

Kansas State Senate Federal and State Affairs Committee Chairman, Rob Olsen
Committee Members

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To the Chairman and fellow committee members,

You have heard much testimony today about the science of Cannabis Medicine. This isn't rocket science, just a plant the God put on the earth. God put cannabis here. It is not the Devil's weed.

Laws are written when we see a need to serve and protect our citizens. Laws are changed when they are obsolete, unfair, prejudicial, out of date, and when we discover new facts to a matter which negate the need to have a law, or when we see that a current law is harmful.

The Kansas State Senate is one of the last State's bodies to take on the cannabis laws. Most of our States have already taken action in response to how utterly destructive enforcing the prohibition of a plant that for so many is their only option left to treat disease and injury, PTSD, war wounds. Most States have recognized the tremendous harm these laws cause, the destruction these laws have levied on so many families, as well as the facts of science proving the healing power of God's sacred plant. But the Kansas Senate is stuck. You are "too confused."

When I find myself confused, I ask myself that simple question. WWJD? What would Jesus do? Indeed, the Christian Bible is pretty clear cut on the principles we should base our lives and laws on. Lets start with children.

Luke 18 vs 16: Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for to such belongs the Kingdom of God.

Jesus doesn't say anything about "unless they have epilepsy". But Kansas has. Kansas gave Melissa Ragsdale one choice on her then five year old son Gavin two days before Thanksgiving of 2017. Kansas gave this mom the only choice of taking her son home sedated, and keeping him sedated on hospice.

At 1030PM on a cold, windy night, 2 days before Thanksgiving, the sky spitting sleet, I checked into Facebook before I went to bed. I saw a picture of Melissa and Gavin on a train. The lights were flashing by outside. Mom had made a tent out of her coat to shield her son from the flashing lights that would only make his state of constant seizing worse.

Her post read, "They sent my son home to die. I called Brandon and had him pack us a suitcase and bring the boys to Union Station and kissed them all goodbye. I bought a ticket to Colorado. I don't know what to do or where to go when I get there. Guys help me please!"

There would be no sleep that long night as we activated the Kansas Family Refugee Network in Colorado. Melissa was instructed to get off the train at the first stop across the border into the safety of

Colorado. It was just a whistle stop, but help was waiting with a cannabis inhaler, ointments and oils. Within 15 minutes of receiving his first dose of God's medicine, the child's eyes quit twitching, his body relaxed, he opened his eyes, looked around and asked his mom where they were.

"We are somewhere safe," she told him.

It would take six months for Gavin's two brothers, 3 and 8, and his dad to sell their home in Kansas, quit his job and move the family to Colorado. But Gavin can never come back here to visit. Kansas could kill him.

In Colorado this will be his second year on the football team.

Get off the train as soon as you have crossed out of Kansas.

When Chris Gordon made the same decision for her daughter, the little redhead Autumn, Chris had to give up four other children to save one. Kansas custody laws demand the parents stay in the same State. Chris had four kids from a previous marriage. She had to sign away her parental rights. Sign them away. Autumn can never come back to Kansas. Kansas could kill her.

Give up four to save one.

Hinder not my children...

Matthew Chapter 5: Vs 7: Blessed are the merciful, for they shall see mercy.

It was 10PM Friday night and the Hess-Wilson family was watching a movie in their little home in Eureka, Kansas. They had celebrated the last day of school with a Pizza buffet. Everyone got to make their own mini pizzas, and Jen was just thinking she should probably clean up after the pizza when there was a knock at the door.

A policeman said they had a report of screams coming from the house. Homer had answered the door in his pajama pants and t-shirt. The policeman said he needed to make sure everyone was safe so Homer opened the door of their tiny little 750sq ft home enough to see the family eating popcorn and watching TV. The older 15 yr old had gone on to bed.

At this point, the policeman pushed his way through the door, declaring he saw 'paraphernalia' as evidence of a crime. According to the police which had surrounded the house in advance, they saw a pipe on on the table.

The couple had half as much cannabis flower in their home as is now legal for a patient in Missouri. Homer was handcuffed and put in the back of one police car and had been denied getting dressed.

Jen was in her nightgown, and begged to get dressed. The police said no. As they handcuffed her behind her back, the lace top of her nightgown slid down exposing her nipples through the lace. "Please let me put on a robe!" she begged. But she was paraded into the police station in front of several men with her nipples exposed.

The couples sons, 11 and 15, were put in another police car and taken into the foster care system.

The couple were booked on 7 felony counts including meth, except there was no meth. But it takes six months to get cannabis tested, so the meth charges stayed until the labs came back as just cannabis.

Their bonds were set at \$50,000 each. It took two weeks for the THSI (The Human Solution International) court support NFP to get the couple a lawyer and a bond reduction and get them out of jail. Except that's not what happened.

When Jen was released after two weeks, she was taken into a small room and told, "Your husband had a medical condition. He didn't make it. His remains were released to his next of kin."

It would be a week before Jen found out how Homer died. She started her drug rehab classes as a mandatory part of her bond. This is where she met a couple of Homer's 'cellies'. His cellmates.

Homer had been asking for medical help every day. Every day his color got worse and worse, and he struggled to breath. He told the guards he had an enlarged heart and needed his medicine. He told them he was going into congestive heart failure as the fluid backed up into his lungs. He coughed up frothy, blood tinged sputum.

Homer's last words as he lay on the floor of the cell dying were, "I can't breath", as the guards looked on laughing and taunting him, calling him "the beached whale" and saying he smelled like he was already dead anyway.

Homer was a big man. He weighed over 500 pounds. His wife and children didn't mind. They loved him.

There were no jail clothes big enough for Homer, so he stewed in his t-shirt and pajama bottoms for two weeks.

The only consolation I can take from it, is that those law enforcement personnel had to figure out how to get 500 pounds of dead weight out of the cell. I hope it haunts them forever.

There was no meth, but it took 6 months to test the cannabis and find it wasn't meth, and for those six months, Jen's boys remained in State custody with weekly supervised visitations only.

Jen never found out what happened to Homer's remains. There was never a funeral.

Blessed are the merciful, but there was not one merciful person in the Eureka Kansas, Green County Jail.

Nor were there peacemakers in the crowd when nine police cars surrounded my son's home, kicking in his door, doing so much damage to his rental house the landlord had to file a vandalism claim, throwing my son on the ground and dislocating his hip, again, for a fraction of personal use cannabis that is now legal in Missouri.

That raid led to my son being on drug screens for cannabis, and the dislocated hip had him unable to walk when I picked him up from the Johnson County Jail five days later. So I took him to the doctor, who prescribed Oxycontin.

I am one of the lucky moms. I lost my son to prison for 44 months when he was recruited by the dirty Dr. Webb to hustle Oxycontin in exchange for his pills, but I didn't loose him to the legal lethal drug.

Opiod deaths last year: over 100,000

Cannabis deaths ever: 0

Matthew 5, Vs 10: Blessed are those who are persecuted for the sake of justice, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

That's where my husband is, Heaven. He had glaucoma. In 1976 the Supreme Court declared cannabis the best course of treatment for glaucoma. Again, for less than is allowed for Missouri patients now, my husband had a small garden in the corner of our basement. We lived out in the country away from everything and everybody so he could grow his medicine and live in peace.

There was a fight in the family with regards to a custody battle. In a revenge play, a relative called the Federal Drug Task Force and turned him in.

They took me too, but I didn't have diabetes so I survived the experience. He did not.

Homer Wilson and Gene Halbin got the death penalty for having cannabis for their personal use.

I was charged with "Moral Turpitude" by the Missouri State Board of Nursing. I was an ICU nurse, and I just had to look on during the pandemic, knowing that I know how to work a ventilator, but my drug charges make me unemployable as an RN.

Beatitude 4: Blessed are they who mourn for they shall be comforted.

But there is no comfort from my mourning. I was with my husband for 45 years. Gene Halbin has been gone 7 years this Thanksgiving day, and I still look for him in my dreams.

I confront my kids... "Where is your dad?? People don't just disappear! Everyone has an address. Everyone has a phone number?? Tell me where he is," I demand in my dreams. Then I wake, then I cry. Because dead people don't have phone numbers or addresses. And true love never dies. He took half of my heart, so I will always only be half of a person until I die.

Beatitude 6: Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for Justice, for they shall be well satisfied,

You have an F in the Beatitudes up to now. But this is a complete opportunity for a do-over class. You can bring your grade up to an A by doing your job and making sure that whatever legislation you bring back to us, that your work holds up to the Beatitudes.

Sincerely,

Rev Dolores Halbin, RN, BSN
American Cannabis Nurses Ass.