

HEALTH CARE OR MEDICAL NEGLECT: In Here It Is All The Same

I would like for you to sit and visualize for a second if possible — You have left the clinic and you have a feeling that you may have been misdiagnosed by this 'clinician' posing as a MD. The problem persists, continues to exacerbate becoming unbearable mentally as well as physically.

You go back to the 'clinician' who seems appalled that you have the audacity and gall to challenge them to run a new series of tests. S/he complies due to the fact you have a 'right to healthcare' and s/he wants to be free from a deliberate indifference suit. If you are not indigent and/or live below the poverty line, which most of us tend to be in the 'land of The Free'.

You then receive a phonecall and your clinician sets an appointment to tell you the test results. You arrive at the shabby office them them playing solitaire on the computer. A timid intern/student nurse is on post. Once the clinician wins or loses they ask you, "So what can I do for you today?". You may be lost and respond, "you called me to tell me the test results on my issue." S/he begins to shuffle sheath of coffee stained papers that seem to be of little importance to them, "And what is your name?". Once you tell them s/he says, "Well you have malignant melanoma, I'll have to refer you to a specialist who can properly deal with it. This should conclude. I will see you in a couple of months when I find the doctor who suits your issue." S/he turns and begins tapping nonchalantly on the keyboard. You look at the intern/student nurse who lightly shrugs her shoulders, so you go for it, "what is malignant melanoma?" The clinician seems oblivious to your presence, "Oh yeah, it's cancer or something, but we will get it fixed."

Receiving this news, how would you feel? Hurt, scared, angry, hatred. How would you respond? Would you be at loss for words? Would you feel helpless and neglected by your 'clinician'?

If so, welcome to prison and the healthcare that we receive on a daily basis. This is my TRUE, first hand account of how I found out that I had 'nodular melanoma', not a skin tag, as my clinician told me. I lived with this illness for nearly two years while being ignorantly diagnosed by a quack in a white overcoat ... a lil' ol' place in Licking, Missouri called South Central Correctional Center.

I, for one agree that people who have disregard for the law shall be punished for said crimes. I, on the other hand know that it is both cruel and inhumane to receive punishment through post-operative neglect brutality. Medical neglect cannot be tolerated in the civilized world; not in evolving countries where doctors and medical supplies are scarce, and not in Licking, Missouri, USA.

In August 2013 I noticed that I had an abnormal growth on my lower right leg that resembled a mole. I requested medical attention because I was worried about what it may or may not be. I received at the time what was only considered inadequate examinations by unqualified physicians assistants who were indifferent at best, toward my issue. My issue persisted, and so did I. After months of complaining, being misdiagnosed, evaluated by mental health staff for being manic and livid. I finally received a butchered job of a biopsy. It took over a month for me to hear the results. When I did, it took another month to speak to a surgeon who told me, "You are in need of an emergency surgery. I don't know what they have told you but this is a major issue that could be life threatening."

I went back to my cell in the administrative segregation unit (hole) and told nobody of my issue. I was hurt, lost but scared in a sense that I did not know could exist. As the next two months dragged by, I endured mental anguish, cried discreetly nightly and reveled in the days I may or may not have left.

On July 7, 2015 I was told, "Get ready, now!" After I was placed in a holding cage, underwent a strip search and cavity check. I was told by a female officer, "You are going to get surgery today. Good luck and may God bless you". My eyes ~~filled~~ up with tears so hot and heavy that my vision became blurry. I then began to hear them as they met concrete in the holding cage, splat, splat, splat. I was placed in an orange jumpsuit, shackled and put in an outdated Ford to embark on a three hour journey to the hospital; my salvation.

While upon the ride I was both confused and stunned, "Why for the last two years have I suffered and wondered about my condition with not even an educated guess as to what may be the underlying cause of my pain and discomfort? Why had none of the examiners divulged my foreseeable and conceivable fatal condition? Why never a mention of cancer?" I thought this amongst other things while correctional employees puffed away 'John Wayne style' on cigarettes without filters.

Considering that the common indicators of skin cancer are instituted amongst medical practitioners throughout the world, it seems that healthcare personnel would would (should) have recognized my lethargic symptom at SCCC. Which is 13% of people proves to be fatal if not caught in the beginning stages).

Hours out of surgery I was discharged and sent to Potosi Correctional Center (google Monkey Mountain) to be held in the Transitional Care Unit (prison infirmary)

I am barely awake, 32 stitches in my lower right leg from removing the tumor, surrounding muscle and damage tissue. Six stitches in my groin after removing a lymph node... As I am wheeled into the infirmary a staff asks, "Oh Greer, you're back to pay us a visit, huh?" I am lost as to his question. I have never stepped foot into this facility until this very moment. "Do you hear me, Boy??" I am unresponsive. I am placed in a room and being laid in a rather comfy bed when I am bombarded by officers. "Stand up, you more we will take your ass down, cuff him to the back". I comply but fall and am left on the floor and told to get up, come to the door (locked) to get wrist restraints removed. I had to be honest with these... people, "I can't, I can't even walk, Sir". I was encircled, "If you make a move, you will be maced. Do you understand?". I nodded my head in comprehension. My wrist restraints were taken off and I was left on the floor for nearly a hour, naked, before shifts changed and a CPN could come in and 'properly access me' because I never was.

I was given a discharge summary. The PCC nurses wrote, "I was making 'good progress' and had an 'uneventful post-op period", this was far from the truth. I was transferred back to SCCP, less than 3 days after surgery, in my frailty, on July 10, 2015.

I was ordered not to engage in any activity that required exertion, and not to walk up and down stairs. It was additionally ordered that proper hygiene facilities be provided to prevent infections outside of daily bandage changes, etc.

After my return to SCCP, I was thrown aback as to me being placed in administrative segregation (hole) with a cellmate I didn't know. I wasn't unruly and should have been held as a 'patient' in the infirmary until I healed, not the 'hole'.

My wheel chair was taken and I was made to walk from the medical complex to the ad-seg unit (hole). I was placed in full body shackles and was all but dragged by my escorts. I posed no threat to these 'guards'. Nor was I going to escape or start a scuffle. So full body shackles served no sound correctional purposes.

I was told by officers that I needed to 'hurry up' so that they could 'leave early'. They demonstrated an inhumane attitude towards me which was a blatant act of cruelty and brutality at the whim of guards who had no reason for this action other than, ~~to serve~~, to serve their demented pleasures.

I insisted that I was in pain and told them that I was ordered by my surgeon not to engage in anything that over-exerts myself. This is when I was man-handled and placed in an unsanitary cell with a strange person and no help.

The hole was not equipped for me to care for myself. The ability to bathe was hindered due to ad-seg inmates take showers once every 72 hours, and when I did I had to stand for up to 45 minutes in an enclosed shower creating a very dangerous situation because it was slippery, with no where to sit. I was determined to keep my wounds clean and free from infection, so I maneuvered, ascended and descended steps, basically unassisted until December 8, 2015 when I was finally released from ad-seg.

In this time period I filed complaints for adequate arrangements that would allow me to properly care for myself while recovering. Of course I was ignored, many infections, three rounds of antibiotics, swelling, pain and discomfort until I was fully healed.

As most in society may not know. The majority of people that are incarcerated are unable to afford legal help. or

are unprepared to legally challenge medical negligence endured behind prison walls. Some, not all are fortunate in this account. This is why Carizon gets away with dishing out inappropriate medical care.

My case of brutality and medical neglect is reprehensible, but not isolated judging from numerous reports for medically challenged people in prison across the nation. I know that I will NEVER return to my unlawful ways if I am allowed to live out my remaining days with family where adequate healthcare and medical treatment could be provided.

Respectfully,

~~UHURU~~ UHURU Hamzah Din
Din
tracy e. greer jr.

Contact : accesscorrections.com