have for lunch. I fixed turkey and cheese roll ups in lettuce. Mom said, "I don't know how." She ate half as did Dad. I fixed blueberry shortcake for dessert.

11:00 I heated up and gave Mom the second half of the coffee Mark brought her. The combination of too few BMs and too many medications make Mom feel sick, fragile and lazy. So asking her to exercise or get up from the bed is challenging.

12:15 Mark came to get Dad to go to the doctor.

12:40 Mark took Dad to the Doctor and Mom is overmedicated and unable to communicate normally. I asked if she wants me to use the lift to put her in the living room chair and she said no. She said she needed to go to the bathroom and I told her I could put her on the vertical lift with the feet exercise jacket and she could sit on the toilet. She said maybe later.

I unfolded a diaper next to her and left the room for her to change her diaper. She asked me to help her move to the center of the bed and I helped her. She also did a very few leg exercises and fell into a drugged fitful sleep.

<https://youtu.be/2annTxo3m5Y?si=bOBrpHldF1JuOi4f>

If Dad or Doctor Taylor stop giving Mom the zombie drugs now, they may think they will be admitting to the 5 years of abuse by keeping Mom from physical therapy, regular BMs and interaction with family. But we will be grateful to have Mom back and nothing more.

1:30 I watched a documentary about Lyme disease while Mom slept. I've been telling Dad for 3 decades I think he has Lyme disease which caused his arthritis and some of other issues.

The documentary explained how profit seeking has kept an enormous number of suffers from being cured when the cure is simple.

2:30 Byran arrived while Mom was trying to change her diaper for the second time today. So he said he would help her before he does her physical therapy. He also said he would use the lift to exercise her feet.

2:40 Dad and Mark returned from the doctor. Mom has been convinced by Dad that the exercise lift jacket will make her look awkward. Byran couldn't get Mom to use it in front of Dad. But he did tell Dad the lift was going to be important for Mom to get used to standing.

I apologized to Byran for Mom being overmedicated and Dad said, "Mom is never over medicated". I said "Mom is constantly over medicated by doctor Taylor's initial misdiagnosis 5 years ago." Dad went on to say about me, "He thought Mom was overmedicated last night when I didn't even give her the sedation medicine." I hope everyone knows by now that Dad has more than one cruel incapacitating medication he uses on Mom for different effects.

5:00 Dad asked what we had for supper and I said, "I could make hamburgers." I fixed hamburger steak with onion gravy and peas. They ate it all.

7:00 There was no reason to visit them with mom knocked out tonight. I don't understand how Dad is not aware of his cognitive dissonance between talking and interacting with everyone normally and on the other hand mistreating Mom using obvious over medication with Dr Taylor's prescriptions and neglect of Mom's physical therapy and ostomy.

I think Dad rationalizes how obvious it all is because of inconvenience. It would be terribly inconvenient to take notice of the fact that the entire house smells like whichever alcohol they drink because it ends up in Mom's diapers and is walked through the house.

But it's just an offensive smell the family pretends not to notice out of politeness. All of the obvious indicators that Mom is relentlessly drugged on and off everyday are too sick and impossible to allow themselves too consider in the front of their thoughts. So Mom continues to drift in and out of consciousness thinking it's her own fault for being lazy.

The family is not following the prescription which is, Mom is not allowed to drink alcohol while she is on doctor Taylor's medications. I don't know if Neal will be legally accountable for Mom's damaged liver or kidneys. But It's going to be discovered soon.

4/1/24 Betty Broome report

8:30 I couldn't sleep last night, so I slept late and Mom had already been knocked out on doctor Taylor's drugs. Little chance to exercise Mom's legs or help her be active enough to have good BMs.

10:30 Mark came with coffee.

11:00 Dad made a big deal out of leaving the door open and going Out in the garage. So I know Mom is going to be out for hours.

11:33 Dad put Swiss steak sauce on rice for Mom. She had at least another half a day stolen from her.

1:00 I brought medicated Mom an easter egg salad sandwich and she said no, so I gave it to Dad. Dad said thanks.

1:45 Dad was in the garage so I asked Mom if she stays awake all night and if I could visit her then. She said yes. Then I asked Mom if she wanted anything to eat and she said a sandwich. I told her I would make a turkey sandwich and I brought it to her. But Dad was back in the bed next to her and she said she didn't want it. I offered it to Dad and he said he and Mom had already eaten ham sandwiches.

2:50 Mom is still drugged out.

3:50 Dad closed the door to the bedroom.

5:00 I went in the bedroom while dad was working on the computer and mom let me exercise her feet even though she was not talking. I watched the news for a while and dad started talking about politics. I read to delirious Mom from the newspaper.

6:00 I went outside the door to do my exercise for an hour with PBS news hour.

7:00 I went in the bedroom and the whole room smelled like stale wine. I asked mom if she wanted a banana shake and she wouldn't wake up. Dad said he would wake her up and he said, "she wants a shake." I fixed banana shakes for all of us. I turned on America's antique road show and she started watching.

7:40 Dad went to the bathroom and while he was gone. Mom asked me to ask him to change her. When Dad came back I told him Mom wanted to be changed and I left the room to give them privacy.

8:12 I came back in the room to watch antique road show with them but Mom was drug spasming so badly in her sleep I left to go upstairs. It looks like Dad really wanted to show me up today by drugging Mom three times.

I'm trying to be patient waiting for Dad to stop drugging Mom. But he's doing it for control and convenience, and I don't know where to draw the line before letting the authorities take over.

If Mom wasn't the one being made compliant with prescription drugs, she would probably pay any amount of her half of the families wealth, (if she had control of any money.) to stop these druggings. She would have bribed Dr Taylor and Dad to escape the 5 years, of days, weeks and years stolen by the doctor's zombie drugs.

Dad has made himself prematurely unfit physically with years monitoring Mom's isolation, strategic overmedication, inadequate toilet attending. He has gradually developed habits disincentivizing Mom from being active.

Dad will benefit as much as Mom with health and quality of life if we are patient enough for him to stop drugging Mom. But the authorities are going to take Mom forcibly if he doesn't wake up soon. He drugged her all day today!

Its been 5 YEARS family has neglected Mom and Mom's compliment Stockholm syndrome makes her appear complicit. The count down to an unpleasant removal is shortening.

3/31/24 Betty Broome report

6:30 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted sweet or savory easter breakfast? Mom said she wanted coffee. I fixed coffee for them and brought it to them.

7:00 I brought all the supplies for Mom to dye Easter eggs. She seemed to really enjoy it.

7:30 Dad said he wanted eggs and bacon. I fixed a tray for them. Mom was completely alert and almost jumped out of the bed for her food. I wish I would have required her to get in the wheelchair and eat at the table when she was so energetic. I watched TV till I could take their trays.

8:00 Mark and dad went to home depot. Mom and I read the paper together on her new tablet.

9:00 Mom said she wanted to go outside, so I put her in the wheelchair and we went outside of the bedroom for the first time since march 2nd a month ago.

https://youtu.be/Eo5zECdO9JA?si=28iRvhWsx3_ly795

Mom is desperately full of feces so she almost always feels sick or fragile. She also feels dizzy from being overmedicated by doctor Taylor and Dad. She doesn't have BMs often enough so, she can't get comfortable. These horrible discomforts she thinks are inevitable now need to be cared for immediately and consistently by experts like the one I hired last year.

11:00 Mark and Dad returned.

1:39 Mark left saying Mom was very upset with me.

2:00 Brian arrived and Mom was delirious till he started talking to her directly. She was completely involved in the conversation and pressed him to get his eyes checked.

2:59 Mom, Dad and Brian called Neal and Mom held her own in the conversation.

3:50 Brant called and talked to Brian.

Mom was delighted when they mentioned the fish market and Dad asked if he would need a passport if he moved there. Brian and Brant spoke till 4:08.

5:50 Supper arrived with Mark and Connie. It was excellent ham, sweet potatoes and asparagus.

6:00 I fell asleep.

10:00 I woke when I heard a loud sound at ten o'clock. Mom and Dad were watching Perry Mason and it was the TV show that woke me. Mom was medicated because she asked for me to get up early with them so we could go to the other house. There is no other house.

3/30/24 Betty Broome report

6:30 I brought Mom and Dad watermelon for breakfast. I wiped mom's eyes with a warm wash cloth and then brought her coffee and orange slices. I told her how nice it was outside and she said she could see the sun coming in.

7:00 The televisions weren't working so I asked Mom to let me put her in the wheelchair and go outside for entertainment. Dad gave Mom a break from medications this

morning and it was lucky because her son's called her and Mark visited. Everyone was able to talk to Mom.

8:00 Dad and I talked to the cable representatives to see if we could get the televisions to work but we only got the one in the bedroom going.

11:00 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted turkey sandwiches and they said, not yet. I guess Dad wanted to test if I could tell when Mom is medicated because he usually doesn't wait this wait to knock her out. She's out of it now.

11:30 Dad uncharacteristically called me in the bedroom with medicated Mom to watch a show about the origin of the universe. But as soon as Mom started spasming and making noises in her unconscious state he said, "we don't have to watch the whole show". I called his bluff and said, it was fine and we should see it all

12:00 Dad fell asleep and choked on his saliva waking loudly. I asked again if they wanted turkey sandwiches and Dad pushed Mom few times asking if she wanted a sandwich. As I was walking out of the bedroom Dad said, yes.

12:15 I fixed deli turkey sandwiches with all the fixings and cut them into small pieces. Mom said, she doesn't know how to eat without her head. She said, "help me, I can't eat when i'm laying down". Counterintuitively Dad laid the bed back further and she started eating. I asked what they wanted to drink and Mom said, coke and Dad said tea.

12:30 Dad said he couldn't find the physics show we were watching so we started watching Barney Miller. I went upstairs.

3:33 Dad called me and asked if we could have left over Swiss steak for supper at 5:00 and I said yes.

5:00 I brought Swiss steak potatoes and peas to Mom and Dad. Mom is starting to come out of her medication. I listened to NPR and when they were finished eating I took their trays and went to bed.

I hope Dad is becoming clear headed enough to throw away the irresponsible doctor Taylor's sedatives and let Mom have her physical therapy and interaction with family, professionals and friends.

7:00 One of my ex students Anthony Savoy called whose mother died recently and he told me his mother's sisters came and stole his mother's car, her insurance and his

personal credit card saying, he can't take care of himself. Now he's left with no way to pay his mortgage unless he involves the law. You would think you would be able to depend on family.

3/29/24 Betty Broome report

6:00 Dad gave Mom a grape-nuts cereal breakfast early. I sat with Mom and labeled old pictures.

7:00 Dad left with Mark to have the Doctor look at Dad's eye surgery from yesterday.

8:00 I took video of Mom till she passed out.

<https://youtu.be/vV0ei1t4WHc?si=c1dEJLDp1WJ9WnX1>

9:00 Mom passed out.

9:27 Mark and Dad came home, and I watched part of a movie with Dad.

10:00 I started cooking Swiss steak.

12:00 Shelly and Ashley arrived and gave Mom a shower.

1:00 I served lunch.

1:30 Ashley and I cleaned the kitchen and dishes.

2:30 Dad asked Ashley to remove some of the medicine from his weekly organizer as instructed by his doctor.

3:00 Mark visited Mom and Dad.

3:30 Mark went to get a haircut.

4:00 I made grilled cheese sandwiches and crab for Mom, Dad and Ashley.

4:49 Ashley left.

5:00 Dad closed the door and I did 2 hours of exercise before bed.

Mom falling asleep after a long night's sleep is obvious. Everyone knows when Mom is drugged, like she was this morning wasting half of her day without exercise. So at least it

is exposed. But that doesn't change the group pretense about why it continues as if it's inevitable.

The guilty drug prescriber, Dr. Taylor is the supplier and originator of this hell with professional credibility, which may actually provide him with comforting distance from this five year crime against Mom's atrophied legs.

Dad benefited by a lifetime of slave labor from Mom who still trusts him as he unconsciously destroys her. He was given zombie drugs for Mom 5 years ago when he and Mom got a premature terminal diagnosis. The temptation is too great to have his aging wife in complete control with a mixture of drugs and alcohol selected for various levels of her consciousness.

Neal suffered a terrible loss in his wife's family when his psychologically immature wife lost her mother to a selfish father. The similarities to Mom's present ignored opportunities for stimulation and independence contribute to their lack of participation. This blinds the couple from using their power of attorney to stop Dr Taylor from supplying Dad with the tempting zombie drugs for Mom.

Mom has been completely controlled for 5 years by her trusted captor and her distant children. Mom used to fight back but was given sedating drugs on top of the paralyzing side effects of Xarelto and alcohol when she rebelled. The alcohol caused her to fall and was not blamed for her loss of control. Mom is blamed and discouraged from walking.

Now Mom welcomes her cruel Stockholm syndrome, drifting in and out of consciousness, controlled by her man and her Doctor.

But must knowing why Mom's terrible neglect is happening doesn't make it go away quickly. As it's exposed repeatedly it becomes more obvious to everyone. But admitting it creates guilt and culpability among the family members. Most won't accept the obvious, without blaming the one exposing the years of abuse.

Most of the time all I can do is be here in case Mom gets so over drugged. I fear I may have to resuscitate or stop her from choking at any time. But quite often I can make a suggestion which is accepted by the physical therapist or someone who hasn't given up on Mom.

3/28/24 Betty Broome report

6:30 I came downstairs and asked what Mom wanted to eat and remind Dad he should

not eat before his surgery at 8:30. He acted guilty I was helping him. I fixed bagels with butter and jelly for Mom.

7:00 We all watched the news while I wiped Mom's eyes with a warm wash cloth and she was alert at first.

7:30 Mark came and got Dad to go for his cataract surgery. When they left I asked Mom if she wanted to play cards and she said yes. Dad came into the room twice before they left for the hospital. The video of us playing cards is a good example to watch how Mom falls into the drugged state when she's given Dr. Taylor's inappropriate medications.
<https://youtu.be/q12X6gALwYI?si=lcSDOLxL42pUlcjL>

9:05 Ashley Arrived and I told her, Mom needs her help to put her diaper on because she tried to change herself.

After Ashley changed Mom's diaper she asked if Mom has been given her medicine this morning because she was supposed to give it to Mom herself and it's already gone. I said, "You can tell Mom is already partially sedated because she had to stop playing Uno. And she also seemed to be partially sedated last night as well."

I said, there was a lot of medicine on the counter in the bathroom this morning and I took a picture of it before it disappeared. Ashley looked at the picture and said that was not Mom's medicine. I said, I'm glad you recognize that but then she foolishly parroted Dad saying, "none of Mom's medicine should make her sleepy except for the anti depressant which should only be mild."

I told Ashley the anti depressant combined with the blood thinner causes Mom to be paralyzed and Ashley said that mom doesn't take a blood thinner. I said that would be a new improvement if it is true. But I showed her Mom's daily pill container where we saw she is still taking the blood thinner Xarelto which paralyzes Mom, especially when it's in combination with the anti depressant drug. I said that Ashley should know that. Ashley said she would look up Xarelto.

I brought Mom some apple slices and when she was finished she asked for orange slices so I brought some to her.

We finished watching the episode of Dennis the menace we were watching when Ashley arrived and watched one more episode before. We started watching Friends with Ashley at ten o'clock.

10: 05 I checked Mom's vegetable garden and found ten plants were growing and showed a photograph of it to Mom. I went in the living room to call Dr. Taylor.

Message To Dr. Taylor's secretary 2814693949

"I'm Joe Broome junior calling for Betty Broome. Judy. You're a woman and you know how some men can think they are allowed to control women like my Dad does with Doctor Taylor's sedating and constipating prescriptions. You've got to get through to doctor Taylor and please remove Dad's paralyzing pills from this house before the adult protective services take Mom forcibly.

Dad is not able to control himself. The past two days he let Mom be independent for most of the day but today when he went for Cataract surgery I guess he felt he needed to knock mom out.

Judy, You know, you've been through things like this with men in your life and you know it's not fair to Mom to be made into a zombie like this so many days a week for 5 years. Please give her a chance to do her physical therapy and enjoy her family."

11:00 Ashley fixed a hotdogs for Mom.

12:00 Mom was still knocked out so I decided to video her while she was alone in the bedroom for 30 minutes.

Dad and Mom were raised in a time when many women were not allowed their independence. So when Dad was tempted with zombie like controls over Mom with Dr Taylor's premature end of life medication, Dad lost control. Only when I moved in with them to get my surgery for a month 3 years ago, was anyone a witness to their daily routines. I was there long enough to see how Dad uses various combinations of the medicine to convince everyone Mom is past communication or mobility.

Eventually Ashley came in the room from the bathroom.

From this video you can see Mom's fitful drugged sleep and how much of the time Ashley disappears without explanation when Mom is drugged out. Some attendants are like Ashley, taking advantage of the times Dad incapacitates Mom.

<https://youtu.be/7Pr3HNlUmUU?si=jppmDDiDdqNsYOZo>

1:00 Dad and Mark came home and Ashley made a hot dog for dad.

1:30 Mark went over Mom's meds and closed the bedroom door to discuss them with Ashley. I didn't participate because I know Dad has planted the seeds of confusion about Mom with Mark and Ashley and Doctor Taylor's medications. The drugs will have to be removed by their prescriptive source.

2:00 Byran came and did a great workout with mom even standing her up for a few seconds. At last Mom is starting to see what it's like to stand again. Byran is one of the few who know Mom's potential.

2:30 I put up some Easter decorations and Mom was delighted.

3:30 Ashley made burgers. And it appears Dad only drugged Mom once today because Mom is coming out of it now.

3:50 Mom talked on phone to one of her local friends for about 30 minutes laughing loudly almost the whole time. It was beautiful to hear her laughing again. Mark left.

4:00 Dad came and watched an astronomy show with me for a while until we decided sit with Mom who was watching the baseball game by herself. Dad is not used to taking Mom's feelings in consideration unless he's doing it for show in front of someone. Part of the reason is just that they both take each other for granted after eighty years together but I'm sure this numbness to each other will disappear once he gets excited about having Mom participated in life again.

4:30 Ashley left and I left Mom and Dad to watch the baseball game themselves.

6:00 Dad took drinks in the bedroom and Mom said she wanted something done. Dad said, let's enjoy our drinks first.

I went upstairs for the night.

3/27/24 Betty Broome report

9:00 Ashley and Teresa arrived. I overslept because my ear ache has not gone away. I folded my clothes and talked to Teresa until Ashley came in the room hearing Theresa, talk about a big family get together for easter.

Ashley said her and her boyfriend had been reading up about religious matters and

discovered that the change from April to March this year was the work of Satan. So they weren't going to celebrate easter anymore. It's infuriating to hear such stupid superstitious nonsense.

I think it's dangerous to have someone who has never been to high school as a personal assistant for Mom. Especially when she keeps giving prescriptions of medical advice which corroborates Dad's request for Mom not to have any activity.

9:20 Ashley brought peanut butter sandwich and orange slices to mom.

9:30 Mom didn't want the peanut butter sandwich but she ate the orange slices and Mom was speaking completely coherently. It's a rare opportunity for her to have a good workout and she asked to be taken to the living room so they could change her sheets.

Ashley said she wouldn't be taking Mom to the living room because she didn't want to risk hurting her ribs for the full five weeks Dr Taylor suggested. I mentioned the fact that Mom is not hurting in the ribs, but from being constipated and full of feces. Inactivity is more convenient for Dad and Ashley but pure misery for Mom.

9:48 I went to the drug store to get ear medicine.

10:30 Got back from the store. Shelly was in the bedroom with mom and Ashley. Ashley was going on about how Mom should not be moved.

When Mom is not so medicated like today she tells everyone she wants them to go in the other room so she can sleep.

Mom is embarrassed and over polite, not wanting to bother anyone with a woman who can't get up and do something for them. Shelley and Ashley went into the dining room and took account of Mom's medications. I told Shelly our family is so over-polite it's taken years to stop Dad from knocking Mom out with drugs.

I also said I didn't want to fall into the trap of being over-polite and I mentioned that Ashley should remember not to give mom the same thing every day like the peanut butter yesterday and today, she should cut mom's sandwiches so they are more manageable for her to handle and she shouldn't talk about superstitious things. Things like Easter and Taylor Swift being satanic. I said it just isn't necessary around our house full of educated people.

11:00 Margaret the Wednesday Nurse Arrived and Shelley was getting ready to go. I was

glad Shelly saw Mom was still reading the paper rather than sleeping like she said she wanted to. Shelly needs to see how Mom tricks people into leaving her alone.

12:00 I went back to the store to get the food Ashley requested for the rest of the week.

1:25 Back from the store, I put away the groceries and Dad and I watched an old movie. While Ashley and Mom watched an eighties dance movie. Mom watched the whole thing while Ashley kept Mom interested by dancing and singing along with the show.

4:30 Ashley was going to make hamburgers for supper but Mark said he had chicken he wanted to bring. Ashley asked Mom if she was wet. Mom said yes. Ashley said she would change her and closed the door.

4:45 Mark brought chicken and we all ate.

5:00 Ashley left and I asked Mom if she wanted to play cards or exercise again and she said no. She did exercise her feet for about 5 minutes.

6:00 Earlier Ashley said that mom sat up several times during the movie. This may be part of the activity Dad is trying to suppress instead of exercising Mom's legs. He should be stopping the alcohol and setting up barriers to stop her from climbing out of bed. He just gives her sedatives that make her sleep all day.

I asked mom to please not drink alcohol because she's gonna fall now that she's starting to get strong enough to be close to standing up. I said, she's in a transition period where she's just about to start walking with the walker again, so she needs to be careful and not drink alcohol. She said she wanted wine. I told her I'm going to exercise.

I exercised for an hour, Said good night to them and went to bed.

3/26/24 Betty Broome report

8:00 Dad called me and said, "fried eggs in five minutes." I went down and asked Mom if anyone wiped her eyes this morning and she said no. As I wiped her eyes with a warm wash cloth she said, "cold cold cold" so she must be medicated already.

I said it looks like you're already drugged out this morning. She said, "I want to be drugged out." Sounds like a statement Dad would gaslight her with. Dad must have

medicated Mom early because I came to their room so early yesterday.

Dad came in with my breakfast first. It was beautifully laid out and tasted great. While he was getting Mom's tray in the kitchen, I asked Mom what she wanted to do today and she said, "nothing."

Dad came back with Mom's breakfast and I left the room so Dad could sit in the chair next to her.

8:30 I came back in the bedroom when Dad took the trays away. He said, he would get Mom some more coffee. I asked Mom to move her feet and she started doing her leg exercises. But she stopped as Dad entered the room with coffee. Dad said, she could do her leg exercises while she drinks coffee. But Mom didn't continue.

Dad started talking about the attack in Gaza saying, "Netanyahu was a monster who had his power taken away a couple of times so now he's out of control." I couldn't help but make the connection between Dad and his monstrous misuse of control over Mom's medications, exercise and independence.

Dad must have known what I was thinking because when Mom started babbling incoherently, Dad said, he was going to stop giving Mom the sedation medication for a while to see how that works. He said he knows she's going to get giddy again like the last times.

9:00 Mark, Veronica and Ashley arrived. Veronica started washing Mom's hair, Dad told me I should put on shoes to play golf and I said, I wouldn't be playing golf until Mom stopped being drugged and I could know she wasn't going to stop breathing during the game.

10:00 We all sat around and talked around Mom after Veronica left.

10:30 Ashley gave Mom peanut butter jelly sandwiches and berries and Dad and Mark went to the doctor.

11:00 Brian arrived as Mom started to be more alert.

11:30 Dad and Mark came back from the Doctor.

12:00 Ashley washed and exercised Mom so Brian and I went out of the bedroom.

12:30 Dad, Mark and Brian left for golf.

1:00 Ashley started watching the same movie Brian suggested.

4:00 Dad, Mark and Brian returned from golf. Ashley tried to put on the hearing aids for mom and they didn't seem to work. She also discussed the rules about what she is allowed to do in the places she works.

4:22 Brian left and returned.

4:54 Ashley left.

5:17 The movie ended and Mom wanted the mail. Brian checked the mail. Brian was impressed how Ashley found the movie he suggested. Ashley said that byran wasn't allowed to do anything but sit up mom and do a couple of arm exercises.

6:00 I started my exercise and Mom watched from the bedroom. I kept calling out to her telling her to exercise her legs. She doesn't appear to have been drugged more than once in the early morning today. So she was somewhat able to respond to family, and helps the second half of the day.

7:00 I finished my exercise and went to bed.

3/25/24 Betty Broome report

6:00 Dad was fixing pancakes for all of us. Mom, talked about how long she had before Ashley would arrive. I opened the middle window curtains to let the light in.

Mom asked about the weather and I told her it was supposed to rain today. She asked when Mark was going to come with coffee. I said it would probably be a good bit later because we got up so early this morning.

6:30 Dad came in with trays of pancakes and said, "we are going to make life pleasant with Joe." It sounds contrived, like one of Dad's manipulative strategies. But Mom hasn't fallen into a drugged stupor yet and I said, "that sounds great."

Mom asked when Brian was coming to visit and Dad said he's probably resting up. Mom asked why and dad said, he is coming to play golf tomorrow. Dad said he wouldn't play tomorrow but he would ride along with the ones of us who would play. I didn't say anything, but i'm not interested in playing with them until Dad and Dr Taylor stop

drugging Mom.

Mom was in a great mood and asked when we can go visit Brant in Seattle. Dad said we'll go someday. Mom said, "don't say someday because that means it might never happen". Dad suggested a plane trip, because it costs so much for gas to drive. But he said, having a car would be convenient when we got there.

I looked up the price of train trips and it is \$253 one way for the least expensive ticket. I told them and Mom said, she wanted to go in a train in 1 week. Dad suggested we wait 2 weeks for the amount of time her doctor told us her ribs need healing.

I found a departure time around seven o'clock April eighth and Mom said, she wants to go if we can get some of the brothers to go with us. I sent a text with the tentative schedule to everyone in the family.

Mom reminded me and dad about the last time we dropped off Brant at the bus station in Houston and then Mom said she wanted to sleep till Ashley arrived. It looks like Doctor Taylor's drugs are kicking in.

7:00 I left the room with the door open and Dad asked Mom, if she wants to go to Seattle in two weeks. She said, we will have to check with Dad's doctors but we'll see. She then said she needed to pee and dad reminded her to let it happen in her diaper. She said, "this is disagreeable." She must have been under the influence because this isn't her usual vernacular. I went upstairs.

8:30 I came downstairs and Mom was asleep with her face spasming, the television blaring loudly and Dad in the shower. I turned off the television and went to fix tea for the day.

9:00 When Ashley arrived Mom was not able to respond much more than to say she wants to sleep.

10:00 Mom has been knocked out since just before Ashley arrived. Ashley has been dutifully sitting next to her and Dad said Ashley gave Mom a good physical therapy work out, but I didn't see it. But when Mark arrived he was in the bedroom talking with Ashley and dad for a long time with the door closed.

12:00 Mom has been mostly knocked out since Ashley arrived, so I called and left a message with doctor Taylor's secretary.

Call to doctor Taylor's secretary.

I'm Joe Broome junior calling for Betty Broome. Dad is using Doctor Taylor's sedating and paralyzing prescriptions, when Mom needs physical therapy, to have regular BMs and to be able to communicate to family members. You've got to get through to doctor Taylor and get these sedating and constipating drugs out of the house so Mom can live again. His secretary said she would deliver the message and I would get a call tomorrow.

12:20 Ashley is fixing food.

2:33 Dad got out of the bed and asked me how the vertical lift jacket works. We put it on him so he could be lifted up and down and see where the pressures were. He said, this doesn't apply any pressure to her ribs or stomach.

He unfastened himself and said, we should wait another two weeks till Mom's ribs heal. It's terrifying trying to communicate with someone who is always calculating and pretending not to be keeping Mom inactive day after day.

3:25 Dad tried to wake Mom up and talk to her, wiping her face with a tissue. But Mom couldn't wake up. He pretended to talk to her about doing activities saying, we could try to put her in the car and go for a drive.

This was another day stolen from Mom by Dad and doctor Taylor's prescription drugs.

5:00 I shook Mom slightly to wake her and she looked up at me with her dead eyes. I asked her if she wanted something to eat and she said, "chicken". Dad jumped in and said to give her some of the barbecue chicken from day before yesterday.

I went in the kitchen and there was the gourmet chicken Mark brought us yesterday. I heated it up and brought it to Mom. Mom started eating it and I started my exercise. Dad went to her, got the plate and said "Mom wanted barbecue chicken and he would finish this."

5:30 Dad heated up a barbecue chicken leg, a little pulled chicken and brought it to Mom. Mom said she didn't want it and dad became upset.

He gave her the chicken several times and she ate some of it.

I don't understand how Doctor Taylor's nurse can live with herself knowing she's letting

Mom go through this.

7:00 At seven o'clock I finished my exercise And mom was starting to come out of her drug stupor. She spent most of the day drugged to unresponsiveness, probably because she showed so much independence this morning asking us to help her put together a trip to Seattle to see Brant.

9:40 I thought I heard Mom call and I checked their room. All the lights were on and the t v was loud, but they were both asleep.

3/24/24 report Betty Broome

7:00 I asked if Mom and Dad wanted cereal and fruit for breakfast and Mom said she didn't want any breakfast. I brought mom and dad satsuma orange's peeled and they ate them. Dad is continually typing on his phone. Then he went in the kitchen and brought us all bagels with cream cheese.

7:30 Mom asked me to go around the house and see how the house looks. I took a video all around the house, brought it back to Mom and she was intensely interested and watched it several times. I was starting to realize Mom was under the influence of one of the drugs and was hallucinating about being in another house. Mom asked dad if he would take her in the wheel chair around the house.

Dad said he would and he went into the bathroom and got the shower wheelchair while I got the regular wheelchair. Mom appeared to be uncomfortable with the shower chair possibly because of the opening under the groin. Dad said, once she is up maybe she will want to take a shower.

Mom changed her mind and didn't want to get in the chair. Dad acted like he was protecting Mom to stop me trying to lift her into the chair. I did 10 minutes of foot and leg exercise with Mom.

It's obvious dad drugged Mom and left the door open for me to come in to see her go from unmedicated to medicated. In his weakened mental state he doesn't seem to realize how obvious drugging Mom has become. Anything obvious like this would have been embarrassing to him when he was young.

9:30 Mark arrived with coffee, when in the bedroom and asked Mom what she wanted to do today. She said, she wanted to see the house. Dad said he tried to get her up this

morning. Most of the conversation was Mark and Dad saying they need to hire Ashley eight hours a day, so they won't lose her. Mom kept interjecting, "I don't want Ashley hanging around in my house" and Mark saying, "yes you do."

Dad was calculating how much it would cost a year for eight hours a day. Dad said Mom's insurance will only allow us to keep Ashley 5 years whether its 4 or 8 hours a day. No-one mentioned improving Mom's health and she was almost exclusively left out of the conversation.

9:50 Mark came out of the bedroom.

10:00 I went downstairs and asked Mark if he wanted breakfast. He said, no thank you. I asked Mom and Dad about breakfast and Mom said we already ate. I started talking to Mom about exercising. Mark came back in the bedroom and had a similar conversation with Dad about hiring Ashley full time.

Mom kept interjecting, she didn't want Ashley. I said, if Ashley ever starts doing the physical therapy like she's supposed to, Mom will not need her for the entire five years. Neither Dad or Mark took that into consideration. Dad tried to change the subject by suggesting we learn a barber shop quartet song. I looked on YouTube for instructions about how to sing a four part harmony song we all know from a movie our family is very familiar with. Mark left.

Mom was delirious and I left them alone. I didn't want to confront Dad about Mom's drugged state.

12:30 I fixed leftover barbecue chicken, red cabbage and biscuit with blackberry jam. Mom was barely conscious enough to eat some of it and asked for the rest to be put away for later.

Dad has proven he will have to have the drugs taken away from him to stop him from sedating Mom mercilessly.

1:08 Mom is hallucinating again on doctor Taylor's drugs and keeps asking for us to get the dust off of the vent over her bed in her new house. I dusted the places she asked me to with lemon pledge.

When she wasn't satisfied I got the vacuum cleaner with the brush attachment and vacuumed inside the vents. At one point she became very excited and pleased making

loud sounds. I don't know how dad lives with himself even with dementia. There wasn't anything on the vent, and this is about the 10th or 15th time I've cleaned them for her.

2:00 Mark arrived and talked to Mom and Dad with the door closed about 48 minutes.

2:48 Mark left saying he was going to cook dinner. Dad talked to Mom quietly till 3:34

3:34 Dad turned on the TV loudly.

6:00 Mark brought gourmet chicken and green beans to us with Mom so drugged she attempted to climb out of the bed past the safety rail while we were in the kitchen dividing up the food. Mark stayed for a few minutes and Mom must have eaten a few bites before he left.

As Mark left Mom called out to me to take her tray. She kept saying I should have the food. It's unlikely she will remember this extraordinary meal because Dad chose to drug her again. Her extraordinary meal is in the refrigerator.

It's hard to keep pretending Dad's not a hideous monster. Dad's particular brand of dementia is deceptive at a level I can't keep up with. I get caught up into conversations with him often forgetting the horror he's putting mom through. He's drugging Mom off and on for years like he did today.

At least I was allowed to spend the day with Mom yesterday playing games, singing songs, reading the paper and doing her exercises.

I'm not capable of making the judgment about Mom being taken away by one of the institutions which monitor her because I know how upsetting it will be for Mom. But those institutions need to judge from the cruel erratic druggings she has survived these past five years because of doctor Taylor's cruel misdiagnosis, Dad's selective druggings and Neal's commitment to their implementation.

I can't imagine how they think Mom deserves drifting in and out of hell for 5 years.

3/23/24 report

7:00 I asked if they wanted eggs and bacon, they said yes and I brought them trays. They ate all of it today.

8:00 I brought Mom a wooden and rope puzzle which she looked at for a couple of

seconds and handed over to Dad. This is indicative of the confusing kind of neglect which isn't seen by most people as neglect. Dad is sophisticated enough to know that he should coax Mom to work on the puzzle.

8:15 The hair washing woman Veronica arrived.

8:50 Veronica finished and left.

9:00 I suggested a couple of television shows from the fifties which might be familiar to Mom but Dad reported she wasn't interested.

11:00 I made lobster bisque for Mom and Dad. Mom ate half.

1:30 Dad asked me to show him how to answer his phone because the phone option was closed on his iPhone. He said he was going to FaceTime with his doctor so he couldn't change Mom's diaper for a while.

2:00 I unfolded a diaper for Mom and reminded her, she can change her own diaper and I pulled the diaper hamper next to the bed, so she good lift her bottom-up while I was out of the room and throw the diaper into the hamper. Then she grabbed the unfolded diaper.I put next to her and put it on the best she could.

3:00 I showed mom how to find the local newspaper on a digital tablet and she read the paper out loud till she needed another diaper change and I left the room and called Dad.

When I told Dad, Mom changed herself the last few times he seemed offended and told me I should never tell anyone she changed herself. Dad tells me often I should only say positive things to Mom but he keeps sabotaging her about changing her diaper, sitting up to exercising twice a day like Byran the physical therapist requires and discourages Mom from reading the paper or using the tablet to do so.

3:30 I worked with Mom to try to figure out a physical wood and rope brain teaser game. The first time she really wasn't very good at it. But I was surprised how long she worked on it.

4:00 I played Uno with Mom for a long game until dad asked what kind of food Mom wanted. Mom persistently asked for barbecue chicken until dad found a place to buy it. While he was gone the mailman came and left a small package of photographs and letters from the the Arizona Broomes. Mom read the card and we looked at all of the photographs together.

4:30 We ate barbecued chicken and I played a short game of uno with mom that we played until I won. It was Important because this was the first game we finished since she's been ill.

5:00 I had a long conversation with Dad in Mom's presence. He initiated it by asking about the negligence charges. He asked what I thought was going to happen. I said, "it would be great if doctor Taylor, Neal or you weaned Mom off of the drugs that keep her from doing physical therapy and keep her constipated. Then Mom will get healthy quickly and we can go visit Brant and do family outings."

Dad clearly had an agenda so he kept interjecting the idea that Mom was going to be taken away and it would be my fault. I said it wasn't necessary because all of the institutions who are monitoring Mom would rather she be allowed to get healthy instead of taking her out of this neglectful environment.

I had to repeat several times, we are all patiently too waiting for Dad to let Mom get physical therapy and stop sabotaging her. Dad kept saying that all he wanted was what was best for Mom In their dying states prescribed by the doctor.

I said that on November 6th 2019 he got a shocking diagnosis which he and doctor Taylor responded to in a way that was destructive. We know now, five years later they could have focused on Dad and Mom's health and we could have enjoyed five more years together which are wasted now.

I said that we need to start now focusing on things like the logistics of getting Mom to the bathroom, to care for her ostomy, and stopping the sedating drugs and alcohol that keep Mom from doing her physical therapy.

I said, a big part of the long drawn out process was the lack of support from brothers and their wives. Neal has power of attorney and he and Fiona had a bad experience which affected Mom in a deadly way. Fiona an a Neal feel bad about not assisting more with Fiona's mother. This blinds them to what Mom is capable of and what is really going on here at the house.

Dad said, I was blind to some things as well. I admitted there are things i'm blind about, but I have experience in psychology classes and thirty years of working with self destructive kids.

I said, they could have acted differently in response to their double diagnosis of terminal illness. I said, no one will remember these bad lost years if we just start focusing on fitness now. And the next visit from the the adult protective services will just be another visit from another couple of people to add to the list of those who enjoy the Broomes.

6:00 I said it was time to do my exercise and I did. I told dad when it was time for Svengooly and he texted back about a couple of suggested movies.

I would be more encouraged about this conversation if we hadn't had similar conversations previously and he forgets. But I can't help but be hopeful.

3/22/24 report

7:40 Mom received 3 new prescription medicines by delivery. This appears to be doctor Taylor's unsatisfactory and cowardly response to my calls all week.

8:00 Dad said Mom had the worst night of her life and couldn't eat except for toast they ate earlier.

9:00 Ashley arrived

9:32 I left a new message for Dr. Taylor letting him know it seems unlikely more prescriptions were going to take care of the situation which is caused by Mom being overmedicated, constipated and painfully full of feces.

Mom is being over medicated with liver killing pain killers, antidepressants and drinking at night.

10:30 We all ate Ashley's spaghetti, vegetables and Dad's pecan pie.

11:00 Connie and Mark visited.

12:30 Ashley left

12:38 Mark arrived again and took Dad to the post office.

1:30 Dad returned when I was showing Mom how to read the digital newspaper on a tablet.

2:40 Mom was obviously given more medication after Dad saw me reading the paper

with Mom because she became unable to talk again.

3:00 Dad received what he said was five hundred dollars worth of diapers in the mail.

4:00 Dad was talking to Brant and Mom woke out of control on drugs laughing. Mom said she didn't want to talk to Brant. Dad made his usual excuse that she's having a bad dream.

As clear thinking as Dad can be with regular conversation he's unaware or uncaring that he is playing a deadly game with Mom's life.

4:30 When Dad was out of the room I apologized to Mom for not being able to stop Dr. Taylor, Dad and Brothers from drugging her yet. She asked me to get her something to eat.

I was happy she could ask for something and asked if she wanted a bacon and tomato sandwich. She nodded and I fixed her a half a sandwich with the last remaining bread in the house. Dad said I should have fixed one for him but I told him we were out of bread. He said that was a satisfactory explanation.

5:00 I went to get groceries.

5:30 I brought Mom and Dad cookies I bought at the store. Dad asked me to make milkshakes for everyone. I fixed banana shakes with frozen bananas I put in the freezer earlier.

Mom is so full of feces and anti depressants she laughed maniacally when she was pushed to talk to her youngest son on the phone earlier. It may be time to let the authorities take her away from Dad. Dad can't stop himself from hiding the fact that he hasn't cared for Mom's ostomy properly with irrigation and prefers to control her with sedating antidepressants and pain killers.

6:30 Dad called out to me while I was exercising, said good night and shut the bedroom door. That's the signal he's done with me for the night.

3/21/24 report

7:00 All is quiet

8:00 Dad calls up saying pancakes will be ready in ten minutes.

8:05 I went to see Mom while dad was cooking and brought a warm cloth to wipe her eyes. She became angry and said, "don't touch my eyes." She acted disoriented and said I need you to go get dad to take care of me.

8:30 We ate And dad asked me if I wanted to watch Yellowstone with them.

9:00 I put my bedding in the washer. And went in to their room where Ashley was sitting. I asked what I missed so far?

Mom couldn't answer because she was overmedicated. Ashley said that Mom couldn't speak because of vascular dementia. I thought this was inappropriate to say in front of Mom and I feel it is incorrect because I know Mom can explain the plot of a television show in the afternoon's when she is not medicated. Ashley told me what happened in the show and when a cowboy roped a wild stallion Mom howled with excitement. There were a couple of times Mom asked what was going on and I explained the plot of Yellowstone first episode. So mom was only partially medicated.

10:10 Mom asked to be changed and we all left Ashley to take care of mom. We talked in the living room for a few minutes. Then mark went in with them and was discussing first night stands. Ashley said she had to admit it has happened.

10:30 Ashley took the trash out and came and told Mark the sprinklers were on in the rain. Mark went to the garage with Ashley.

10:45 Ashley and then Mark came back in the house. I was sitting with mom asking if she wanted to play uno and Mom said no. I left the chair Ashley usually sits in next to Mom while Dad was buying cleaning lotion online.

10:50 I put on a pot of tea, which Dad finished brewing after I went upstairs.

10:55 Mark brought in the same item Dad was purchasing online and which arrived by delivery coincidentally minutes after Dad ordered it. Neal ordered it last week and the timing was funny to everyone in the house.

11:00 Ashley fixed asian chicken vegetables and rice which was very good. Mom didn't eat but very little of it and continually asked for water and juice afterwards. We all took a nap.

2:30 Dad said Mom wanted me to scratch her back. So he sat her up in the bed and I

scratched her back for ten minutes or so. I didn't tell mom, but she has body odor from not having a shower for 2 weeks. Ashley and Shelley said they were going to do it every Friday but they missed last week because Ashley was ill.

3:00 We tried to watch a YouTube version of Poirot investigator from PBS until Dad received a call from DoorDash saying he would receive his prescriptions at the door and no longer need to go to the drugstore.

3:30 Byran arrived And said he did a good workout with mom today. He said that Mom wasn't ready for the standing jacket and left yet. He would get her to exercise with it next week.

4:00 I did my workout with Day Tripper That happened to be talking about Austin and mentioned many places I took mom to previously. I shouted to mom while I was exercising and she remembered the places we ate and visited in Austin.

6:00 Dad suggested that we make a pecan pie and I said I would help him tomorrow but I was getting cleaned up after my workout.

Doctor Taylor didn't call again today. But I called him and left another message stating that we need to take the drugs away from Dad so Mom can wake up, exercise and not be constipated.

3/20/24 report

7:00 I fixed biscuits and cream cheese Dad requested last night for breakfast.

9:00 Theresa arrived

9:06 Ashley and Mark arrived.

9:30 Ashley was unavailable

10:00 I tried to talk to Mom, folded my clothes and spoke to Teresa while she was working. Ashley appeared with soapy water and started washing Mom's fingernails.

11:00 Ashley finished painting mom's fingernails. Mark and Dad were talking in the kitchen.

11:12 I called and left a message with Doctor Taylor's nurse 2814693949 letting her know that Dad is giving Mom more than the usual medication Doctor Taylor has prescribed for mom. And Mom is already so constipated and incapacitated she can't do her physical therapy. Constipation is what is causing most of Mom's pain.

I told Doctor Taylor's nurse the Doctor needs to contact Dad and stop giving him sedating and constipating medication for Mom because she hasn't been able to function for 5 years since he first started prescribing them.

Margaret the nurse visited.

12:15 Doctor Taylor's nurse called and asked what I need. I repeated that I need for a doctor Taylor to take away the sedating drugs that keep Mom from exercising, keeps Mom constipated and keeps Mom from interacting with people. She said she would contact doctor Taylor and he would call me.

12:40 Ashley asked me to clean up the kitchen after Mom and Dad finished eating. I put the leftover food in baggies and into the refrigerator. Ashley cleaned the pots and pans.

1:00 - 5:00 I waited for doctor Taylor's call.

Message planned for doctor Taylor

I'm calling about the same thing I called about a year and a half ago. 5 years ago Betty Broome was prescribed pills that knock her out for hours every day and constipate her so badly she complains of pain whenever she moves.

There is an anti depressant which makes her too sleepy to do her physical therapy and blood thinner with the side effect of paralyzing her. Given the two together she has a hard time breathing and has spastic fitful sleep for hours.

Dad seems to feel obligated to confirm your diagnosis, which he understood would require hospice in as little as 30 days after you prescribed the pills 5 years ago. The pills have knocked Mom out all these years including, when Dad FaceTime's you with Mom.

Mom needs to stop being knocked out and constipated so she can do physical therapy today and from now on.

5:00 Dr. Taylor didn't call today.

6:00 Both Dad and Mom are drunk. Dad was in the kitchen eating by himself. Mom said she doesn't want anything to eat after eating a bunch of crackers. Dad said he offered Mom the soup Ashley made yesterday.

That is the same soup which I was unable to eat because it was inedible. When I told Dad I wasn't able to eat the soup he first said it was delicious but then said he would fix Mom some chicken. He asked me to put together a golf game so all of us could play. He won't remember any of this tomorrow.

Drinking effects Mark and Dad's decision making beyond their drunk hours. Alcohol has a cumulative affect on their stamina, priorities and honesty with themselves and others.

3/19/24 report

6:00 I went in the kitchen to see what to fix for Mom and Dad and found partially eaten cereal. So I fixed a bowl for myself and went back to bed.

8:00 A friend asked for help to go get an item she purchased in an unfamiliar part of town at 10:00.

9:00 Ashley was talking with Mom and Dad was sitting in the living room.

9:30 My friend arrived early to pick me up to go get the item from another part of town.

11:00 We returned from our errand and mark was visiting and gave me a cup of soup Ashley made. It's texture and flavor were not edible.

11:15 I tried to speak to mom, but she was barely conscious and her her friend Jean attempted to speak to her as well. I walked to her car and went upstairs.

2:00 Dad and Mark went to dad's doctor's appointment.

Byran the Physical therapist arrived and attempted to work with Mom. Dad told Byran, Mom was in too much pain to workout. But Mom's only pain is being constipated and full of feces like a water balloon.

3:00 As Byron left he reported to his superiors that Mom was not in condition to receive good workouts, possibly because of her lacking bowel movements. He will try again

Thursday.

5:00 Mom started to come out of her late drugging for the day, changed her own diaper, did her leg exercises for 10 minutes and we played uno card game. I called Doctor Tyler's office and reported, Mom was unable to work with her physical therapist effectively again because of doctor Taylor's prescribed drugs.

5:30 Mark and Dad arrived and they reported Dad will get cataract surgery next Thursday. Dad said, Mom received three Tylenol today.

6:00 I fixed grilled cheese sandwiches for mom and Dad and I didn't hear from them again.

3/18/24 report

8:58 Ashley arrived and I was attempting to get Mom to exercise or play uno with me. Ashley appeared to respond negatively until she saw Mom was able to lift her legs against Dad's suggestions. After I left the room I heard Ashley exercising with Mom for at least a partial work out.

10:30 Mom started coughing for an extended period. I went in to give her water. Mom was out of water and said she didn't want what was left of the coffee or milk on her table. Ashley was nowhere in the house as I filled Mom's water bottle.

11:00 It appears Dad waited till about ten thirty to medicate Mom this morning. He also occupied Ashley with cooking chores, turned on the same boosomy woman playing the same song on youtube and Mom is just now slipping out of consciousness. I'll wait till eleven thirty to determine if I need to call Dr. Taylor for another complaint about his merciless prescriptions.

11:30 I attempted to speak to Mom but she was unresponsive until Ashley came in the room with excellent stuffed bell peppers she prepared.

Ashley has a special relationship with Mom which is a double edged sword. Mom likes to think Ashley is her friend. So Mom gets her feelings hurt very badly when Ashley disappears for a long time or when she doesn't respond to Mom's calls.

This relationship with assistant Ashley could be an important motivating factor because Ashley was able to get Mom to exercise her legs this morning when she arrived. Even

after I attempted and was unable to get Mom to do more than a few leg lifts before Dad entered the room and Mom stopped.

There is additional worry about Ashley. Her constant complaints about her wounded back. This may not be a problem if she uses the lift technology effectively. But if Ashley lasts longer than previous assistants and overcomes the complacency of youth she could, learn about the plasticity of human brains and the human bodies ability to be repaired.

Ashley could replace the exercise and motivation I was able to provide before Dad started his complaining strategy. I've been the focus of extreme gas-lighting from Dad to Mom. Mom's most common response to me is that of anger when she is medicated or drinking. But when she is not medicated Mom is delightful and participates reading, conversation and exercise.

12:00 Mom appears to have been only partially medicated today, possibly because of the threats I made to Dad about his overmedication all morning and afternoon all weekend. I'll wait till Mom's next blatant drugging to contact doctor Taylor about his cruel prescriptions.

12:56 Ashley left after 40 minutes of assembling the jigsaw puzzle in the living room. Mom would have very much enjoyed interaction with Ashley for that forty minutes. I sat with Mom for most of that time except when she asked for Ashley to help her with her gas bubble in her ostomy for one minute.

1:00 Mom called Dad in the bedroom to care for her diaper immediately after Ashley left. After dad finished changing mom, I went in and gave her some iced tea and asked her if she wanted to play cards. She said she wanted to sleep.

1:20 Dad left to go to the drug store and Mark arrived. We talked to Mom as best we could with her medication.

2:00 Dad returned with a bottle of pills calling less than subtle attention to it without discussing it several times. He doesn't seem to understand that all that matters. Is mom being able to do her physical therapy and stop being constipated by her drugs.

Maybe Doctor Taylor got the message and has prescribed less immobilizing medication. Or maybe Dad is flaunting that he has refilled Mom's cruel prescriptions.

3:00 Mark did some chores and Mom thanked him.

5:00 I asked Mom and dad if they wanted a B.L.T and Dad said they each want half. It looked like Mom was starting to come out of the medication she received later in the day and they both ate their sandwich.

5:30 I started my exercise with BBC News, Dad came out of the bedroom and was clinking glasses.

6:30 Dad was was clearly scared and intoxicated when he called me in the bedroom to help him move the arm rest which keeps Mom from rolling out of bed. I rolled mom over and she had clearly been drinking. I lifted the mattress while he moved the armrest lower on the bed.

This lowering of the arm rest had been suggested to Dad earlier because when Mom is drinking, she thinks she can walk and sits up and falls off the bed.

Within minutes Dad called me into the bedroom again because he moved the armrest too close to the bottom of the bed. I lifted the mattress again and he moved it to the middle of her body.

Doctor Taylor needs to understand he has created a deadly combination with his intoxicating prescriptions and Mom and Dad's bad habit of drinking at night.

8:00 I finished my workout and went to bed.

3/17/24 report

2:00 AM, I thought I heard Mom call and I went downstairs to look in the door. The bed was tilted up and dad was hanging with his feet almost on the floor as if the bed was a chair. Mom was curled up next to him hanging on the tilted bed the best she could.

5:00AM, Thunder was waking me. Saturday Dad kept mom drugged all day with 2 druggings to create the illusion that Mom is naturally incapacitated with age. His timed druggings are especially cruel now he is so obvious.

Doctor Taylor will need to be reminded again monday of the cruelty he's inflicting on Mom by abusing Dad's trust with Mom's prescribed medicine. 281 469 3949

I send my brother Neal (with the power of attorney) the same report I write for adult protective services every day and he hasn't convinced Doctor Taylor to stop Mom's druggings either. Mom is knocked out precisely everyday at the same hours she has an attendant hired to do physical therapy and give dad the freedom to leave the house.

Last week the portable X-ray technicians noted Dad directed them to image the wrong part of Mom's body. When I told them Dad is mistaken and Mom is too medicated to correct Dad's misdirection, they were the fourth professionals to tell me to get the power of attorney if I wish to care for Mom more precisely.

So we didn't get x rays of Mom's lower abdomen for visual evidence, if Mom is being allowed to empty her bowels effectively. Dad's concern about anyone finding that he is not caring for Mom's ostomy may be an important part of the reason why he doesn't allow anyone to see Mom when she is awake and alert.

Neal, the family member with power of attorney, needs to be more discerning of Mom's symptoms and contact Doctor Taylor to tell him assertively, to stop making Mom incapable of physical therapy. Dad is a bit of a control freak and finds it convenient for Mom to be incapacitated when visitors or assistants are in the house.

Mom is incapacitated with Dr. Taylor's prescriptions, at least half of every day. So she isn't alert enough to respond when Dad neglects her inconvenient ostomy.

Mom is as polite as a fragile feces filled water balloon can be when she's not drugged or given alcohol.

One of the institutions monitoring Mom is going to stop being patient, drag Mom away and arrest Dad unless Neal can convince Dad or Dr. Taylor to stop drugging Mom and stop Dad from making Mom fall with alcohol. I'm doing everything I can by living with Mom and Dad, without power of attorney, but my effectiveness seems to depend on defying the egos of Dr. Taylor and Dad who will not admit they started treating Mom as a lost cause with inappropriate prescriptions five years ago. Now Mom is suffering with an unirrigated ostomy for a decade.

Neal is keeping Mom in a tortured hell with the help of those who are corroborating our aged Dad's unnecessary neglect and abuse.

5:00 PM I stayed away from Mom and Dad all day in hopes Dad won't drug Mom more than the one time he does every morning. But there is evidence he did drug her twice

today because she was too incoherent to eat her corned beef and cabbage supper. Dad brought it back to the kitchen barely touched. I had cut it into very small pieces to make it safe and convenient for her.

7:00 Dad asked if I had candy for Mom and I said, yes. I suggested he give her something more since she couldn't eat supper. Dad took Ashley's lunch-able to Mom and they ate it.

11:30 PM, I heard a lot of noise downstairs and went down to get a snack. Dad was sitting in the dark on the couch. I asked what he was doing and he said he was organizing the pantry.

I went in to talk to Mom who was completely up, awake and alert. I asked her if she needed anything and she said no. She laughed about my eating a piece of pizza so late. I told her it was a midnight snack and she laughed again. Pete Buttigieg came on the TV and mom said, "look it's the secretary of transportation." I said you like that guy don't you? She said "yes."

Dad quickly came in and started talking about what was on television so Mom never said anything after that. Dad never stopped for ten minutes. So I kissed Mom on the head and went to bed. As I left the room Dad was making a big deal about how alert and awake Mom was. Quite a performance.

Dad is using all his remaining intellect to protect mom from any exercise, mental stimulation and confidence-building activity provided by family or professional assistants. This causes Mom's assistants to seek out opportunities too leave her alone. They vape, talk on the phone and leave Mom's physical needs unattended.

3/16/24 report

12:30 AM I heard a lot of noise but I didn't interfere

6:00 I fixed biscuits, blackberry jelly, butter, bacon and hot tea. I started early because I needed to speak to Mom before Dad drugged her with doctor Taylor's drugs. Neal hasn't stopped Mom's daily torture yet by convincing Dr Taylor to let Mom be alert enough to do physical therapy and I needed to remind Mom she was going to be visited by the hair washing woman, and if she let us put her in the shower chair she could take a good shower at the same time she got her hair washed.

7:00 Dad took a shower after he and Mom finished eating. I took their tray.

When dad drugs Mom with doctor Taylor's prescriptions each day, he doesn't think he has to consider what television programs he watches, what they eat or anything that affects Mom. Mom is completely compliant.

9:00 The woman who washes Mom's hair arrived.

9:30 Mark is fixing the waffle maker and making the kitchen more safe.

10:00 I planted the vegetable garden in the traditional indigenous way with fish and the three sisters.

11:00 I finished the garden and Mark Finished the kitchen.

12:00 I got pizza but Dad wouldn't let Mom eat. She is still drugged and apparently constipated from inactivity.

12:30 yesterday I stressed Mom's druggings taking place in the mornings, so Dad decided to drug her twice today because she is still just as knocked out after lunch.

2:00 Dad and mark went to the store together and I attempted to talk to Mom but she was incoherent.

2:30 I finished making the foot rest to keep her from sliding off the bottom of the bed.

4:00 Dad came home and convinced Mom to try a piece of the pizza. She ate a small piece. She is starting to come out of her stupor especially when Mark is trying to talk to her.

5:01 I asked Mom if she wanted to see a movie about a young girl who was strong and road horses and she said, no. Dad closed the door to the bedroom.

6:00 I was tired and went to bed early.

3/15/24 report

8:30 AM I checked on mom and dad and they were sleeping.

9:00 Dad came out of the bedroom to unlock the front door for Ashley. I told him the door is already unlocked and he went back in the bedroom and closed the door.

10:00 I asked mom if she wanted cinnamon toast and she was clearly over medicated. She said, "yes" and dad said, "one piece for each of us". He also said, "Ashley is still sick but would be here on Monday."

When Dad leaves helpers, Nurses, and therapists nothing to do because he has Mom drugged with Doctor Taylor's incapacitating medicine and when he hides his neglect of her ostomy, helpers always find reasons to drift away out of laziness or frustration.

I made cinnamon toast and brought it to them. Mom tried to eat but couldn't bring it to her face. So I asked her if she needed to have the bed raised up. She and dad said, "no". Dad said, "we need to remove the foot rest at the bottom of the bed but we'll do that when mom is more awake." I pressed the button to lower her head and moved her closer to the trapeze because her feet were hanging far off the bottom of the bed.

Mom used the trapeze to pull herself up by bending her knees and crawling up. She said, she didn't want to, and dad said, we shouldn't make her, but she did it anyway. I asked Dad to press the button to raise Mom's head and he just barely raised her head. She tried to drink coffee and couldn't get it to her mouth at that angle.

Mom angrily asked dad to raise her up. Dad misunderstood and thought we needed to move her again with the trapeze and he started too lower her head back down. Mom said, "no" and I said, "she just wants her head raised so she can eat and drink". Dad raised mom's head a little and she continued eating.

10:19 Dad turned on the music with the big bosomed female musician that he has been watching for the past several months. Since November. Mom said, "I hate watching that again." Dad switched it to the video jewish prisoner playing Chopin who was being watched by the german guard. He has watched this video for many months as well. When it finished, he started watching his Youtube plane crashes and detailed explanations of what happens during plane crashes. I took mom and dad's dishes to the kitchen and went upstairs.

I'll try again to get dad to watch something less repetitive and morbid.

10:30 Dad went in the kitchen to cook and Mom woke up and told me, not to let anyone stay in my house. I said that I wouldn't. I asked her what made her think of that. She said

she was just worried that someone would damage the house. We started watching Footloose the movie. I asked Mom if she knew how to play uno and she said yes. I told her we can play next time she is sitting up. She said okay.

11:00 Brian called and talked to mom about visiting Carly in San Antonio.

Carly never visits Mom but has taken on more responsibility of a second cat.

11:11 Mom said she wanted dad to come help her. I went in the kitchen and he told me how to finish the Swiss steak.

11:30 I did what he said and he came back and said it needs to simmer for an hour and a half.

12:00 Mark arrived with coffee for Mom and Dad then left to go get a water filter for the refrigerator, bread and mustard.

1:00 Dad served the Swiss steak and Mom was talkative for about an hour. We talked about her friend Jean and Jean's kids and grandkids. We decided they were football enthusiasts. I asked mom if she wanted me to exfoliate her arms with lotion and she said "yes." We tried two different brushes to see what firmness was the best for scrubbing off the dead skin without hurting her and she picked the soft brush.

Dad, keep saying it would take 4 or 5 weeks for her ribs to heal and there's nothing we can do about it. He doesn't mention that he could stop drugging her in the mornings. The whole day could be like our pleasant evenings talking with Mom and having her read the paper.

2:00 I went back upstairs.

I sent a message to all her caregivers and protectors. It was as follows.

3/15/24 Mom's situation

Mom feels the most intense pain when she's constipated and or drugged so she can't adjust her position. When she's drugged each morning, she can't even control her thoughts to distract herself from the pain with her own mental direction.

In the evenings (When she's not drugged for special visitors), Mom is conscious and

capable of positioning herself so she is not in such terrible pain. Now her ribs are hurt from the Hiemlick maneuver, we gave her two weeks ago on March 2nd and that's added to her constant fragile state from being constipated and not having her ostomy cared for properly.

Nurses and assistants are not allowed by Dad to assist with Mom's medication or ostomy often enough to recognize Mom needs irrigation, more thorough BMs and to stop taking incapacitating medication in the mornings that disallow her from physical therapy and eliminating waste.

The unpleasantness of the ostomy tasks keep everyone at a distance so Dad is able to hide his innocent ineffective care of Mom's ostomy.

We had a mobile X-ray machine come yesterday and the only part of Mom's body they x rayed was her upper chest and ribcage. The technicians called attention to the fact that Mom was not pointing to her ribs when she was in pain. Mom kept grabbing the ostomy. But the technicians had their job to do and Dad kept pointing to mom's ribs.

Now the Doctor said Mom's ribs are damaged for 4 or 5 weeks. But her ribs are not what Mom holds when she's in pain. So there is more confirmation bias that doesn't allow Mom to improve.

End of message

4:00 I brought Mom and Dad chocolates.

Mark has been here all afternoon so I felt free to have a good sleep in spite of the lightning storm.

6:00 I exercised with PBS Newshour and Washington Week and Dad entered and exited the bedroom several times. I waved good night to Mom several times when he opened the door. One time I went in and reminded mom that one eighth of every day should be exercising and she said, she knows.

8:00 I went to bed.

3/14/24 report

6:00 AM I knocked on the door and Mom and Dad were asleep.

7:00 Neal got up and told me the space x launch was about to take place. I told Neal he should try to wake Mom and Dad for the launch. Neal pushed Dad to wake him several times but Dad was pretending to sleep so we would think he hasn't drugged Mom yet.

I asked Mom what she wanted for breakfast and she said cereal, fruit and coffee. I asked what she wanted to do today. She said, "I don't want to do anything but I know you're going to make me work all day". I said, "I'll try to get you to work your feet and get ready to walk before Brant's birthday." She said, "I will."

While Neal was fixing coffee for Mom and Dad, I told Neal, If he wants to talk to Mom he has less than 30 minutes before she's drugged out. Neal said, "I don't care".

He is convinced like he was for his wife's Mother there is no use trying to converse with Mom.

Dad made a show of waking up and I asked if he wanted what Mom has for breakfast. He said yes and I got him a tray.

Neal and Dad talked over Mom for thirty eight minutes with me trying to involve Mom. Mom was not allowed to speak while Dad dominated the conversation as he always does.

I left the room and Dad said, "I didn't mean to run you off." I said, "I was trying to get Mom in the conversation and all I get is you."

8:16 I can hear Dad talking with Neal and occasionally Mom was allowed to say a word or two.

8:25 The space x rocket launched and I reminded Dad. Dad fiendishly apologized for not involving Mom, but now Mom was incapacitated and asked, "What you talking about Mom."

8:30 I fixed fried eggs and toast for everyone.

10:00 Mom was drinking coffee Mark brought from McDonald's and she talked to me as much as she could in her drugged state. She asked, "What is Brant's birthday?" I said, "you tell me." "How can you forget the day you pushed a human being out of your popo." Mom made a pish posh sound and said, the twenty first?" I said, "close!" Mom said, "the thirty-first!" I said, "you better remember." And she was obviously pleased

with herself.

10:30 Mark and I went to wash my car and get filters.

1:00 Mark and I returned And I fixed hot dogs for everyone.

1:30 Neal and Douglas left. I asked

Mom if she wanted to play Uno and she was a bit upset and ask for Dad to change her.

1:45 x ray machine to arrive in an hour.

3:00 The X-ray machine arrived with 2 technicians. They quickly set it up over the bed and we rolled mom over and moved plates under her body to get pictures of her upper rib cage and her lower rib cage because dad said that's where Mom had her pain.

But the technologists said that Mom was clearly grabbing her ostomy and that was below her ribcage. I said yes its obvious. Still, they did not take images of Mom's lower abdomen where the pain was obviously originating.

It seems, Dad doesn't want to call attention to the fact that he does care for Mom's ostomy correctly, having never irrigated her once in the twelve years since Dr Taylor created the ostomy.

4:00 As the technicians left I tried to tell them they were correct about the location of Mom's pain and no pictures were taken of that location. They said, I would need to speak to Mom's doctor about it. I said "that's a huge problem because doctor Taylor is unresponsive to this emergency situation." Dad came and stopped the conversation and the woman technician said, "good luck."

4:30 Natalie visited and talked to Mom and

Dad about how she was trying to produce songs and then brought up that she was going to South by Southwest tomorrow. I told her my band has played at South by South venues for years and anywhere she goes in Austin she can hear music or sing if she has backing tracks or a band and knows her songs by heart.

4:45 Natalie left.

5:00 I fixed banana shakes for Mom, Dad and I.

6:00 I did my exercise with pbs news hour.

7:00 Dad fixed something for mom in the kitchen and I told mom we would fix this mess.

Hopefully Dad or doctor Taylor will stop drugging Mom all day so she can do her physical therapy and have good visits with family.

3/13/24 report

8:30 AM Dad called out and said he has kalachi's. I went downstairs and Mom was calling out, "You gotta wake me up, Wake me up." I've never seen her so incoherent that she didn't recognize I was there. She just kept repeating the same phrase, "Get me up. I've got to wake up." She was obviously full of doctor Taylor's medications.

I got a warm wash cloth to wipe her eyes and she said, no. But she let me do it. Dad gave her a donut and she ate it. Dad seemed very pleased to have got such an extravagant show of delirium out of Mom this morning.

That's why I go to such trouble to stay away from them when I can tell he's putting on a performance for me. I know Mom is really going to suffer like she did this morning.

Dad has become an expert over five years getting Mom to act out with doctor Taylor's near death medicine. Five years of Mom's mornings have been wasted, when she could have done physical therapy and become healthy if she would have been given prescriptions that didn't incapacitate her unethically for at least half of each day.

8:45 Margaret arrived and I told her how Dad had been trying to get Mom to relax for a week. Doctor Taylor's nurse told us on Friday 3/8/24 to wait for Margaret to come and decide what to do next.

Margaret said, we could have called her at any time. I told Margret, Dad kept telling us to wait till Wednesday while Mom was in terrible pain every morning. When Dad told Margret about Mom's pain he said it was probably due to the Heimlich maneuver we gave Mom on the

9:00 Theresa arrived and then Ashley came in the back door.

10:00 Mom was still mostly unable to talk when Shelley, Neal and Douglas arrived. Dad

explained to each person that Mom was in such pain that no one should touch her or talk to her. He never mentions that she is so drugged out that she can't focus on anything but the pain in these kind of mornings.

This causes most people to think they can't have a conversation with her even when she does come out of the drugs in the evening. They stand around her and have conversations without involving her at all.

11:00 Brian and Mark arrived from golf. At this point there were ten people in the living house discussing Mom without mentioning the fact that she was so drugged she couldn't talk. They talked like Dad does about Mom having dementia and her legs being atrophied for years. But they don't discuss the fact that 5 years ago doctor Taylor misprescribed end-of-life drugs for an illness he suggested to Dad would put Mom in hospice in as few as thirty days from that time five years ago.

We are not allowed to discuss medication or the likelihood that the medication is possibly the cause of her constant pain from constipation. Dad will not consider he has made such huge mistakes with Mom's ostomy or his mistake trusting the aged and unethical Dr Taylor.

We were told that Margaret got access to an x ray machine which would come check Mom.

12:00 Mark, Neal, Douglas and I went out to eat at a Cajun restaurant and we returned at one thirty.

1:30 Dad said we should leave Mom alone.

3:00 Neal and Dad left to the store so I had the opportunity to speak to Mom without Dad stopping us. Mom asked for ice-cream and I got it. I asked Douglas to come talk to Mom before Dad and Neal come to home and stop the conversations. Douglas talked to Mom for thirty minutes before Dad came in and dominated the conversations.

4:30 Douglas and I played songs for Mom then I left and exercised outside the bedroom.

5:30 I came in and asked Mom if she wanted soup or a chicken salad sandwich. She asked for a small sandwich. I brought Mom and Dad sandwiches and continued to exercise while they all talked around Mom.

6:30 I was saying good night to them when I felt Mom's arm was very rough and I asked

her if she wanted lotion on her arms. She said, yes. But I found there was no lotion in the house.

I asked Dad if he wanted anything from the store. And he said he wanted candy. He gave me his credit card to buy candy and lotion and I ran to the store and got a newspaper as well.

7:00 I rubbed the lotion on Mom's arms, gave her her reading glasses and she started reading the paper. I went to bed.

9:37 No X-ray machine arrived today to see what's the matter with mom.

3/12/24 report

4:20 AM A loud thump woke me and I went downstairs and knocked on the door. Dad said, come in and I asked if everything was ok. Dad was walking across the bedroom and said, "were surviving". He said, "we just had a change."

6:00 I knocked on parents store and asked if they were ready for fruit and cereal and Mom said, "just coffee". Dad didn't answer. I brought one coffee and Dad woke up. I asked him if he wanted coffee and he said, "not yet".

7:00 I knocked on the door and asked if they were ready for fruit and cereal and Dad said they want waffles. I said, mine didn't turn out well last time and asked if he wanted to walk me through it. He patiently demonstrated making waffles and I took them to Mom and he ate his. I cooked the remaining waffles batter and he came into the kitchen. He started mixing up another batch. I showed him I cooked the remainder of the batter and he fixed it for himself. I told him I was just cooking it in case somebody wanted it with ice cream later in the day.

7:20 Mom is very alert so I told her she should try to exercise with Ashley today. She raised her arms over her head to pull herself up with the trapeze. She winced with pain and grabbed her ostomy. I think we need to call the doctor today.

7:53 There was a door slam downstairs. I went down and heard Dad tell Mom Ashley would be here in an hour.

9:00 Ashley arrived and Mom can't move.

11:00 Ashley served excellent soup. I said, the potatoes in the soup were too hot to eat for mom and that may be why she didn't eat any of it.

12:00 The yard workers came and worked on the yard.

1:30 Mark and Brian arrived and pruned trees then they talked to Mom and Dad for a long time. Dad said, he wasn't going to play golf tomorrow and I said I won't be going if he isn't going. Dad said Mark and Brian would go to play tomorrow instead of all four of us.

2:30 Dad and Mark left to pay the doctor with a check rather than pay excessive charge card fees. Brian continued to talk to Mom and sat her up in bed.

2:30 I sent a message to Dr. Taylor's office

Joe Broome Sr said he called Dr Taylor at 281 469 3949 on 3/8/24 and 3/12/24 reporting Betty Broome is in constant pain for hours each Day. Betty Broome is so constipated, drugged, inactive and possibly bruised from Heimlich maneuvers given on 3/4/24 she can't move without wincing and grabbing her ostomy.

Dad uses Dr Taylor's "end of life" drugs, prescribed 5 years ago when Dad was led to expect Mom would go to hospice in as little as 30 days. But Mom is so strong she's has been waiting for someone to help her for 5 drugged years.

Insurance has paid for assistants and physical therapists who have been turned away by the timed use of Dr Taylor's drugs. This week, the assistants were not allowed to talk to a responsive Betty Broome because she was only coherent in the afternoons after the assistants have gone.

Dad is confused by the authority of Dr Taylor, the insurance requirements and Dad's natural controlling habits caring for the family. He is mistakenly keeping Mom incapacitated when she needs nurturing from loved ones and medical professionals. Mom also needs to be alert at the times she needs proof of her ability to become mobile and independent.

I'm still holding on to the hope Dad will realize mom doesn't need Dr Taylor's intoxicating drugs and alcohol and he and Mom will start enjoying life with the family again.

Please help!

3:30 Mark and Brian left after a good conversation without addressing the elephant in the room. Dad has to stop drugging Mom with Dr Taylor's end of life drug cocktail. 5 years is long enough. Mom has to be allowed to do physical therapy.

4:00 Byran the Physical therapist didn't come on his usual Tuesday or last Thursday. I thought, after the evaluation meeting last week Byran would be back on his routine.

7:05 Mom started crying and asking Dad what she's going to do about the pain. Dad kept saying there is nothing they can do till Margo, the nurse, comes tomorrow. After twenty minutes of this crying and Mom holding her ostomy bag, Dad gave her a Tylenol and said, she needs to go to sleep.

7:41 Mom is still crying and saying she doesn't know what to do about the pain.

8:00 Dad asked me to go to the store for moist wipes. I got a lot of food while I was there and fixed them chicken salad sandwiches when I returned. After Mom ate she started saying I need to get up and Dad told her she would start hurting if she did.

9:00 I asked Mom if she wanted me to play her a song before I went to bed. She said, yes and I played her "Guitar Man" by Bread and went to bed.

3/11/24 report

3:00 AM Mom and Dad's television is very loud tonight.

8:00 I knocked and asked what they want for breakfast and Dad said, "scrambled eggs and a strip of bacon". So I fixed it and brought them a tray. Dad made a big deal about keeping the tray away from Mom because he said, "she's very fragile today." Mom hasn't said anything except that when I brought her a warm rag to wipe her eyes she indicated, she didn't want to wipe her eyes, but she did anyway. So It appears Dad kept her up tonight convincing her to be defiant against me, but she is already too drugged to communicate.

8:20 I took their tray and talked Dad about the Oscar Show from the night before. Mom still didn't say anything.

9:00 Ashley arrived and I was sitting with Mom. Dad told Ashley Mom was very fragile today and didn't want to be touched. Ashley asked Mom if she wanted do her workout and Mom shook her head "no."

This is how Dad got rid of the last nurse by making her obsolete, it didn't make sense to have her helping Mom when Mom wasn't allowed to exercise.

11:00 Mark and Dad left together to get lunch. I stayed and found some 50s song lists on YouTube for mom to listen to while Ashley rubbed lotion on Mom's arms and legs.

11:30 Ashley finished her massage and went into the dining room.

12:50 I made a padded foot rest to stop Mom from sliding down off the bed and to press her feet against for constant resistance exercise.

The last time I did this Dad took it away and said, Mom didn't like it. When I asked Mom about it she said, she didn't remember saying she didn't like it. This time I added padding to it so it would be more comfortable for her feet, in case that was the problem previously.

1:00 Mark brought liver and onions for Mom and she loved it after complaining all morning she wasn't going to be able to eat. Ashley left.

1:30 Mom ate all the lunch and Dad laid down with her talking to Mark. Mark left.

2:00 Dad was talking loudly for a long time behind the bedroom door.

2:15 Mom was talking loudly for a long time. Then she started saying, "oh Joe no. Oooooooooh no Joe no."

2:20 Dad opened the door with Mom crying, "what do I do? What do I do?" Dad said, "hold my hand." Mom said, "I'm hurting I'm hurting! I need medicine or something." Dad turned on and off the TV several time during this interaction. Then he turned on 50s music on YouTube.

2:25 Mom started coughing and I went in the room to give her water. Dad said, "don't touch her she's too sensitive to touch." I said, "she was coughing so I came to give her water."

2:28 Mark came to take Dad to the doctor's office and gave Mom a Tylenol for pain.

3:30 Mark and Dad left to go to the Doctor. I was finally able to exercise Mom for forty five minutes with her thinking of her own exercises for the first time. It's very frustrating

that mom is uncomfortable exercising around Dad.

All anyone has to do is gently start Mom with one exercise and she will continue. But if you do like Ashley does and ask her if she's ready to do her work out, Mom will say, "no not today". If you are willing to accept that as an answer she will never exercise she will disappear like the physical therapist and the previous nurse.

6:00 Dad and Mark came home and while Dad was taking a shower Mom asked me to fix her something to eat. I fixed mom some leftover ribs and potato salad.

Mom was too polite to eat it without Dad and Dad thought mom was not hungry so he ate it. I was fixing Dad a bacon burger when he came in the kitchen and told me he ate the ribs and potato salad.

I told him Mom said, she wasn't going to eat the ribs before asking him about it. I told him I would give his hamburger and he said, "she isn't hungry". I took it to her, she ate it quickly and said she wanted some milk. Dad said, he was surprised she was hungry after eating liver and onions for lunch.

7:00 The television is loud in Mom and Dad's room. I don't know if they will be drinking tonight but I have to go to bed.

3/10/24 report

6:00 AM I asked if my parents wanted breakfast and Mom said she just wanted coffee. Dad said he didn't want anything. He said they had eaten breakfast hours ago.

9:00 I slept until time for Meet the Press and I went down to where the door was wide open. Dad only leaves the door wide when he wants me to see Mom drugged out. I told him I couldn't find Meet the Press on his cable channels. Mom was clearly incoherent. As I watched the government channels Mom was loudly bolting up and trying to speak.

10:50 I went in and asked Mom if she needed anything and she couldn't answer. Dad said to, oil a potato, poke holes in it and put it in the oven at 350 degrees set for an hour and thirty minutes. I followed his instructions and the potato was started.

I walked in several times and asked if Mom was having a bad dream and she said she didn't know. But she continued to try to speak saying, "get away from me!"

11:25 On Mom's seventh intense outburst I went in the bedroom and asked Dad, wasn't he worried the drugs that make her like this might cause her to stop breathing or drown in her own spit.

Dad said, as he does when I ask about medication, "You don't know when I give Betty drugs!" I said, "I know when she is like this. It's obvious." Dad repeated, "You don't know when she gets her medication." I told Dad, "I have reported you to more than one adult protection institution, who require an autopsy when she dies." I said, "I don't need to know. But you will go to jail if she is over dosed like she is now."

As I left the bedroom Dad told me to, "write in your report, Betty has not received medication in three days." I told him, "I will write that you SAID that." He closed the bedroom door.

11:27 I texted Dad a song I wrote for him, hoping it will stop him from drugging Mom and sabotaging her fitness and ostomy.

First draft of Edger's Deadly Parents

In dark thoughts of Edger Allen
tall black ravens sharpen talons.

Living night mares
borne of harm
Living night mares
borne of harm

Worst of all the characters
Kids and one who married her

seventy years before
Seventy years before

Busy children weren't watching
had careers and families
Visiting on holidays
only when it's time to eat.

Didn't watch their mother dieing
Didn't see their Mother's wounds

Who would tend her leaking body
keep her active or she's doomed.

Her prescribing feeble doctor
calms her for her grizzly fate.

Visitors only see her dosed
Babbling till it's getting late.

Trapped within a drugged atrophic
zombie body blames herself.
Never thinks of trusted Doctor's
kickbacks for what's on her shelf.

Suffering in isolation
with the family at her side.
Negligence never noticed
looking from her desperate eyes.

Too polite to say she's dying,
drowning in neglected bowels.
Drugged all day and drunk at night
wincing tears from silent howls.

Fearing nights of gaslit horror
hearing what she's told to say
Angry with her vis'iting family,
never guess she lives this way.

Central is the evil doctor
giving drugs that cloud her thoughts.
Jealous creepy distant master
profits from the drugs they bought.

We can hope the mediator
husband of the tortured bride
stops the drugging and the drinking.
Finally on his woman's side.

Family will not remember
they committed years of crimes
against their wife and loving mother
There for them in early times.

Always there in early times.

12:20 Dad came out of the bedroom dressed, went out the front door and returned to the bedroom in seconds.

12:30 Dad went in the kitchen and started doing something noisy to prepare for lunch. He left the door wide open, so I know he wanted me to go visit Mom and have her say something mean he trained her to say, so I went upstairs.

1:35 The door was still open so I asked if the potato came out alright as I picked up their trays. Dad said, you made great potatoes and there was plenty for you but you weren't downstairs so we ate them all. I said I wasn't hungry.

1:47 Mom shouted something repeatedly I couldn't understand and Dad came to the door and said "5 minutes". That means, don't enter while he changes Mom's diaper.

7:00 All was quiet till Mark and Connie brought over great shrimp stew with eggs, rice and broccoli.

8:00 That seems to be it for the night.

3/9/24 report

6:00 AM I asked if Mom and Dad if they were ready for eggs and sausage. Dad said not yet.

7:00 I asked again and Dad said, yes. I fixed breakfast and brought it to them.

7:10 Mark arrived with coffee and took it to them. He returned with the tray and emptied the dishwasher. He cleaned up the kitchen and told us he was fixing ribs today. Dad said, It's Saturday. Mark said, I can fix ribs on Saturday and Dad laughed. Mark left.

10:00 Mom was complaining loudly of pain in her abdomen. She couldn't be consoled so Dad said he would fix lunch.

10:05 While Dad was fixing Fritos pie I tried to comfort Mom. She was wincing in pain and angry at me for talking to her. I asked if I should call an ambulance and she said she was going to try to stay still.

10:10 Dad came back with off pungently smelly chili and chips. He gave some to me and I left the room unable to stomach the meal with Mom groaning. She kept telling Dad to do something. He said he would after he ate. This went on forever with Mom calling out to Dad and him saying he needs to finish his meal and then his milk. I'm sure he meant well attempting to distract her from pain he thinks nothing can be done about.

11:40 I Googled "Emergency Ostomy Assistance" and got
<https://www.ostomy.org/north-houston-ostomy-support-group/>

I texted Mary Kinsey

I'm Joe Broome II and my mother is in pain. I'm pretty sure it has to do with her ostomy and from what I've read on the internet she may need to be irrigated.

Dad and Mom won't let the family help. I think they are being over-polite but it's ending up causing Mom to have more and more pain as she is becoming more and more obstructed.

They do have good insurance. So I know they can afford to have you come and help Mom out of her immediate pain and possibly instruct Dad or any of us how to help in the future.

Please help!

Joe 2

512 699 8882

Mary texted back saying Mom could call her for free with symptoms but insurance would have to pay for a visit.

Dad said Margaret (the Wednesday nurse) was the first person to call but Mom said she would talk to Mary.

Mom was still medicated and not communicating well. She repeated to Mary that she can't move and gave the phone to Dad to answer Mary's questions. Dad said he thinks Mom's pain is probably from the Heimlich maneuver we gave Mom on Sunday 3/3/24 a

week ago. No mention was made of Mom's continual complaints about her sides and the call was politely ended.

12:00 I texted Byran to see if he has notes about Mom complaining of pain in her side at his previous visits.

Message To Byran

I'm sorry to bother you on your Saturday. But I have one quick question because we're having a bit of an emergency today with mom's pain. She's having intense pain in her ribs and back and dad thinks it is due to us giving her the Heimlich maneuver last Sunday. But I wanted to know if you remember her complaining of her ribs hurting over the past years. I think she may be constipated as well and I don't want it to be overlooked if we are all addressing the skeleton alone.

Byran wrote back that he didn't remember mom reporting rib pain.

12:20 Mark arrived and didn't disturb Mom and Dad sleeping. We both talked about what it will take to get Mom an x ray and what could be causing this much pain.

1:06 Mom and Dad are talking loudly in the bedroom but I can't hear.

1:26 Quiet in parents room.

4:30 Mark brought ribs with potato salad and pork for supper. Mom ate all of it and loved it. I stayed with them and watched an episode of Perry mason.

6:00 I exercised with PBS News and told parents good night.

Considerations

Dad went to the grocery store and got a gallon of jack Daniel's. He left it on the counter in the kitchen probably in response to my questioning his hiding it in the bedroom closet previously.

3/8/24 report

3:00 AM Mom and Dad's TV was loud so I went downstairs to get food. I fell to sleep on the couch.

5:15 TV still loud and I woke to go to the restroom.

6:08 Mom called, "Joe" with no response.

6:45 I asked if they wanted cereal and fruit. Dad said, sounds good, so I brought them a tray.

7:00 Mom was almost knocked out, so she got her medication early, but she ate her breakfast and wiped her eyes with the warm cloth I gave her.

9:15 I heard talking downstairs so I went down and started playing guitar on the couch. Mark and Ashley were talking in the dining room and Dad was asleep on Mom's chair.

9:20 Shelley arrived and Ashley said, she tried to ring the doorbell when she got here, but no one answered, so she came in the back door.

We talked about getting Mom in the shower today and they asked what I made Mom and Dad for breakfast. I stayed on the couch talking to Dad while Ashley and Shelley talked to Mom. Mom agreed to take a shower in the new shower chair later.

10:00 Shelley had a phone meeting and then ask me to help Mom into the shower chair.

Dad and I had a revealing conversation when Mark made alcohol drinks for him and Dad. You could tell Mark was drinking because he didn't have conversations but instead kept requiring that he be allowed to finish his statements.

Mark left for a while and Dad said, he remembered telling me when I was in high school that I push against what's real and what I want to be real. He said it has remained the same throughout my career. He said I butted heads with my bosses all my life and it was the same living here with them and pushing Mom to walk.

I said, I always had the best computers for my students compared to the other teachers and was asked to write the curriculum for everyone who taught my classes because I made sure I was teaching what would be most valuable for them to get jobs. I said, I remember all of our conversations my whole life. But I didn't remember him telling me I was unrealistic in high school.

I reminded Dad how he spent a lot of time convincing me to be objective when he talked about a human brain being like a bowl with a marble rolling around in it. Whatever was

at the bottom of the bowl was our character whether it was objective or not. Back then he said, we had to get control of what was at the bottom of our bowl.

I said another of his objectivity lessons was when he said, everyone out there, even in cars, is asleep in habits and it's not easy to break out of the routine.

I remembered a third objectivity lesson was when Dad was working for Texaco, they gave him a tape that instructed him to think of a human brain as a guided missile and that whatever we practice becomes a habit we continue to practice even when we're sleeping. "We need to know about the guided missile aspect of our brain or have a good teacher who knows, so we can benefit by our guided missile brain."

Dad said, your Mother is not in control of her thoughts. I said, "that is true only when she is medicated with doctor Taylor's dangerous drugs or when she's drinking alcohol with you at night. Dad said "Mom is always at the same level" and he was starting to get upset.

Shelly and Ashley said, they gave Mom a good shower, that she really enjoyed it and they moved her back to the bed. Mom was exhausted and still over medicated but the whole house smelled clean from the shower. I attempted to lower Mom's head with the adjustable bed and she winced with pain grabbing the ostomy side of her chest. She usually grabs the right side of her ribs and this may be revealing.

10:30 In the process of talking with Ashley and Shelley, Dad was finally convinced to call Doctor Taylor's nurse to ask about a portable X-ray machine to check Mom's ribs. But when Dad talked to the nurse he was still under the influence of alcohol and rambled on for a long time, talking about unrelated issues and chuckling with the nurse. It's very hard to imagine the Nurse could understand what Dad was asking for. I asked Dad if they were going to send an x ray machine and he said the nurse would contact him about it.

11:00 Ashley started cooking lunch and Mark came in and cooked the fish. Mark was still under the influence of alcohol, undercooked the fish and brought it to Mom. I could eat the fish because I like sushi but mom didn't eat hers and Mark left the house before he saw she didn't.

I think Mark recognized he was acting drunk and left rather than have a conflict with me when I wouldn't respond to his rambling about having too much salt on the fish and how people in South Louisiana have a specific way of claiming they know how to make gumbo better than everyone else.

Everyone ate the rice and vegetables, Ashley made and I ate everyone's left over fish. Dad ate his fish. All these bad family habits can change and the household will be safe for Mom when the drugs and alcohol are removed.

12:00 Shelly left after Dad and I thanked her profusely for getting mom in the shower chair for the first time and possibly helping to get her to an X-ray machine for her ribs.

Mom has been complaining about her ribs for months and I'm starting to think her ribs complaints are a distraction from the pain she feels of being full of feces and not having her ostomy cared for properly.

When I attempted to lean the bed back for mom to sleep, she jolted in pain and grabbed her ostomy side of her ribs instead of the opposite which she usually grabs. This makes me suspicious that she has been hiding her real complaint, which is that she is always full of feces.

I know Mom has not ever been irrigated like I suggested previously. Dad told Ashley, "Mom has her ostomy changed three times a day but she only has a real bowel movement every other day. Mom is probably suffering from the fear of causing a problem for Dad with a spill or having an emergency around others with her ostomy.

I hope Dad's reticence to get mom an x ray isn't that he is concerned about people recognizing he isn't meeting Mom's bowel movement needs. I don't know if her being full of feces is visible on the x ray but it might help her get the help she needs to start emptying her bowels regularly and allowing her to stop feeling so fearful of moving.

He has to get up all night when Mom wants her diaper changed and Dad's whole life is caring for Mom except when the recent nurse started visiting. But it may be too much for him to make sure Mom's bowels are emptied. Doctor Taylor's medication has caused Mom to cease exercising 5 years ago and she hasn't been walking for the past two years. Dad can't get Mom up to the toilet with the small doorway to that part of the bathroom.

12:30 Mom was sleeping, Ashley cleaned up the kitchen and worked on the jigsaw puzzle in the living room.

1:00 Ashley left and made a joke about Friday's.

3:00 Dad had to go to the store which allowed me to exercise Mom for a good 30 minute workout, doing all the exercises except the ones which require being in a chair.

The combination of mom, having constant unsatisfactory emptied bowels and the lack of exercise from being overmedicated by Doctor Taylor is the most cruel and hard to convince family.

Dad has clearly convinced himself that Mom is permanently disabled mentally and physically. This is ironic because of the loyalty he feels personally caring for Mom and the extreme level of energy and focus required to meet her needs. He can't do it all so some of Mom's needs go uncared for. The ostomy and medication are the worst.

The disconnect, when Mom becomes clear headed and capable without drugs or drinking is impossible to unscramble by loved ones or professionals who only see her in her intoxicated states.

Now Mom has started to pretend to laugh hysterically if you call attention to this dilemma. It looks like she associates this laughter with a loss of mental ability she has seen in the movies.

The isolated hours Mom spends idle and forced to watch what Dad wants to watch on TV or laying there waiting for someone to visit are also contributing to Mom's decline. Dad has convinced Mom to tell everyone to go away from her and she dutifully developed the habit of doing so. She appears to think it is rude to have people stay around her especially when she is barely able to talk under the influence of dr. Taylor's drugs.

When the assistant (Ashley) first appeared several weeks ago Mom thought of her as a girlfriend and enjoyed watching the television show "Friends". Ashley was making commentary and talking with Mom while we were present, but when we attempted to take Dad away from the house to get him to be more active Mom had her feelings hurt when Ashley didn't stay with her to exercise, change her diaper or watch t v. It's very easy for everyone to take opportunities to escape from Mom when mom has had her feelings hurt so often or is so medicated she pushes us away. We don't think she will notice our presence when she's been drugged for so much of each day.

6:00 As I did my exercise Dad came in and out of the bedroom many times so I guessed, he was probably drinking with Mom. One of the times he was gone from the bedroom the I told Mom to please be careful about falling out of bed like she does when she's drinking. She said she never drinks. I said that Dad may be giving you drinks without your knowledge but you still have to be the one who keep yourself from falling out of bed

when you think you can walk.

6:30 Dad looked out the bedroom door and said good night like he does when he wants me to stay away.

3/7/24 report

6:30 PM I woke up and went downstairs to ask Mom and Dad if they wanted eggs and bacon for breakfast. Mom said, "coffee". Dad said, "first coffee then bacon and eggs."

6:45 I brought Mom and Dad coffee and breakfast and took away their tray when they were finished. Mom thanked me so she probably hadn't come on to the medication yet. I told Mom and Dad, there was an old movie they might like on the movie channel and Dad said they would check it out.

7:00 I transferred my clothes to the dryer from the washing machine and I went back upstairs.

9:07 I went downstairs and folded my clothes and took them into the bedroom to put away some of the towels. Dad, Mark and Ashley were there. Ashley was exercising Mom's feet thank goodness and I apologized to her for losing my temper with her yesterday. Ashley said, "that's OK I understand". I said, "I'm in a hurry to have Mom healthy."

9:10 I took my clothes upstairs and watched tv for a while.

9:30 I went downstairs and made a jug of iced tea to put in the refrigerator. I gave Dad a glass with ice and asked him if we could go play golf today. He said he hurt his back so he wasn't going to do that.

Dad suggested I go play golf with Mark. I said, "I only play golf to do something with you." I said, "we should go to the ymca where they have coaches to tell you how to exercise specifically for the sport of your choice." Dad said he would ask Mark. Ashley changed Mom's diaper and Dad looked really relieved he didn't have to do it for once. Mark came in from working outside and reminded Dad that, he and dad have dentist appointments this morning. I said, "so we can't go to the ymca". Dad said, "right."

10:00 I went downstairs again and Ashley was moving Mom to the living room chair. I assisted. Mom was medicated with Dr. Taylor's knock out drugs, but she answered when

I told her we should get out in the car soon, so she could see something other than the living room. Mom said, "OK." She won't remember because of the deadly meds.

11:00 Mom was asleep in the living room, chair with Friends comedy show on the TV and Ashley was cooking chicken in the kitchen. I went back upstairs for a little while.

12:00 I came downstairs and Brian was there. I played a song for Mom and Shelly came out of the kitchen with Ashley. We talked to Shelly for a few minutes and Ashley brought Mom some chicken, rice and excellent white gravy. Mom said there might not be enough food for everyone so I went upstairs again.

12:30 Dad called me down and told me there was plenty a food and I fixed myself a plate. Dad was playing chess with Brian and mom went fast to sleep. So I thought there were plenty of people watching Mom and Dad and I could catch up on some sleep.

2:30 I came downstairs and Dad said, he was going to the store for thirty minutes. So I had time to look for the vertical lift jacket to exercise Mom's feet now that she was coming out of the medications. I looked everywhere in the house and it appears Dad may have thrown it away like he has so many things I bought to help Mom. It's possible one of my brothers who are complicit in my Mom's lack of exercise, may have been instructed to take it away from the house.

3:00 Home Health Agency called while Dad was gone and said they would have an inspection to see Mom's level of fitness between 5:00 and 6:00 PM

3:15 Dad came home, found the note about the appointment and went in the bedroom.

4:00 Dad walked out the front door and came back in.

4:30 Dad walked out the door and came back in.

5:00 Dad walked out the door and came back in.

6:00 Richard with the Home Health Agency came to the door and dad answered. Richard was very pleasant and tested mom's legs with various exercises and positions. I told Richard that dad is very charming but Mom is suffering from Stockholm syndrome. Richard said he didn't know what that was and I said he should look it up. Dad said that was absurd.

I'm concerned that so few of the people I have communicated with in the medical field

know little about medicine or psychology.

6:30 Richard said he hopes he can get more physical therapy time for Mom and he left.

7:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and reminded me. The president was speaking tonight.

Considerations

I'm starting to see that part of the problem is not that Dad doesn't understand what he is doing wrong. When he does understand he forgets.

Ashley was somewhat improved today spending more time exercising Mom first thing in the morning and changing her so dad didn't have to. But she didn't give mom a second exercise at least not when I saw her.

Byran (the physical therapist) will hopefully be returning soon and he said he would bring a clearer chart of exercise instructions, because the ones we have are hard to read.

3/6/24 report

8:30 AM I could hear dad moving mom into the living room chair. Dad asked if I wanted a breakfast biscuit sandwich. I said yes and Dad and Mark left to get them.

8/45 AM I started exercising Mom's legs because because the usual Tuesday physical therapy session with Byran didn't take place and Mom was reporting that Ashley (the assistant) only massages her legs with lotion instead of doing the exercises.

9:00 Ashley and Theresa arrived at the same time. I told Ashley, Theresa and Mom about one of my students who's mother just died and the family is stealing the special needs young adult items from his house. Theresa said the same thing happened to her when her mother died. Dad and mark arrived with breakfast and we all ate.

Mom was marginally medicated and able to participate in the conversation, but it appeared Ashley was used to baby talking Mom from days when Mom is less capable of conversing when Ashley first arrives. It's helpful to adjust to mom's ability to focus and communicate in an adult fashion.

I began to exercise Mom's feet again with the illustrations provided by Byran , (the physical therapist) and Ashley began to write in her journal.

Dad and mark asked me to go with them someplace but I was determined to make sure Mom got her workouts in today. I did the exercises and Ashley interrupted by saying I "should put pressure on Mom's feet". I told Ashley about putting pressure on Mom's feet the first day she arrived so I guess she thought it would be flattering to keep reminding me of what I suggested.

I said, that's a good idea, but right now I'm following the instructions from the illustrations provided by the physical therapist. Ashley went to help Teresa make the bed and get the bedroom ready for Mom.

10:00 When Ashley came back I demonstrated how mom is able to do a consistent exercise with her feet when she is not receiving physical therapy.

I showed Ashley how Mom can bounce her weight on her feet and rock in the rocking chair. Ashley said, that was not what Mom was supposed to do. I said, that we need to get mom to move her feet as often as we possibly can and it is not helpful for Ashley to be competitive.

Ashley said she was not being competitive but began to act like she was an authority on physical therapy stating sternly she has worked with patients for 9 years.

I told her that our situation with Mom is not a usual one and it may need more exercises because we are trying to get Mom to build up after a long period of not being cared for properly.

I asked if any of Ashley's previous clients were still alive because this isn't an end of life job like her others she described to us earlier. I said, we are expecting Mom to improve so Adult Protective Services don't take her away next time they visit. I said, I have to write a report everyday for the APS and it always has to include the things that Ashley says.

Ashley asked if I was accusing her of trying to kill Mom. I said, I have to write down all those crazy things you say like that.

I said, isn't going to improve Mom's legs if "you are acting like like your an expert saying that Mom shouldn't rock in her chair when you haven't graduated high school.

Ashley said her education was not relevant to this situation and I said it is equivalent to the word experience, when you say you have 9 years in this job. You have to be prepared

for caring for Mom and make her healthy under these emergency conditions where Mom's feet don't function.

Ashley said, if we are going to talk about Mom, we should move away from her. I said, we are finished talking, but I can't recommend you to Shelley when you are not fulfilling the requirements of your job to help Mom get healthy and not just baby sit her. I said I'll have to watch more closely to protect Mom from you.

10:30 I Went to the bank for fifteen minutes to get money to pay Theresa. When I returned Ashley was rubbing lotion on mom and and massaging mom's Shoulder. Dad asked Mom if she wanted to get her haircut. Mom said yes and he called Maria for an in home appointment at ten o'clock Monday. I had Mom look at a number of haircuts on my phone and she chose a short haircut. I forwarded the image to Dad. Dad said, it was a good idea and forwarded the image to Maria.

11:00 We all talked about the birds and the things that needed to be done in the backyard. Ashley was gone several times on the phone about the argument we had. But she disappears regularly, so it wasn't a big issue. Margaret (the Wednesday nurse) arrived and worked with Mom in the living room chair.

I told her how mom has been complaining about sore ribs on her right side and it had been exacerbated since she fell on Saturday. It was aggravated again when Dad and I gave Mom the Heimlich maneuver Sunday. Margaret asked if she could know more about when Mom fell on Saturday.

I told Margaret I have a detailed account. I asked for her phone number, texted her the details and confirmed she received it. Dad complained saying mom's pain might have something to do with her problems with her lungs. I said it might be a good time to get some tests because Mom is not getting healthy fast enough.

Dad said that was probably probably mom's lung illness. I said, Mom's lungs aren't knocking her out every morning with medication. Dad said, "you don't know what time she takes her medication." I said, "We can all see when she can't talk or move." Margaret left after completing her visit and having dad sign her blue folder.

11:30 Mom said she needed her ostomy, changed and Dad said he wouldn't do it in the chair and would wait until she went in the bedroom. Mom said to take her in the bedroom so she could have her ostomy changed.

I went outside and tilled a fourth of the garden in the backyard for vegetables and returned where everyone was eating hamburgers. After mom finished her burger, she wanted her ostomy changed. Dad started preparing Mom and Ashley stopped eating to assist.

12:00 I went upstairs for a few minutes, wrote notes about the days experiences and came down stairs. I told Mom, Byran's instructions said she needs two workouts a day and began to go through the exercises with her. Mom only did half of them so it took about fifteen minutes.

1:00 Ashley left and Mom and Dad talked about the yard and how I should leave. I said I would leave when mom can walk. We talked about how Mom's assistant was supposed to give dad a chance to sleep and have outside activities. I said I didn't know how Dad was able to change Mom's diaper every hour or two all night and take them out to the trash. I reminded them how mad Mom was that Ashley didn't come near Mom when we all leave to play golf or do anything away from the house.

2:30 Mom said she wanted to go to the bedroom, we attached her to the lift and took her there without any problems. We discussed how good it is that she has been sitting up in the living room so much. But when I was in the bedroom I noticed I couldn't find the vertical lift jacket that was designed to exercise her feet. I think dad saw me looking for it and he closed the bedroom door. I didn't hear from them again until 5:30.

5:30 Dad came out of the bedroom and didn't speak to me so I went up to my room.

Considerations

Everyone is so polite in the house we may never notice it's necessary for adult protective services to take Mom, control her meds and make her exercise twice a day like she has been prescribed. I have been unable to convince Dad to stop using doctor Taylor's deadly cocktail of drugs that keep Mom from exercising with with any enthusiasm.

Dad is so polite he keeps anyone from helping him with the ostomy regularly and even changing Mom's diapers. She is obviously perfectly capable of building up her legs and feet to walk, so she can go to the bathroom and involve herself in activities that will motivate her further.

3/5/24 report

4:00 AM I left for Austin to vote.

2:30 PM I returned from Austin and Mom was in the living room chair. Mark was visiting. I told them about my trip and asked Mom if she had her workouts with Ashley today? She said, "no". I said, I have never seen Ashley exercise Mom's legs. I asked Mom if Ashley ever exercises her legs and Mom said, "she puts lotion on my skin".

3:00 PM I looked at the time and started exercising Mom's legs with Byran's (the Physical therapist's) list. After 20 minutes, Mom started to complain she was getting tired and said she was ready to go to the bedroom. I had completed less than half of the exercises from Byron's list. We used the lift to move Mom to the bedroom.

3:40 I told mom she should be ready for Byran when he arrives to do physical therapy today. Mom asked what days Byran comes. I said, "he comes on Tuesdays and Thursdays."

Dad looked disturbed so I left Mom and Dad in the bedroom and texted Byran asking when he would arrive. He texted back, "I'm waiting for my schedule from the Home Health Agency". I asked him to please remind Dad. Byran didn't answer. I didn't hear from Mom or Dad for hours in their room.

6:00 I started exercising with PBS Newshour and dad came through to the kitchen passing behind me. He said good night to me when he went back in the bedroom.

I hope Dad stops giving Mom Doctor Taylor's deadly cocktail of prescribed drugs and she can start exercising with all her intellect and physical ability before Adult Protective Services come back and take her away for lack of improvement.

3/4/24 report

7:00 AM Dad asked if I wanted eggs for breakfast and he fixed some for me, Mom and him while I wiped mom's eyes with a warm wash cloth and spoke with her as best I could in her drugged state.

8:00 Mark arrived and we made plans to go get coffee and possibly hit golf balls with dad.

9:00 Ashley arrived and we left to get coffee and go hit golf balls. I had a moment with Ashley to tell her I had a successful lift with Mom and the vertical lift jacket.

10:00 Mark and I sat for hours talking with Dad and drinking coffee and tea. Then we went to the driving range, but the course had become private and was too expensive.

11:00 We stopped by the house so I could run to the restroom and Mom was in the living room chair. Marl and Dad left and I told Ashley I understood what she meant by the lift jacket possibly making Mom uncomfortable. But I told, after trying it I found it is easier than the sling, much more efficient and definitely not uncomfortable for Mom.

I told her about how Mom was able to slip her arms into it when it was already attached to the lift and I used the velcro to close Mom comfortably. I told mom to keep her arms down so she didn't slide out for the seconds it takes to get to the wheelchair, shower chair or exercise bike. Ashley said, Shelley (her boss) told her she didn't recommend using the jacket.

I said Mom won't have a chance to improve with that kind of response to the technology that allows Mom to have her feet under her.

11:30 I took a nap while Mom was subjected to Ashley's favorite comedy program. Mark and Dad returned With barbecue sandwiches and we all ate till Mom wanted to go back in the bedroom and Ashley moved her with the lift.

12:00 Ashley talked with mark and dad showed her something with Mom till it was time for Ashley to leave at one.

1:00 Dad went to the drug store to fill a prescription and I practiced with Mom putting on the lift jacket and raising her up out of bed twice. I was about to transfer Mom from the bed to the wheelchair when Dad came in the kitchen and Mom saw him from the bedroom. She said she wanted to lay back down.

Dad came in the bedroom and was talking to Mom when she asked to go outside. Dad was surprised and asked for me to come help transfer Mom to the wheelchair. Mom said she didn't want to use the big sling and Dad misunderstood her. He even went so far as to say, "the blue sling is the only way to get you into the wheelchair."

I didn't want to cause a ruckus and I helped him get her into the sling, the wheelchair and then outside. We stayed outside a few minutes and she told me a few chores to do watering plants and we went back inside. Mom was in the bedroom and I watched t v with dad for a while in the living room.

5:30 I told dad I was going to do my exercise and he went in the bedroom. I exercised till 6:45 and dad came out for drinks. I asked him if he wanted to ride with me to vote in

Austin the following day. He said he would talk to mom and I received a text saying, "not this week".

That was it for the day.

Considerations

I think the adult assistant company is only babysitters because I have never seen Ashley exercise with Mom in all these weeks. Babysitting is useful to have the opportunity for Dad to get out of the house after all these years trapped by Dr. Taylor's cruel prescription meds for Mom.

But Dad relieves Ashley of the responsibility of the ostomy, which keeps Mom feeling full of feces and too delicate to move. And the requirement by the physical therapist (Byran), to do approximately 30 minutes of rigorous exercise twice a day is not being accomplished.

3/3/24 report

9:00 AM I slept late and went downstairs to watch meet the press. I didn't hear from parents until ten o'clock when dad came out of the bedroom.

10:00 AM Dad said, "you can get us cereal with fruit cups in the cereal". I went to Mom to ask her what kind of cereal she wanted and she said raisin bran. As I made my way back to the kitchen Dad said, "you don't take directions from me do you". I asked what he meant and he repeated, "You don't take directions from me?"

I realized he must have wanted some different kind of cereal and I called out to him as he went into the bedroom asking what kind of cereal he wanted. He said, "cheerios". So I fixed Raisin Bran for Mom and Cheerios for Dad and started watching another government show in the living room.

Dad brought the dishes in the kitchen and and I emptied the dishwasher. I realized it was the third time Dad ran the dishwasher with just a few dishes. I emptied the dishwasher and put away the dishes but I knew something was up, so I kept my distance.

12:00 PM Dad said he was going to get some food and and go get medicine so I went in talk to Mom. She was medicated but not so out of it that I couldn't have a conversation. So she must have been given her pills 4 hours or so earlier.

We talked for a long time about what she would want to do once she started walking again and as usual. She mentioned visiting her friend Jean, walking for exercise and just getting around the house to see the flowers and what needs to be done.

12:00 I begged her to let me try on the vertical lift jacket so she could be moved easily to a wheelchair, the shower chair, the exercise bicycle, or just stand safely to exercise her feet.

She finally agreed after two months or more since we received the jacket in the mail. I put the jacket on the lift first, which made it much quicker. I helped her put her arms through the jacket when she was sitting up in bed. I told her to keep her arms down so she wouldn't slip down in the jacket. And I pressed the up button to lift her up out of the bed.

I think she was surprised how easy it was, but she was still used to the idea that she wasn't going to like it. I didn't want to over do this first experiment, so I let her back down on the bed and slipped her arms out of the jacket and she lay down again.

I know She could see how happy I was. She tried a different method to transfer her more easily.

2:00 Dad returned, we ate and they were quiet in the bedroom for hours. Except when Mark came and talked to them for a while.

7:00 pm I went into the bedroom when dad came out to get a snack. The bedroom reeked of alcohol for the second night in a row. It was so obvious I thought dad must have done it on purpose as part of a strategy. But it never came up. It could explain why his manipulative behaviors were so obvious the past couple of days with and without alcohol.

He brought me some sardines on crackers and said I need to start putting the dishes away and we would make a plan to have the dishwashing happen more efficiently. So there must be some strategy of his about the dishwasher, which was tied to the past few days where he ran the dishwasher with so few dishes. I don't know what the strategy is yet.

Mom was watching Doctor Martin and said she didn't want a snack. Dad came back with sardines on crackers for himself when I was finishing mine. I told Mom I would make her

a grilled cheese sandwich if she wanted it and she said no.

I asked Dad if we should take mom to the doctor to have her ribs checked. He said we may have bruised them when we gave her the Heimlich maneuver yesterday.

I said, that is true, but she's been complaining about pain in her ribs for quite some time. Dad said, "Mom should remember to tell the nurse when she visits on Wednesday, but her ribs have only been hurting since we did the Heimlich maneuver on Saturday".

I reminded Dad that when I came in to help him pick Mom up off the floor Saturday she wouldn't let him attach the sling to the lift normally because it was hurting her ribs and that was before we did the Heimlich maneuver . Dad seemed to get upset and mom said, she wanted to watch her television program. I left for the night.

Considerations

Dad is sometimes no longer trapped by honesty and it seems he feels more comfortable strategizing and delighting in what he thinks is clever competing with me and manipulating Mom. It's much more obvious when they drink alcohol a few nights in a row. There is a cumulative effect on his ability to how much of his behavior is obvious to others.

Most of what Dad does in a day is unaffected by the mental illness which seems to be caused by cognitive dissonance from isolating mom with Dr Taylor's incapacitating drugs. No one who doesn't live with Mom and Dad for an extended period of time can see into the complex drugging and ostomy neglect which keeps Mom from being self preservative.

When dad is forced to look at his behavior with the advent of a long term visitor he digs his heels in and becomes defiant and angry, making mistakes with his polite and charming lifetime habits.

Waiting for him to become self-aware and to care for Mom properly is the ultimate challenge. It's a matter of being gentle with someone who is committing the most deplorable acts until he discovers his bad habits and corrects them on his own.

3/2/24 report

7:00 AM I asked mom and dad what they wanted to eat. Dad asked Mom if she wanted

Cheerios. She seemed to have been antagonized into saying no to everything and Dad said they weren't hungry. So I knew to let Dad get their breakfast to avoid conflict with gas-lit Mom.

8:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and fixed breakfast so I went in to wipe Mom's eyes. She took the warm washcloth and did it herself. So she wasn't drugged but she was upset.

Dad obviously convinced her to defy anything I suggested today because we had plans and that's the way things are for now with Dad's power play at Mom's expense. She participates in his defiance in her weakened state and with a dose of Stockholm syndrome. I left the bedroom to watch TV.

8:10 The woman who washes Mom's hair arrived and as she entered I asked her to try to use the shower chair to wash Mom's hair in the shower. Veronica agreed to try the chair. I walked in with her and tried my best to convince Mom to use it but mom was defiant. I said to Veronica, I hope she would try it later.

8:40 Veronica left and Mom obviously felt fresh and better. So we got her up to the living room using the lift and we changed the bedding on the bed. I took steaks out of the refrigerator to let them start reaching room temperature. And dad pulled out side dishes to go along with the meat.

9:00 Mom asked that we move the t v out of the way so she could see the yard. Within an hour she became clearly medicated and unable to respond effectively. So it was a big mistake to have chosen to fix meat that would require her to chew it well.

9:30 Dad was very proud of himself and asked me to play music. I told him to look up lyrics for the songs I played and he sang along with, If I had a hammer, You get a line I get a pole and She'll be coming around the mountain. Mom was out of it until dad kept asking her to look at the blue birds coming in and out of the bird house. I gave Mom the binoculars and she said she could see the blue birds.

10:30 I started cooking the steaks and Dad came in, cooked mashed potatoes and opened a jar of asparagus. He also made gravy with the drippings from the steaks.

11:00 We ate in the living room and on the third bite of steak which I cut too large, Mom started the choking. I took her tray away and gave her the Heimlich maneuver. Mom signaled, it didn't work and she was clearly struggling to breathe when dad attempted,

then I attempted again. Finally Dad did it and Mom spit out a piece of steak.

After mom got her breath, I asked if she wanted to finish her meal and she said no. We stayed in the living room for quite some time. And when she needed to go to the bathroom, we brought her back to the bed.

12:00 I asked mom if she wanted to visit Jean who was expecting us since we talked about it on Thursday. Mom said she didn't want to do anything today so I sent an apology text to Jean who understood.

5:00 Dad asked if I wanted half of Mom's steak and I said I didn't. While he was in the kitchen I spoke to Mom and told her the steak was really good if she would split it with dad. Mom said I should eat it. I said I didn't want it after accidentally choking her on it by not cutting it up small enough when she was obviously drugged with medication.

6:00 I did my exercise for an hour and then Dad called me in to watch a movie with him and Mom. I chatted with them, recognized I saw the movie many times and started to make my apologies and leave. Mom asked me to stay and she was clearly unmedicated for the first time since early in the morning. So I stayed for about a fourth of the movie until the very beautiful young girl in the movie was awkward for Mom. Mom asked if I was watching. She said she needed to go to the bathroom. I said I'll come and watch the rest of it tomorrow and I went to bed.

Considerations

Dad appears to be completely unaware how obvious it is when Mom is medicated and when she is not. He could only have developed this insensitivity over the 5 years since Doctor Taylor prescribed the drugs that cause Mom so much isolation, inactivity and misery. Drugged Mom has been easy to convince it's her own fault for being lazy.

3/1/24 report

12:30 AM Dad and mom are talking loudly and woke me up. I went downstairs and sat on the couch and couldn't hear what they were saying. They were obviously drinking and Mom was crying.

Dad came out of the bedroom and called to me thinking I was upstairs and I startled him by being on the couch. He asked me to come in the bedroom where Mom was on the

floor and he had already put her in the sling. But only her feet were attached to the lift.

Dad was saying he wasn't able to connect her head to the left because Mom was complaining that her ribs hurt. Dad wanted me to lift one side of her head while he lifted the other and with my other hand press the button to make the lift rise. We got mom up on to the bed and she reached up to the trapeze and wiggled her way up to the top of the bed.

Dad asked for me to make milkshakes for everyone. So I did and brought it to them. I think dad would have called an ambulance if they weren't drinking.

8:40 I got dressed and went to visit Mom and Dad who we're just getting ready for Ashley to visit. Mom was knocked out with medication and had eaten donuts for breakfast.

9:18 Ashley arrived late and said she was going to give Mom a shower at ten thirty.

9:45 Brian and Mark arrived and everyone seemed upset but we all agreed to help get Mom into the new shower chair so Ashley could give her the shower at ten thirty.

Brian had bird houses, newspapers and had a long introduction with Ashley who told Brian that she didn't like Taylor Swift because she was demonic. She told Brian about the colors and hoods of the background dancers and I thought it was extremely unprofessional to bring up superstition in front of Mom who was not involved in most of the conversation. Then Brian spent a good bit of time scratching Mom's back and trying to wake her up.

10:20 Dad tried sincerely to get mom to agree to getting in the shower chair but she would not accept the idea when 10:30 came.

10:40 We all left to go to a restaurant except for Ashley and Mom. We had a leisurely meal at Papados restaurant which was excellent and returned at 12 o'clock.

12:00 Ashley reported that Mom had a good workout and lotion. Mom was in the living room chair the whole time we were gone. We brought back soft-shell crab for Mom and even though she was still quite medicated she devoured it.

12:45 Dad and mark went to Walgreens to get Dad's medicine. Brian talked to mom for a long time and rubbed her legs. Ashley left.

2:00 Mark and Brian said they would be gone for the weekend and left. Dad and Mom watched several episodes of Doctor Martin while I watched c span.

5:00 I did my exercise after talking to Mom about the things we might do tomorrow if we can get her in the car.

6:00 I went upstairs to bed.

Considerations

In order to avoid mom being removed from the house by the adult protective services. I hope to convince Dad he needs to break through the usual lengthy process of discovering the portions of his Johari window which are invisible to him and destructive to Mom. The changes are not big, but the habits are entrenched and will need to be broken in spite of being insidiously unrecognizable to himself.

Dad will simply need to stop giving Mom the drugs and alcohol which make her incapable of exercising. The rewards for breaking these deeply entrenched habits are more activities with his sons and grandkids. He won't have to spend so much time and isolation caring for mom, who is perfectly capable of strengthening her legs and becoming independent.

He may need to discover the life experiences that led to his being capable of falling into those bad habits overtime but, he may be logical enough to force himself to stop providing the drugs and alcohol, and see the immediate rewards of their dual independence.

2/29/24 report

7:00 AM All is quiet and no answer at the door. So I was not being allowed to see mom before she was knocked out this morning.

7:30 I knocked and Mom was laying on her side but Dad answered "yes" when I asked if they wanted bacon and eggs for breakfast. I fixed breakfast and wiped Mom's eyes but she was out of it and I cut up her food for her.

I asked if she was happy there would be no visitors this morning and she said, "yes". I asked what she thought about Mitch. McConnell finally stepping down and even though she knows him to be The bad guy of Washington she was too out of it to respond. So I took their tray when they finished and left them alone till almost 12 when it was time to

go play golf with Dad.

12:00 Ashley arrived and before we left to play Golf the Amazon truck arrived with Mom's shower wheelchair. Ashley said she would assemble the chair and give mom her first shower in two years. Dad asked her to make sure the chair was safe before she used it.

I had a great game with dad and returned just before 4 o'clock when Ashley had spaghetti sauce and heated canned peas. The water was boiling for the noodles, but the noodles were still in the package so I broke them up and put them in the boiling water.

When I spoke to mom, she was angry and I asked what was wrong. She said Ashley left her alone and she was wet for a long time. I asked if she enjoyed her shower and the new chair. Mom became focused and said, Ashley didn't give a chance she was working on her puzzle the whole time.

I said, maybe after Ashley completed assembling the shower chair, she felt she was finished for the day. Mom said she didn't know. I asked Ashley what happened to taking a shower, and she said, "Mom was afraid of the chair and she spoke passed Mom saying. We will make sure to use it to have a nice shower tomorrow., won't we Ms. Betty. Mom Looked angry and Ashley left as though she is getting used to seeing what she wants to see like the nurse who talks baby talk to Mom.

We ate Ashley's excellent spaghetti.

4:30 I took away their trays and brought them some chocolate. Mom and Dad took a nap for a while.

5:00 Dad changed Mom's ostomy and I went in to talk to her after he left the room. I asked what she wanted to do tomorrow.

And and we had a conversation about all the options from visiting one of her neighbors that moved away to visiting the park and going to a drive through restaurant.

Dad came back to the bedroom, and mom said she wanted Coca-Cola. Dad put on his shoes and left to go to the grocery store. I talked to mom for a long time about how much she needed to exercise to get her independence. And we pulled out the Amazon box. She sat up in bed and pressed her feet on the box for about 10 minutes and we went through some of her exercises. She also said she needed to clean her fingernails. And I went in the bathroom and found her finger. Nail brush and put soapy water on it. It

was too firm so I sent a text to my brothers asking them to keep an eye out for a soft fingernail brush.

6:00 Dad returned from a long trip to the grocery store with a lot of groceries and brought Mom a coca cola. I told dad Mom was upset about Ashley, leaving her alone and I suggested she get a bell or some way to communicate with Ashley in the other room. Dad showed me there was already an electric button next to the bed. So mom could press it to call us when she needs Ashley or us. We got mom to practice pressing it a few times because she didn't seem familiar with the button.

I went in the living room and did my exercise with the PBS news and called out to Mom telling her she can ride the stationary bike with the vertical lift jacket without worrying about falling over. Dad fixed something for Mom and I put the headphones on Mom so she could hear the news better. I told them good night.

2/28/24 report

6:48 AM I went in to see Mom and Dad a little early this morning and Mom was completely coherent and happy. I wiped her eyes with a moist warm wash cloth and she dried her face and hands without my asking.

I asked what she wanted to do today. She said, she hadn't thought about it yet but Dad was getting coffee. She was watching an old black & white spooky movie called the "fiend without a face". I asked if they wanted cinnamon toast for breakfast and they said yes.

7:10 I made cinnamon toast and brought it to them. They ate it and drank their milk.

A character on the movie had a pipe and matches to smoke tobacco. I asked Mom if her dad smoked very often and she said "yes". She said that "he didn't have a pipe like the fancy one in the movie". She said "it was just a plain old pipe". I told her I have that pipe because she gave it to me a long time ago. She said "good".

7:40 I asked if old black and white spooky movies were going to be her new favorite and she said "yes." I said I didn't know she liked old movies like that. She started fumbling with her ostomy pouch and Dad started trying to assist her.

She couldn't control her fingers and I knew her medication had taken affect. She was mumbling and dad was chuckling and instructing her again how to seal her pouch after

he released the gas.

8:00 I went upstairs and called and left a message for Dr Taylor asking him to reconsider Mom's prescription medicine so she can do her physical therapy.

8:50 Ashley arrived a little early and I came down from upstairs to find my brother Mark, Dad, Ashley and Mom in the living room. Mom was trying to say words and finally said, I feel bad. I feel real bad, I'm sick, I'm sick.

What she usually means with those comments (when she's drugged like today) with Dr. Taylor's meds, is that she's uncomfortable with how full her bowels are and she's preparing for a BM. She doesn't want to inconvenience anyone around her with a potential emergency clean up. Everyone kept talking around Mom.

Ashley asked, how was my trip and I said, "it was good to be driving again after being in the house so long". Ashley said, "I would have stayed in Austin if I had some place else to go". I didn't respond.

Dad read from the a b c darian and Mark went outside. I made iced tea for Dad and went upstairs to write a note to Dr. Taylor.

9:30

2/28/24 note to Dr Taylor

The drugs you (Dr. Taylor) prescribed for Betty Broome need to be reconsidered so she can do the physical therapy which is also prescribed.

If Dad allowed you to talk to my Mom without an appointment you would eventually speak to her unmedicated, and learn, like I have from living with them, that Mom is alert and strong except when she can't walk or talk because of the drugs you, (Dr. Taylor) prescribed.

On 11/16/2019 Dad printed your report with several diagnosis, including pulmonary embolism, without acute Cor pulmonal, unspecified chronicity.

You must have also mentioned hospice to Dad because he has brought it up many times in the five years since the diagnosis. Dad has been very meticulous about treating Mom as if he is helping her out of her misery with medication instead of exercising and enjoying their old age together. But he also keeps giving me hints he wants this situation to stop. He has provided me with Mom's schedules, her lists of medications and a copy

of the diagnosis he printed in 2019.

One or more of the prescribed medicines you selected for Mom makes her unable to talk or walk. In combination with their nightly drinking Mom had a couple of bad falls, which Dad appears to have taken as confirmation of your mention of hospice five years ago.

The situation is more complicated with the fact that Dad gives Mom the drugs 45 minutes before anyone visits. She is always drugged when they talk to you (Dr. Taylor) on FaceTime since Mom stopped office visits years ago. Mom is also drugged before the arrival of the physical therapist, who's services are also prescribed.

Dad appears to be seeking corroboration of your 5 year old diagnosis, from everyone he displays Mom's drugged body to.

When I spoke to you previously you said you thought I was being selfish. I can't imagine anything worse than Mom being made a zombie unnecessarily and Dad being the supplier of your chosen drugs that make Mom incapable of physical therapy.

None of the Edgar Allan Poe, short stories Dad reads to mom in her comatose states is as cruel as 5 years of spousal torture using drugs prescribed by the trusted doctor Taylor.

Please do no harm with my Mother and please take away the incapacitating drugs from my Dad today, so Mom and Dad can enjoy their lives and their family.

10:00 I went downstairs and Mom had been moved with the lift back to the bedroom.

11:00 Margret (the weekly nurse) Came and immediately started talking baby talk. Mom was coming out of the medication so I didn't match the situation. The nurse did some breathing exercise with mom and ask her some questions to check her cognition. Mom was pretty alert. As Margaret left , I explained that when mom says she's sick , she is trying to let people know that she is full of feces and preparing to have a bowel movement. At times like this she feels very uncomfortable and afraid to be moved because she doesn't want to cause any problems with her imagined emergency leaks.

12:00 Margaret the Nurse left.

I exercised mom's feet and legs with her sitting up and her feet on a box.

I spoke to Ashley about how we need to try to get mom active enough to gain independence and she agreed.

Mark and dad brought food for everyone and we all ate. I was very excited to hear Dad mention he was going to receive a wheelchair tomorrow which can go in the shower so mom can have that pleasure again.

5:16 Doctor Taylor's nurse called and I repeated to her most of the talking points I listed in the note I sent to him (above.) Mainly I asked him to please stop Dad from giving Mom the medications that keep her from doing her physical therapy.

The nurse said, only Dad was allowed to make that decision. I said, Doctor Taylor was the one who prescribed the medicine, so he might be able to use the information of the terrible situation it has caused, to change the prescription, so Mom doesn't live like a zombie for the rest of her life whenever any one visits. The nurse said she would try to explain to doctor Taylor and I thanked her.

5:30 While Mom was eating the hamburger Dad got for her for supper she sat on the edge of the bed and asked Dad for the box behind him. She asked him to put it under her feet. So she ate her supper while exercising her feet on an amazon box.

This could be an important moment if dad doesn't have a backlash about it.

6:00 Dad closed the door and said good night to me.

2/27/25 report

6:00 AM I sent yesterday's APS report to Shell, the Adult Assistant's Manager.
See 2/26/24 report.

7:00 I found Mom alone and asleep with the lights and TV on. I turned them off. Dad was in the kitchen, so I asked if they wanted Raisin Bran for breakfast. He said yes and rather than waiting for Mom to wake, he turned on the lights and told Mom I was coming with food. I brought them cereal and a fruit cup. I can see she is already drugged with Dr. Taylor's medicine.

7:15 Mom could just barely eat and I took their tray when they were finished.

9:00 Dad came in the living room to get the lift so I knew he was moving Mom. He was trying to connect the sling to the lift without lowering the lift. I lowered the lift and we connected the sling to it. I pulled Mom into the living room with dad aiming her and Mom calling out, "what do I do?" It's hard to believe Dad still pretends we don't notice

the difference between Mom completely drugged out like this and when she is responsive and happy as the drugs wear out. I can only guess that it's because he got away with it so long, when his boys including me, didn't visit for so long. It became a habit incapacitating Mom with Dr. Taylor's overmedication.

9:10 Mark arrived. I left the room to let Mom, Ashley and Dad talk to delirious Mom.

9:30 I went downstairs and Shelley was there. It's good that she got to see what Mom looks like overmedicated. We all were joking about how overweight I am. It may be helpful to see how the family uses humor to avoid discussing the terrible situation of Mom's overmedication by Dr. Taylor. When Ashley asked if Mom if she wanted to do her workout Mom said, "what what what".

9:43 Mark and I left the room so Mom could have privacy to exercise.

10:30 I have to go to an appointment in Austin so I left.

3:27 Dad sent a text canceling golf tomorrow and having Ashley try coming at four o'clock instead of nine o'clock on Thursday.

Considerations

I have to guess that Shell suggested Ashley come later hoping Mom will not be, "sleepy" as Dad calls it in the mornings. That would be an excellent adaptation if Dad didn't drug mom when anyone visits or when Mom speaks to doctor Taylor on FaceTime.

This situation is more challenging than Shell can have expected in spite of my warnings. It will either require patience and a lot of exercising with Mom while she is drugged, until we can stop doctor Taylor and Dad diplomatically, or Shell may have some influence with doctor Taylor herself.

5:30 . I arrived from Austin and asked if Mom and Dad had eaten. Dad called out of the bedroom that he was changing Mom and that they ate trout. He also said that Wednesday was canceled and Ashley was coming at four instead of nine on Thursday.

Dad kept the door closed all evening and I knew it was because he didn't want me to see Mom up and alert. Mom and Dad were involved in lively conversation which I couldn't hear because of the volume of the television. But I have to guess it was more gaslighting from Dad about how I should leave them alone.

2/26/24 report

7:30 AM Dad fixed scrambled eggs, jelly toast and grits. Mom was far too drugged to eat them so Dad kept repeating that he overcooked the eggs. Mom then asked for something to eat and Dad made cinnamon toast.

8:40 Mom said, i've got to get up. She repeated many times I've got to get up. And then she said "Joe, Joe Joe",

Dad was sleeping next to her as she called louder. Joe joe i'm peeing.

8:43 I Created a group text with Ashley and Shell, Ashley's manager. I sent the following text.

Shell and Ashley

I'm Joe 2. Sadly Dad drugged Mom this morning after extensive conversations this weekend. So it will be still harder to exercise Mom's legs and feet but we have to follow the instructions left by Byran the Physical therapist even with Mom sluggish.

When we can build her up with exercise and she's walking with the walker, she can go to the bathroom and both of them will be less stressed when she needs to go.

Ideally we can get Mom in shape before we have to enlarge the bathroom door against Dad's wishes. We'll get Dad and Dr. Taylor to stop overmedicating Mom as soon as we can.

Thank you both for your commitment.

Joe 2

8:58 I sent another group text to Shell and Ashley

Mom was too knocked out to eat her eggs, grits and toast this morning. But she did eat cinnamon toast afterward. Mom has been calling Dad to help her get up, meaning that she needs her diaper changed, for the last ten minutes. Dad is not waking up and Mom is not changed.

9:06 Ashley arrived and I told her nothing has changed. Dad woke up when Ashley came in the room and told told Ashley about the breakfast that he said was overdone, and that he gave her cinnamon toast instead. He also made a joke about how this little office adjacent to the bedroom was the only room in the house that is his.

9:17 I told Ashley that mom needed to be changed after sending her a text with the same information twenty four minutes earlier. Ashley said that mom did not tell her she needed to be changed and she said that she always tells her when she needs to be changed.

Ashley asked mom if she needs to be changed and mom said, yes. So Ashley closed the door to the bedroom to change Mom.

The last time Ashley wrote in her journal was Thursday last week when she arrived late and found Mom and Dad sleeping like they were today. As usual, she blamed the people who "don't know how to drive" for her tardiness. She wrote a few lines in the journal about how Mom and Dad were sleeping , so she would let them sleep.

9:30 note to self.

I will suggest to Shell that Ashley could have a much easier time of keeping her notes if she used a notepad on her phone, so she can use voice to text dictation like I do for my daily report to Adult Protective Services. Ashley could send her report to Shell everyday who would have an easier time of cutting and pasting it to the database or spreadsheet where her records are kept.

9:54 Mark visited with coffee for Mom and Dad.

10:00 Mark, Dad an I went to the driving range, Michael's hobby shop and Home Depot just in time to get back at 12:50

12:50 as I installed the new pull knob on Mom's chest.of drawers, Mark asked Mom if she had been sleeping all day and Mom still delirious said "Yes". Ashley then said they did her workouts and cleaned her up. Ashley left at one o'clock.

12:58 text from Ashley

I left a lunch able in the fridge for tomorrow.

1:30 We discovered the electric skillet on and I sent Ashley a polite text telling her that she should be careful about that.

1:32 text from me to Ashley

That's a good idea for whenever you want to leave food for days ahead. But you also accidentally left the electric cooking skillet on. That's something you want to be very careful about.

1:30 Dad did Mom's ostomy and went to sleep with Mom. Ashley probably should have done the ostomy earlier. Dad is over polite about not wanting to inconvenience Ashley.

2:20 Ashley sent another text.

I didn't use anything. I just made her a PB&J. I didn't cook anything. That was probably on from when your dad made breakfast.

2:22 I texted back to Ashley

Could be. That's dangerous for it to have been on all day. Dad said he probably left it on.

5:00 Dad fixed supper and Mom was just coming out of a day of Dr. Taylor's overmedication. Mom went through her exercises with me and practiced wearing the vertical lift jacket while Dad was cooking chicken dinner.

5:30 We ate and Dad closed the bedroom door and said good night.

6:00 Set up an appointment for the housekeeper to watch mom while we take dad out to play golf for the first time in two years Wednesday at two o'clock.

2/25/24 report

8:00 AM All is quiet. Mom is overmedicated with doctor Taylor's drugs and Mom and Dad had a fruit cup for breakfast.

9:15 I went in to watch Meet the Press with them and Mom said, "Can you get me in the bathroom" and Dad said no. So I knew Mom would need to be changed shortly and I left.

11:00 Mark fixed food for mom and dad. We brought mom into the living room with the lift.

1:00 One of my ex students called to let me know his mother died that morning and they had already taken the body away. It was a very sad conversation and Dad suggested I contact Social Services to let them know he may be in danger of predatorial people wanting his house and property. So I made a report.

1:40 I spent 30 minutes exercising Mom with all of the exercises Byran (the physical therapist) left instructions for us to do with her twice a day.

2:50 We brought mom back to the bedroom with the lift.

3:00 Dad heated up a frozen apple pie and we ate thin slices to make sure we didn't ruin our appetite for the gumbo Mark was fixing for our supper.

6:00 Mark brought great gumbo.

6:15 I did my workout with p b s news hour and we all went to bed early.

8:48 Dad sent me a text saying I shouldn't tell the world about what is going on in the family. I said we should all be proud of everything our family does starting now, so we're happy to share it with everyone as a good example.

I said he should come and play music with me once we get Mom healthy and I posted the song I wrote about him.

<https://youtu.be/Aj4usUDvMJA?si=J8Tc-ob1R7XHMNkR>

2/24/24 report

7:00 AM Mom is completely incapacitated this morning but I brought them shredded wheat and wiped mom's eyes with a warm wash cloth.

10:00 Mom was completely out of it.

11:00 Dad cooked excellent potato soup. Dad thought I took mom's ice water and I found it next to the bed. I'm sorry, dad is keeping Mom incapacitated on a Saturday because of me, but I hope I can have a long-term effect of getting her off of Dr. Taylor's drugs so she can get exercised and independent.

12:30 I brought mom and dad chocolate. Dad was pretending he was delirious and Mom was knocked out, but they both took the chocolate.

1:50 Dad came out of the bedroom and left the door wide open with mom spread eagle on the bed with only an unattached diaper.

2:07 Dad took out the trash along with a diaper. He left the door open and returned to Mom asking, "There's alcohol if you want it." then he laughed. I didn't hear Mom answer

but he said "do you want water?"

3:00 Dad walked in the living room where I was watching television and sat next to me. He said that when all this is over , he hopes he still has his good family. He said he thought it would be a good time for me to contact Adult Protective Services, let them know everything is alright now and for me to go home because he has a nurse taking care of Mom in the mornings.

I said, I can't leave until mom gets on her feet again and can do some things for herself. He said I wasn't taking in consideration the fact that she has pulmonary fibrosis and what that may be doing to her.

I said, "it is a tragedy that mom does have that illness but that isn't what's keeping her from exercising and enjoying the last years of her life". I said, "doctor Taylor prescribed the wrong incapacitating medicine four years ago and didn't realize Mom was not about to die back then."

Dad said that at some point him or Mom was going to die and it would not have changed anything by my being there annoying them the whole time.

I said, "if mom dies under these circumstances, being drugged out so much of the day like a zombie and unable to exercise and enjoy the end of her life, he and the family would never see me again." He said that would be a relief.

He said he and Mom were happy before I arrived to help. I said that Mom says yes and no and yes and no and we pick whatever we want to believe when she is drugged out with prescribed drugs given to her by doctor Taylor or drunk with you at night. I said "you don't know if Mom is happy or not because she's a zombie so much of the time."

I said, living like a zombie is not happiness, no matter what Mom is prompted to say when she's on doctor Taylor's drugs or your alcohol.

Dad said the Adult Protective Services are just going to say that everything is fine here, and if they don't he can hire a lawyer and I can't afford. I said, "if he wants to defend himself like OJ. that's up to him, but it would be better if he just stopped giving mom incapacitating prescription drugs and let her exercise to get well."

Dad said he could make a counter claim against me with the APS and I said that would be very helpful because the more light shown on this terrible issue of doctors, drugging

elderly women the better. Dad said we could take about it later.

4:00 I asked mom if she wanted to hear my new song I almost have memorized and she said yes. I played it for her and she said she liked it. Then I told her a story about a friend of mine who chose drugs instead of playing with the Safely Limitless band, but who I gave three thousand dollars worth of musical equipment to because i'm generous like Mom and Dad were. Mom said I probably learned a lesson from that. And I said, I don't think I could stop being generous because because I had such a good example.

4:30 I asked Mom and Dad if they wanted sweet potatoes with butter for supper and they said yes. We ate them and watched some m s n b c. Dad said Nikki Hayley couldn't win tonight in her home state but she could get some momentum until trump gets convicted.

8:26 Dad is making sounds downstairs, probably taking another of Mom's diapers outside, like he does all night.

2/23/24 report

5:43 AM TV Still on

7:00 I fixed fried eggs, jelly toast and grapes. Mom is completely overmedicated. I wiped the sleep out of her eyes with a warm moist cloth. Dad said he was going to take a shower and went in the bathroom. I got Mom to pull herself up on the bed with the trapeze and she asked for Dad to change her. I told Dad, Mom wanted to be changed before he took his shower and he came out of the bathroom as I left the bedroom.

8:57 I sent a message to shell the manager of Adult Assistance.

Message To Shell

Dear Shell,

I hope you are feeling better superwoman. And thank you for being so considerate about keeping your distance while you are infected with covid. I know that must be a huge challenge in your line of work.

Everyone is enjoying our time with Ashley and we have even offered to help with her GED studies. Dad is especially good at math and it would be great for Mom to see us doing intricate projects like that with Mom helping. Mom is especially good with current events because she loves to read the paper, when she isn't overmedicated.

Thank you so much for communicating any urgency you have to Ashley about doing the exercises in spite of Dad pointing her to domestic jobs and anyway from fitness activities. I know it's going to be hard for Ashley to accept the idea that such a charming man as Dad is so focused on keeping Mom bedridden, but he is confused by the insurance company's requirements and he's ninety years old.

We are working on the medication problem with communications to Dr. Taylor but any mention of exercise stopping medications to Dr. Taylor and or Dad with your authority will help.

Please help keep Ashley's focus on exercising Mom and suggest to that when
1. Dad gives her chores to do instead of exercising, or 2. when Dad overmedicates Mom during most of Ashley's duty time or 3. when Dad releases Ashley early it is not in the long-term best interest of anyone to take advantage of the temptation to enjoy short term time off.

Ashley has a list of exercises and required times in spite of Dad's charming dismissals and Mom's drugged and ostomy sensitivity and complaints. Mom has very clear signals indicating what is really wrong with her, even when she is completely incapacitated with prescription drugs.

When Mom shouts "i'm sick i'm sick", there may be nothing in her ostomy bag but she is full inside her and on the verge of having a bowel movement. It's precarious and uncomfortable for her.

When she is overmedicated and shouts "I need to get up. I need to get up," There may be nothing in her diaper, but if she is overmedicated, and she needs to urinate, she thinks she can get up to go to the bathroom, till she remembers she has to use the diaper till she gets walking again.

Ashley has seen very little of Mom's actual lucid personality or actual communication level because of Dad's overmedicating Mom during the day. Yesterday was one of Mom's worst days but it all seems very easy to Ashley because Dad is controlling the situation with various levels of medication and he excuses everything Mom doesn't want to do. Today is going to be another bad one because Mom is out of it and even if my brothers and I can get Dad away from the house to get some sun and healthy activity, it's going to be tempting to want to go along with Mom's wishes to sleep all day.

I don't think It will help for me to try to explain this to Ashley because of her education and experience level but if she is prepared by you, she will know how to assist Mom and future clients without, considering them on the verge of hospice like she described her previous clients to us.

Thank you so much for your understanding.

Joe 2

9:09 Ashley arrived and Mark was very concerned that I keep my legs closed because I was wearing a bathing suit while I washed my clothes. He transferred his concern to Mom because she mentioned the same idea when I visited her in the bedroom. Ashley said, she wouldn't look at the length of my shorts and I said to mom, "Ashley is more mature than the Broome family." Ashley laughed.

9:30 Dad and Mark left to go to the doctor and I brought my clothes from the dryer to Mom's bed and asked if she wanted to help me fold the clothes. Mom acted upset and said, no. Mom said, I need to go back to Austin. I told her I was going when she can walk. I said to her and Ashley, "when Mom has her independence again and isn't trapped by medication, I will feel free to go back and play with the band."

I reminded mom that last time I left. They stopped the nurse and the physical therapist. I said that I have to be in the house every minute to get her back on her feet again.

I said that I didn't understand why Dad didn't let Mom use the vertical lift jacket to exercise her feet and walk her into the shower or enlarge the bathroom door so Mom use the lift to be taken to the toilet.

I said, we don't have to enlarge the door if we exercise her feet fast enough to get her walking with the walker soon.

Ashley said the door was not big enough even if we took the door off the hinges and I repeated that we will need to enlarge the door 3 feet wide if we can't get her feet exercised quickly enough.

Mom started saying "I'm sick. I'm sick" and showed me her ostomy which was puffed up very tightly with gas. Ashley was in the bathroom so I told Mom we will wait until a Ashley gets back and we'll show her how to release the gas. While Ashley was in the bathroom, I sent her the following text with a photograph of Byran (the physical

therapist) sitting Mom up to exercise her feet on the floor.

Message To Ashley

We are all very happy with how Mom has taken to you and let's you work her feet and legs. But there are at least two signals you should definitely learn about.

Mom has very clear signals indicating what is really wrong with her, even when she's completely incapacitated with prescription drugs.

When Mom shouts "I'm sick I'm sick", there may be nothing in her ostomy bag, but she is full inside and on the verge of having a bowel movement. She's worried someone will move her and cause an accident. So you may need to apply pressure around her ostomy to empty her bowels when she starts to say, "I'm sick I'm sick."

When Mom is overmedicated and shouts "I need to get up. I need to get up," There may be nothing in her diaper, but when she needs to urinate and when she's drugged, she thinks she can get up to go to the bathroom. Then Mom remembers she has to use the diaper. When we can stop Dad and Dr. Taylor from drugging Mom and she gets walking again she can stop these fearful attempts to get up.

Until then we need to work out Mom's feet and legs to get her ready to walk.

This is a picture of Mom working with Byran yesterday. This is how he gets her to work her feet on the floor.



When Ashley Came out of the bathroom I told her about Mom's bubble in the ostomy and how to release the gas by pinching up one edge. I explained how Mom fans away the smell with her clothing as her part of this procedure.

Ashley said she shouldn't do it until she has to change the ostomy. I said that it happens too often to wait for ostomy change and she went and put on rubber gloves. She lifted up the edge of the seal and pushed down the bubble.

Ashley started massaging around the ostomy and stated that there was clearly a bowel movement waiting to emerge. She attempted to massage it out and explained to Mom what she was doing. She said Mom's abdomen was hard with feces. I said it may be that she is very, constipated because we've all been eating a ton of chocolate since before the beginning of Valentine's day.

I left Ashley and Mom to watch Friends comedy series for a long time. When dad and Mark got home, they asked Ashley to fix lunch for Mom and she did.

1:00 Ashley left, and shortly after that Mark left as well.

3:00 Doctor Taylor's secretary called on Dad's phone while he was in the kitchen. I took the opportunity to explain to Judy that Mom needed to have her medications reconsidered so she was not knocked out all day and unable to exercise. I gave Dad the phone.

4:30 Mom said she was hungry and I told her I would make her some steak. As I was fixing the food, Dad started emptying the dishwasher and was clearly very angry at me. He said, he never overmedicated Mom.

Evidently someone I informed him about Doctor Taylor's overmedication in a way that upset him.

Dad slammed the door of the cabinet and the drawer of the dishwasher and I said, "I am sure you never did it on purpose but you were told in 2019, 4 years ago, that Mom was soon to be in hospice because of pulmonary respiratory illness and she was given medication to keep her from suffering while she died."

I said, "there was a miscalculation about how strong and healthy Mom is and the medication needs to be adjusted to allow her to exercise and get healthy now." Dad said, "you know more than doctor Taylor?" I said, Doctor Taylor doesn't know what's going on

because you give mom the incapacitating medication every time he talks to her on FaceTime.

5:00 I gave mom and Dad steak and spinach salad cut to bite size. But Mom was way more drugged out than usual for that time of night and had trouble eating. Dad finished her meal.

6:00 I started my nightly exercise and for the first time Dad interrupted me asking me to come watch a news item with them. I could see that he wanted me to see that Mom was out of it. He obviously wants me to think Mom is permanently incapacitated, because I have provided a lot of people with evidence that Mom is not.

Dad would never do anything like this of his own volition. But he has always been in control of the entire family his whole life and the Insurance Company's have caused him great concern and confusion about how incapacitated Mom needs to be to receive assistance and my absentee brother's with power of attorney go along with anything my Dad says.

10:30 It's hard to know how far Dad will go when he is backed into a corner. But it is also obvious that, as Dad is exposed and relieved of unnecessary responsibilities and confusing insurance policies he forgets the problems he's caused and goes on with our happy family life.

2/22/24 report

8:00 AM I asked my parents what they wanted for breakfast and Dad said they already had cereal. Mom is obviously knocked out with overmedication. I asked her if anyone got the sleep out of her eyes and she said yes , then no , then yes , then she said "I need it." So I wiped her eyes and she helped me dry her eyes with the other side of the cloth.

8:30 Mark arrived and unwrapped his beautiful tie dyed shirt.

9:00 Ashley arrived and ate breakfast, then Mark, Dad and I went to the store to get groceries.

10:00 We returned from the store and Ashley met us saying Mom was just brought back in from outside, she has done her exercise and had a good massage.

10:15 Dad went back to the store with me to return some items and when we returned Connie was visiting with Mark and Mom drank a large cup of lobster bisque.

10:30 Mom said she wanted to go back to the bedroom and Ashley moved her there. Mom was still almost completely knocked out with over medication.

11:00 I left the room because I already saw the doctor Martin program Mom and Dad were watching.

12:00 Ashley helped me move the television set and left telling me that dad said she could leave early. This is how dad got rid of the last nurse by squeezing her out bit by bit when Mom was too medicated to work with.

12:41 Dad came out of the bedroom to get wine.

I called Byran the physical therapist to ask why he didn't come on Thursday and he texted back saying that Mom was too ill to exercise Thursday.

Someone is going to have to receive consequences for drugging Mom and leaving her ostomy in precarious states so she can't exercise.

Is it the Doctor, Dad or those with power of attorney who are going to have to be reprimanded, so Mom will start being cared for appropriately?

Message To Dr. Taylor 2/22/24

Dr. Taylor

Many years ago, Doctor Taylor said that Betty Broome would be in hospice in a few months and Dad was provided medication to sedate and comfort Mom, putting her out of her misery. The medication stops Mom from walking or talking when it is all provided at once. (Dad makes sure Mom is completely incapacitated whenever she Face Times with doctor Taylor.)

I called Doctor Taylor more than a year ago and asked him to reconsider Xarelto, which paralyzes Mom and any other medications that keep her from exercising. Dr. Taylor's answer was that he thought "I am being selfish". I have no idea what he meant by that but it sounds suspicious.

Now, years have passed and Mom gradually found herself bedridden because she is never allowed relief from that medication, since she did not die according to plan.

I think Mom has suffered as a zombie long enough to convince the cruel Doctor Taylor, my controlling Dad and my absentee brothers that Mom is stronger than they thought.

Please change the medication so Mom can enjoy the rest of her life and participate in the physical therapy Dr. Taylor has also prescribed for her.

Joe Jr.

1:46 Dad came out of the bedroom with a diaper so I went to visit Mom who was up and alert. I told her it's Thursday and I wondered where Byran (the physical therapist) is? She said, "he still could come." Dad said he would call. Dad also said three times that he wanted to sleep so I left the bedroom. Dad doesn't like for anyone to see Mom when she is fully conscious.

4:00 Mark came and talked to me and Dad.

4:15 Byran the PT visited and gave Mom an excellent workout because she wasn't overmedicated.

5:00 I fixed clam chowder for Mom and Dad And asked mom what she wants to do once we get her walking. She said she wants to walk to the graveyard by the edge of the neighborhood and I wrote it on a list. Dad repeated his statement he always says that he wants only to make mom happy. I said, "but we need to think of Mom's long-term happiness rather than just eating chocolate and watching porn." Mom laughed.

5:35 I did my exercise for an hour and twenty minutes.

8:05 Mom is complaining about a wound and Dad says he will put medicine on it now if she wants him to change her diaper.

It will only be fair for my brothers to have to beg their care givers to change their diapers and put medicine on their rashes from improper hygiene. They need to visit long enough to recognize the difference between Mom medicated and unmedicated. They then need to apply pressure for doctor Taylor and Dad to stop immobilizing Mom so she can't exercise.

2/21/24 report

7:00 AM Mom appears to be medium dosed today. Probably just the Xarelto or the calming drug and not both of them because she is able to speak.

9:30 Ashley moved Mom in the living room and massaged her feet and legs. Teresa, the

house keeper said, Ashley exercised Mom but I didn't see it.

10:00 Neal brought shirts and dye to tie dye shirts, and we all turns doing them during the day as we watched videos on youtube about different techniques.

10:30 Dad, Mark and Neal went to the store.

11:00 Mom said I could take her outside and I called for and waited for 9 minutes for Ashley to help until I used the lift to pick Mom up. Ashley came to assist after I hooked Mom to the lift. Ashley kept saying things had to be done differently than the way I was doing it and complained to the housekeeper as I moved Mom out the door with the wheelchair. We stayed outside for 8 minutes in the sun and brought Mom into the bedroom.

Ashley said Mom was past being able to get to the toilet and I said only till we enlarge the bathroom door. I said, right now Ashley could improve Mom's life enormously if she used the vertical lift jacket to move Mom into the shower, let her sit on the bench and luxuriate in a hot shower she hasn't enjoyed in years.

Dad hasn't allowed showers or others comforts. With a larger door Mom could sit on the toilet and stop jumping up in bed from fear when she needs to urinate. She could also irrigate her stony. The way she should have been when she first had the operation so that she would have a regular BMing time each day. It appears Ashley has started to see this job as an obstacle.

11:15 Dad and brothers arrived with food and we all ate chili Fritos. Mom then slept till 3:30.

3:30 Natalie arrived to tie dye a T-shirt and talked to Mom in the bedroom

6:00 Neal fixed excellent sautéed trout for us all, which could have used a little lemon but was extraordinary.

8:00 Neal and I had an argument about why he shouldn't leave so soon when he hasn't been in the house long enough to see the dynamics causing Mom constant suffering. It ended with me saying that he needed to use the power of attorney to get more things done with regard to Mom's health, in defiance of Dad. (Enlarge the bathroom door, stop dad from overmedicating mom so she can exercise properly) Neal said he thought I was jealous of him.

I don't know whether he meant I was jealous because I wasn't able to leave parent's house or because he was given the power of attorney. But it seemed like something he was prompted to say by someone in his life who didn't take care of her mother appropriately.

Either way Neal is incorrect about me being jealous of him. I consider myself extremely lucky to have the strength and opportunity to pay Mom back after a lifetime of ignorantly oppressing her with Dad and my brothers.

I will never take Mom for granted again.

Message to the adult help manager Shell. 2/21/24

Shell

I hope you feel better soon. Ashley told us you got covid last weekend. Please take care of yourself.

Coincidentally, I planned to contact you on Monday to let you know my fears in the first message I sent you have come to pass. But I waited till now hoping you feel a bit better.

Dad is very charming, my family is very polite and Mom is sleepy from overmedication and often upset by her precariously over full ostomy.

Mom doesn't want to move but needs to exercise throughly at least twice a day.

Ideally, Dad should be instructed to enlarge the door to the toilet so Mom could sit on it and have her ostomy irrigated a few times to make her regular. And she should also be taken to the shower for a though and enjoyable cleaning. But at the very least the physical therapist requirements should be met.

Dad opposes these levels of care in a variety of ways, with medication and Mom's precariously under cared for ostomy. But I have already contacted Adult Protective Services and based on Mom's level of improvement from their last visit, will determine the action they take.

I would so much rather the APS find Mom improving from her atrophic and isolated state and them being happy to let our team, which includes you and Ashley, care for and built up Mom's fitness and confidence.

My brothers thought it would be helpful to Dad and Mom to get Dad away and be active

while Ashley was with Mom . Instead Ashley seems to have taken her cues from Dad who doesn't want anyone to take his place and Mom who is usually overmedicated or angry for fear of being moved with a full ostomy.

I recognize this is challenging to address psychological obstacles but Ashley has not completed more than 15 minutes of exercise in total for the week and a half she has been with us. She is very proud to display her additions to Dad's jigsaw puzzles and acts out the punch lines to her favorite comedy TV program she gets Mom to watch.

Remember, Mom is drugged and will say yes to anything suggested unless Dad has left her ostomy full, then she shouts "I'm sick, I'm sick" and asks to be left alone to sleep.

Ashley may need a reminder that she can not respond to Mom's needs when she is on her phone in another room. But Ashley could not have known till now that Dad has been working against her with his charming distractions, family and meals.

Thank you for taking on such an important task. I know it must be profoundly fulfilling to help with something so transformative as the fitness of loved ones.

2/20/24 report

7:00 AM I woke up and asked what Mom and Dad wanted for breakfast. Dad said Mom is as bad as she's ever been and doesn't want to eat. I got a warm wash cloth and she wiped her eyes. I wiped off the rest of her face, which seemed to upset Dad who brought her a glass of coca cola and wouldn't let Mom use the dry part of the washcloth to dry her face. I left the bedroom.

It looks like Dad may be planning to squeeze out Ashley the assistant with gaslit excuses he is pretending to be receiving from Mom like he did the last assistant.

9:30 Ashley and Mark brought Mom into the living room with the lift. The last time Ashley was here Mom was comfortable in the living room for almost 2 hours, but this time she was shouting, "I'm sick" and "I need to go back to the bedroom". This almost always means Mom is overflowing with her ostomy. Dad said he would take care of Mom before he left but he didn't.

10:00 Dad went to his doctor's appointment. Mark and Ashley had Mom stand on her feet with the belt for thirty seconds but Mom kept saying she was sick and I still didn't

realize Dad must have left the ostomy full for Ashley.

Neal arrived and we all ate pastrami sandwiches Mark brought from the store. I spoke to Ashley and said that Mom needs work on her feet and legs to get her back in action. I demonstrated how I use the rubber bands to exercise Mom's legs and feet. Ashley said it would take a long time.

1:00 Ashley left for the day.

3:00 Neal, Dad and Mom had a conversation in the bedroom which was the first time in a long time Mom was able to participate around Neal because of her medication levels. Mom asked about the property in Oklahoma on which there was a well and dad said he sold it.

Mom said, you never told me you were going to sell it or asked me. Dad said I told you 10 times. Dad went to great lengths repeating that he always tells Mom everything ten times before he does them.

When Mom is on medication during the day or alcohol at night she doesn't remember or respond to anything appropriately and is easily gaslit or led to say anything which is convenient. I wondered if Mom had ever heard about the selling of the property when she wasn't overmedicated or drinking with Dad.

Neal explained to dad that he shouldn't transfer the remaining property under current amounts but instead should transfer it in the nineteen seventy three amounts.

Mom interrupted again saying that she wasn't told about selling the property. Dad said again that he always tells her ten times. Neal said that he was here during that transaction and that Mom did know about it.

Mom said that years ago they went to the old property and the man who lived in front of the property lent them a truck because the ground was not good for the car. Mom said that when we went again, "why didn't we bring them a box of cookies or something for their trouble?"

Neal said it was nice of her to think of that. And Mom said that they even sent us pictures of their children.

Since this was a rare opportunity for Neal to talk to mom without being drugged or drinking, I thought he should have talked about exercising her feet and becoming

independent rather than Finances.

I have been suggesting for Mom's assistants to irrigate mom's ostomy so Mom could become regular. I have sent prices to the family for the bathroom door to be adjusted so Mom can get to the toilet and be less dependent. That could have been a good topic for them to discuss in Mom's rare daytime moments without overmedication.

When Dad and Neal went for supper sandwiches, I told Mom she's going to have to start the thinking for herself because she's been in a drug and alcohol cloud for 3 years. I told her she's going to slip away without having experienced life all these last years. Mom said "I'm old" and I said Yes , "that's true and someday you're going to die , but you are missing all of these precious years to prescription medication and alcohol." Mom said, she would think about it.

I told Mom that Ashley could take her to the shower tomorrow because the lift and the lift jacket will allow her to do so. I told her she could benefit by the good pressure and warm water, which is one of the best benefits of this house. She said she would ask Ashley tomorrow.

5:00 Dad, Mark and Neal brought sandwiches from the barbecue place and Mom was urgently needing Dad's help with the ostomy and smelled of feces. Dad clearly planned an ostomy emergency while Ashley was here, but Mom protected us from it by saying she was sick and having us carefully move her back to the bed. This is probably why Dad hadn't overmedicated Mom and why the conversation with Neal was so lucid. Dad's ostomy sabotage was still waiting, but now it was supper time and he brought Mom a sandwich and she couldn't wait any longer.

Dad had to change Mom's ostomy with the sandwiches in the room. When they finally got to eat their sandwich Mom asked Dad if he wanted part of hers. He put on a big show saying that he was full and that half of those sandwiches were too much for him.

I'm concerned about Ashley's inefficient use of the time. When we leave, taking Dad for opportunities to do something other than care for Mom, we return and Ashley takes pride showing how much of the jigsaw puzzle she has completed or does some exercise during the commercials when watching Ashley's favorite Friends comedy. The time we have witnessed Ashley exercising Mom, in the week and half she's been here, totals less than fifteen minutes.

6:00 everyone was done for the night Except for dad's constant trips to the trash with Mom's diapers.

2/19/24 report

7:00 AM I made breakfast for Mom and Dad. They ate it all this time But by the time Ashley arrived mom was out of it.

9:00 Ashley arrived Mom And mom tried to communicate with her. She put a lifting belt on Mom and Mark and I lifted her onto her feet. Mom said she wanted to sleep and we all left the room.

9:10 Mark, Dad and I went To Whole Foods to pick up some lunch.

10:30 We heated the soup when we got home. Mom was complaining of stomach pain and did not want to move or eat. She is obviously overmedicated. Dad seems to have done this on purpose to start convincing Ashley to stop exercising Mom.

10:50 Dad came out of the bedroom, ate the soup we bought but mom says her stomach hurts, like she always does when she is overmedicated or her ostomy is overflowing. Dad may have set up both to discourage Ashley.

Message To Ashley...

Don't give up but I tried to warn you about Dad. Dad was able to squeeze the last nurse out by discouraging exercise with Mom and convincing Mom she doesn't helpers.

You will start to recognize days like today when Dad purposely overmedicates or leaves Mom's ostomy uncomfortably full to discourage Mom from letting you exercise her feet. You should not let Dad know ahead of time when you are going to do anything which, prepares Mom to walk.

I know it makes Dad sound like a monster, but he is 90 and very confused because of the insurance requirements and corroboration from guilty family members who don't visit often enough to see what's going on. You will have to be clever and think for yourself to pick the right times to get Mom healthy.

12:18 Mom is uncomfortable and wants to be left alone.

7:00 Mom started to come out of her overmedication around 2:00 pm but was

exhausted from the drugging until around six. I brought them banana shakes made mostly a frozen bananas and milk.

2/18/24 report

7:00 AM Dad called me down because he made breakfast. I was sitting with Mom when she shouted, "help me wake up" as dad brought in the food.

10:00 Dad went to Walmart for diapers.

11:00 Mark visited Mom and asked why I haven't been to the gym. Dad arrived with diapers.

12:00 Dad gave us potstickers for lunch and leftover spaghetti for Mom. Dad brought me a wet washcloth to wipe my hands.

3:00 Dad kept Mom isolated most of the day. When I did get to talk to mom for a minute she made a poop sound about Ashley when Ashley's name came up. I hope Dad isn't gaslighting mom against her.

5:30 Natalie brought Catfish and potatoes for supper. I got to speak to Mom while they were getting supper ready. Mom acted very upset with me.

6:00 Dad closed the bedroom door and told me "good night". You can tell when Dad is excited and about to get drunk with Mom. It's been an uncomfortable weekend for mom with dad keeping her up and drinking in the evenings.

Mom is being incredibly patient waiting for Dad to treat her like a human being.

2/17/24 report

We have to get Dad through this predatory behavior. It's a dangerous psychological phenomena created by the predatory insurance and pharmaceutical company requirements.

1:53 AM Quiet night so far, probably because the cold front came in. That always keeps Dad in bed as much as possible between diaper changes.

7:00am I fixed them eggs and bacon and scrubbed Mom's arms with exfoliate. She fell

asleep.

8:00 Dad worked on bills and watched Blondie and Dagwood with me making unusually bad distracted jokes.

9:00am Dad said, "Mom went without her oxygen all night last night, so she's a little slow today." I guess he overmedicated her and was making excuses and unnecessary comments. But hopefully no one in the family will fall for the idea that mom is suffering from lack of oxygen and she passes out during the day. That is always overmedication that knocks her out that way.

Brian called and talked to mom while I exercised her legs with the rubber band exerciser. The hair washing woman came and washed Mom's hair.

10:00am Mark came in with a large bag of underwear for Dad. I just bought over \$100 of underwear for Dad two months previously. Maybe Dad threw it away in immature defiance of my pressure to stop him from overmedicating Mom.

I asked Mark if he could convince Dad to let Mark watch Mom while I take Dad to the y m c a. Mark said it is too cold.

I went in the bedroom and Mom was asleep. Dad said he knocked over his medicine for a whole month.

11:00 Mark took Dad to Home Depot to get some parts for the sprinklers. As he left, Dad told me Mom was asleep and wouldn't be able to talk. I checked on her and she was pretty knocked out.

I asked Mom why she thought Dad wouldn't let her use the vertical lift jacket to exercise her feet. I told her she could use it to take her first satisfying shower in years when Dad gets home because the lift fits in the shower.

She said, "your dad wants to take care of me and stop talking about exercising". I reminded her that she has had the vertical jacket for over two months and dad doesn't let her use it.

I put the jacket on and suspended myself from the lift for the fifth time, to demonstrate to mom. She looked encouraged and said, "it's good to see how it works." I told her I would bring roller skates next time I go home so she could practice roller skating around the house with the lift and the vertical jacket. She laughed.

I put the lift jacket away so it wouldn't upset Dad and and I let Mom sleep.

12:00 Dad and Mark returned with soup and salad which we all ate and Mom and Dad, went to sleep after Mark left.

3:00 Door was closed when I went downstairs.

5:45 Dad was going in and out of the bedroom leaving the door open but Mom was asleep. I did my exercise, unsuccessfully attempted to have Mom pull her feet up in the bed with the trapeze because she just wouldn't do it after all these months. So it appears that dad has convinced Mom not to let me wipe her eyes with a warm wash cloth in the mornings or pull herself up with the trapeze for exercise. I kissed her head and said good night.

6:30 I told dad about the Svengooly movie for the night, he asked mom if she wanted to see it. Later I met him in the kitchen where he threw away food I then ate out of the trash.

It's understandable the family doesn't know what to believe about dad when they have little one on one time to decide. Most families are used to a doctor or someone saying a family member is ready for hospice or dying, and everyone else believes it.

In this case, the easiest way to understand the urgency about Dads isolation of Mom and the complexity of recognizing their dangerous self-destructive down spiral are some obvious indicators.

1. Dad cannot discuss medication without losing his temper.
2. I purchased a hanging vertical lift jacket two and a 1/2 months ago and Dad hasn't allowed Mom to use it once. Even though it will completely eliminate any problem with getting her off the floor if she ever fell again and even though she is motivated to try it to exercise her atrophic feet and move to the shower and toilet.
3. Dad has not stopped allowing and providing Mom with alcohol even though it's not allowed with her medications and her only falls in the past were because of alcohol.

Two of the members of the band I play with have agreed to come play in Houston because of the extended time it is taking to ween mom from Dad's Insurance initiated stock home syndrome. But it's better than doing it the way the police suggested, by taking Mom away to have her tested. Adult Protective Services have not determined how they are going to address the problem and I can only hope it will not be as radical as

the police.

9:30 pm Dad set up all of utensils needed for breakfast and lunch tomorrow and mom was completely passed out. It appears they have been drinking heavily.

2/16/24 report

2:00 AM Tonight was a noisy night but I didn't go down to see Dad's performance.

5:27 I went downstairs for the first time.

I took mom and dad, a banana smoothie for breakfast. Dad said he has to fast for his blood test at nine o'clock.

Today's gaslighting performance was particularly obvious when Mom shouted out of context, "you need to go someplace today." That wasn't enough of the days gas-lit message for dad. So Dad took over, talking to mom like she was Lassie trying to tell us that Timmy was in the well.

Dad said, "Oh, you want us to leave so we can develop ourselves and get healthy away from the house?" Mom exhausted and overmedicated nodded yes. So dad got his message out that he wants us to leave today.

He also wanted to leave a message with Ashley about fixing a spaghetti lunch for all of us.

Dad's performance continued, he asked me to get Mom a wet rag and when I returned to put it on her eyes like I have for weeks Mom became upset and said, "I don't like it when you do it that way." Dad was prepared to take over but I just let Mom have the rag and didn't respond.

The sooner we can get Dad and Doctor Taylor to stop overmedicating Mom, so dad isn't tempted to spend hours gas lighting drugged and susceptible Mom with prepared statements each day, the sooner they can both enjoy their lives together and separately like a healthy couple.

9:00 Ashley arrived and Dad drank something so he can't go for tests today. Mark arrived and we went to the grocery store where dad said they were out of meatballs for the spaghetti lunch but he picked up a few things.

Ashley appears to be motivated to get Mom ambulatory, but she is also very young and

tempted to isolate herself from Mom as much as possible on her phone. Let's hope her focus on Mom's health comes first.

10:02 Watched friends with Ashley and heard about her collection of friends memorabilia. Mom did some of her leg exercises during the commercials.

Mom was in the living room from 9:15 till 11:30. Ate at 11:15.

Mom appears to be very happy with Ashley as a friend and helper. She doesn't mind Ashley repeating all the lines from the Friends comedy series. In fact she seems to like laughing with Ashley.

1:00 Ashley left at 1 o'clock and Dad closed the bedroom door so I didn't see Mom until three.

3:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and indicated that Mom wanted to sleep. I spoke to mom and she was up and alert but said she wanted to sleep and it looked like she had been prepared for alcohol. Dad made a couple more comments about my needing to go back to Austin and I didn't cause any disruption by saying why I needed to stay.

All it will take is one extreme unexpected and highly overmedicated experience with Ashley and dad will undo what we have done so far.

Dad won't be able to set up another fall until Mom starts walking and heavily drinking again. But we do need to keep her alert enough for exercises so Mom can get the point of walking and become independent. That way she can keep herself standing correctly and avoid the next fall.

We have to get Dad well through this predatory behavior. It's a dangerous psychological phenomena created by the predatory insurance and pharmaceutical companies requirements.

2/15/24 report

7:00 AM I got up at 7 this morning and went in Mom and Dad's room to ask what they want for breakfast. Mom turned to dad and asked, What do I do? What do I do? She was almost crying but I resisted the temptation to mention that she was overmedicated again. Dad suggested raisin bran with strawberries and I told them shredded wheat was in the pantry.

It's going to start becoming a waste of money to have the exercise girl if we can't stop doctor Taylor and Dad overmedicating Mom. Dad was happily ready to do something with any of us this morning who wants to help him get out and get in shape. But we have to help Mom survive Dad's dark side.

9:00 Ashlie arrived, put Mom in the lazy boy for exercise and Dad, Mark and I went shopping, to the driving range where Dad said multiple times he will never play golf again and we ate at In and Out Burgers. It was excellent!

12:00 Mark suggested we get the car cleaned during our outing tomorrow.

1:06 Ashley may be hinting she wants her emotional support dog with her at parent's house because she mentioned it a couple of times. She also said she will need help to lift Mom with a support belt Monday. She doesn't seem to understand Mom's feet are going to need to be built up to walking. But I do love her enthusiasm. As long as she remains safe, her high expectations can only be positive. Dad likes her.

2:22 Dad left the door open when he left the bedroom to get a drink. I went in the bedroom and talked to mom, who was completely lucid and talkative. When dad came back he saw Mom was unmedicated and sent me out saying they were going to sleep.

3:00 Byran arrived. He said Mom was very alert when he left at 3:45

4:45 Mark came to visit and had a great conversation with Mom but didn't seem to notice Mom was less medicated and that Dad was leaving Mom out of the conversation. Mom suggested we all go Mall walking tomorrow. She said we should buy her something. I asked what Mom wanted us to buy for her and she couldn't hear me from the living room. I said that you asked us to buy you something, and I wanted to know what it is you would like for us to buy. Dad said that I misunderstood mom.

5:00 Mark left saying he would return tomorrow but that it will rain.

Dad is probably going to see that his overmedication routine is obvious before he sees it was not ever necessary to contend with the predatory John Hancock insurance. So Dad may need to be consoled with a very healthy and busy schedule when we finally get Mom safe from overmedication.

2/14/24 report

12:20 AM Dad's performance started early tonight to prove to me Mom's clear headed night was a fluke the night before. He made plenty of noise to get me downstairs to see that mom was out of it.

7:00 am I brought mom and dad breakfast of milk, sliced peaches and bacon which they devoured instantly.

Those with power of attorney need to call Dr. Taylor or take Mom's place being drugged for so much of every day.

I understand it's complicated to imagine Dad could have 2 such separate personalities but you would have to have time with him to experience his petty and intermittent vengeful competition with me and also his cruelty medicating mom at various times and strengths to control people's perception of her competency.

Message To new adult assistance manager Shelly.

Previous assistants and therapists have been lulled by Dad and Doctor Taylor's overmedication, into less and less responsibility, rather than remaining assertive and pushing Mom's progress. In spite of the fact that our foes are psychological and out of your hands, it mustn't tempt us away from the progress we can make against atrophied limbs and self destructive gaslit nights.

I'm really glad to have you on board and I feel confident you are capable of persistent incentives while we work to stop Dad and Dr. Taylor from sabotaging Mom's progress with medication. Thank you for any assistance you can provide with what ever is required to make Mom and Dad physically and mentally healthy.

Thank you so much!

Joe Jr.

9:00 Theresa, the Nurse and Ashley visited today. Ashley arrived a little late for the second day in a row. The nurse didn't come till 4:00 and she is completely complicit with dad's requests for her to do nothing.

9:15 Mark dad and I went to the driving range and putted for a while afterward. Then we went to a Mexican restaurant and ate excellent nachos where I rediscovered that both Mark and Dad become confrontational when they are drinking alcohol. We came home

and Mom gave a good review even though she was clearly still somewhat medicated.

1:00 Ashley spent a lot of time out of the room and had her things in her hands to leave more than five minutes early. Dad made a big deal out of separating the medications into the dated slots mom's medicine dispenser. I don't know what he was implying, but Mom is definitely getting a little bit stronger in spite of the continual overmedication overnight and during the day.

One good indicator is that she got her skin lotion out on her own and was applying it to her rough lower arms after Dad, Mark and I came in from weeding the garden.

6:30 Mark brought chili for supper.

2/13/24 report

2:15 AM The fire alarm ran out of batteries and I went into Mom and Dad's room when dad was in the bathroom. Mom was completely lucid and alert. It's very frustrating that one of the few times she is not over medicated is at such a late hour. She saw I had the smoke detector and said Dad would know where the batteries are. I said, I know where they are. It was great to hear her voice without the crunchy sound. She said OK, and to go back to sleep. I kissed her forehead. Dad saw me changing the battery in the fire alarm and thanked me.

6:20 The bedroom door is open, so something is up. I went in the kitchen for tea and dad walked in after me. He says a long list of activities which will happen today, including the new 4 hour assistant, Veronica the hair washer, Byran the physical therapist and Dad has to go to the Doctor.

6:25 I went in to the bedroom to wipe mom's eyes with a warm wash cloth and she said, "cold cold cold". I asked her to rub her eyes with the cloth and she asked, "What do I do? cold cold cold."

So it looks like Dad has prepared Mom for her busy day with an extra dose of debilitating medication. I sat down and twice Mom asked Dad, "how do I get up?" She was touching her ostomy bag which has been an indicator for me to give them privacy for a bag change. As I left the room Dad Seemed to be trying to smooth things over by saying, as if her question was logical, he would wait till before he goes to the doctor to change the bag and he closed the door behind me.

It would be an especially important day for Mom's boys to be here.

Veronica came and washed Mom's hair. Shelley came and made apologies for Ashley who came a little late because of traffic. Ashley is the new daily assistant.

Dad showed Ashley all of the house. And how to use the equipment, then Shelly left and dad had to go to the doctor. Ashley was really nice and Mom seemed to like her.

Ashley didn't do all the items on the list but she helped with lunch. But it was only the 1st day and Mark and I spent a lot of time talking to Ashley.

Mark went out later in the day to get supper but Mom spent all day in bed again. It is a special challenge to get Doctor Taylor and Dad to stop overmedicating Mom, but at least we have someone now who is going to force mom's lifeless drugged body around.

2/12/24 Report

Staying up all night to write reports about mom and dad took its toll and I slept late today.

10:30 AM I went to mom and dad's room and dad signaled me in which is rare. And I knew he had some performance planned. He said Mark had gone to get food.

Dad said that mom wanted to watch cooking shows so we watched how to make onion rings and steak.

11:00am I tried to get mom to exercise her legs with the rubber band but she was unusually angry saying, "I don't want to do that I don't wanna do that" I didn't push her because I could see. She was overmedicated late in the day and she must be exhausted by now.

11:50am Mom said she was hungry and that she felt sick and became short temperature with dad repeating i'm sick. Dad said, usually a stomach pill will stop her from feeling sick.

11:57 Usually when mom is sick , they asked me to leave because it means she wants her diaper changed or something done with the ostomy.

Dad asked me if I wanted to see how to change the ostomy and because I have been instructed seven or eight times I said it wasn't necessary. Dad clearly had something planned and I didn't want to go through another sad ostomy performance.

12:04 From my room I heard mom call for dad. I know mom doesn't want to participate in this macabre theater Dad has adopted over the years to convince visitors like myself

that Mom is bedridden for the predatory insurance companies.

In my conversation with medicated mom, I asked her when she thinks she would be able to walk again. I asked her what her lucky number is and we'll say in March. that will be the day she walks. She said Brant's birthday is her lucky number. 31

Mom appears to be a victim of Stockholm Syndrome (controlled by her caregiver husband) and Dad is a victim of Munchausen by proxy (Addicted to his self imposed and self destructive role as an over medicating caregiver for his wife).

12:15 Mark arrived with an incredible reuben from downtown and mom was less medicated enough to eat, but not able to communicate normally.

4:00 Dad has kept mom isolated in the bedroom all afternoon saying she's not feeling well.

7:00 Dad came out of the bedroom and I got to say good night to mom.

2/11/24

Considerations

Dad can't let Dr. Taylor, nurses, therapists or those with power of attorney talk to Mom unmedicated. It would break the illusion of Mom's bedridden state Dad has maintained at the expense of his own health and personality for many years.

It's disgusting to see Mom blithering with medicine and disfigured with drugged inactivity or more mildly dosed for family visits. Dad is well practiced with prescription medication controls to keep the illusion Doctor Taylor told Dad to expect many years ago with his hospice diagnosis.

Now we know why Dr Taylor said I was being selfish when I asked him to change the paralyzing medication. Dr Taylor and Dad convinced themselves Mom needed to be put out of her misery with prescription drugs. But Mom is strong!

After years having to convince everyone Mom was incapacitated for the predatorial insurance companies, and in Dad's somewhat weakened and isolated state, he has become defensive about maintaining this macabre routine of precisely overmedicating Mom to meet the variety of visitors.

Only Living with Mom and Dad exposes the deception because Dad can't keep Mom paralyzed 24/7. Luckily part of Dad's affliction is short term memory and when we stop Mom's drugging Dad will start to enjoy his life guilt free. Few family members visit often enough to be stuck with a memory of over medicated Mom. We will all respond to her in her newly healthy state.

It is challenging to see a parent making destructive or hurtful choices after a lifetime of depending on them but Mom and Dad are still involved in the world enough that it would be no problem committing quite a lot of time with them if their confused spousal competitive habits and predatory insurances weren't causing Dad to sabotage Mom's health with overmedication.

Ironically it's the destructive choices which Dad makes against Mom's alertness and fitness, which don't allow me to give them privacy Dad says he wants. Gas-lit Mom says she wants to be alone as well.

Sometimes I wonder if Dad is unconsciously dangerous against Mom to keep his sons visiting more often. And at the same time telling us to visit rarely to hide his dangerously confused choices.

The doctor misdiagnosed Mom many years ago as a hospice patient and Dad has been unnecessarily putting Mom out of her misery ever since. The doctor is actually doing the overdosing but Dad makes sure mom is knocked out even when the doctor face times on the phone.

Mom could be healthy in a matter of weeks with encouragement, exercise and appropriate medications.

It's torture working with people who are fighting against their best interest. But it's worse if we wait till they are completely out of control and incapable of regaining their senses.

Catch 22s

Let's say your elderly dad is well adjusted and charming so he can can over medicate your mom for years to classify her as bedridden as required by predatorial insurance companies.

Now imagine your mother is so compliant, as a fifty's housewife and overworked mother, that she submits to being isolated and sedentary, even to the level of being

dangerous to her health.

Then think of what it's like to be the only family member educated in psychology to recognize these two in their self-imposed death sentence.

How much is the Doctor who supplied the sedating and paralyzing medications complicit with the father for slowly torturing and killing the mother over a period of years?

How much are those with power of attorney complicit and accountable?

2/10/24

The TV never went off from bed time till morning.

3:00 AM Dad made coffee and brought it to the bedroom.

3:45 AM Silence

5:00 Dad goes in the kitchen and returns to Mom who says she needs to sit up higher.

Dad says there is a problem with the trapeze and after several times Mom saying she can't drink her coffee Dad makes some adjustment and closes the door.

6:15 it started raining and Dad fixed breakfast for himself and Mom. Dad asked if that was all she wanted and took the tray.

6:35 Mom started coughing for a long time and I gave her a drink of water and wiped her eyes with a warm cloth. She asked what my shirt said and I said Safely Limitless. She said, go to bed and I left.

Unless Dad medicates Mom again she should be able to talk at 9:00am today.

8:52 The hair washing woman arrived and rang the bell.

9:15 Veronica left.

11:00 Mark came, bought mulch and barbecue lunch for us all.

12:00 we started watching elementary and Mom was clearly impaired with Dad calling attention to it. Her pill dispenser with the days marked on it was open as a clear indicator Dad was making some kind of point about whether mom was medicated or not. But mom was medicated all day and unable to do much more than the simple rubber band exercise I did with her twice.

That appears to be trying to have confrontations about the medication.

1:00 Mom said she wanted to sleep. I left the room. I wanted to tell dad he should consider talking to Doctor Taylor about changing the medications, so his caregiving and the new caregivers will have less of a challenging job working with Mom.

Connie brought banana bread and I fell asleep for the day.

7:00 I told dad Svengooly was on with a new movie I'd never seen but he didn't wake up.

2/9/24 Report

5:40 AM Quiet all night till Mom spoke quietly

5:45 Dad Spoke quietly

6:11 Dad said I'll change you after I get us coffee.

He left the bedroom and I went in and used a warm wash cloth to rinse mom's eyes and hands.

6:15 I left the bedroom and lay on the couch. Dad went back in the bedroom with coffee. He quietly talked to mom for a while with her answering. The only thing I could hear was that he was talking about hiring someone to be with her in the mornings. After some time Mom fell silent and Dad continued for 30 minutes or more.

6:50 Dad, changed mom and took some diapers out to the washroom. So I went into the bedroom and talked to mom about what she was watching on TV. I remembered that my cousins went to see the Beatles on Ed Sullivan. Mom didn't remember. Dad asked me to take the bag of diapers out to the trash can which was on the street.

I came back and saw TV interviewers talking about the comparison between Comey's sabotage of Hillary and the recent Biden report with malicious unnecessary comments against Biden. Mom was unresponsive. I asked if mom wanted to exercise her legs with the rubber band and she said no.

I brought her and dad some iced tea and Mom said she never drinks ice tea. Since I bring her tea almost daily I was convinced she was overmedicated. I asked how she was doing, and she turned to dad and asked loudly "what do I do?"

7:10 I left them alone.

1:00 pm Mark came to work on the trees and dad helped so I spoke to mom for a while. I asked her if she wanted to try the new vertical exercise jacket she hasn't tried yet after more than a month. She said she wasn't ready.

Dad came in and said I shouldn't make him look bad by telling Mark I was afraid he would lock me out of the house if I left to do wheelchair and.

Mark took dad to go get bird seed. And was gone for an hour so I had time to call Home depot and ask about installing a door wide enough for mom's wheelchair and and lift to fit into the bathroom. Home depot hung up several times so I contacted Lowe's and they started to set up an appointment but we were cut off while the woman was having some technical difficulty with her computer. The door would cost between \$300 a \$1000 and much less if we didn't. Install a hung door but just a archway leaving more room for the wheelchair or the lift.

2:30 When dad got back , Mom told him I was talking on the phone about installing the door and dad became very upset saying "don't try to run my house." I said Mom wants access to the bathroom when your not here. Dad said I would be welcome in the house if I wasn't here all the time. I said I can't leave until mom is safe. Dad said i'm not helping Mom.

5:00 I fixed bagels with cream cheese and marmalade for Mom an Dad.

7:00 Dad Texted a schedule which did not necessarily include a nurse he's been saying he was going to get for mom in the mornings.

2/8/24

2:02 AM Dad took out diapers and put towels in wash.

2:45 TV went silent

5:30 Dad got up to make coffee.

5:38 I washed Mom's eyes with a warm cloth.

9:00 Mom called me into bedroom with Dad laying on his side facing away from her. Mom was sitting up and asked that I go back to Austin and take care of my yard and business. I told her I would as soon as she could walk me to the car.

9:44 Dad used the lift to bring Mom into the living room and put her on the chair. She was shouting incoherently, "where is my back? Where is my back?" She was obviously overmedicated so I left the room and documented this.

12:00 Byron the Physical therapist arrived and needed to honk his horn to be let in.

Mom was overmedicated so I called the PT after he's finished to see if he can assist reporting Dad's abuse of medication. Dad overmedicates Mom to meet his imagined

need to convince the insurance companies need for a classification of "bed ridden".
Byran didn't want to get involved but said that if I have suspicions Dad is over medicating mom I should tell the nurse and the doctor.

12:55 Adult protective services called saying that dad didn't answer his phone when they called period I told them I would prepare him to answer if they could call back within ten minutes.

1:30 Dad came out of the bedroom saying that aps just called to check up and that I shouldn't ever say "poor mom". I said, good suggestion.

6:00 Mark brought prime rib that he cooked. By this time Mom was able to sit up and eat again.

2/7/24 TV turned off at 4:03

4:05 AM Dad starts talking quietly.

4:09 Dad takes a load of wash to the machine and diapers outside.

4:09 I put a warm washcloth on Mom's eyes and gave her a dry cloth to dry her eyes like I do most mornings. Dad returns and suggests I watch a documentary about 1177 break in world communication.

4:17 Mom says she wants to sleep. Dad turns on the TV as I leave the room.

4:24 The TV is still on.

4:30 TV is loud Dad asked, "It's 4:30. Do you want breakfast or a donut?"

4:38 Dad leaves the house dressed saying, "you can watch TV."

4:54 I told Neal Mom is not badly medicated yet and to come see her if he wants to be able to talk.

4:56 Neal came to Mom's door and while he was emerging from the dark mom said, There's dad. Then he came to the door in the light and Mom said, "that's Neal, how's my Neal. Neal said, hey Mom, it's too early to get up and he left.

5:00 Dad returned with Macdonald's breakfast sandwiches for us all.

5:39 Still watching MSNBC

5:44 I asked if they need anything and said I was going to sleep. Dad was asleep and Mom said, to leave the TV on because she's up for the day.

5:46 I hear Mom say, Joe Joe Joe Joe, then she says , I need a diaper. Dad sighs and says I'll get a diaper.

5:49 Door closes with me on the couch outside indicating Dad was changing.

7:30 Neal went in the bedroom with his computer.

9:00 Theresa arrived and cleaned the house while brothers arrived
Soon Brian came with more breakfast and Mark arrived for a full day hanging with Mom only partially medicated for the 4 brothers.

The head nurse for home assisted services came and spoke to all of us together asking and answering questions fairly well. The only thing which was not addressed satisfactorily was how to adjust the medication so Mom could talk and exercise when her assistant visits to exercise and care for Mom's ostomy.

We all ate ribs for lunch and Mark pruned the rose bushes. Brian and Mark left in the after noon.

4:45 Neal talked to Mom alone.

5:20 PM Dad discussed with me about how much it will cost to have the nurse work with Mom for 4 hours a day on weekdays. He said that John Hancock gave him enough for approximately 4 years with mom. I said that if he would adjust her medication, she would get well quickly and it wouldn't take 4 years.

Dad lost his temper and started saying. Mind your own business. I said, Why don't you want to talk about changing medications and letting Mom get healthy? Dad said, you don't know how many times Mom has talked to Doctor Taylor. I said, every time I have seen her talk to him on face time she was overmedicated. He said you don't know how long we talked to Doctor Taylor this morning. I said I know that Mom didn't talk to him this morning and he said, no you don't. I said yes, I do because you would have had her overmedicated if she would have talked to Doctor Taylor.

Dad became upset and said that it's none of my business. I said I have to stay until it becomes safe for Mom. Dad asked when are the police coming? I said, it isn't the police? It is Adult Protective Services. He said, When's the last time you talked to them? I said I only send them reports. I hope we work out the overmedication problem before the APS does something drastic.

5:27 Dad went into the bedroom with Neal and Mom where Neal stayed for almost an hour.

2/7/24 Message To Dad

Text

I think it's worth thinking about your psychology to push forward through this this new

focus on Mom's health and how it can free us all up to be more active now many of us are retiring.

I think your Dad and your Brother or a combination of them both inadvertently caused you to believe that once you accept something, you are stuck with it forever. Maybe Bob rubbed your nose in broken model planes and complaining about repeated playing of favorite records till you thought fairness was like a red balloon you outgrew before getting your fair share.

There is a good side to your tragic acceptance of suffering, which allows you to continue to function at a high level and compete in your career. But the bad side of this psychology is the when you are finally convinced some part of your body, life or some habit is insurmountable you accept it like an idea from a sad short story or poem.

Once you decided about 15 or 20 years ago that you and Mom were finished, and your boys were still toiling in our careers, you used all your cleverness to develop an exit strategy. We were only seeing you 15 hours a year on holidays so you pointed all your attention to accumulating and simplifying the transfer of your inheritance to your boy's. This single minded disposal of heirlooms, land sales and overmedication of Mom took precedence over your and Mom's health. We saw you go downhill quickly in a way which did not match your obvious vitality and potential fitness.

But your boys are retiring now and I think it's time to realize that human beings are plastic and can change in dramatic ways. You have to believe that instead of defending and digging in your heels about keeping Mom from getting better and keeping us from seeing her get better, you and she can change and have free time to enjoy life. It's time for recapturing your health.

Mom can get healthy, but it's going to require a helper which you think is too expensive because of the way you were raised by depression period parents and your shocked response to the difference in the prices of things nowadays.

You have a powerful tendency to want to pass down something to your kids and it has caused you to make mistakes about selling and giving away things which were much more nostalgic and valuable than the little bit of cash you are saving and accumulating. You have to get over the fear of spending money when it comes to letting you and Mom enjoy the best years of your lives. You've already taken away a lot of Mom's precious time by keeping her overmedicated when she could have got up and exercised. Mom needs to be independent for you to be independent and happy.

You don't have the experience with medicine and physical therapy to motivate and help Mom. You need to hire someone and it may as well be one person who can do the 1. ostomy, the 2. physical therapy and 3. medication in a motivational way. The change in medication is very important so Mom is not incapacitated for the hours the assistant is working with Mom.

I began this focus on psychology by telling you that your response to your brother and father was a system of acceptance which worked in your favor to survive and compete, but causes you to give up once you finally accept something. This is not the time to accept and give up with the bad habits you stumbled on to with Mom.

It is time to start from here becoming everything you can be with all of your artistic, athletic and charming skills.

Let's start having a lot more fun and enjoy these years you are wasting in confused response to predatorial insurance companies.

Just think about health and fun with the family like you did when you were young.

2/6/24 Dad's Announcement

Good news. Dad just said he's hiring someone from 8 to twelve weekdays. So we need to start planning things to do every day while someone gets Mom in shape, so she can start coming with us after a few weeks of daily workouts.