

Senate Public Health & Welfare Committee
8:30am Hearing on SB 303
29 March 2021

Chairman Hilderbrand and Senate Public Health and Welfare Committee Members,

Where does personal liberty begin? At conception? Where does it end? At birth? When you can't drive anymore? When you die? When it's convenient?

I would argue that Constitutional freedoms begin at conception and end when a person takes their last breath here on earth. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are afforded to us in our Constitution.

My grandmother was older when she got married and had kids, so never expected grandkids. I am her first grandchild, and I am the one she wants to see more than any others now that she's 94 and living in an independent care facility. Although she lives in her own apartment, she isn't able to leave easily, and certainly doesn't drive anymore. 18 months ago, she left for an appointment my mom was driving her to. On the way down the long hallway, she fell and broke her hip. She needs accompanying to get around the building.

When COVID hit, her facility told us that we-the-public weren't allowed in the building. As a county funded facility (which she pays privately from her estate to live in!) they're allowed to issue such rules. However, my grandmother can't go grab her own groceries. My parents and aunt and uncle assist with bringing her food, groceries, and taking her to hair and doctor appointments. However, now that COVID has happened, they feel like they need to sneak in the back door to deliver food to her!

On her birthday, during COVID 2020, I was driving through her town and wanted to surprise her. None of us were sick, so we brought balloons, flowers, and our cheerful smiling faces to brighten her room and countenance. Why should we have to feel obligated to sneak in the back door to give hugs, kisses, and cares to my grandmother who has loved me dearly for all of my life? While we were there, I noticed her ankles were swollen, and to the normal eye, they might have seemed normal, but I know what her normal ankles look like, and THIS WAS NOT IT. I rubbed them and asked my sister, a lymphedema specialist, to come wrap them appropriately. I scratched her back and put lotion where she was itchy. She needed hugs, kisses, and human touch. This care should not override businesses making money and operating as they see fit. Human rights still exist. This is Grandma's HOME. Please help us make this sort of care LEGAL.

Support SB 303 so we protect freedoms we already should have: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Thank you for your effort.

Respectfully,

Melissa C.
Olathe, KS