

Good morning,

I am a retired Emergency Medicine doctor, 73 years old, an ex marathon runner and a current walker across the streets of NW Portland daily. What I see is difficult to wade through with my dog. On the street are needles, sharps, an entire box of sharps is frequently around Good Sam Hospital. These represent dangers for folks walking the sidewalks.

I come upon folks injecting. One in the parking lot of the Northrup Hotel was "stuck". He had a needle between his big toe and his second toe. The syringe was empty. His waist was bent at 90 degrees, arms dangling but standing straight from the hips, knees and ankles. His pant leg was rolled up on the left. The right was down and with shoe on. The left shoe was off to the side. I asked if he was OK? He said "yes". I continued walking and exactly 45 minutes later (I had looked at my watch) I returned to find him in the same place. He was frozen, locked in. This can happen. I asked if he needed help. This time he said he did.

Police were called to take him to an ER. He left in the cruiser screaming.

I live on Forest Park. I have stopped bonfires too numerous to count in the entrance to Lower Macleay. Schizophrenics scream, homeless gather to do drugs, fall over after injecting.

I have seen as folks enter the freeway from Vaughn to the Fremont -- vaping fumes pouring out of the cars. They are 'hot boxing' as they enter the freeway system.

Just las week, if you can believe it, an encampment formed on the shoulder of the Fremont bridge. The "strewn garbage" spilled out into the lane, including a purple plastic chair that I had to swerve to miss.

Help. Help please. Help us. We have rights too, the people of Portland. We work. we pay taxes. So many of my friends are trying to move away. Help. Help us, those of us who pay 15,000 a year in taxes, who clean up sharps containers, who pull out the tarps of the people in the park, who stop the fires. Help. Help please.

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