

I was working with a residential treatment facility for a year and a half. We took in troubled teens and worked with a treatment team to help facilitate change in their lives. This mentioned "treatment team" was comprised of a: therapist, school administrator, and the home parents. I was categorized as a home parent because all the boys at the facility were divided up into homes. In these homes were assigned home counselors that we call "home parents". As we built good family structured relationships with the boys we could guide them in a positive way to follow the agreements that we (the treatment team) had in place for them.

As I had been working there for a while I grew attached to a certain mentally handicapped boy that for security of his privacy I will call Ben. Ben had all sorts of personality disorders and anxiety problems. His mother had been doing drugs when she was pregnant with him; and died from an overdose when he was two. Ben was taken in by his aunt and she was also into heavy drinking and drug use. She all but provided for him. As Ben grew up in her house she did not get him enrolled in school. As he grew to the age of 7 he still had not learned english and was forced to sleep in a closet and eat what he could find which was mostly tortillas and old candy. He had a mouth full of cavities and gingivitis and did not know how to use the toilet or clean himself. Ben's best friends were the bugs in the house that he could find. While he did have a house that he lived in his aunt was always gone and never home.

Ben one day started wondering around cause he had not see his aunt in weeks and we was looking for food. At this point he was close to 9 years old (and looked like a skeleton) and found himself being surrounded by people trying to talk to him. He didn't understand at all what they were doing or saying. He was naked and walking around and the cops were called and they came and picked him up. He was upset and angry kicking and screaming they brought him to child services. They then found out that his aunt had been killed in a drunk driving accident while she was out and about. He was

turned over to the state not know of any other close relatives. The state could not try and put him up for adoption, cause for lack of a better word he was a wolf boy. A real life Mowgli/Harry Potter story that has no happy ending.

Long story short he was sent here to Utah to the facility that I would latter be employed at. Ben had an inheritance from his mother who had died, she had life insurance through her work and he was set up with a trust fund for the money and the State which he came from would use this money to send him to our treatment program.

I started working with him my first day on the job and he had come so far. He was 16 when I first met him and he could speak English with a very big slur in his speech like his mouth was full of spit. He was still throwing tantrums almost every day, and pooped his pants 4-5 times a week. He had been through so much and learned how to do so many things.

The problem was when I started meeting with his therapist to ask how we were ever going to let this young boy go out and live in society? They told me that we as a facility were never ready to teach him those skills. The clinical tools that were needed for that type of change would have cost a lot more and was more intense. Now this was not the reason why this young boy was not sent to another program. It was false advertisement of the facility. They had talked with Ben's states representatives and told them they would be able to change his life and replant him back into society as a normal citizen. Since the state was not paying for him they didn't care to do any sort of check ups on him. Our facility had to file reports to that state but that was the extent.

The Facility administration was advised many times over the years by his therapist that he should get sent to another program with the proper tools. This was never implemented for one reason. They had legal ownership of his \$5,500.00 a month till he was the age of 18. So just under 10 years they would collect six hundred thousand dollars (half a million) from this one boy. They kept him there for his money

and didn't care that they hindered his whole life in the process. They said he was to stay cause the intake of new clients were going down and he was a steady form of income!!! This was not only un-ethical but morally atrocious! I found that out months before I decided that I needed to separate myself from that company. This was by far the worst business transaction that I ever witnessed and sadly was a part of.