

Dear Florida Department of Children and Families,

Below is reproduced the email that I sent to Florida DCF Adult Protective Investigator Emma McSherry at emma.mcsherry@myflfamilies.com on July 29, 2024 which explains the situation. She emailed me back on the same day informing me that a case would have to be reopened regarding Alan Michael Carney and that I could file a report at the Florida DCF website, hence this current report.

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Ms. McSherry, Please Help Me Regarding My Elderly Husband

Dear Emma McSherry,

You may recall me from a visit you made to my house a while back. My name is Jamie Carney and I write to you concerning some very troubling matters regarding my husband Alan Michael Carney, who I am legally married to, and who was born on May 15, 1958. I plan to call you at 352-681-0505 on Monday, July 29, 2024, or you can also call me at 352-476-6679.

Our landlady Iris Petrausch's harassment of us is still continuing. As you might remember, my husband has severe brain-damage from the two major strokes he suffered, the first on April 27, 2023, and the second on March 21, 2024. (My husband had also priorly suffered a minor stroke shortly before I met him in 2017.) His most recent stroke left him with aphasia, i.e., an inability to form his speech very well.

The troubling matter that is currently occurring is that my husband is being kept by Iris over at her house, and I am unable to communicate with him. He doesn't have the ability to make phone calls (indeed, he can't even remember his Windows four-digit login personal identification number [PIN], which is his birth-year; so I have to log him into his own computer). Due to his severe brain-damage he can be easily manipulated by Iris. I told you before of prior examples of this, such as Iris changing my husband's medical insurance coverage because she herself had been smooth-talked into changing her medical insurance by an insurance-seller. The coverage turned out to be not as good, and this caused my husband to not be insured for a month because we had to switch back in order to see a cardiovascular specialist who didn't accept the other insurance. Around this same time Iris got ahold of my husband's medications because she wanted to be the one to dole out his pills to him. On her first attempt at doling out his medicines she gave him the wrong pills. Screw-ups like that could get my husband killed.

How this current situation came about is that on Saturday, July 27, 2024 my husband was having one of his outburst episodes, wherein he was screaming at me for hours on end, "You God-damned fucking nigger! I hate you so much!", and variations along those lines. He has outbursts like this around once a week. I try to calm him down, but that doesn't work. Eventually he gets over it and is back in his loving mood. These outbursts seem to be random in their occurrence and aren't triggered by any discernible event. When I ask him why he's so upset he has no answer, but rather simply screams more invectives at me.

Later that day, while still in his rage, he went outside (which I helped him to do) and started yelling "Someone please help me!" over and over. Obviously I have no ability to stop him from having such episodes, so I just let him have his moment. No medical event was occurring, other than his aforesaid severe brain-damage causing him to go into a rage. After about two minutes of this Iris came over and brought him to her house. And that is the last that I have seen or heard from him.

Iris has an intense hatred of me. One recent example of this occurred when my husband and I went over to Iris's house because my husband was complaining about an occasional odor that comes from the septic system. She invited us both into her house. I was hoping that her prior abuses of me were over and that it would be a pleasant visit. But such was not to be. She started calling me "James", and I nicely corrected her, informing her that my name is Jamie. Upon that she yelled at me "You're a man! You have a dick! Your name is James!" She then got close to my face and yelled "You have a dick! You bitch! Do something!" several times, evidently attempting to start a physical confrontation with me. (As you may know, I am a male-to-female transgender person.) She then told me to get out of her house, which I did of course, not wanting any trouble, but she wouldn't let me take my husband with me: when I tried to help my husband to leave with me, she held onto him and blocked me from helping him outside. I left her house and called 911, explaining the situation to the dispatcher, and the dispatcher told me to tell her to turn over my husband, whereupon she let him go outside with me.

Iris's intense hatred of me evidently stems from severe jealousy issues. She has often lamented to my husband and me that she wishes she could find a man to be with. And as I told you in person when we met, there was a prior event where she snapped at me after I called my husband "my husband" (as of course wives are oft to do in reference to their husbands), whereupon she exclaimed, "Why do you call him your husband?! Call him Mike like the rest of us do!" while sneering at me.

Iris's abuses of me began in a major way after my husband's first major stroke of April 27, 2023. My husband was in the hospital and I was obviously feeling very depressed while worrying about his life. When I went over to Iris's house to talk with her, she started telling me that I'm going to have to start thinking about the rest of my life without my husband: that he'll never be the same, and that it wouldn't be possible for me to care for him; that I should move on and leave him. I found that to be rather bizarre and unhelpful advice, but didn't at the time comprehend her jealousy issues. Later on during this period when my husband was in the hospital, she called out an ambulance and police officers on me. I don't know what she told them to get them out here, but there was nothing wrong with me, and they left after talking with me. Later when I went over to Iris's house and spoke with her, she exclaimed "I'm going to get you locked-up! Just watch!" while laughing. At this time I still thought that Iris was my friend, and it was hard for me to comprehend why she would say such a thing, and I simply responded, "I still love you, Ms. Iris!" while leaving her house.

Iris herself has some form of dementia. The last time I was in her house (i.e., involving the event wherein she started yelling at me "You have a dick! ...", etc.) Iris mentioned that she's constantly forgetting things, even her own name (I don't know if that was meant as a joke or a serious statement), and that she sometimes shakes uncontrollably but that she doesn't know why. Iris is in her late 70s, I believe. I've known Iris since 2018, and since that time I have often noticed that she is constantly losing and misplacing things.

Hence, there is an actual danger to my husband's life by Iris keeping him in her house. If she screws-up his medications as I mentioned she already did before, it could kill him. My husband himself has no ability dole-out his own medications.

According to our then-neighbor Paul (sorry that I don't have his last name), who lived in the trailer house in front of us, and who has known Iris for a very long time, Iris used to abuse her patients. Iris is a nurse and her house used to be run as a retirement/hospice home. Iris used to tell people that her mother, who lived in Iris's house during her later life, didn't love her. Although according to Paul, that isn't true: rather, her mother did love her but was upset at Iris for abusing her patients. That's not hard for me to believe, given the sadism she has directed toward me.

I love my husband very much and treat him extremely well, even when he's having his outburst episodes. I do just about everything for him, since he's in a very debilitated state.

Please, Ms. McSherry, I hope you can help me resolve this very troubling matter and get my husband back safe with me. I thank you for your help! I look forward to hearing back from you. Take care!

Sincerely,

Jamie Michelle Carney
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