

ONE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

By Helen Daniels

My grandson spent 7 months in 2002 at Cinnamon Hills in Utah. He is mentally disabled. His family and he lived in California and it was an 11 hour drive to go see him. Cinnamon Hills told us that even if we had driven all that way, if he misbehaved while we were in route, we would be turned away without a visit with him. On several occasions when we visited him, he would have bruises up and down his spine from being restrained. the restraining could come from something as minor as kicking his bed.

If he did the least little thing, he would be put in a room for punishment and not allowed to come out till he was ready to "behave". My daughter went once for a visit with her son and he was missing a tooth. she inquired about and was told "he fell in the shower." She asked if they had taken him to a dentist and they told her "not until he starts to behave". My daughter got very upset and told them that even prisoners get medical attention. My grandson stuck to the story about falling in the shower until another boy from Cinnamon Hills was a patient of my daughters and he recognized her and told her that the staff was restraining her son and he was having trouble breathing (he has asthma) the only defence he had was to try and bite the one restraining him, upon that the staff member shoved his head to the ground so hard and broke the tooth.

These people who are staff members are built like gorillas and my grandson weighed maybe a 100 pounds at that time. These kids were not allowed to look at members of the opposite sex or they were punished, had to keep their heads down when a woman or girl was present.

My grandson was forced to wear girls sneakers and we could not bring him anything different. We were not allowed to take his picture or use our own cell phones and let him call and talk to his siblings at home. No one other than this boys Mom was allowed to phone him and that was once a week and could only talk to him for 5 or 10 min and the calls were always monitored from staff.

My grandson also had a fungus on his feet that was even on the tops of his feet and we were not allowed to bring in medicine for it, they would take care of it but never did. I would hope that anyone reading this to not, no matter how desperate, put their child in Cinnamon Hills.

I give my permission to HEAL to use our story regarding Cinnamon Hills. Everything is true to the best of my knowledge and experience.