

The Crucifixion of a Truth-Teller Who Can Never Forget

PROLOGUE: THE ARCHIVE

I don't "remember" the past. I inhabit it.

While the rest of the world enjoys the mercy of a blurring lens, my mind is a forensic hard drive that never crashes. I remember the exact diagonal tilt of the speaker slats in 1964. I remember the taste of the plum baby food I was beaten for eating. And I remember the smell of the trailer in Aloha, Oregon, after the blood had started to dry.

They call it Hyperthymesia. They call it Autism. They call it CPTSD.

I call it the reason they had to kill me. Because in a family—and a medical system—built on the convenient lie, a person who cannot forget is not a person; they are a walking piece of evidence. And evidence must be suppressed.

Chapter 1: Aloha (The Blood)

The world knows **Aloha** as a city in Oregon. The police blotter knows it as the site of a murder-suicide in January 2019. But I know it as the day the "Seven-Year Siege" officially moved from the shadows into the light.

My sister Jeanine didn't want a witness; she wanted an accomplice.

I remember the "Before" photos she sent—the voyeurism of tragedy. I remember the weight of the trash bags filled with Lisa's bloody bedding and the mop used to try and scrub away the evidence of David's final act. Jeanine didn't want to dispose of them; she wanted to *play* with them. She wanted to dump them at a dumpster near the victim's mother's home because she thought it would be "funny."

When I refused to participate in her sociopathic theater, the trap snapped shut.

That night, she walked me back into the trailer. She pointed at the ceiling. "*Look, we missed a piece,*" she said, highlighting a fragment of her nephew's brain matter like she was pointing out a smudge on a window. She showed me the bullet hole. She led me outside to the tree where the projectile was still buried in the wood.

Then, she spent the next five years telling the world I was the crazy one. That it never happened. That I wasn't there.

She had "plausible deniability" because I was the only one in the van. But she forgot one thing: I am biologically incapable of forgetting the location of that dumpster. I am biologically incapable of un-seeing that ceiling.

Chapter 2: The Programming (The Silence)

If Aloha was the crime, **Golgatha**—Las Vegas—is the execution.

I didn't just move to the desert; I was driven here by a medical system that decided I was "cost-prohibitive." When you have **CFTR-RD**, **Pulmonary Fibrosis**, and **Aspergillus** eating your lungs, you

aren't a patient anymore. You are a liability.

The "Retaliatory Dismissal" from KU was the first nail. They didn't fire me because I was "non-compliant." They fired me because I caught their nurse lying in the EHR. They fired me because my existence required "coordinated care," and the bean-counters decided it was cheaper to let me suffocate in the Nevada heat.

Now, I am a hostage in the City of Sin.

- **The Medical Gatekeepers:** Hiding behind Part C "Advantage" plans that function as death-latches.
- **The EHR Stigma:** A digital scarlet letter that tells every doctor in Vegas to ignore the "tree-in-bud" nodules in my lungs and focus on the "difficult" label.
- **The AI Executioner:** Watching the "DOGE" algorithm hover over my SSDI, waiting for a computer to decide that a truth-teller with failing lungs doesn't "fit the criteria" for survival.

This isn't a "healing journey." There is no "sunlight" here. This is a 2,555-day siege. This is what happens when the scapegoat refuses to die quietly.

Chapter 3: The Pincer Maneuver (The Trap)

The world, and specifically Adult Protective Services (APS), loves the phrase **“Relationship Difficulties.”** It’s a convenient clinical rug under which they sweep the state’s failures. They ask, *“Why did you go back to him?”* because they are too terrified to admit that the system left me no other choice.

This wasn’t a choice made out of love or reconciliation. It was a choice made because I was being hunted by a perfect storm of systemic violence.

The Three Pillars of the Siege

I. The Medical Execution (9/2021 – 11/2021) In September 2021, my pulmonologist at KU diagnosed the fungus but refused to treat it. I didn't stay quiet; I fought. I filed a grievance that Humana Part C found to be **substantiated**, triggering a Quality of Care investigation. The system’s response was a retaliatory strike. On October 27, 2021, they drafted the dismissal letter. By November, a nineteen-year medical history was gone. I was terminally ill, blacklisted, and labeled "ineffective" by the very people who had failed me.

II. The Environmental Assault (2021 – 11/2022) As my health failed, my housing became a biohazard. My landlord refused mold remediation at the exact time my lungs were being colonized by **Aspergillus**. Then came the Panasonic excavation explosions in November 2022. The force cracked the water and sewer pipes, causing cross-contamination that turned my tap water into poison. I reached out to every channel—HHSA, OIG, news media, elected officials—and was met with silence.

III. The Financial Deadlock The math was absolute. My income sat in the "dead zone": too high for the gross income test for state aid, but far too low to survive the 2-year waitlists for **30% AMI LIHTC housing**. My savings were tapped out, and my credit was maxed from four years of moving across state lines to support ungrateful family and chase mental health care that didn't exist for Medicare panels.

The Only Open Door

By March 2023, I was a refugee of my own life. My family had abandoned me, my friends had labeled me "too negative," and the state had ignored the lead and mold in my apartment. John had the only

open door.

I didn't move to Nevada to be a wife; I moved to Nevada to avoid the sidewalk.

The APS Betrayal: Refuting the Closure

When APS closed my case in February 2025 citing “relationship difficulties,” they ignored the **Coercive Control** that thrives in these gaps.

- They saw the hoarder conditions and called it "lifestyle."
- They saw my food stored out of my physical reach—enforcing a state of **Forced Dependency**—and called it "disagreements."
- They saw the separate bank accounts and separate lives and called it "reconciliation."

To label this a "relationship difficulty" is to admit that the system believes a terminally ill woman should be grateful for a roof, even if that roof comes with a man who blocks the exit and throws punches inches from her face. APS didn't see a relationship; they saw a demographic they didn't want to fund.

This isn't Stockholm Syndrome. It is **Arithmetic**. And the arithmetic says that the system structurally trapped me here, then blamed me for the bars on the cage.

Chapter 4: Survival Math (The Numbers)

The world loves the "Just Leave" narrative. It's a comfortable fiction that suggests safety is a matter of willpower. But for a truth-teller at the intersection of terminal illness and federal surveillance, "Just Leave" isn't advice—it's a death sentence delivered with a smile.

In Las Vegas, the City of Sin, I learned the most dangerous math there is: **Survival Arithmetic**.

The AI Executioner

I am currently under the lens of the **Department of Government Efficiency (DOGE)**. To an AI scanning for "anomalies," my life is a red flag.

- **The Underutilization Trap:** Because I was blacklisted by KU Physicians and labeled "cost-prohibitive," my billing records are sparse. The AI doesn't see a patient denied care; it sees a patient who no longer needs it. It interprets my systemic abandonment as "medical improvement."
- **The March 2026 Window:** In March, I turn 65. The system calls this "retirement." I call it the **Audit Trap**. It is the moment the SSDI-to-SSA conversion triggers a high-audit window, where an algorithm can drop the ax on my income before I can even file an appeal.

The "Just Leave" Fallacy

Leaving John isn't an "escape"; it's a transition from one cage to another. If I leave, I trigger a chain reaction:

1. **Destabilization:** I lose the "contained risk" of a roof.
2. **Administrative Anomaly:** A change in address and a gap in medical continuity triggers the SSA "medical improvement" flag.
3. **Income Termination:** My SSDI stops. There is no "aid paid pending appeal."
4. **The Sidewalk:** I am 64 years old, terminally ill with **Aspergillus** and **Pulmonary Fibrosis**, and

I am now unhoused because I "chose" to leave.

The Deserving Victim

The systems designed to save me—shelters, APS, DV advocacy—have been replaced by a **Gated Triage System**.

- **The Bruise Tax:** Because John's violence is financial and psychological (throwing a punch *inches* from my face rather than *into* it), my "lethality score" is too low for a bed.
- **The Terminal Exclusion:** Shelters see my oxygen needs and my diagnosis and see a "**Level of Care**" liability. They don't want a death on-site. They "screen me out" for my own safety, referring me to a hospice I cannot afford because my income was cut by the AI.

I am not staying because of Stockholm Syndrome. I am staying because of **Logistics**. I am managing a siege, and the system is the primary aggressor.

Chapter 5: The Fortress (The Reality)

The most common weapon used against survivors of coercive control is the word "cooperation." To the outside observer—the APS worker, the distant family member, the "Just Leave" critic—living in the same apartment as an abuser implies a level of shared life. They see a "couple" struggling to get along.

My **Hyperthymesia** and my **Autism** see a battlefield.

In this chapter, I provide the "Relationship Accounting" that the state refuses to perform. I document the architectural reality of my survival: the transformation of a bedroom into a 160-square-foot fortified bunker.

The Architecture of Defense

I do not "share" a home with John. I occupy a small, barricaded territory within a hostile environment.

- **The Barricade:** My door is not just closed; it is a border. Behind it, I manage my terminal illness, my records, and my safety.
- **The Separate Realities:** We have separate bank accounts. We have separate food. We have separate bedrooms. We have a signed "Roommate Agreement" from November 2024—an attempt to use the law to create a "de-militarized zone"—which he violates daily by parading around naked or ignoring the boundaries of shared space.

Forced Dependency as Torture

The "Difficulties" APS cited include the fact that my food was stored out of my physical reach. For three weeks, I had to "nag" for the basic courtesy of having the food I paid for moved to a place where a woman with failing lungs could reach it.

- This is not a "disagreement over chores."
- This is **Forced Dependency**. It is the use of my physical disability to enforce my submission. When you have to ask your abuser for permission to eat, you aren't in a "relationship"—you are in a cage.

The Myth of the "Good Guy"

John's "Good Guy" persona is the camouflage he uses to keep the system on his side.

- The world saw him "stepping up" during my 1992 breakdown.
- I saw the **Intermittent Explosive Disorder (IED)** that resulted in \$1,000 of property damage, the shattering of my grandfather's antique gravy boat, and the driver's side window he smashed in a fit of rage.
- The world sees him "providing" now.
- I see the **Manufactured Emergencies**: the van repairs he neglects until they become a crisis, forcing me to cover household expenses with my meager savings while he spends his income on "background noise" HDTV and personal whims.

Withholding Rent: A Legal Counter-Strike

In September 2025, I began withholding my share of the rent. The "Just Leave" crowd sees this as "unfair." I call it **Relationship Accounting**.

- For 16 months, he overcharged me for utilities and services I never used.
- I am not "refusing to pay"; I am **recouping the thousands of dollars** he has siphoned from my survival fund.
- Under Landlord/Tenant law and **ADA mandates**, I have a legal right to withhold funds when the "habitable" environment is a hoarder's nest and a site of ongoing psychological warfare.

Not Failing to Try, But Succeeding to Survive

I am not "failing to get along." I am refusing to pay to be abused. I am using every cent of that rent money to build a bridge out of this fortress before the **March 2026 Audit Window** closes.

If the system wants to call this "Relationship Difficulties," let them look at the bank printouts he refuses to show. Let them look at the 160-square-foot fortress. Let them look at the woman who survived a murder-suicide cleanup, medical blacklisting, and a lithium plant explosion, and then tell her she isn't "trying hard enough" to be a victim.

Chapter 6: The September 2026 Clock (The Extraction Plan)

When the medical system blacklists a truth-teller, they aren't just denying care; they are betting on a timeline. They are betting that the disease will finish the job before the evidence goes to trial.

Through my own research into NIH and PubMed literature, I have deduced the reality that my doctors were too "ineffective" to name: I likely have **Chronic Pulmonary Aspergillosis (CPA)**. Based on the 9/2021 diagnosis that was sloppily misclassified as *Fusarium* by microscopy alone—a diagnosis my own 11/2021 air and surface lab results proved wrong by showing high **Aspergillus** and zero *Fusarium*—the clock is ticking toward a **September 2026 prognosis**.

The Anatomy of a Slow-Motion Execution

My EHR is not a medical record; it is a crime scene.

- **12/2021 – Menorah ER**: Imaging shows a 5mm nodule and "tree-in-bud" patterns. Instead of the mandatory Bronchoalveolar Lavage (BAL) or needle aspiration, I was dismissed. The justification? "Follow up in a year because you are a smoker." They used my habit to justify their negligence.
- **6/2023 – St. Rose ER**: Eighteen months of untreated fungal colonization produced the inevitable. The imaging now reads: **Hemoptysis, Bilateral Pneumonia, Ground Glass**

Opacities, Calcification, and Atelectasis (collapse) of the right lung.

The system didn't "miss" the fungus. They watched it consume my right lung while they hid behind "Personality Difference" flags.

The Survival Maneuver: Breaking the Gatekeeping

The "Just Leave" crowd doesn't understand that a body in this state cannot survive a physical move. I cannot leave the 160-square-foot fortress until I stabilize the lung that the system allowed to collapse. My escape plan is a tactical sequence designed to bypass the gatekeepers:

1. **3/1/2026 – The SEP GI Pivot:** I turn 65. I am using the **Special Enrollment Period (SEP)** and **Guaranteed Issue (GI)** to strip away the Medicare Part C gatekeeping. No underwriting. No "Advantage" plan denial-engines. I am moving to original Medicare to reclaim my right to an expert.
2. **3/5/2026 – The Expert Intervention:** I am taking my "Disease Progression Folder"—the forensic evidence of the 2021–2025 neglect—to an expert pulmonologist.
3. **The Diagnostic Strike:** We will order the tests Menorah and KU refused. Based on those results, I will begin the **Last Chance 6-Month Antifungal Protocol**.

Defeating the DOGE Algorithm

The **SSA DOGE AI** is scanning for "underutilization" as a proxy for "improvement." This chapter documents the truth: the "underutilization" was a **forced medical famine**. By re-entering care with an expert on 3/5, I am not just treating a fungus; I am creating a "Paper Shield" to protect my SSDI. I am providing the clinical proof that I didn't "get better"—I was **denied access**.

The Final Goal: Physical Mobility

I am staying in the fortress right now because it is my **medical staging ground**. I am withholding rent to fund the 3/1 transition. I am barricaded because I need every ounce of oxygen to survive until the antifungal protocol can stabilize my health enough to physically survive a move.

I am not failing to leave. I am **preparing the extraction**. If I am to be crucified, I will not do it on their timeline. I am fighting to push the 9/2026 clock back, one breath at a time.

The world wants to call this a "family drama." They want to paint it as a series of unfortunate misunderstandings. But I have **Hyperthymesia** and the forensic records to prove otherwise. This is the lived reality of a five-year coordinated campaign of character assassination, launched the moment my daughter **banished** me in **October 2019**, and culminating in the predatory strikes of 2025.

CHAPTER 7: THE FIVE-YEAR AVALANCHE

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I. The Ghosts in the Machine (2020–2025)

They didn't just banish me and stay gone; they hunted me across every digital platform I tried to build for my own survival.

- **December 2020: The "Candy Wood" Threat.** My daughter, Canada Saunders, created a fake Facebook account under her childhood nickname, "Candy Wood," specifically to crawl into my DMs with a threat: if I ever sent another gift to my grandchildren, she would **dispose of the gifts**.
- **May 2021: The WordPress Assault.** I was using my blog to publish my work from the **Jordan Peterson Self-Authoring Suite**. Canada's response to my clinical self-reflection? A threat of a defamation lawsuit on **WordPress** to force me to unpublish my work, followed by a public, false accusation of a serious crime.
- **June 2023: The Predatory Strike.** Barely **four days after my discharge from a psychiatric legal hold for a suicide attempt**—which the family knew about—my sister Jeanine Walters left **42 hateful comments** across 35 episodes of my Kindle Vella memoir. She explicitly stated, **"This is my sister,"** weaponizing our biological bond to grant herself the authority of "insider truth" while I was at my most vulnerable.
- **January 2025: The Music Desecration.** I made a holiday instrumental album for my grandchildren. My adult grandchildren, Mina and Mave Highland, used the YouTube premiere to trash the project and threaten to "destroy my channel" unless I unpublished the music I had created for them.
- **March 2025: The "Dramadex" Birthday Attack.** During my birth month, while I was whistleblowing to the NV Board of Medical Examiners, an anonymous user shipped a gift of **"Dramadex"** (a fake prescription for "drama queens") to my home, signed "Your Healthcare Team." It was a strategic strike on my credibility and my medical reality.
- **November 2025: The Deadnaming Notebook.** Immediately after I disclosed my terminal illness, I received a notebook from "Carinecoir Publications." The cover slogan: **"I'M CARINE DOING CARINE THINGS."** Using the deadname I discarded to escape them (*Carine*) and a Gaelic slur for crime/sin (*Coir*) was their formal response to my death sentence.

II. The 1/12 Betrayal: The Final Triangulation

The campaign reached its peak in **January 2026**. In a state of medical terror regarding insurance fraud that threatened my survival, I broke Gray Rock on **January 12th**. I reached out to my daughter, Canada, for one thing: **A phone call** for advocacy.

She refused to speak to me.

Instead, she emailed my abuser, John, bypassing me entirely to send "suggestions" while stating: **"I don't need her trying to weasel back into our lives."** My plea for a life-saving advocate was branded as "weaseling," and my medical survival data was handed over to the man who extorts me.

CHAPTER 8: THE BLACKLIST (WHY THE MEDICAL SYSTEM IS TRYING TO KILL ME)

The family's digital siege was the distraction; the medical system's institutional blacklisting is the weapon. The medical system's institutional blacklisting is a weapon of indifference. These are the forensic facts of how healthcare providers have actively facilitated my death by ignoring my biology, sabotaging my diagnostics, and mocking my survival.

I. The "GOMER" Protocol: Institutional Abandonment

- **11/2021 (Overland Park Regional ER):** Admitted for carbon monoxide poisoning. The ER MD used the **"GOMER"** (*Get Out of My ER*) code before an exam even began. I was a

nuisance to be discarded.

- **12/2021 (Menorah ER):** Imaging found a **5mm nodule and "tree in bud" patterns**. Despite a prior diagnosis of PF/Bronchiectasis/Fusarium, they did no biopsy. I was told to "follow up in a year" because I was a smoker.
- **5/2022 (Olathe Medical ER):** After Aspen Dental's **\$11,000** extortion attempt, the infection hit my jaw. The ER attending refused the necessary care, stating: **"No amount of antibiotics or antifungals will work for anything in a person who smokes."** He tossed me **three Oxycodone tablets**—a performative "shut up" dose while the infection remained untreated.

II. The St. Rose Betrayal (6/27/2023)

I arrived with a **103-degree fever and was coughing up blood**. The imaging and labs were a roadmap of advanced lung destruction, yet they were treated with total indifference.

- **THE FINDINGS: Hemoptysis, Bilateral Pneumonia, Ground Glass Opacities, Calcification, and Right Lung Atelectasis.**
- **THE IN-HOUSE LAB FAILURE:** The St. Rose in-house lab returned a result of **"HEAVY GROWTH NORMAL OROPHARYNGEAL FLORA UNSPECIFIED."** * "Heavy Growth" means the infection is deep and prolific.
 - "Unspecified" means they saw the mass of the infection and **chose not to test it** to find out what it actually was. They saw the fire and refused to check if it was fueled by gas or wood.
- **THE EXTERNAL SABOTAGE:** I produced 10ml of "lung butter" for the labs. UT ARUP only received 4ml—conveniently just under the 5ml minimum for AFB testing. The result: "Inconclusive."
- **THE DISMISSAL:** The MD rolled his eyes at my Fusarium diagnosis and used the "Normal Flora" label to justify discharging me with useless antibiotics that only made me worse.

III. The Command to Die: Henderson Hospital (3/15/2025)

I was in agony from rhomboid strain due to violent coughing. I handed the MD a sheet explicitly warning of my **2019 Serotonin Syndrome crisis**.

- **The Poison:** He prescribed **Cyclobenzaprine**—a direct trigger for Serotonin Syndrome.
- **The Command:** When I filed a grievance, the Hospital Oversight Committee sent a formal letter instructing me to: **"Take your medications as prescribed."** They were legally commanding me to risk a fatal neurological event.

IV. The Misclassification and the 9/2026 Clock

The system claims I am "difficult," but the data proves I am **correct**.

1. **9/2021:** Diagnosed with Fusarium by microscopy only.
2. **11/2021:** Independent lab results showed **High Aspergillus** and zero Fusarium.
3. **The Proof:** I am still here. Untreated Fusarium is a rapid killer. It was **Aspergillus** all along—a misclassification common in scientific literature.
4. **The Math:** Untreated Aspergillus has an **~80% mortality rate within 5 years**. Five years from the initial 9/2021 diagnosis is **September 2026**.

The medical system has set the clock. Their own bias, their "Unspecified" laziness, and their refusal to read my contraindication sheets have already done the work.

