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We worked long hours while my fellow staff were ill at times. We tried to run an almost impossible job, Corrections. With little to no help even while the world continued at home with their families and work from home. Hiring was of no prevail and those who came in left as quickly too. We were already down staffing when the pandemic hit. And it only got worse when folks were sick, it cut our numbers even shorter a lot of the time. Forces were up and many didn't see a light for the end of an unruly fairness.

My family was also the subject of me returning home day in, a day out. Not knowing if they too would get sick or not. Who would take care of them if I was meant to be at the prison? The Prison that runs 24 hours a day in the middle of a pandemic and chaos at times too. Just to get enough sleep to go back in the next day, not knowing what the forces would look like. I also did come down with the sickness and had to go to the hospital for better care. My poor family that couldn't be by my side as I went to the hospital. I told them I would call and let them know. How scary for a single mom to tell her child. How scary for anyone to have to go through that. That's what were here for today the understanding and the realization of the work that goes into correctional facilities.