

When Pain Doesn't Even Matter Anymore— Because They Decided You Are Not Worth It

My sister didn't just die because of a rare medical crisis.

She died because when she asked for help, they didn't listen.

Because every time she went to a doctor, she was judged before she was heard.

I saw it with my own eyes.

She would walk into a hospital in pain, and they'd look at her like she was overreacting. Like she was drug-seeking. Like she was wasting their time.

They didn't see a young woman in crisis. They saw someone to get through quickly, someone to dismiss.

And that wasn't a one-time failure.

It was a lifetime pattern.

My mom has gone through the same thing her whole life, being ignored, condescended to, told "you're fine" while something inside her clearly wasn't.

So my sister learned early:

"Doctors don't listen to people like us."

She carried that fear. That shame. That quiet belief that even when she was in danger, no one would believe her pain.

And I know that feeling too.

Even now, I hesitate to go to the doctor.

Because I know the look they give when you don't "look like" their version of a patient.

Because I know what it's like to feel judged before I even speak.

Like they're already thinking:

"Is this guy faking it? Is he being dramatic? Is he just weak?"

The Truth? It's Not Just the Doctors, It's the System They're Trapped In

I'm not saying all doctors are bad.

I know some genuinely care.

But the truth is, most doctors today are powerless to give the care they dreamed of.

They're stuck in:

- Insurance protocols,
- Paperwork backlogs,
- Shift changes,
- Burnout,
- Lawsuits,
- Hospital metrics,
- Profit margins.

And in that grind, patients become problems.

Pain becomes a nuisance.

And people like my sister, quiet, hurting, scared—get rolled past like a box to check off.

The system has turned one of the most sacred jobs on Earth into just another cog in a cold, corporate machine.

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And That's the Cruellest Part of This Entire Scandal

This entire fraud I've uncovered?

This global shell network, this arbitration silence, this wage theft tied to wellness and pharma?

It's all run by people with "MD" next to their names.

Doctors.

"Experts."

"Healers."

And at the top?

A Deepak Chopra.

A man who built his empire on words like healing, alignment, energy, peace.

He tells the world he saves lives.

That he brings light to darkness.

But in the real world?

His name is tied to the same web of concealment that underpaid us, silenced us, and let my sister die.

How is that peace?

How is that wellness?

How can you preach enlightenment while hiding behind shell companies and trusts that abuse your own workers?

And Here's the Most Ironic Part: The Rich Don't Even Trust the System They Built

The billionaires running this don't even use American healthcare.

They go to Switzerland. Thailand. Private concierge systems.

Because they know the truth.

They know the system isn't built for care.

It's built for billing.

For branding.

For profit.

And they leave the rest of us with a system that doesn't just ignore our pain, it profits from it.

This Story Isn't Just About Arbitration or Sanofi or Chopra. It's About All of It

It's about how we've been conditioned to doubt our own pain.

How we're told to be grateful for rushed care and indifferent nurses.

How we're silenced before we ever get a chance to speak.

And how the people who are supposed to care the most, doctors, executives, healers—are trained to see us as numbers, risks, or liabilities.

This is what killed my sister.

This is why I'm scared to go to the doctor.

This is why my mom still suffers in silence.

And this is why I'm fighting.

Sincerely,

Jorden Hollingsworth