

I came to prison January 15, 2018.
Four days before coming to prison, I found out I was 4 weeks pregnant. Both bitter sweet moments, but for the most part, I had to plan for my stay. I called my probation officer and alerted her. She called the prison to see if they had any reasonable accommodations to ensure that I would be safe in a medium security prison being pregnant. Now, this may sound crazy. medium prison, first time offender, non-violent charge, but okay. I was admitted into prison as a self surrender midnight that night. I had to spend a night in the Shu (Special housing unit) where I told the booking officer of my pregnancy. The next day, I had to walk to R + D and do my inmate ID, and get paperwork on my charge.

I was called over to medical to confirm my pregnancy where both tests came back positive. I was given a bottom bunk pass and told to go to my designated unit. I was set to four flights of stairs up, and when I arrived my bunkie was nice, but she was older and also a bottom bunk pass. I went and complained to the officer, but he couldn't do anything needless to say I had to wait two days to get moved to a room that had a bottom bunk available. My fourth day I had an OB appointment with the doctor. Everyone at the prison (prisoners) stated that our doctor had an ankle monitor on, and he had been instructed to not give any vaginal exams. So me thinking it was an inmate.com scenario, I went in, the doctor had given me my due date for September 19, 2018. as I began to leave, he called the nurse to have me do a pelvic exam.

I left out of one room to go into the other to change. I climbed on the table in nervousness, but I knew I had to do it to complete my physical exam. He had come into the room and began to examine me. He palpated around, and pulled out the kit to rub my cervix, I'm guessing to send cultures to the lab to ~~to~~ rule out any STD's, and bam, he pushed in a way ~~the~~ too hard. Opps, is what he exclaimed. I'm sorry. I began to moan in pain, as out he came with blood. he stated, you were already bleeding before. I said no, I wasn't. I put my things back on, and ~~was~~ ^{was} told I would bleed just a little, but not much to come back if the bleeding had gotten worse. now (I'm a mom that has several children) this was odd to me as I have been pregnant many times before. I went back to my room and slept with slight bleeding.

I had awoken the next day with a large brown blood tinge discharge, went back to medical. He said my cervix was closed, but didn't know where the bleeding was coming from, and would schedule me the next week for an ultrasound. I bleed all week long. it started getting so bad I wore pads. I was rushed to the hospital. The nurse had received report from my doctor before my arrival. as she ~~begin~~ begin asking me questions. I told her about the bleeding. She told me that it was a part of the process, and i had to let my body ^{WORK} ~~WORK~~ it out. Now clearly I know I'm miscarrying, but hadn't had an exam by the emergency room doctor. Afterwards, the doctor came in, ran tests, and noted that I needed bed rest to not move. I went back to the facility and within a few days had started the guarding

process of the large clots coming out. It took 3 days for everything to be completely done. I did a follow up with the doctor who informed me that I had miscarried. no sure reason why, but I knew because of that exam. I went to psychology because I was distraught and needed to tell someone, and she shut me down, and had actually taken up for the physician. I was afraid to reach out to anyone because I was afraid of retaliation. I cried for around two months. I actually began feeling as if I were holding a baby at night. My depression was so deep because I had accepted being pregnant, giving birth and now no hope or help. I had began to lift myself out of pity and started a vocational course to ease my pain. They let me get into the Trauma program, but my pain is still there. it's like a dead silence.

its as if he had given me a quick
abortion. I'm hurt. I tried to
reach out to someone on the outside
for legal help, but in prison your limited.
as my process was going through, we
had a news report that showed
our facility's medical department was
participating in a class action lawsuit,
and then the T.V. was turned. I'm
sharing my story because this still
hurts me mentally. I fear medical
professionals. From being four flights
up, top bunk for a few days, High
Risk being over 35, and an unforeseen
pain. I also forgot to mention, when
I asked for pain meds, I received
10 Tylenol two hundred and fifty milligrams,
and when going back to get more, the
nurse said the doctor told her I couldn't
have any more, but my bunkie who
had a tooth pulled got 800 mg of
Ibuprofen?

It's hurtful. being Confined is one thing,
but to Experience an emotional breakdown
in prison is another. it has to
get better. in any event of Trauma,
Please Talk to Someone or meditate
in silence to receive clarity.

Thank you,

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