



**Aunt Mary  
90 years old**

My aunt Mary gave my dad her savings of 220,000 (my best guess), to care for her, in the summer of 2009. When my aunt Mary moved in, my dad and older sister, said to her, if she wants her money back in her name, she can't live there. I remember saying, you can't say that to her, but it went on deaf ears. Also said, to my older sister, loyalty to Dad, don't mean you have to agree with him. Trying to persuade her to take it back. (When my older sister was stabbed in the back by my Dad, she left the house, she did say, she said it, because Dad told her to.) My Dad wanted my aunt to sign a DNR. He said to her, your too old at 90, in case you stop breathing, you don't need to be resuscitated (CPR). He said, you don't want to be in an iron lung? She became teary eyed, and said the thought wasn't very nice for her to think. I tried to correct the misinformation, the iron lung isn't even used, or for something else, the best at the time I understood about it. With more persuasion from my Dad and older sister, she signed the DNR. I told her she shouldn't. About six months later while my mom was in the hospital, the doctor ask my dad if they should try to revive his wife if she stops breathing? My dad said, stop at nothing to save her life.

My aunt was told with much charm, excitement in Florida, she will have her own cell phone, she can pick the color when here. A few months after my aunt arrived here, my dad said on the phone (while my aunt wasn't around), to her old next door neighbor in Florida (the only person my aunt talks to on the phone, my aunt had a long term relationship with her in Florida, for all her other friends died), not to call anymore. Dad said to her friend, she is over that past, she has a new life here, that she makes her miss her house and life there. So be better you don't call here anymore. I told him it was wrong of him to tell her that. I figured besides just being wrong, my aunt needed to speak to someone she had a long term friendship with to keep her mind active, as if needed the mental activity to keep her mind healthy. Soon my dad took the cell phone away from my aunt. After a few weeks I told my aunt what dad done, she was very upset, wondering why she wasn't calling anymore. I brought over one of my phones, and set it up in her bedroom, and had her call her old neighbor.

One day I heard my dad talking to a lawyer on the phone, and tried to get a meeting as soon as possible to get my aunts power of attorney or perhaps was her legal will, not sure which, in his name. My dad said, "if anything happens to her, I would be in trouble, up the creek". The lawyer said he will meet him and her in a few days. My dad said, it has to be sooner, to come over now, and he will pay him 1000 dollars or what ever it cost. The lawyer agree to come over.

I wanted to take my aunt Mary over the nearby Canadian border, for Chinese food, been going there for many years. They said they lost her passport, it went missing in the house. One day my aunt said she wanted to have a checking account in her name, so she feels more independent. My Dad wanted to give her cash, but my aunt with some more emotion then usual, in her facial expression, said, she wanted to be more independent,

wanted her own account. Dad walked away, wouldn't assist her. My aunt had a small amount of Disney stock, only thing left in her name. My Dad wanted her to sell the stock and give the money to him, he kept asking me and her. I suggested to my aunt to sell some of the stock, and open a account (all her accounts were closed by dad) placed the sum in the account in her name only, just in case. Aunt agreed she wanted to open a checking account and place the money from her stock into it. We went to the bank, to open an account, we couldn't, due to they had given my aunt only print copies of some of her older out of date identification. When I ask for some of the Identification for her from my older sister and Dad, they didn't provide it, so we couldn't open the account.

My aunt when I took her out, would often complain over and over, say, my dad, took all her things in her desk and dumped them in a box and brought me up here. They sold the house and everything in it, in an auction. I could of stayed in Florida in my house with some help, and the neighbors helping. After hearing it so many times from her, and the frustration, her ending the dialogue when advocating for her in front of Dad. Due to Dad would as if jab her every once in a while, with threats she can't stay there if she wants her money back. I wondered it was the best for her, she came here, being she was in poor health (best of my understanding, due to accidental over medication of blood thinners). I said to her one day in the car, stop saying that over and over again, you needed to come here, and there wasn't a choice. However after some thought, I realized my first thoughts when she was in the hospital, I was up north working, when my dad had orchestrated her coming up here. I thought there was a choice for her, and had hoped she would stay at her house, with someone that loves her to help her a while. If she wasn't charmed with a telephone and promise quality care. With some careful care for a few months and routine follow up care, she could of most likely stayed in her home.

I spoke to her old neighbor in Florida on the phone. She said, Dad brought Mary to her house, where she only had a few moments to take some items in a box. She spoke to my Dad, she said to my Dad, Mary is rather smart. My Dad said, "she is fooling everyone, she didn't even have a high school education" It struck her as odd, being Mary would often say nice things to her about my Dad.

I took my aunt Mary to see her old houses where she had lived, in buffalo NY. We found the old tavern house, she had lived in when young. She told me, when she was attending school, her mom one day said to her, your not going to school anymore, you will be staying home from now on and work at the tavern, in the kitchen. When she grew up, World War II began, she left home. Best I recall to the State of Vermont, to work in the aircraft industry, reading blue prints. She went to California, to continue work in the aircraft industry. She returned to Buffalo NY, and became real estate agent. Around 1970, she went to Florida to live.

Another day I took my aunt Mary to visit her brother's wife, and planned to visit her third sister a half mile away in a temporary nursing care facility. My Dad tried to convince my aunt Mary, not to go see her sister. He said, it's best to just have nice memories of her. I disagreed with him. He said to me that I don't understand emotions of people. I disagreed with him again. I persuaded my aunt to go, we went, and had a joyful reunion with her third sister, that was nursing an infected knee. We brought her some very fine chocolate candy. They were very happy to see each other.

My Dad started to give my aunt Mary hot dogs everyday, while my dad had fresh wild Alaskan cod. She complained to me. She said, to have hot dogs once in a while is fine, but not everyday. I told him he shouldn't be giving her hot dogs. He said, she likes them. Which reminds me, I observed Mary would ask for something, and my Dad would reply in a agitated loud way. My aunt would accept what he wanted, so not to make him upset. I tried to persuade him. He stopped giving her the hot dogs.

Recently, I watch over my aunt Mary constantly for a week and half, two times in the hospital for Pneumonia, which the doctors concluded may be cause by poor swallowing (aspiration), due to some weaken muscles. Perhaps small amounts of liquid and food getting in the lungs. On the other hand, I informed the doctor and nurses, it may of been from a recent bout of flu in the family, showed the same symptoms, she had exhibited. Her throat muscles may of been weaken, being up all night, coughing, before admitted to the hospital. I said, likely she being much older and weaker, progress to Pneumonia. My aunt Mary and nurse, persuaded me to add my name as an alternate health care agent. I signed.

When returned home with my aunt Mary, I pickup her prescriptions, brought her food to her, and carefully prepared her thicken liquids. I administered four to five nebulizer lung medicine treatments, weening them down as she showed signs of recovery.

I soon had to stand up to my Dad, and the cook at the house (that is my older sister's best friend) not allowing me enough time to speak, instead she try to scare my aunt Mary with my Dad behind my back, by saying she (the cook) is quitting. I imagine also ran to my older sister and complained. The cook is approximately 50 years of age, previously worked as a border crossing agent. My older sister would come home from work as if barking at me, saying things she claimed the nurse told her. Two times I came to my aunt's room at night and found water in the glass beside her, with just a slight amount of thickener, but very inadequate, she was in bed. Also laying completely flat, on her back, at the bottom portion of the bed. Which surprised me, for I been keeping her at the top portion of the bed, tilting the top portion of the bed. Her upper portion of her body, higher as if in a recliner, to limit the possibility of aspiration. Was said, to me by the nurses, in bed laying, she is much more

prone to aspiration. Because of the potentiality, with Pneumonia, I thought it wise to stay on this to be absolutely sure she was being cared for properly. For I remembered about twenty years ago driving my aunt Mary's brother, uncle Joe, to see a doctor, he had the flu that been going around. He looked at me when I dropped him off at a doctors office, with a facial expression, that was seemingly fearful. It struck me. I was in Florida at the time when I was told he died in the hospital. If I recall correctly from from complications with Pneumonia. I called the case worker and talked to the speech therapist testing her for poor swallowing, and didn't hear, not once what my older sister said. My older sister, used vulgar language towards me, when trying to say to her that it was dangerous giving her the liquid, the consistency of orange juice, especially in bed. I figured the cook was to close to my older sister, causing strife, instead of being open to dialogue. Would not give me 5 seconds to convey what had happen in the hospital, the conversations I had with the doctor and throat specialist. I had tried in the hospital to keep nutrients in her, because she lost so much weight. I been for a few weeks, previously, giving her caned nutrient shakes with lots of calories and fat (after observing the other shakes, the cook gave her had very little fat, and less calories), to help maintain and add weight. The doctor didn't want me to even give her the shakes, for they weren't thick enough, which I stopped the shakes eventually, to give her thicker items, and feeding her, trying to follow the doctors, case workers, speech therapist instructions. I was going to try for a few days to see how she responded, then perhaps try to ween her some, and observe, if she could tolerate less thicker food, and watch her closely.

I may of figured out a problem she had, when cared for my aunt, a brief time on a continue basis. She had a history, she would faint, blackout, and then be rushed to the hospital. She told me, when she was younger was prone to fainting, would black out at times. This happen a few times before her bout with Pneumonia. This time I was caring for her, while she was passing her stool, she slowly blackout again. I held her on the toilet, so she wouldn't fall over, while passed out. I watched to see if she was still breathing, which she was breathing. I asked for the phone from my dad, I called the ambulance as cautionary. She slowly came too. I walked her over to her bed. She decided, insisted not to go the hospital this time. Where the paramedics responded in response to her insistence, it's up to her, her vital signs were fine.

Talking to the recent case worker assigned to her care, due to her pneumonia, I suggested perhaps she blacks out due to something she is doing when passing her stool. We concluded likely she was pressing down to much. I ask the case worker to say this to my aunt. The nurse, when writing down something, said it to her as if casual. I ask the case worker again repeat it to her, very slowly and clearly, looking at her, so she may get a strong message, she shouldn't press down so much. Ever since this moment, she stopped passing out, from what I'm aware.

The case worker also suggest, my aunt have 6 smaller meals throughout the day, instead of three larger meals, to help her not to exasperate. I said, this to my dad, and my Dad said that's ridiculous, six meals. I replied, it's ridiculous that you said, ridiculous. I tried briefly to say it's not that difficult, he seemed to of brushed it off.

I said, to aunt Mary while she was in the hospital, my dad wants to take her back to Florida to live with him, next door to Betty. I said, watch Dad will try to charm you again to get you down there. A few days later dad said with some charm, enthusiasm to her, when in Florida, he will take her to see her old neighbor.

One day I spoke to my aunt Marry, with my Dad and older sister in her presence. I said words to effect, that they were trying to control you, where you don't speak out, and your only world is a bedroom. I said to my Dad she needs a social life, my dad replied as if in an unconscious uncontrollable laugh, social life.

After the cook left one day angry and said, I quit, she returned another day. I wondered if I should try to speak to her the new instructions from a day earlier. The speech therapist, gave my aunt a swallow test, observed some weak response in her throat muscles. We experimented with the samples of the new type of thickener, that was much more pleasing to my aunt, and arrived at the right mixture. I ordered on the phone the thickening product, which would arrive the next day. After some careful thought over night how to proceed. I came to three options to proceed, hopefully not having to use the most harsh way. I entered the house, and decided to let her response help me decide. She said, she knew how to mix the mixture, I figured she didn't because she wasn't around when we mix the new type of thickener yesterday. She said to stay out of the kitchen. I figured it didn't really matter, I had to use the most harsh option. The cook seemed to be set in her ways. That I had to walk around, like on egg shells to please her, over my aunt's best interest. I best recall, I said to cook, I think you are to close to the family, your causing strife in the family, you should not be working here. I said, your working for my Dad, who had your best friend leave her house. She replied, yelling for my Dad, and she said, why didn't you help your older sister to clean out your parents house (the families first house, been left unoccupied the last seven years out of eight, partially emptied, due to my Mom's unwillingness to see it gone), and words to effect of helping my sister's husband with other things around my parents rental properties through the years? I didn't answer, I had my reasons, and this just proved the point to me, she was to close to the family, bringing from her view point, other things not relevant to proper care of my aunt. As if somehow she held this against me, I imagine. She left again, said, she quit, she used some vulgar language toward me. My Dad went to

my aunt and said, the cook quit again, she is leaving. My aunt with her walker, walked the fastest I ever seen her walk in her life, without any pants, except her night protection panties, to the front door, and yelling at the top of her voice, don't leave, come back, come back to the cook. This shocked me watching my 90 year old aunt walk so fast to the door, and hearing at the same time pleading with strong emotion in her voice and loud, to the cook. My hands started to uncontrollable shake some, as if this sight was to much for me to bear. Wondered, if I made the right decision? I reasoned my aunt doesn't see or hear, but only half whats going on, and never dealt with the likes of my dad's charm, intimidation and then ruthlessness. It was beyond her capability to discern, and being 90 years old, even less prone to comprehend it all. I had figured earlier, would be better to hire a new cook, without hostile feelings or thoughts toward me, would be open to dialogue. Will be open to looking for solutions, changes if need be, for the best care of my aunt.

I told my constant friend of the occurrence. He told me he had a similar ordeal. His Mom before she died at 93, his sisters wanted to place her in a supervised adult home. His Mom wanted to stay in her home, he backed his mom. There were three caretakers, taking care of her, at her home. One was his sister's friend. He notice she was very rough with his mom, and would talk back to her, pointing her figure in her face. The other two caretakers also didn't approve of her. He went to his sister to have her remove the caretaker. His sister refused, and told him that he can't remove her. She told him, the health care proxy (he signed at a lawyers office), is only in effect in the hospital. He figured since his sister is married to a doctor, she must know, he gave her the benefit of the doubt. So he and his mom, had to put up with the caretaker until her death. He found out later to his consternation, someone told him his health care proxy was in effect inside or outside of the hospital. He could have had the caretaker removed.

My Dad repeatedly demanded I leave the house or will call the police. Once when the cook was still present, which I refused. I said to call the police. He walked away. Then again when the cook left. I said, call the police. He tried but couldn't figure out how to call the police on his cell phone, he asked me to call the police. I said, you want me to call the police on myself? I said, I ain't calling, you call. He called the police to escort me out of the house. I waited for the police, to make it official, documented, the only one really caring for my aunt properly, he wanted out of the house. I assisted, in a peaceful accommodating manor towards the officers. The officers were very pleasant to me.

I remember a short time before, while still allowed in the house, out of the blue, my dad said, he don't care about money. I thought other wise. Recently I told one of my friends, who was a friend of my older brother. He said, when he came out of the army, with a disability. My Dad advised him to pretend your crazy, to get more in a disability check. Dad said, they cant tell if your really crazy. My friend said he didn't take his advise. My dad has full disability, if I'm not mistaken a check of approximate \$2,300 a month. He worked like he has no disability all his life, climbing, doing every type of labor and is building another house by himself, the bay house in Canada.



My Dad the last ten years knocked out cement walls by hand with a sledge hammer, roofing, siding, iron work, every conceivable labor to build a secondary summer house in Canada. All I'm aware of is his lesser sight in one eye, and varicose veins in his legs, which seems to be hereditary. It's in his side of the family. Besides in addition his social security and rentals, his income adds up to a combined total of about \$90,000 a year.

Before my aunt Mary came up north, my youngest sister Betty Pelc, said during the family conversation in front of a coffee shop, if aunt Mary comes to her house, she would just drive her down the highway and place her in an old folks home. As for my aunt Mary, where I would stay with my parents for the winter months, the last 14 years, I would enjoy visiting my aunt often, spending time with her, driving her places, once Walt Disney world about ten years ago, restaurants, stores, going to antique shops, the flea market, enjoying conversations, watching tv with her, having tea, breakfast and lunch with her at her house, after church. I told my dad here up north, you need to love aunt Mary no more or no less than mom.

My dad before my aunt Mary came up north, would many times say awful things behind her back, such as my aunt Mary always lies and is so cheap, to such a degree my mom would say be quiet Ralph, your talking about my sister. My aunt here, I would do things for her, and often get remarks and sneers from both my dad and mom, why am I doing that for her. Which would often caused me to be grieved and dismayed at their cold heart reactions.

John Jerome Nowak

John Jerome Nowak

356 P.O. Box

Lackawanna, NY, 14218

Thank you for your time and consideration

My personal website

[Christjustified.com](http://Christjustified.com)

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