

An Extract of my written reply to the investigated complaints:

Re: Allegations of Bullying and Harassment &
Consideration for Possible Management Action

In response to the letter dated 5th April, 2011 in regards the above investigations.

I attended the interview as requested conducted by 'The Private Investigator' (name withheld) on Wednesday 27th April, 2011. The interview was audio recorded during this event and ran from 9.08am till 11.22am.

Many of the complainants, if not all, indicated that Ms Crowley would openly tell others that (name withheld) and (name withheld) were evil and had 'black auras' or 'dark auras'. This was to the point where those persons were not allowed to touch Ms Crowley, brush past her or hand her any item. She would reportedly even refuse to touch a keyboard if either person had touched it prior, and would use a pen tip to touch the keys instead. It was further reported that if (names withheld) made any physical contact with Ms Crowley, she would indicate that she would now make mistakes or become ill due to contamination by them.

Again, I state I do not see auras and the word evil is not in common use in my spoken vocabulary. The continual onslaught of the complainants' ways to antagonise and oppress me, I do see this as wicked.

In my own personal observations, I have noticed that the more the CSR staff continue to touch me through the handing of specimens or deliberately through a forced action, I become physically tired. This personal choice to minimise contact is one of self-preservation. This enables me to last the working week without phoning in ill because I have insufficient energy to make it through the day. There is no need for the staff to encroach on my personal space. There are processes in place where specimens and work are placed in the appropriate places within the workplace and its benches.

In saying this I have often handed things to numerous staff over time. I have to hand request forms to scientists re blood products. I also receive specimens from other hospital staff at presentation at the CSR window, as well as patients. Vice Versa I am to hand specimen containers back for specific tests required to patients and nurses etc.

More recently on 19/4/11, I handed complainant (name withheld) the piece of paper that they had left in the photocopier and a urine protein tube to another directly from the centrifuge.

I question why the complainants have such a strong desire to touch me and encroach on my personal space. What do I offer or what are they really doing?

(text removed – refer letter 'workplace bullying retail' for descriptive Myer-Briggs Test) I fit the (Myer-Briggs) little box, where I actually have to go away and spend time alone to recoup my energy after being in a group versus those who fall in the box who recharge and top up on their energy levels in the presence of others.

So again, if I choose what is best for me and really in a workplace there should be no need for such continual touching of another, I have to question why it is such a big deal to the complainants.

This workplace is taxing and draining on the body so much so that when I get home I am asleep on the couch within half an hour, at other times I am too tired to cook dinner and end up with a bowl of cereal.

Work takes from my time so consistently, that I have been unable to make time to locate my pay slips to ensure I receive the outstanding \$200 that I was not paid in October because of human error in completing the forms incorrectly.

I could not believe they find me so interesting that they stand around watching how I work. Why were they standing around watching me instead of finding a task to do and complete some work themselves?

I thought it odd one afternoon, when I went to answer the telephone and saw these female colleagues, all leaning against the bench under the clock area, huddled together with wry smiles on their faces. I shrugged it off and continued to pick up the handset and take the call. It was the emergency department (ED) requesting something simple like an add-on or how far away are results on a patient. I had a pen in my right hand at the time, I don't recall now if I picked it up to write as I took the receiver or if it was already in my hand. I used the pen initially to hit the pause break key which brings one back immediately and safely to the main menu of the software programme. Then perhaps I may have dialled the six-digit UR no. on the numerical keypad, if the Doctor was relaying the information quite slowly and then the enter key. I did not put the pen down as if I had to write with it, I did not want to pick it back up. This also indicates, now, that the pen was in my hand when I first answered the phone. I did my job, I answered the call, I addressed and actioned the problem, then hung up the phone and moved on. There was nothing unusual in this and I thought nothing more of the event.

Until the manager (name withheld) accosted me sometime later re: the above scenario with their accusation. I apologise to you all, but I had a big laugh in manager's office when I heard the complaint. I have never heard anything so ridiculous or absurd in my life.

What is the big deal that I used a pen to touch a few keys on the keyboard? Why were they so intrigued at how I touched the keyboard? Big deal, I used a pen to hit a few keys. Perhaps they admit their own guilt? Did the complainants do something to the keypad unbeknownst to me? Who knows? God Knows.

This is quite common for an office worker to use an extended digit for short practices such as punching in phone numbers or short numerical sequences. Often a biro is used, as once the call is made, one often has to write information down and therefore the tool is at hand. I can be lazy in that I can't be bothered putting something down (for convenience) that I am about to use in the next moment, as I don't want to have to pick it up again, as small as this task may seem.

Yet it did get me thinking and piecing together, my original thoughts and visual acknowledgement of them all leaning on the bench with big smiles on their faces. What were they planning? Perhaps there was some truth in what they said. Did they do something to the keyboard and my natural actions of using a pen, meant there was no effect on me and therefore did they fall into their own trap. Who knows? God does as he reads the motives and actions of one's heart.

What is of greater issue was that I was busy prepping films on the Haematology bench, when the phone rang and continued to ring. None of the other CSR staff interrupted their huddle under the clock to answer the incoming call. I was forced to drop what I was doing and attend to the incoming call.

I have seen staff use pens to keep their hair in buns at work. A pen is often used for many other tasks other than writing with. One can use the nib end to puncture holes in plastic bags and plastic wrap. Don't they show in the movies, that they use a pen to supply oxygen (via the trachy?) to a person airway when serious breathing difficulties/blockages occur.

My question is what are these employees up to?

Perhaps their own hearts and actions are on display and perhaps they are having a personal conscience on something's in their own lives when situations occur. Who knows?

I know my own body and am more aware of its sensitivity and the effects of this world against it. I happen to know that I am finely tuned and have learnt over a lifetime what can upset its balance. Therefore, my own personal observations during my employment time has had me realise by watching the effects on my body in the workplace that yes there have been times due to too much physical contact, I have been unable to cope with getting out of bed by the end of the week.

Not only this, and again this is my own personal observations, I have witnessed that when (name withheld) hangs off staff members all day that they do tend to get sick. As this is an observation, it is not one I would voice loudly at work. So perhaps the complainants are aware of their own effects on people.

For example, on 9th April 2008 I observed (name withheld) around Phlebotomist (name withheld), all the time, right beside each other, no steps in between. (Name withheld) was then off all week after this day. I often watch how this one is often up face to face with staff continually. Many times I have noticed this with another (name withheld) and it is within that day or the next this one is speaking of their ongoing sickness flaring up. I have experienced my own ill effects in the stomach when (name withheld) is so close that you breathe in this one's breath, and the continual draining of my energy levels. So much so that I have learnt through observation and cause and affect that when I keep my distance it minimises these effects on me. Therefore, if my choice is to minimise such close confounds to maintain a healthy body, what is the problem with this.

As one who has studied science I observe and see patterns. What better model than oneself to observe such effects on?

I find that the staff in CSR can be rude with their manners. For example (name withheld) will throw their whole body across the person beside them on the processing bench when this one desires to time clock work presented in this one's hands. (Name withheld) is by no means a small person and each time I have witnessed this, this one at no stage has said excuse me for doing so. I often find when at aliquotting the staff will often hover and try to squeeze into a small space on the left-hand side of me. Why they need to do this I do not know? It is quite satisfactory to place a rack on the bench behind the aliquotting staff member in which that staff member can action when they are free to do so. Overtime many have learnt that this is an acceptable practice.

I have experienced full on assaults against my personal space. To the point that I have had to question what is going on here?

For example: One afternoon, numerous years ago. I was on the phone in CSR near the entrance door. My left arm was resting on the bench. Complainant (name withheld) walked past and as they did so, stopped at the bench and rubbed their fingers up and down on my forearm. I silently went what the F*ck. Prayed to my Lord and said what was that all about. And thought how invasive is that. What right does this one have to just come up and do that to me, without speaking a word, and doing such a weird action on my physical body, whilst I am attending to a phone call? My question is, 'is this one reading my life story through touch of my body like a psychic supposedly reads a piece of jewellery?'

Another time I was standing central in front of the photocopy machine using it and complainant (name withheld) walked past and hit my hand as they walked past. Complainant would have had to make a physical effort to touch my left hand hanging by my side, with such an area of space around the photocopier. How did this one prevent from whacking their own hand on the machine by the possible wide swing of their arm as they walk?

If the complainants are aware that I do not like to be touched, why are they continually encroaching on my personal space and not respecting that which offends me?

It is alleged that you failed to meet your Code of Conduct responsibility to respect the rights and views of your colleagues including their different values, beliefs and religion by zealously espousing your own strong religious views in the workplace.

I believe that it is my colleagues who are expressing their views and intolerances of me for who I am. For it is said in the Shakespearean play 'The Merchant of Venice' – "You may have your pound of flesh but not one drop of blood with it." In a similar comparison, this is as it is with me. One cannot separate spirit from soul from flesh and be truly who they are meant to be. I live and breathe my faith daily. That's who I am.

It is impossible to separate the God Factor in my life. I am a living, breathing, walking everyday example of the Lord's living word working within me. My personal relationship with the God-the Heavenly Father, His son Jesus Christ – the Living Lord and the gift of the Holy Spirit has been one that I have grown with since a small child. It is the very part of me that helps me to stand through the tough times. It is who I go to when I am sad, when I have a question, when I want intervention, when I want prayer and supplication for another. To the point I generally always sought God for an answer before even considering putting a question to my parents. It is the very part of me that I have consistently called and communicated upon for as long as I can remember. God the Heavenly Father, the Father of Adam & Abraham & Isaac, who loves me and all that belong to Him, that gave us His son Jesus Christ so that we would find a way back home to Him in eternal life, with the gift of the Holy Spirit given to us at the time of Jesus' death for those who are baptised in His name and seek Him, that leads us to all truth. As Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." I was always a child who sought the truth, and the Holy Spirit brings me to all truth. This relationship is so ingrained and part of me, that I would cease to exist as a whole without this personal interaction and being of who I am.

My relationship with the Lord is no different to that which I hear at work as I listen to my colleagues' stories of the events and relationships in their lives. One can see the event and the outcome of the event based on the relationship and interactions in that situation. I hear the difficulties occurring within their sphere, from partners to siblings, to having to deal with ex-partners coming and going, step-family members and family pets in all the highs and lows that circumnavigate life.

I accept phlebotomists making comments about patients, to staff approaching me as a believer and asking me to pray for them or someone they love who is presently not well. I do not go out of my way to dump it down people's throats. I live my faith openly and as the old saying goes 'you are what you eat'. I love to devour God's living word as each time I open the good book, the Holy Bible, I receive fresh revelations in the coming of His Kingdom. Beautiful, if not sometimes a little scary. But as life has proven, a roller coast ride. My faith is me. It is impossible for me to switch it off. I am an open living book of my faith in which my Lord's revelations and ways are truthfully and openly expressed in my daily life. I know of no other way to be. I choose no other way to be. This is who I am and I shall not cease to be me because they see me as different to them. I love who I am and who I was created to be. I have a beautiful life, generally, when I am not having to put up with garbage like this.

One's interpretation of 'religious' differs from person to person, one can religiously go out for a cigarette every opportune moment. One can have their nose in a book, religiously. I on the other hand have a 'faith', I am not religious, I know what I worship and I see the first-hand results of this relationship with God.

I believe it is my colleagues, those who are making the unjustified complaints, who fail to respect and tolerate the real me, who are failing to adhere to the Code of Conduct.

There are numerous Christians within the Queensland Health workplace, so much so that a once-a-year party is organised involving all levels of staff in the hospital. To witness God's working in our lives can be quite incredible at times, there will be story swapping of events that have occurred. Is it my fault that I choose to speak and share of my life story, as my colleagues do their own? God is working in my life and I see all that He does for me and all that He shares with me in

the same comparison to a colleague discussing how they are feeling sad because their dog has to have an operation.

Other examples:

- A son moving to Chilli to work with his father
- To another story of interviewing girls to work in her husband's brothel
- To another who asked God to kill her husband, his new wife was shot dead
- To difficulties in relationship with husband and the affect on the kids.
- To being sick on a music muster weekend
- A daughter being beat up at school
- Difficulties experienced in home schooling a child
- Catching the photograph of the all but elusive bird
- To missing out on Santana concert because they're out of town on the night
- To teaching one's son to throw geckoes onto the neighbour's roof
- To grown adult men abusing their power over children involved in a theft situation, when the gear was handed back and throwing one of the young boys over a fence violently, instead of giving them a warning and letting them go unharmed.
- To the amount one spends on cosmetic surgery for a more youthful appearance.

Do I need to go on? I share the me that is important to me. They share what is important and relevant to them at the time. I share the real me. I am an open book with my views and my ways. I am not afraid to discuss my life and values. God is my life and my constant. The aspect of my life that never changes. I will not relinquish Him again for anyone ever.

I am employed in a multi-faith hospital environment. One that also provides training on dealing with the traditions and beliefs of the aboriginal people and their cultures. My experiences at work are revealing that Christians don't receive the same considerations for their beliefs and way of life.

I respect the visiting Muslims to the prayer room, when we are there together praying separately our request to God. Just as they respect my time with God. I ask questions about their faith, for greater understanding and the differences. This also includes asking a colleague about his Hindu faith. I am aware there are many Christians in my immediate workplace (Laboratory). Another who speaks of Celtic spiritually, another who says their father was in the Freemasonry, others who state they go to church, participates in bible study groups. Even one who tried to tell me that they could have me turn from my faith over time and believed that they were able to endeavour such a process. I worship what I know, not what I don't know. So how does one turn someone away from grounded proof of workings in an individual's life?

But for you see no-one knows my relationship with God like I do. How can I turn from something that I know? There is a least nine known people who speak of attending Christian churches and bible study groups in this laboratory. Therefore, if there is truth in this, it should be common ground to speak and share the stories as the Body of Christ.

There appears to be double standards at play here. Perhaps because I do not share in their Facebook communications and in conversations that I do not enjoy what they are about from time to time. I choose not to get involved with the girls as the conversations are often ones that don't interest me. I have found through past experiences they can lead to trouble. E.g., CSRStaffMemberF & CSRStaffMemberM were having discussions about something secular (can't recall what. Everything seemed all well for the first 20minutes or so then within 30-40 minutes CSRStaffMemberF is in CSRSupervisor's office in tears, and OtherSupervisor was comforting her.

My life is busy and full and I come to work to complete the tasks assigned and be paid for this labour, not to socialise. In saying that I have many good friends in the workplace, that I share my life with.

Interesting enough, I see patterns, and after witnessing my own actions in the lead up to my father's death from a terminal illness. I watched a staff member do the same as I did, and later on, a friend follow the same actions as my colleague and I in the lead up to her father's death.

I realised that sometimes we just have to go with the motions of life and then surrender somewhat to the outcomes. This previous witnessed pattern enabled me to just be there for listening and silently acknowledge what stage my colleague and friend were in, in this cycle of watching a loved one deteriorate in illness and then pass on.

The most prevalent issue raised by the complainants was Ms Crowley's extreme religious beliefs and her propensity to force those upon others. She would allegedly preach indiscriminately, not just to her colleagues, but also to visitors to the laboratory, including doctors and nurses.

One cannot force anything upon another, in these circumstances one either hears or they don't. Although my Lord's words are a double-edged sword, and eventually bring one to a conscience in their lives overtime whether it be good or bad, sometimes immediately, sometimes twenty years, and sometimes on one's death bed.

As I have listened to my colleague's personal comings and goings during their day's agendas and what my colleagues are passionate about it is difficult for me not to share in the Lord's workings in my own life. So why is it that I am happy to listen to their shared stories but they don't like mine? God is so much my life that it is impossible to not speak of my daily interactions of His presence. I love moving in the Kingdom of God, there is nothing more beautiful. Just as it is when they sit down for breakfast with their family, I am fully aware of my Lord's presence in the same manner. When I forget His invited presence, he reminds me. As difficult as this may seem for some of you to believe. But as one seeks the kingdom, the more one sees and experiences it.

I do not preach, but I am guessing as they do not understand that God is present in all I do and I see his ways in everything. That it is a natural way for me and that I see the comparisons of actions of my daily events in His living word, it is a natural comment for me to share. No different when one hears a song title or lyric in a song. One can often break out in song either silently or verbally e.g., Scientist 'Highway to Hell' title for red blood cells article recently written.

It is fervently natural within me; I know of no-other way (to be). I am who I am. It appears they do not like me for being me. I am not here to be liked by all and nor do I expect to be so. In a workplace one learns to be tolerant of the many different personalities and habits of each other. I have always been polite and courteous to these differences. I have my friends outside of work; I am here to earn an income for basic living costs. I give more than a day's labour for my daily pay and I am tolerant and pleasant to those I work with, despite our different interests in life.

I believe I am sharing common ground & stories of my faith with those who also practice this faith and study the word of God. It has often been shown in many workplaces that common ground makes for a better working environment. Often my discussions take place when brought up by like-minded staff members either within the laboratory or on visitations from staff from other departments.

It does not interest me to discuss, what hotel a staff member partied at on the weekend. How tired they are at work today because they partied all weekend. Or the phlebotomist discussing the patient who took his shirt off and how his body was built. What one finds beautiful to the eye, another finds not so appealing. Different tastes, different views to the beholder, some see more than others.

It is also this faith that has helped many people come to terms with the loss of a loved one over the last few years. This has also been evidenced in many scientific papers.

Example: On 15th July, 2010 at 1410pm I was in my CSR workstation area when OtherSupervisor (lab colleague) was advised by another staff member, "That it was inappropriate for her

(OtherSupervisor) to ask me to pray for her.” I advised OtherSupervisor to ignore as if she knows it works and it makes her feel better than to continue to ask me, as I am happy to pray (for I am also aware God Likes it when we ask, although He already knows what we need/want before we even ask for it.

I acknowledge that Logan hospital is a multi-faith hospital for all employees and that there is a shared prayer room for all.

A common theme was Ms Crowley indicating to others that God had sent her to the Logan laboratory to address the evil there, the evil ones were going to ‘get it’ and she was going to ‘save them all’. Ms Crowley would allegedly announce that there were ‘bad vibes’ within the laboratory and would ‘bless’ it or make a sign of the cross over the centrifuge machine. It was reported that many of her ideas were quite bizarre and some of the complainants expressed concern about her mental health.

The cross is a shield to me and a reminder of the Lords loving sacrifice to make a way back home. It gives me peace of mind and is the difference between me having a good day, bad day or very bad day at work.

As the cross means nothing to them why the complainants are concerned that I draw a cross with my fingers in the centre of my work space, the CSR area. One CSR staff member once joked about what he perceived to be me blessing the centrifuges and laughed it off. Perhaps they know more than they let on and it is a reminder of the cross they bear. Who knows? I don’t know.

At least one of the complainants is known to carry a bible in their bag, attend home bible study groups with others and speaks of attending Sunday church services, or does this one just like to look the part? Therefore, why be afraid of my cross in the air and speaking God’s word, is it more because there is trouble when one is using spiritual ways to harm another and one with eyes to see as a disciple of Christ is called to rebuke the situation as a warning that what is going on is abhorrent in God’s eyes and harmful to those around them.

A lack of understanding and perhaps the complainants own self interest has failed them on their comments.

For one, it is impossible for me to save them all. I am not God. Salvation of eternal life comes from the acceptance and belief of Jesus Christ into their lives.

I can share my stories with them of Jesus interactions, interventions and friendship in my life. As always it is a personal choice of who our friends are. As the saying goes, ‘can’t choose your family, but one can choose their friends’.

I seek the kingdom of God and therefore I see it coming. This life is short compared to the next one. What would I care if their actions affect their future for eternity? (My Lord shares with me to go after his scattered sheep, it is not for me to decide if they are one of them or not.) It is more important that I am on the right track for eternal life and moving in obedience to the request of my Lord.

I’m not the one coming up with slogans like the union ‘Don’t leave us behind’.

Including a doctor bringing a body fluid sample to the window on the weekend just passed. To which I stated if there is a glucose result required than a FLOX tube would be required. The doctor advised that there wasn’t, but he was sure he filled all required tubes and stated, “He just want to make me happy.” To which I replied, “There is a CD title with that just released by The Middle East.” He said, “Really?” etc etc etc

I see two meanings in most statements just like my Lord’s living word which is a double-edged sword.