

**DEAR MEMBERS OF THE COMPLAINT COMMITTEE,
I CAN NOT EMPHASIZE *STRONGLY* ENOUGH THAT
THIS IS A *VERY SERIOUS* LETTER OF COMPLAINT!!!**

Respectfully yours,

Anthony Carr (Heughan) / Sir Anthony Lonsdale-Carr
647-231-2001 (Cell)
416-698-9901 (Home)
info@anthonycarrpsychic.com

ST. MURDER HOSPITAL!



Michael Sklar



Seema Marwaha

DOCTOR MICHAEL SKLAR OF TORONTO’S ST. MICHAEL’S HOSPITAL – OR, MORE APPROPRIATELY, ST. MURDER HOSPITAL! – killed my Mother just as surely as if he had put a bullet through her brain! Because she was one-hundred-years-old, SKLAR *feloniously* changed my order and the order of the Emergency Department (ED) Dr.’s order from “FULL CODE RESUSCITATION AT ALL COSTS!” to “DO NOT RESUSCITATE (DNR).” With one stroke of his pen he sealed her Fate – and his own! And then he and his so-called “medical team,” including Dr. Seema Marwaha, simply stood by and watched her die in agony! He pulled the trigger – but *she* loaded the gun. (I witnessed it all!)

JOSEPHINE VICTORIA LONSDALE (HEUGHAN) was a WWII decorated, front-line veteran nurse.... But now it took all of my strength just to hold up her head with my left arm and try to pump life back into her lungs with my right – all the while begging and pleading with them to “Help! Please! – *Do something!* – Help her! – Please! For God’s sake! – Please!!”...

Nothing.... They just stood there, casually looking on as though they were studying an ant hill colony.... My mother died in my arms, as I held her sweet face in my two hands and rolled her lifeless head back and forth and kissed her face over and over in a vain attempt to restore her to life! – “Mom! Mom! – Come back! – Please! – Come back! – I love you so much! – Please! Please! Mom! – Don’t leave me!” ...But it was too late... she was gone.

I looked up at that Murderous Group, and as I held my Mother and gently rocked her back and forth, I swore to them on her dying breath that Destiny has now reached out and touched *each and every one of them* who willingly participated in the premeditated murder of my Mother – and for the indignity to her body after death! IN THAT *MURDEROUS PLACE* ...before a year-and-a-half and a month-and-a-half have passed, then shall *their* pangs of agony begin!.... “Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin” (Daniel 5:25). The Scales *Must* Be Balanced! “La Forza del Destino.” (The Force of Destiny.)...

– **SO HELP ME GOD!!!!**

ST. MURDER HOSPITAL!

...My beloved Mother's Soul *reluctantly* departed this life on Sunday morning, July 23rd, 2023, 2:20 a.m., aged 100 years – no thanks to the so-called “medical team” at Toronto's infamous *MURDER HOSPITAL!!!*, also known as St. Michael's. Ha! – There's a laugh for you!

Even at a hundred my Mother was still in good shape, thanks to my ever vigilant nursing skills, which included exercising her daily with a couch pedal-bike and a 5 lb. dumbbell, respectively, so that she could walk down the four veranda steps onto the street (with me holding her two hands out in front, as you would a child just learning how to walk) and then get in my car; the dumbbell was to keep her biceps strong enough to feed herself. Every morning I would clip a paper towel onto her shirt collar to protect her clothes from the spilling food, as she relished still being able to feed herself. She looked so cute sitting there in her little robin-egg blue t-shirt and pedal-pusher pants, white hair and blue eyes, that she reminded me of a two-year-old who was just learning how to eat.

A decorated WWII veteran: Canadian Women's Army Corps (CWAC), she served her country well as an army nurse. Her mother, Hazel, aged 26, died from drudge labor, working for the wealthy, when Mom – along with her siblings – was only about five years old. She survived The Great Depression of the “Dirty 30's”, ran with “the mob,” became a circus high-platform diver with Conklin Shows (diving from 110 ft. into a tub of water only 8 ft. deep!), was a Red Cross ambulance driving nurse during the London Blitz – picking up the wounded and dying – and rushing them to the nearest First Aid stations! In peacetime, she worked as a nurse at Sunnybrook Hospital. I make mention of all this to indicate what a tough little woman she truly was – and also as a preamble to the concatenation of tragic events at St. Murder Hospital which I am about to relate:

...It began that weekend, early Friday evening, July 21st, 2023 following her daily routine of ablutions (which I always performed for her) – and after her pedal-bike-and-dumb-bell exercises. I turned on the TV news and we watched the *flash*-bulletin about the death of 96-year-old vocal crooner Tony Bennett. Suddenly my Mother began regurgitating her lunch! At first I thought nothing of it and just changed her bib; but then as night progressed she was throwing up about every fifteen minutes, or so. Occasionally she did vomit over the last few months, but I chalked it up to maybe some food I had left out too long, or perhaps her bad posture on the sofa, while she ate. But this – this was alarming! I gently held her hands in mine, wiped her mouth and continued to change her bib. I could see the growing fear in her eyes and she saw the worried look in mine, as she began clasping both my wrists. Finally I said: “Mom, I'm gonna call an ambulance.”

When the paramedics arrived, they took her vitals, which they said were “pretty good.” But after we reached St. Murder Hospital – we had to wait at least six hours in the hall until finally they

came and took her blood and a stomach x-ray; and then we waited... and waited... then waited some more....

All through that night my mother was getting worse – and still trying to throw-up, but of course there was nothing left to throw-up, except bile. Not to mention the diarrhea – which by now was just water – and yet we were still in one of the Emergency Room (ER) cubicles (A2) waiting for tests. The attending doctors: “Dr. Dave” (from Ireland), Dr. Jennifer Chu, Dr. Cole Clifford (Sr. Resident) – and the “medical team” led by Dr. Michael Sklar and Dr. Seema Marwaha, finally appeared. Dr. Dave looked to be about 15-years-old and should have been sucking on a lollipop. – Then suddenly my Mother wretched up a blob of dark, dried, brown-y old blood that at first we thought might be fecal matter! Such things do occur, albeit rarely. But it did seem to be very old blood that may have been in there for quite some time. And yet, even with a roomful of supposedly well-experienced emergency medical staff – they were *all* in shock! Flummoxed! Didn’t seem to know what to do! – I grabbed a nearby towel and wiped her mouth, “sniffed” it... No discernible odor. I should add that my Mother was still alert and sitting up against the bed, which was cranked to about 45 degrees. Then some test results came back and the guessing games began:

They held up the x-ray to the light: “...Well, her abdomen is severely distended, but maybe it’s just full of air?” declared Dr. Marwaha. (“You mean, like you – you moron?”) And then she added: “Her creatinine levels are too high!”

“Well they weren’t when we first brought her in here – over six hours ago! Why didn’t you begin treatment then?!”

Dr. Seema Marwaha proffered another guess: “...It could be a twisted bowel, but there definitely seems to be some kind of a small blockage.”

‘Definitely?’ ‘Seems to be?’ – “Which is it? You’ve got the x-ray right there in your hands – can’tcha see what’s causing the blockage?”

“Well, we really can’t tell much from an x-ray – we’ll have to do a CAT scan.”

“Well, why in the hell didn’t you do that hours ago – when she was still a lot stronger?!”

This was followed up with the usual excuses for their complete incompetence: – “blah-blah-blah, yada-yada” – apropos nothing. My Mother hadn’t eaten anything all that Friday night and now we were into the early Saturday morning hours. She was already in a state of semi-consciousness as they ran a tube up through her nose and down into her stomach to drain off the dried matter of “coffee grounds”, as they called it... More waiting for test results.... Suddenly a “speech therapist” showed up, with a cheese sandwich and apple sauce and tried to force them into her mouth!

“Are you entirely nuts?!” – I screamed. “What’n the hell do ya’ think you’re doing?! – Can’t you see she’s barely conscious? Just because her bed’s cranked up, you think she’s alright?! Your I.Q. must come in at room temperature – and I mean celsius, not fahrenheit!...” She sheepishly tip-toed out of the room and disappeared.

So the inserted plastic tube, now in her stomach, started bringing up the putrefaction. They decided to move her up to the wards from the ED. She was barely conscious! They should have kept her in the ICU (Intensive Care Unit). I asked one of the nurses, making up her bed: “Why is she up here in the wards and not in the ICU? She’s very weak after waiting all these hours without any nourishment. She needs to be in chronic care.” Her reply simply was – “Oh, I don’t know, you should have asked the head nurse down in ED.” After that rejoinder, I realized my Mother was in *real* trouble! – plus, we were on the 13th floor, even though they call it the 14th; so the elevator goes from the 12th to the 14th, *no* 13th floor in between. My Mother was in room 60, directly across the hall from the doctors’ and nurses’ administration desk. I asked the attending doctors when they were going to do the CAT scan?

Answer: the de facto or de jure leader of the surgical team, Dr. Michael Sklar, an anesthetist, who looks more like Edgar Bergen’s Mortimer Snerd, now decides to broadcast from the foot of my Mother’s bed: “WELL, YOUR MOTHER’S DYING! SHE’S FAR TOO WEAK TO BE MOVED ONTO A STRETCHER AND TAKEN DOWNSTAIRS FOR A CAT SCAN!” – And he’s smiling all the while he’s telling me this! (The tone of his voice reeked of schadenfreude.)

“Do you think you could possibly announce ‘SHE’S DYING’ just a little bit louder? I don’t think they can quite hear you over at the corners of Queen and Yonge Streets! For God’s sake – she’s right here – in front of you!”

His grinning front teeth were so far apart – like *Mortimer Snerd’s (1930s and ‘40s ventriloquist Edgar Bergen’s two knee-dummies who were respectively named: Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd) – that I would have bet he could eat a cob of corn sideways through a picket fence! Again I asked: “What about the blockage?” His reply: “Regardless of *whatever* is causing the blockage, it really doesn’t matter anymore, because now she’s in the *transitional stage*.”

“Transitional what? What the hell’s that? – A euphemism for dying? Do the surgery! I have her power of Attorney – Do it now! – and the CAT scan! – while there’s still a chance! – You just said she’s dying, anyway – with or without it – so what’s there to lose?! She wasn’t too weak when we first got here – eight hours ago! You waited too long!! – Why didn’t you do the Goddamn CAT scan and the surgery then?! – WHY??!”... Then more “blah-blah, yada-yada” – more bullshit excuses.

...By now, it was late Saturday night, and I was exhausted. I whispered in my Mother’s ear that I had to try to sleep a while. But even as I sat in that chair and put up my stocking feet beside hers,

she was still trying to tell me – even with the tube in her nose – that she was hungry! After all, she hadn't eaten a thing in nearly two days! I dozed off for a while. But when I woke up, there was that goofy-looking Sklar again – aka Mortimer Snerd, buck teeth and all – back again and staring me right in the face and shouting: – “YEAH, WELL, YOUR MOTHER’S DEFINITELY DYING!”

“Jesus Christ! – Can’t you keep your voice down?!”

He says: “Well, she needs to know what’s going on.”

“No, she doesn’t! What’s the good if you’re not going to help her?! And by the way, where in the hell did you get *your* medical degree, anyway – at the Helen Keller School of Medicine?”

Then, he leans over to where I’m sitting beside my Mother, and says: “AH-H-H – YOU’RE UPSET – HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU A BIG HUG!”

“What the – ?! ...Get the fuck away from me!” (Incidentally, this “Dr.” Sklar is *only* an anesthetist, not even a surgeon; he puts people to sleep – some probably permanently!) “By what authority do you have to reverse my Mother’s ‘Resuscitate at all cost!’ code to ‘Do not resuscitate, palliative care, only?’ ”

“Ya’ know, Doc, over the last ten years my Mother has been written off in this alleged hospital as *dead* or *dying* by other similar morons, and each time she’s pulled through – mainly because I didn’t listen to them, either.

“Every one of them tried to talk me into invoking the ‘*Do not resuscitate*’ code and each time I refused! Whadda’ you guys do – get paid piecework for every elderly patient you knock off?

“What is it? – When someone reaches 90 or 100 years you figure: – ‘Ah, what the hell – just let them die?!’ Whatever happened to your hippocratic oath? “...First, do no harm!” Sounds to me like you and your so-called medical team are no better than MURDEROUS HYPOCRITES – with a license to kill! If it weren’t for people like my Mother, putting their lives on the front-lines during WWII – you and your idiot colleagues wouldn’t be enjoying the luxury of the fat, spoiled, selfish, self-indulgent life-style that you now do – including killing the very people – the War Veterans – who saved our Democracy!”

By now it was getting onto midnight – and beyond – and my Mother’s breathing was becoming more rapid and shallow, made none easier by that plastic tube in her nose. I kept yelling at the nurses – “Get the antibiotics into her – now! – Levofloxacin – it always works!”

“Sorry, sir, but the doctors have not prescribed it.”

Mom began weakly calling to me again, but she was difficult to understand because of that tube. “...Tony, Tony... I, hungry... thirsty...” I had always figured, and usually correctly so, that if she could still eat – or at least felt hungry – she would recover. But this time she hadn’t had anything to eat in nearly two days, except for that sugar and water IV, because of the vomiting, which by now had somewhat subsided. (I’ll regret until my dying day that I didn’t give her a couple of Levofloxacin antibiotic tablets, as I usually did, before the ambulance brought us to this abattoir. Those pills always seemed to pull her through – even with COVID!!)

I dipped my two right fingers in a paper cup of water to wet her lips and mouth, she was so dry and thirsty. This was exactly midnight: the wall clock said, 00:00. Two hours later, by 2:00 a.m. Sunday morning, her breathing became more rapid – yet I still held her in both my arms, hugging and kissing her and telling her how much I loved her. Out of pure panic and desperation, I gently laid her head back down on the pillow – then darted across the hallway to that doctors’ and nurses’ administration office, where the lollipop kid, Dr. Dave, was sitting at his computer while some young nurse-administrator was chatting him up. I yelled – “Doctor Dave – come quickly! My Mother, she’s not breathing right!” – Suddenly startled by my appearance and urgent call for help – he half-jumped up from his chair, and stuttered – “Oh-h, ah-h, ah-h-h – I’ll be right there, in just a minute... I need to fix something on my computer.”

“ – NO! NOW! – RIGHT NOW!!” – and I grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and one arm and hauled him towards the door! – “Quick! – She’s dying!!” Then that same young nurse-administrator – without even turning around in her chair to see who it was that was in such a panic – blurts out – while still looking at him – “Get out! You’re not supposed to be in here!”

“What the fuck did you just say to me! – you heartless, selfish bitch! – I’ll deal with you later!! I ran back across the hall – with Dr. Dave in tow – where the duty nurse was taking her own sweet time wrapping the BP (blood pressure) cup around my Mother’s arm, checking for vital signs.... waiting.... – Well, what the fuck’re ya’ waitin’ for?!!”

I wrapped both my arms around her again – and kept crying out – “Mom! Mom! – I love you! – I love you so much! – Please! – Please don’t leave me!!” I knew she heard and understood me because at that very moment she opened her bright blue eyes – looked straight at me and quietly said: “...I know.” Which is exactly *why* I used to tell her every night at home for the last eleven years *that I loved her*, after I put her to bed and turned off the lamp: “Good night, Ma, I love you”; then there’d be a brief pause... after which she’d reply: “I know. Me too.” ...I began telling her I loved her each night starting eleven years ago because ST. MURDER HOSPITAL had nearly killed her – even back then! It was April 3rd, 2012, when the so-called triage nurse misdiagnosed the “fatal” heart attack she was having *right at that exact moment!* Had it not been for the quick action of a brilliant young cardiologist from Saskatchewan, Dr. Michael Kutryk, she would have died that very night, 11 years ago, as we sat in the *small* Emergency Room for hours – fighting off druggies and drunks who were trying to steal our drinks, while my Mother slowly developed cyanosis. (Turning blue from lack of oxygen!)

Again I yelled to the attending nurse, who kept saying – “I have to wait until the machine warms up. Besides,” she added, “We don’t do resuscitations up here.”

“What?!! – You mean you’re directly countermanding an order from the ED doctor to ‘resuscitate at all costs’?” “Well,” she said, “Dr. Sklar changed it to DNR.” Then that mouthy bitch of a nurse-administrator from across the hall casually strolled in and mouthed that tired platitude, “I’m sorry for your loss.”

“What?!! – You fucking bitch of a hypocrite! Not as sorry as you’re gonna be. You walk in here – now – just as my Mother took her last breath?! I swear to you, right here and now, as her Soul departs this world, that you will never know a moment's happiness from this point on – not for the remainder of your short, miserable life! And if there’s *anything* I can do to exacerbate that process, you can bet *your* “life” I will. And as time passes, and everything keeps getting worse for you, and you think you just can’t take any more because it couldn’t possibly get any worse – IT WILL GET WORSE!!! – AND WORSE!!!!

“...You don’t believe me? Go and ask some of the long-time staff here who knew my Mother – and my decades-long history of *accurate* World Predictions that continue to be published around the globe through *FLASH NEWS* wire service (25,000 media outlets – worldwide!), and other general media.”

...I sat beside my poor Mother far into the night and early hours of Sunday morning, hugging and rocking her back and forth, unable to grasp the reality that she was gone. But I was grateful for one thing, that before she slipped away she was conscious long enough to hear me tell her over and over: “Mom! – I love you! – I love you so much!! I shoulda’ done more! – I shoulda’ stayed home with you more – especially every time you said you were feeling lonely. Instead, what was I doing? Going out and playing my sax in some dirty, divy little bar for a few measly bucks. Big deal! And for what? I coulda’ – shoulda’ – spent all that lost precious time with you – *you* who *truly* deserved *all* my time. And now, it’s too late... too late.”

My Mother died at precisely 2:20 a.m. Sunday morning, 2023. Because I, alone, looked at the clock on the wall above the foot of my Mother’s bed, while the others were staring down at her, as though she were some form of alien curiosity. More than likely they were probably contemplating their *own* eventual mortality. At that moment a strange premonition took hold of me. I suddenly “realized” that *they* would soon suffer the same Fate as my Mother! And sooner than later. – *MUCH SOONER!!!!*

And as if her sudden death hadn’t already been enough of a shock for me, at about 4:30 a.m. two Clinical Assistants (C.A.) or “Porters” – a woman and a large black man – came in and began preparing my Mother for her journey down to the hospital morgue, even while I was still sitting there beside her! The big fellow unfastened my Mother’s wrap-around-diaper and *pulled* it off so

hard and so fast – that she spun around towards me – and literally *bashed* the side of her face and head against the solid metal-plates of the bed’s steel guard rails! So hard and loud that the noise actually woke up the patient in the next bed! – I WAS HORRIFIED!! MY BRAIN COULD NOT COMPREHEND WHAT MY EYES HAD JUST SEEN!!! “YOU BASTARD!!!! – GET OUT! – GET OUT! – BEFORE I KILL YA!!!!” – I DESPERATELY LOOKED AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO HIT HIM WITH!!!!...

...From start to finish, I saw everything: From that early Friday evening until they killed her on Sunday morning as a result of Sklar changing her CODE; while they all stood around doing nothing! Sklar *purposefully*, arbitrarily and *feloniously* countermanded the original “RESUSCITATE AT ALL COSTS” order of the ER doctor who asked me – *not once, but twice* – if that’s what I wanted! “YES! – TO RESUSCITATE! ABSOLUTELY! – AND THAT’S WHAT SHE WANTS!” – I empathetically replied.... I had to sit through two days and nights of pure hell and anguish and witness every single, solitary medical mishap they made, including the indignity to my Mother’s body *after* her death....

Even the young female mortician at *Basic Funerals* asked me, “How did your Mom get that big yellow bump on her face?” ...After I told her she was appalled, but not shocked, because of similar horror stories told her by colleagues about ST. MURDER HOSPITAL.

I witnessed it all! On my sweet Mother’s dying breath I swear to you that everything I have described above is the *absolute truth!* – *SO HELP ME GOD!!!*

...And they even lost my poor Mother’s clothes, that little robin-egg blue summer outfit I dressed her in, that Fateful Friday morning. I was standing inside the emergency entrance doorways bawling my eyes out, asking the triage nurse for my Mother’s belongings. She said: “There’s no record here that she came in with anything.”

“What? – Whaddya’ think, they brought her in here naked?! I dressed her myself!”

“...Well, there’s no record of it here,” is all she coolly replied.

I went back outside the emergency doors and stood there, among all the ambulances, beside myself with grief – blinded by my own tears!

Out of nowhere, a young hospital worker, just out having a smoke, I guess, suddenly appeared and seeing me so distressed asked if he could help. Without any control whatsoever I cried out in anguish everything that had happened since that Friday afternoon and finished with: ... – “And my Mother’s clothes – they *even* lost my poor Mother’s clothes!!”

He said, “Wait here a minute. Let me see what I can do.” ...

Five minutes later he returned, holding up a transparent plastic bag, and in it I could see my Mother's little blue outfit.

"Is this it?"

"Yes – oh yes! Oh, thank you – thank you so *very* much!" I offered him a reward, but he wouldn't take it, instead saying softly: "I lost my Mother two years ago, and yet it feels just like it happened yesterday...."

I slowly walked out to the street, carrying the last vestiges of my dear Mother's mortal remains. And I thought to myself: "They couldn't even keep track of her clothes. Even *that* they managed to fuck up!" Were it not for that young man, I would have lost them forever, just as I've now lost my Mom... forever.

NO SON SHOULD EVER HAVE TO SIT BY HIS MOTHER'S SIDE AND BEAR WITNESS TO THE PLETHORA OF MEDICAL MISHAPS PERPETRATED AGAINST HER BY A "MEDICAL TEAM" SO UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY INEPT AND INCOMPETENT THAT IT DEFIES THE IMAGINATION! I HAD TO ENDURE THOSE MEDICAL MISFITS OVER THE COURSE OF TWO NIGHTS AND TWO DAYS, DURING WHICH TIME SHE SUFFERED THE AGONIES OF HELL IN THAT TERRIBLE PLACE!!!! DANTE'S INFERNO COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE!

MY MOTHER ENTERED ST. MURDER HOSPITAL REASONABLY HEALTHY EARLY ON FRIDAY EVENING, AND WAS CARRIED OUT DEAD ON SUNDAY MORNING.... I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN....

Sir Anthony Lonsdale-Carr



aka Anthony Heughan

P.S. – I love you, Mom.



Anthony Carr <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

College of Physicians

Tanya Tazbaz <ttazbaz@cpsy.on.ca>

Fri, Nov 24, 2023 at 11:45 AM

To: "info@anthonycarrpsychic.com" <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

Hello Sir Anthony Lonsdale-Carr,

The College has received your complaint.

I would like to further discuss this matter with you.

Are you available for us to connect by phone on Monday November 27, 2023 at 11AM?

If not, please suggest your preferred availability.

Regards,

Tanya Tazbaz

Triage Investigator/Mediator: Investigations and Resolutions

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario

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Anthony Carr <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

CAS-454033-X8L4J8

Jennifer Matheson-Watson <jmathesonwatson@cpsso.on.ca>
To: Anthony Carr <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

Mon, Jan 8, 2024 at 12:22 PM

Hello,

Yes, I can confirm the investigation is on-going. I am attaching the information process regarding timelines. I have all required information from you at this time.

Sincerely,

Jennifer Matheson-Watson, Investigator, Investigations and Resolutions

T: 416-967-2600 | 1-800-268-7096 ext. 377; F: 416 967-2616

Email: jmathesonwatson@cpsso.on.ca

From: Anthony Carr <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>
Sent: Friday, January 5, 2024 8:17 PM
To: Jennifer Matheson-Watson <jmathesonwatson@cpsso.on.ca>
Subject: Re: Response from St. Mike's on Josephine Heughan case

Hi Jennifer,

Anthony was wondering if you could send us an email that would confirm that you are indeed investigating the case.

Anthony's phone number: 647-231-2001

Thank you,

Justin

In reply please quote: **CAS-454033-X8L4J8**

January 8, 2024

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

Sent via secured electronic means.

Dear: Mr. Anthony Carr

Re: Complaint Regarding Dr. Marwaha and Dr. Sklar

On December 8, 2023, the following concerns were confirmed verbally:

Mr. Anthony Carr is concerned that between July 21, 2023, and July 23, 2023, Dr. Michael Sklar was negligent in the care provided to his late mother Ms. Josephine Lonsdale Heughan. Specifically, Dr. Sklar;

- a) Failed to inform Mr. Carr that a do not resuscitate order had been written for his mother, against his wishes and without his consent.***
- b) Did not communicate information regarding Ms. Josephine Heughan's condition or prognosis.***
- c) Delayed ordering a CT scan to rule out a bowel obstruction until Ms. Heughan was too sick to have it done; she was admitted for vomiting, abdominal distention and an x-ray identified blockage.***

Mr. Anthony Carr is concerned that between July 21, 2023, and July 23, 2023, Dr. Seema Marwaha was negligent in the care provided to his late mother Ms. Josephine Lonsdale Heughan. Specifically, Dr. Seema Marwaha.

- a) Failed to inform Mr. Carr that a do not resuscitate order had been written for his mother, against his wishes and without his consent.***
- b) Did not communicate information regarding Ms. Josephine Heughan's condition or prognosis.***
- c) Delayed ordering a CT scan to rule out a bowel obstruction until Ms. Heughan was too sick to have it done; she was admitted for vomiting, abdominal distention and an x-ray identified blockage.***



Signed consents were returned to the College on December 8, 2023.

I am also enclosing information about signing consent to help you understand why the Inquiries, Complaints and Reports Committee requires consent.

The CPSO has a duty of confidentiality with respect to all information obtained in the course of its investigation. However, you should be aware that the CPSO may share some or all of your personal health information with the physician or physicians who are the subjects of the complaint. If either you or the physician appeals the College's decision, medical information and other information collected during the investigation must be disclosed to the Health Professions Appeal and Review Board, which is a public forum.

Power of Attorney documents were received by the College on December 6, 2023.

Under the legislation, the subject physician has been notified of your complaint. Once all the necessary information is received, the Inquiries, Complaints and Reports Committee (ICRC) will review the information and decide whether further action is needed. Please note the Committee is not permitted to award financial payments through the complaints process.

The College recognizes how stressful this process can be and will make every effort to proceed quickly. However, there are a number of external factors that can slow this process down such as, obtaining and analyzing medical records and obtaining other relevant information. Your patience is appreciated.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jennifer Matheson-Watson".

(Signed Electronically)

Jennifer Matheson-Watson, Investigator, Investigations and Resolutions

T: 416-967-2600 | 1-800-268-7096 ext. 377; F: 416 967-2616

Email: jmathesonwatson@cpsy.on.ca

Follow up of your concerns

Patient Relations SMH <patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to>
To: "info@anthonycarrpsychic.com" <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

Tue, Nov 7, 2023 at 4:21 PM

Hello Mr. Carr,

I am writing in follow up to our meeting held on September 20th, 2023 to address the concerns you expressed about the care provided to your mother (Ms. Josephine Heughan), during her hospital admission from July 21st, 2023 to July 23rd, 2023.

We recognize it is important to have your questions and concerns addressed, regretfully we were unable to address them in full as the meeting ended early. Please find attached to this email a letter outlining our review and follow up to your concerns.

We hope that this letter serves to provide clarity regarding your mother's care and treatment. Should you have questions regarding the feedback provided, you may contact me directly at patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to.

Sincerely,

Sam Edgar (she/her)

Patient Relations Specialist



T: 416-864-5215 | F: 416-864-5509 | E: patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to

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 **J. Heughan - Response Letter for A. Carr - November 7th 2023.pdf**
268K

November 7th, 2023

Delivered by email

Dear Mr. Carr,

I am writing in follow up to the concerns you expressed about the care provided to your mother (Ms. Josephine Heughan), during her hospital admission from July 21st, 2023 to July 23rd, 2023. On behalf of the care team I would like to again offer our heartfelt condolences to you on your mother's passing. We recognize this has been a very significant loss for you and we are sorry for the grief you are experiencing.

As you are aware a meeting was arranged on Sept 20th, 2023 to address your concerns. Present at the meeting were Sam Edgar (Patient Relation Specialist), Dr. Seema Marwaha (Staff physician, General Internal Medicine), Dr. Michael Sklar (Staff Physician, Critical Care) and Norman Dewhurst (Clinical Lead Manager, General Internal Medicine). Regretfully the meeting was ended early due to disrespectful language that was exhibited toward the leaders and physicians in attendance.

We do recognize that this is a very difficult time for you and that it is important to have your questions and concerns addressed. While we were unable to address these through an in-person meeting we have taken the time to outline our review and follow up in this letter.

I understand from our conversations you have questions about care decisions made in the Emergency Department (ED) and the General Internal Medicine (GIM) Department, regarding why a CT scan was not performed as well as concerns about communications surrounding your mother's code status.

I want to assure you that we take your concerns very seriously, and upon hearing your concerns about the care provided to your mother and communication from staff, they were brought forward to the leadership of the ED and Medicine unit for review. A thorough and comprehensive review of the event has been completed, including a chart review, and discussions with staff and physicians involved. Below we have summarized our feedback in writing in response to your concerns.

With regards to the Emergency Department care, Dr. Chu has shared that based on her initial clinical assessment in the ED, your mother's condition was such that she did not need a CT of the abdomen at that time. It is documented that her abdomen was soft, not swollen beyond its normal size and her vital signs were stable. It was noted however she was dehydrated so intravenous fluid was ordered and she was referred to the GIM team for admission and further work up.

Dr. Marwaha, internal medicine physician, then assessed your mother. At the time of Dr. Marwaha's assessment, she found your mother's abdomen to be ridged and swollen beyond its normal size and an urgent XRAY was ordered which showed she had a bowel obstruction. In response Dr. Marwaha inserted a nasogastric (NG) tube to relieve pressure in the abdomen, and feculent matter was suctioned from your mother's stomach. The medicine team provided more IV fluids, initiated a bowel rest protocol, administered IV antibiotics and ordered an urgent CT scan at that time. They also spoke directly with the general surgery service to request a consultation.

Your mother was transferred up to the medicine unit shortly afterwards, where unfortunately her condition started to quickly decline. Dr. Marwaha shared that your mother's blood work appeared much worse with a lactic acid level of 10 (normal range being 2 and below) indicating that her muscle tissues

were not receiving enough oxygen and she was in multi system organ failure, therefore too unstable to be moved. The Critical Care Response Team (CCRT) and the Intensive Care Unit (ICU) attending physician urgently reviewed her situation with the general surgery team to determine if surgery was an option. Unfortunately it was determined that your mother was critically ill to physically move to the CT scanner or receive surgical intervention. Palliative care services was consulted and saw your mother later in the day.

We understand from your feedback that it was not clear to you that CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation, also known as chest compressions) would not be offered to your mother and the reason why. We sincerely apologize for this and any distress to you as a result. Dr. Sklar informed me that he spoke with you regarding your request for CPR and he is sorry to hear that his communication was not clear to you. Dr. Sklar has explained that CPR does not work for all patients and that due to your mother's critical condition, frailty and age, CPR would not be successful for your mother and would not result in her resuscitation. CPR is not offered when it has no potential benefit to the person and when the performance of CPR will cause more harm and indignity to the patient. The do not resuscitate (DNR) order prevents the automatic urgent institution of chest compressions. Every patient and person is evaluated individually, and the person's status determines what options might provide benefit in each individual case.

We wish to acknowledge the concerns you shared regarding communication from the nursing staff on the medicine unit the night your mother passed. You shared that the staff would not provide CPR when your mother ceased breathing. As your mother's code status was documented to not perform CPR, the nursing staff were following the medical team's orders. I am sorry for any miscommunication from the staff when they explained why they were not performing CPR on your mother, and if their communication lacked compassion or came across as dismissive or lacking urgency.

We regret to hear of your concerns relating to the staff who provided post mortem care to your mother. You shared the staff member was not careful when providing care, resulting with her head connecting with the side rail. We strive to ensure the utmost respect and dignity for care after death and are sincerely sorry for your experience. Please be assured there has been follow up with staff regarding your feedback.

We hope that this letter serves to provide clarity regarding your mother's care and treatment. Should you have questions regarding the feedback provided, you may contact me directly at patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to. As an organization we are committed to ensuring a safe environment where staff and patients alike are treated with respect and dignity and it is our expectation that moving forward all communications be conducted in a respectful manner.

Sincerely,

Sam Edgar (she/her)

Patient Relations Specialist



Anthony Carr <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

Response to your concerns

Patient Relations SMH <patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to>
To: "info@anthonycarrpsychic.com" <info@anthonycarrpsychic.com>

Fri, Dec 22, 2023 at 3:43 PM

Dear Mr. Carr,

We are following up in response to your voice mail received on Thursday December 21st at 1:30pm. You have requested the name of the Porters responsible for providing post mortem care to your mother after her passing on July 23rd 2023. In light of the inappropriate and threatening behavior that you have demonstrated during your interactions with staff, we will not be providing this information to you at this time. Unity Health Toronto is committed to providing a safe, healthy and supportive working environment and to the prevention of workplace violence. The College of Physicians and Surgeons is able to contact us directly for that information. We have standard processes for releasing information to the College, and do provide them with any information they require for their investigations.

You have indicated that if the information is not released to you directly, you intend to have your lawyer obtain this on your behalf. Your lawyer can submit the relevant documentation to support this request to Risk@unityhealth.to, and we will respond accordingly. We have now completed your Patient Relations file on this matter.

Again, we recognize this has been a very significant loss for you and offer our sincerest condolences on the your mothers passing.

Sincerely,

Patient Relations



T: 416-864-5215 | F: 416-864-5509 | E: patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to

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2023/12/26

St. Michael's Hospital
Patient Care Department
Email address: patientrelationsSMH@unityhealth.to
30 Bond St.,
Toronto, ON
M5B 1W8

To whom it may concern,

I am writing to you concerning, not only the email that you sent to Mr. Anthony Carr dated 2023/12/22, but also in regard to the physical meeting that we had with members of your care team. I attended that meeting with Mr. Carr and as such have first-hand knowledge of what transpired. My interest in this series of events is three-fold; as someone who knew Josephine Victoria Lonsdale Heughan personally, as a long-time friend of Anthony Carr and in a general sense of trying to assist people to have better, more productive lives in which they are treated with respect and compassion (the latter being the reason that I ran to be Mayor of Toronto in the 2023 elections and placed in the top ten in many areas of the city).

I wish to make a direct response to your comment “In light of the inappropriate and threatening behavior that you have demonstrated during your interactions with staff, we will not be providing this information to you at this time.”. This is regarding the request for information about the Porter(s) who did not show the proper respect to Mrs. Heughan’s body (thereby allowing her head to "connect with the rail" when they were removing her body from the bed). Anthony Carr was in no way “threatening” to anyone at that meeting, nor after it. If your reference is to the fact that he used his cane to point in the general direction of a member of your staff (someone that he was certainly not within reach of) I made it quite clear *at that time* that he was doing no more than just indicating who he was speaking about.

As far as “inappropriate” behaviour, as Mr. Carr was obviously and understandably *very* upset by the loss of his mother, it should be expected by your experienced team that he would not sit quietly and be told how you were "sorry for [his] loss", especially seeing as your staff did the exact opposite of what was instructed of them regarding her care. This included that she be "resuscitated at all costs" and Dr. Sklar believing that he had the right to change that to DNR (Do Not Resuscitate). The mistakes they made, on or about 2023/7/23 were irreversible, and could be perceived to have been done to make sure that they no longer had responsibility to keep Josephine alive. Once she was dead, they seemed to believe that their duties ended. Further, just because Josephine Heughan had passed away, there was no reason for the Porter(s) to believe that she did not merit their respectful handling of her physical self. You have stated in your email that “Unity Health Toronto is committed to providing a safe, healthy and supportive working environment and to the prevention of workplace violence.” The handling of Anthony’s mother’s body, the smashing of her face against the bed rail, is clearly an act of violence.

The family does not wish to sit idly by to wait for an eventual investigation by The College of Physicians and Surgeons, but believes that it should be actively pursued. To suggest that you

“... have now completed your Patient Relations file on this matter” would appear to be somewhat premature, so please keep apprised of the process. Your part is certainly unfinished as of yet. Please indicate details on exactly what “relevant documentation” is required so that Anthony’s lawyer can submit the request to Risk@unityhealth.to regarding the Porter(s) who mishandled Josephine's mortal remains.

It is interesting to note that your closing statement was “Again, we recognize this has been a very significant loss for you and offer our sincerest condolences on the your mothers passing.” which appears to be a form letter response gone wrong, and is less than sincere. You might wish to have someone edit your email for spelling and grammatical errors going forward.

Thank You.

Regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'L. B. Sanders', with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

L. B. Sanders
(647) 712-7283
LBSanders@Teachers.org