

August 5, 2006

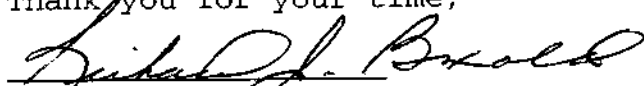
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RE: Boxold, Richard

To Abbey Adams,

If this is published, please ask for witnesses to contact The
Freedom Center also, please let me know witnesses names and
addresses.

Thank you for your time,


Richard J. Boxold

July 8, 2006

On March 29, 2006 in the early afternoon (around 4 p.m.) I entered my home in Chicopee, Massachusetts. I detected an odor in the home and immediately became short of breath. My nose and sinuses began to feel blocked. It was then that I called 911, stating that I was having trouble breathing due to what smelled like a chemical agent in my home, possibly bleach. I proceeded to exit the home and wait for assistance.

Within Five minutes a fire department rescue truck arrived. I explained the situation. One of the firemen took a few steps into my house and immediately exited the home stating "That is not bleach smell, that is mold". Knowing that mold can be deadly and taking the firefighters advice to be seen by a doctor, I took a ride to Baystate Medical Center Emergency Room Via Pathway Ambulance.

I was brought into the emergency room, where my blood pressure and pulse ox were taken and within a few minutes I was told to wait in the waiting room. No one addressed my breathing difficulty (i.e . Shortness of breath and congested nostrils and sinuses).

After an interminable wait in the E.R. waiting room, short of breath and without even being called to the window for medical information, I approached a heavysset woman who seemed to be the one in charge and told her of my breathing difficulty. Her Reply to my concern was "You don't look like you are having an asthma attack".

I proceeded to ask her name and noted it in my note pad, with plans of reporting her to administration the following day. Her name was Gillian Crabb. I also requested to speak with her supervisor yet wasn't given the chance to. Instead Gillian Crabb called security, and two male security guards appeared, both seeming instantaneously agitated. I asked for their names and noted them in my note pad as well.

I asked Gillian Crabb for a cab voucher, which is normally given to patients to get them from the hospital when they haven't any money with them. Gillian Crabb refused. I also asked Gillian Crabb to call Red Cross to get me a ride to no avail as well.

I was disgusted at the lack of treatment provided and by the staffs blatant lack of care and concern in my current and alarming situation. I expressed these same feelings to the staff and also explained that I would be reporting them to administration the following morning and proceeded to walk out the emergency room door and head home on foot and short of breath. As I approached the area where the ambulances arrive and was swarmed by about ten people. Some appeared to be security guards in uniform. There was a tall African American man in a waistcoat seemed to be in charge, and another Caucasian man wearing a blue blazer with a white shirt and tie. He had black hair and was about 6'2 or 6'3 with a medium build. A male nurse in blue scrubs stood on the sidelines and observed what was going on. I can identify all three of those men described above if put face to face.

I attempted to walk away from the situation but with each step in any direction my path was blocked by someone. I became frightened and felt in trouble, trouble not of my making.

An ambulance arrived from the Chicopee Fire Department and an I noticed an officer in plain clothes coming out of the back to help with a stretcher. I took a few steps toward the officer and began asking for help "Stay the hell away from me" was his reply to my cries for help.

This officer can be identified by Chicopee Fire Department Logs. He can be deposed and made to state under oath that I was not attacking the security guards immediately following my exit from the emergency room doors as they had claimed. I, in fact, asked an officer of the law for assistance, and was refused.

Eventually, I noticed an opening between two of the surrounding guards, and ran through it, trotting down the sidewalk, asking many people to call 911, yelling that I needed help. No one would get involved, due to the fact of many uniformed guards chasing me.

When I arrived at the main drive, perpendicular to the Ambulance arrival driveway, I approached an SUV with a young woman inside it, begging her to call 911. When she saw what was happening, she handed me her cellular phone through the driver side window. I took the phone and ran into an adjacent parking lot and called 911.

I have a condition called C.O.P.D. (Congestive Obstructive Pulmonary Disorder) and at this time I was in severe respiratory distress, covered in sweat and in fear for my safety.

I placed a call to 911 but due to the fact that I was on a cellular phone, my call was directed to the Northampton State Police Barracks.

In what turned out to be the first of two 911 calls, a female dispatcher connected me to the Springfield Police and following hearing my story (as I was continually moving away from my pursuers. The Springfield Police Department Dispatcher informed me that she would send an Officer to the scene.

At this point the tall African American man directed one of the guards to contact someone to cancel the request for an officer to be sent to the scene. I called 911 again and was transferred from the Northampton State Police to the Springfield Police Department. I once again requested an officer to the scene. Yet again the tall African American man ordered for the 911 response to be cancelled.

Immediately thereafter, the woman who's cellular phone I was using began asking for it back. One of the security guards stated "She wants her cell phone back". Reluctant to release my only means to call for help, I extended my right arm to hand one of the guards the woman's cellular phone. He grabbed my wrist and began to pull me towards him. At the same time the Man in the blue blazer, standing to my right, jumped on me along with a couple of other guards.

The tall African American man directed the guards "bring him over here". "Him" being myself, Richard J. Boxold and "over here" being the sidewalk between the centennial entrance and the ambulance driveway, where I was being pushed toward the crowd. During what seemed to be a period of several minutes, I was alternately placed into a "headlock" type hold with my head pulled back at an unnatural angle, I was kicked in my left flank (side), had knees pushed into my back and my face ground into the sidewalk. With both arms extended upward behind my back in a very unnatural position the tall African American man ordered the guards to put two sets of handcuffs on my wrists.

I was then lifted up by only my arms and dragged at a fast pace back up the sidewalk and into the emergency room doors with my pants around my ankles pleading with the guards "Why are you doing this to me"? I did not receive a response. It is my belief that these security officials were on a power kick.

During this beating I received a broken right clavicle, nerve damage at C-6 & C-7 and other injuries yet to be determined.

Now comes Teyaunda Cooley of the Behavioral Health Network at 503 State Street, Springfield, Ma. (I discovered this later as I have no recollection of ever meeting this woman).

Teyaunda Cooley who states for the purpose of a section 12 order that I assaulted the security staff upon being "discharged" from the emergency room. (Considering Teyaunda Cooley was not present when the beating occurred , I can only assume that she is parroting the story concocted by the hospital staff to cover up this inhumane act).

I was then transferred to Providence Hospital Psychiatric Unit in Holyoke, Massachusetts for twelve days. Twelve days being key, due to that being the allotted amount of time my insurance would allow. While there a med nurse named Alma repeatedly denied me my Albuterol inhaler as prescribed by my PCP, claiming that I would be taking in too much steroids. Ignoring my diagnosed C.O.P.D. (Congestive Obstructive Pulmonary Disorder) and the prescribed dosage.

On or about April 4, 2006 I observed employee Eric Woods, of Providence Hospital Behavioral Science Unit, assigned to work in 5 North, slam a female patient into a hallway wall. I screamed "This is a dangerous person, he should be removed". At which time Eric Woods focused his anger on me, trying to provoke a fight (Still in an arm sling and in serious pain due to the prior beating received at Baystate Medical Center). Eric Woods stated " I will put you in more pain".

At this time I requested a restraining order from the staff. A social worker, Clara Garland, was present.

Eric Woods proceeded into the office and punched a wall, causing the glass in the door and wall to vibrate and screamed "AAAARRRRGGGGHHHHH"!

Although I am not absolutely sure of the chronological order of events, Eric Woods was transferred to nights (11-7) after having received a couple of hours of an anger management course. In my opinion, It didn't work.

On or about April 6, 2006 a charge nurse on the night shift named Tom took Polaroids of the bruising that continually manifested itself day after day up to 2 ½ weeks after the beating occurred. Tom put these photos on the front cover of my chart and left it on the nurses desk. In the early a.m. there was a flurry of activity in the office (I was right across the hall in room 510). This activity involved a Providence Hospital Attorney. Someone asked Tom (a female voice) "Why did you take pictures of Richard's bruising" Tom replied, "because it was the right thing to do".

On April 8, 2006 at about 1:00 a.m., Eric Woods an African American male and three female staffers, two Caucasian and one African American, one of whom was named Cindy, came into my room. Shouting, "where is your arm sling", (referring to my arm sling, which I had taken off prior to laying down, and put on top of some clothes in an open cubby, so I could sleep comfortably).

At the time I was trying to sleep, when suddenly the light came on and four people assaulted me in my bed. Eric Woods was on the left side and two others on the right side. They started to yank up my mattress, tossing me from side to side looking for my sling that for some reason or another they thought I had hidden under my mattress. (People with this mind set working in the healthcare field is frightening.

Eric Woods, standing on my left reached across my body and grabbed the upper right corner of my mattress and yanked it back towards himself as two of his counterparts pulled it up from the right side. The result being, I was thrown to the floor on the left side of the bed. Eric Woods could have prevented my fall, yet in turn stepped back. They proceeded to exit the room leaving me on the floor in a great deal of pain, for what I'm guessing was about an hour .

I later heard footsteps come into the room, and heard Eric Woods Voice echo laughter in my room as I lay on the floor. The he walked out.

I was eventually able to pull myself up, using one arm and pulled myself back into my bed.

On April 8, 2006 I filed a " Freedom of Information Act" with Nurse Bonnie asking for all notes, correspondence, e-mails and any other information regarding myself. It was never answered.

Also for whatever reason, I was chemically restrained. I do not remember anything from either the late p.m. on March 29, 2006 or the early a.m. on March 30, 2006. When someone told me that the shot they were giving me in my left shoulder "was for pain" until I became cognizant on Friday afternoon March 31, 2006 and found myself in the Providence Hospital Psych ward. Ambulance records that I obtained from Pathway Ambulance show chemical restraint prior to transport to Providence Hospital from Baystate Medical Center on the afternoon of March 31, 2006.

Also at one point of my false imprisonment, social worker Clara Garland phoned my sister and told her I was delusional. She believed and still believes this. I believe that this was part of a cover up for the beating to discredit me.

I am also suffering a great deal of pain in Cervical and Lumbar Spine as result of the beating aggravating a pre-existing condition.