

ST. MURDER HOSPITAL!



Michael Sklar – MURDERER!



Seema Marwaha – MURDERER!

Police Report Number: 24-1621628

MY MOHAWK-ITALIAN BLOOD IS *SCREAMING* REVENGE FOR WHAT THEY DID TO MY MOTHER — RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!!!!

DOCTOR MICHAEL SKLAR OF TORONTO’S ST. MICHAEL HOSPITAL — OR, MORE APPROPRIATELY, ST. MURDER HOSPITAL! — murdered my Mother just as surely as if he had fired a bullet through her brain! Because she was one-hundred-years-old, SKLAR *feloniously* changed my order, and my Mother’s 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 DOCTOR SEEMA MARWAHA — and that Clinical Assistant (C.A.) PETER BAGUMA — simply stood by and watched her die in agony! He pulled the trigger — but *she* loaded the gun. They purposely killed her — and then C.A. Peter Baguma mutilated her face and head! (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....

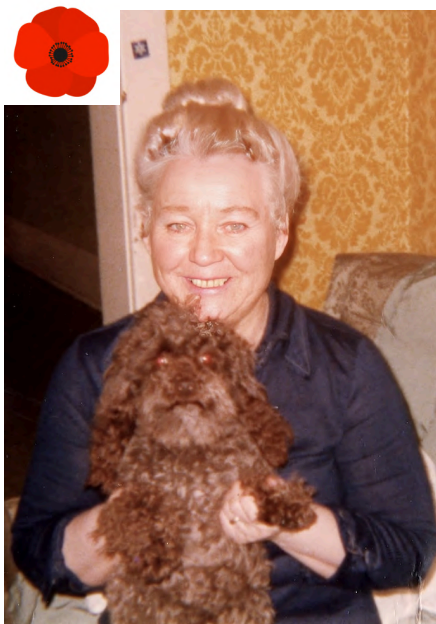
I looked up at that Murderous Group, and as I held my Mother and gently rocked her back and forth, I swore to them on her dying breath that “Destiny has now reached out and touched *each and every one of you* who willingly participated in the premeditated murder of my Mother — and the indignity to her body by that big, black male C.A. PETER BAGUMA, after her death!” IN THAT *MURDEROUS PLACE* ...before a *TIME-AND-A-HALF-AND-A-HALF-AND-A-TIME* has passed, then shall *their* pangs of agony begin!.... Now, the writing is on the wall: “Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin” (Daniel 5:25): “The Scales *Must* Be Balanced!” “La Forza del Destino,” (“The Force of Destiny”) and “Malocchio” (“The Evil Eye!”). You have *all* set your final destinies in motion!!

— **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 *ST. 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 daily exercising with a couch pedal-bike and a 5 lb. dumbbell, respectively, so that she could walk down the front, four veranda steps onto the street (with me holding out my two hands to her, as you would a child who was just learning how to walk) and then into 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 bright 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 a one-hundred-and-ten-foot-high tiny platform into a tub of water only 8 ft. deep!); was a Red Cross ambulance 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 just what a tough little woman she truly was — and also as a preamble to the concatenation of tragic events leading to her death at St. Murder Hospital, which I am about to relate....

It all began that weekend, early Friday evening, July 21st, 2023 following her daily regimen of ablutions (which I always performed for her) — and 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. She did occasionally 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 good. But after we reached St. Murder Hospital — we had to wait at least eight hours in the hallway 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 who should have been sucking on a lollipop. — Then suddenly my Mother wretched up a blob of dark, dried, brown-y matter 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 *all* seemed to be in shock! — Flummoxed! — And 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 headboard, which was cranked up to about 45 degrees. Then some test results came in and the guessing games began....

They held up the small x-ray to the light: “...Well, her abdomen is severely distended now, but maybe it’s just full of air?”, Dr. Marwaha rhetorically commented. (“You mean, full of air, like

you — you moron?") And then added: "But her creatinine levels are too high!" (Incidentally her abdomen was perfectly normal when we first arrived, as were her creatine levels.)

"Well they weren't when we first brought her in — over eight 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," she offered.

'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 from 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 that 'SHE'S DYING' just a little bit louder?" I responded. "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 — 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. During our eight hour wait in the Emergency hallway, Sklar barely glanced at her — even though he walked past us a half a dozen times!

...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 as I sat in that chair and put up my stocking feet beside hers, she was still trying to tell me — even with that 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, there was that goofy-looking Sklar again — aka Mortimer Snerd, buck teeth and all — just standing there 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, too."

"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 — at the Helen Keller School of Medicine?"

Then, he leans over to where I'm sitting beside my Mother, and says: "AW-W-W — 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 — permanently, it seems!) "By whose authority did you have to reverse my Mother's 'Resuscitate at all cost!' to 'Do not resuscitate (DNR), 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 try to talk me into a DNR designation.

"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 her die?!' Whatever happened to your hippocratic oath? '...First, do no harm!' Sounds to me like you and your so-called medical team are no more 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-styles 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 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 into 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 Dr. Dave — “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, Donna, 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 in front of her 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 globally through *FLASH NEWS* wire service (40,000 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., July 23, 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: I suddenly “realized” that *they* would soon suffer the same Fate as my Mother! And sooner — rather 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.) — 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 body wrap-around-diaper and *yanked* it off so hard and so fiercely that she spun around — like a kid's toy top — and came straight at me — *bashing* the side of her face and head against the solid metal-plate of the bed's steel rails! So hard and so loud it was — that the guy in the next bed sat bolt-upright in a state of panic! 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 and Marwaha *illegally* changing her CODE, while they all stood around doing nothing! Sklar *purposely*, 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 want! “YES! — TO RESUSCITATE! ABSOLUTELY! — AND THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTS!” — I empathetically replied.... *And that's what the first few pages of her medical records at St. Michael's state: — “Mrs. Heughan's son, Anthony, is *adamant* that, if *necessary*, she is to be resuscitated at all costs — using every available method!”

(First, they always try to talk you into accepting their DNR recommendations — “Do Not Resuscitate!!!” — THEIR FATAL AND FINAL NAZI SOLUTION! Why? — Because the elderly are living too long and the Federal Government does not want to keep paying out old age pensions to people who no longer contribute to the economy — period! It's always about THE MONEY!! MORE DEAD ELDERLY PEOPLE MEANS MORE MONEY FOR THE DOCTORS AND THEIR HOSPITAL!)

* * *

When I was a kid, working for the United Appeal (1963), my job was to read the obituaries of all three newspapers: *Toronto Star*, *Globe and Mail*, *The Telegram* (now *Toronto Sun*) and the average age was between 55 years and — if you were lucky — 70! Therefore, if you retired at 65 years, chances are you'd be dead before 70. So the Feds only had to pay out old age pensions for a few years. Today — and I still read the obits — the average age is 100 years! And so the Feds have given tacit permission — (*strictly on the Q.T...*) — to simply give the elderly a “slight nudge” to push them over the edge to the other side. They'll tell you that it's because if they resuscitate it would be too painful for her — or him — and would probably have to crack their brittle ribs from the repeated compressions. Therefore, the doctors earn MORE MONEY — EITHER WAY!!!! AS DID THE CRUEL NAZIS, WHO FIRST COLLECTED ALL MONIES AND VALUABLES FROM THE JEWS AND OTHER WEALTHY ETHNICS BEFORE SLAUGHTERING THEM IN THE DEATH CAMPS. THERE IS VERY LITTLE

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NAZIS' DR. DEATH (MENGELE) AND HERE — EXCEPT THAT THE DOCTORS GET PAID BY OUR GOVERNMENT FOR THEIR GRISLY WORK!!!!

So, in order to save people's lives so that they may live longer — you first have to kill them!!!! ...Hmm, sounds somewhat oxymoronic and paradoxical. Eh? What? — LEGALIZED MURDER FOR MONEY!! — THAT'S WHAT IT *REALLY* IS!!...

I had to sit through two days and nights of pure hell and anguish and witness every single, solitary medical mishap they committed, including the indignity to my Mother's body *after* her murder!...

Even the young female mortician, Chelsea Bullard, 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. If subpoenaed, she also promised to testify in open court as to the big, yellow bump (a hematoma) she saw on my Mother's face!

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 had dressed her in, on 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 did, bring her in naked?! I dressed her myself!"

"...Well, there's no record of it here," is all she said, coolly.

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 declined, instead saying softly: "I lost my Mother two years ago, and it still feels like it just 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 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.... EVEN THE FIRST ER DOCTOR WROTE IN MY MOTHER'S MEDICAL RECORDS THAT HE "EXPECTED HER TO GO HOME!"

Sir Anthony Lonsdale-Carr



aka Anthony Heughan

P.S. — I love you, Mom.

(The Bitterest Graveside Tears Ever Shed, Surely Must
Be By Those Who Never Said: "I Love You, Mom.")

ANTHONY CARR

P.P.S. — I spent two years at the Centre for Training in Psychotherapy (CTP), under the watchful eye of forensic psychiatrist Dr. Basil Orchard and his team of psychologists. And this — coupled with a decades-long career as a psychic medium, counseling thousands, including laypeople,

professionals, European and Hollywood royalty — has endowed me with a unique and certain instinct to sense when something — or *someone* — is off the mark. So when I state that “Dr.” Michael Sklar — (along with his murderous cohorts: “Dr.” Seema Marwaha and that vicious Clinical Assistant (C.A.), Peter Baguma, who bashed my dead Mother’s head and face against the metal plate and steel bars attached to her death bed) — thoroughly enjoyed my anguish, as he repeated ***right up in my face!*** — over and over — and each time louder than the last: — **“WELL, YOUR MOTHER’S DYING!!”** — you had *bloody well better believe me* when I tell you that Sklar is a sadistic bastard — a psychopathic sociopath! But *he hides it well*. And yet his sardonic grin through those buck teeth and the tone of his voice ***reeks*** with the stench of schadenfreude!!!! As well, that so-called Patient Relations “Expert,” Samantha Edgar, would not release to me the name and address of that monster who calls himself a C.A., in order that he could be served with court papers, until two years later when we applied for a government “Freedom of Information” form which forced St. Murder Hospital’s Samantha Edgar to release that monster’s name! — PETER BAGUMA!!!!

UPDATE — Feb 23, 2026: In the process of digging further into the background of Clinical Assistant, Peter Baguma (In-Home Assisted Living Inc.), my researcher has unearthed that the man at the centre of our current court proceedings (Baguma) has had to face legal issues in Prince Edward County as well as the ones here in Toronto. We will inform you as more details come out.

“...A husband *can* love his wife the way
her own father did.

But a woman *cannot* love her husband
the way *his own* Mother did.

And that is because a woman
prioritizes *her own survival*, whereas a
Mother prioritizes *her son's* survival.

So, stop looking for your Mother in
your wife or lover, because you will
always be bitterly disappointed....

Even though you may think you
have – or have had – many lovers,
you will have had *only one true love* –
your Mother!!!! Lovers may come and
go, but *your Mother's love is forever...*”