

Submitter: Joi Cardinal

On Behalf Of:

Committee: Senate Committee On Housing and Development

Measure: SB611

Please let me introduce myself . . .

This is a story of two college-educated medical transcriptionists who stoically endured serious karma

Our young marriage was challenged by whelping two defective kids. First-born was unplanned, a forgot the condoms oopsie who manifested by making me barf too much to drive to the second day of the Dead's run at Cal State Dominguez Hills. Not aborting was the stupidest mistake I ever made.

K needed \$100,000 of orthopedic care for hip dysplasia by age six. They endured months in hip spica casts. Diaper changes sucked hours of production from my wfh medical transcription gig.

Followed that up by whelping a 27-week preemie after a LEEP for cervical cancer. I was admitted for an unsuccessful trial of mag sulfate tocolysis. D and I both picked up nosocomial pneumonia from a hacking phlebot, so from my womb he was untimely amniotomed..

The whole package cost \$1/4 million. D spent ten weeks in the NICU. I lost three hours of work each afternoon, walking to the NICU to deliver pumped breast milk and give D two hours of kangaroo care {skin-to-skin bonding}.

The goddess was not yet done with me I had a career-ending avm bleed while motelhomeless. partner and I survived a week sleeping in the Overpark garage while waiting for social workers to arrange aneurysm repair at OHSU.

After my recovery East Blair Coop gave us a chance. The community service required was not possible with my deficits so we moved to Polk Plaza. When the rent was raised there Emerald was inky company willing to rent us 500 sq feet of fifthly, ADA hostile space. Orkin broke the oven when spraying for roaches. We fear eviction too much to ever complain.