



MISSOURI  
CURE

# Prisoner Narratives

June 28, 2020

Dear Hedy,

I'm writing to you with the hopes that you will somehow help me and not just allow time to pass by, expecting this problem to just heal itself. I've written to you all before, all to no avail. I'm under the impression that Missouri CURE is politically tied somehow and have their finger on the pulse of prison events and was/is able to reach the Director if need be. I've put my life and freedom on the line fighting these corrupt people only to find out I'm in this fight alone. I have no one, no family or allies in this fight, it seems. I've been abused too much, and my rights have been violated too much. Who can I call? Who can I write to? These demonic people have retaliated on me for using their bogus grievance procedure. I'm going on 8½ years in adseg.

I'm supposed to be home starting my life over, but yet I'm down here at ERDCC, a camp where I have a deep animosity/moral issues with this warden, Stan Payne, and a history. I'm doing 37 years now for time I caught here back in 2010. I was released in 2011 on probation for the charges.

Look, I wrote to you all back in March about the abuse that took place then (to no avail; I think Brown El said he was going to do something but never did.)

Well, on June 24, 2020, I was taken from my cell per order of the major, Jessie Morgan, and ordered to be escorted back down to "Intake." These people made a special holding cell specifically for me. They cleaned out a storage closet back in March that they had not used in over 17 years and placed me in it. This is supposed to isolate me from everyone. They don't want me to have any type of contact with other prisoners for fear I might influence them to "riot". This is a bunch of bullshit. They get me down here and violate all my rights. I was down here for 2½ months, from March to May, last time. I've still yet to go to canteen.

All of the wardens are on board with this abuse—denial of medical care and other constitutional violations.

**Well, on June 24, 2020, approximate time of 11:30 am** I was forced off the bench of 2B by Col. Theabeau and Col. Currington to be escorted down to "Intake". I wanted to see a supervisor and have my property packed. I was forcefully bent over at the waist. Col. Currington was using the mechanical restraints to cut into my wrist by bending my fingers and bending the mechanical restraints, and Col Theabeau was doing the same on the other side. They rammed my head and face into every object that we came in contact with—the doors, the food cart, etc., all the while using derogatory language toward me.

When we exited the housing unit, Sgt. Duckett and Col. Downs assisted them in the abuse. I have leg shackles on, so I'm unable to keep up with the fast pace that they're trying to escort me in.

They are deliberately trying to inflict harm and pain on me, having me bent over at an unnatural angle trying to force me to walk, all the while bending my arms and fingers. When we got in the middle of the baseball field they slammed me on my face, back, head and neck and started punching and kneeling me. All the while they were bending the mechanical wrist restraints deep into my skin/to the bones and bending my fingers. Sgt. Duckett and Col. Currington were doing the most.

I was then picked up and carried a bit and then placed down and forced to walk. They would not

allow me to stand up and walk. They kept on with their abuse, and I went down again. They began slamming me face first into the ground, my neck, back, etc. I was then picked back up and forced to walk bent over. Sgt. Duckett was making threats to slam me onto the concrete if I fell again. I fall again—I'm slammed face first into the concrete, busting my head, the side of my face. They then picked me up and carried me the rest of the way. The second time I fell they slammed me and folded me up, bending me all the way in half and bending my wrist with the restraints even more, inflicting excruciating pain upon me and putting a lot of pressure on my spine, causing damage to my spinal cord. This is why it was hard for me to breathe and walk. They started making fun of George Floyd when I told them I couldn't breathe.

I was placed into the "closet"—the holding cell they have me in is a storage closet that they haven't used for 17 years, and the sink don't work, and there's a hole in the bottom of the toilet from the rust, and water is all over the back of the cell. I was placed on the floor, my clothing was cut off of me, and Sgt. Duckett threatened to have his team come in and jump on me again if I moved a muscle.

I was then left lying in a puddle of urine, in excruciating pain (unable to move, walk nor stand) for about 4 hours, lying on the floor. I called out for help, and this racist officer Timmy Jones came, and he made fun of me, and never contacted medical. I blacked out twice. I think I had a seizure because I woke up in my own vomit and some blood from my mouth and tongue.

The nurse who arrived 4 hours later was a nurse (who claimed to know me from JCCC) named Melissa Wheatley. She was very confrontational, very rude and discourteous, and was not trying to properly assess me. Her objective was to belittle my injuries and to cover up the abuse, like she was trained to do. She was trying to get me to remember her from another institution—at which I'm sure we did not have a good rapport, due to the way she was treating me. She did not give me any care at all.

I had to wait until another nurse arrived to be assessed. But this particular nurse, Tina Fuller, did not want to undermine her fellow nurse's poor assessment of me; she went and filed a false assessment as well.

So I had to lay in urine for hours more until Nurse Evans arrived, and she did the right thing. Nurse Evans assessed me and called the doctor. I was given a Texas catheter and scheduled for x-rays.

I'm unable to walk. I have no feeling in my right leg and I lost control of my bladder and bowels. My left arm is very bruised and swollen. My arm is numb from my elbow to the fingertips. I have bruises all over me and I'm in a lot of pain.

On June 26, 2020 I was seen in x-ray. I was scheduled to go on June 25, but I couldn't walk, so they rescheduled it. One June 26, 2020 the Nurse Practitioner Karen Rose, Nurse Practitioner Angie Adams, and the Director of Nursing Todd Renshaw came to "look" at me. They did not ask me any questions about my injuries, nor did they try to assess me.

I asked was she going to address my paralysis, and why was I not in TCU or the hospital. She ignored this and said she was going to order a urine sample (?). What the hell has a urine sample got to do with my paralysis?

So here I lie, in a closet, on hunger strike, trying to get some attention drawn to the abuse and medical neglect. I don't know how or if you all can help me. I need some help. I need to be in a hospital. Please contact **Matt Briesacher of the office of Professional Standards at 573-526-6474** and prompt an investigation. Call Anne Precythe, because this is the crap that she said she was going to put an end to.

Please email me and let me know that you got this letter. What else can I do? **They are going to eventually kill me. I have no protection against my oppressors at all.**

Being a member of all these organizations—Missouri CURE, IWOC, IWW, MISD, etc. don't mean much if I can't reach out to them for help. I feel so alone in this fight, and **my body can only take so much**. I'm not receiving adequate medical care at all. No access to courts, classification, grievance office, etc.

Please help.

Respectfully,  
Rasheem L.

P.S. Please contact Amy Briehan of the St. Louis MacArthur Justice Center for me.

*Email sent to Rasheem L. 7.6.2020*

Hello Rasheem,

I did receive your letter of June 28. I also spoke with Keith who told me you had called him again recently. I'm so sorry you are going through so much torture and brutality. I typed your letter and emailed it with a note to Director Precythe, and she phoned me first thing this morning. She basically said that you are a "frequent flyer" and an attention-seeker, that you stir up other prisoners and incite them to riot, and that you have tons of CDVs and are well known throughout the DOC.

She said that you bring all this drama onto yourself by your behavior and that your behavior needs to change. I told her that I was concerned that even if your behavior were to change, your reputation would cause the abuse to continue. She said it would take some time. She mentioned programming and I told her that I knew you were looking forward to taking some programming at WMCC when you were transferred there. She said they are getting some programs available in ad seg and that they have mental health programming available there now, but you would have to ask for it.

I know it wouldn't be easy for you to change your behavior with all the abuse you're suffering. I just wish there were some solution to the impasse that has developed. She questioned your assertion that you had been in adseg for 8 1/2 years. I mentioned the fact that you were paroled in 2011 and then violated for attending a funeral of a family member without permission (I think that's what you told me). She said there are two sides to every story.

I also sent your letter to Amy Briehan of MacArthur Justice Center and to Keith and Angelika. I'm not sure what else to do. Did you get the Spring issue of Turning Point? You should have it by now.

I'm wishing you peace and strength to overcome your current injuries, which I hope are not permanent. I'll share this email with Keith and Angie as well.

In Struggle & Love,  
Hedy