

From: CldMartin6@aol.com [mailto:CldMartin6@aol.com]

Sent: Wednesday, May 06, 2009 11:07 AM

To: EBSA, E-OHPSCA - EBSA

Cc: CldMartin6@aol.com

Subject: Pending Legislation for mental Health Patients

Although I was extremely successful in the business of media during my first years after college, I was always aware (and frightened) that I would fail. I left college with a few classes left. And thus began my career in media.... always going higher, more trusted, always becoming more creative. I was known throughout the Dallas/Fort Worth Metroplex. I planned and sat on as many as 16 non-profit organizations in the city. I was executive producer of Christmas and other special event programming.

In 1982, I began to have menstrual pains and hemorrhagic bleeding. When I could not be cured, I was sent to a shrink who called my problem a "Weeping Womb" (My face winces to tell you this weird thing). When I left the hospital, having learned that I had been incested, my life began to fall in many ways that I had never thought it could. I knew that having my whole history would only be a deeper well to draw from and would benefit my life and my art in media. But the Radio station I worked for passed around the word throughout Dallas that I had been hospitalized and I was to learn that I had been "blackballed" by the people at my radio station. The discrimination only worsened through the years.... I never could get a job in any type of media.

I finally got a job in 1983 that was still in media but was a journalistic endeavor. I produced sales sheets and loved the creative aspects. More than anything I treasured the 4 or 5 times a year my magazine held a trade show. I went from places like Amsterdam to Chicago and Los Angeles and had incredible moments.- The staff often stayed for 10+ days, which gave me and my friends some time for visiting or sightseeing. and of course our work reflected I did my work well. But I knew that my work was not ultimately a service to mankind. I began to see that in order for me to be happy I would have to become a minister.

If a patient has my diagnosis, the prognosis is pretty much treatable. If anyone but your caregivers know you have my diagnosis, you become "The Crazy Person". I have never been able to work again... not even able to volunteer at places where I thought I would do good. My mind is not mush. But the world thinks I am not worth a job. Actually I am such a better person... more whole than I have ever been.

I worsen physically....dental issues darken my thoughts. My fears stop me dead in my tracks. When I lived alone in Somerville, Massachusetts I began to take care of myself in ways I had never done. I need my own place! Here in Texas I can't get into elderly/disabled housing. I fear homelessness so much. I need a home to be able to grown from. Sincerely,

Claudia Martinez, MDiv

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