



RHONDA MOORMAN, MD, JD

An Open Letter and Brief Introduction

My name is Rhonda Moorman. I am a Georgia native, physician and attorney, and lifelong conservative Republican.

I was born in Albany, Georgia and grew up in rural Wray, Georgia on a farm given to my mother by her father when she was three years old, where we are to this day surrounded by her brothers, sisters, and cousins. I am a fourth generation physician and graduate of Mercer University and the Medical College of Georgia. I am also a practicing attorney who studied at the Harvard Law School alongside former President Barack Obama.

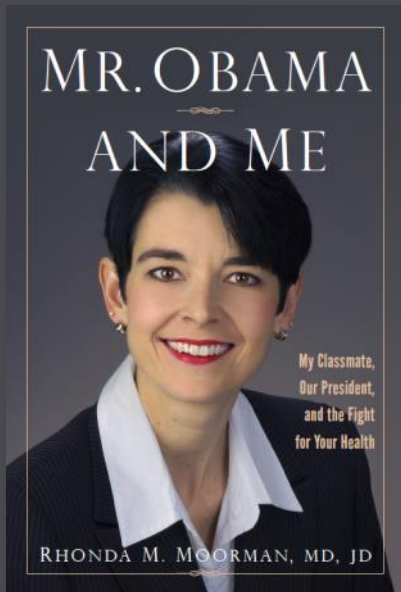
As one who knew Mr. Obama and was engaged in the practice of medicine, I had much to say in the years leading to the passage and implementation of my former classmate's signature domestic legislation collectively known as Obamacare.

I tried my best to speak out. Though my patients were concerned and listened intently, the national debate was dominated by liberal progressive politicians and bureaucrats and self-interested giants in the hospital, insurance, and pharmaceutical industries. No one asked practicing physicians like me what we thought. No one listened when we protested. Many of the most aggressive silencers of physicians had MD after their names. They were the antithesis of the practicing physicians they claimed to be. Policies designed to weaken the doctor-patient relationship, destroy patient and physician autonomy, and increase government control of the individual masqueraded as benevolence, equity, and progress. They were none of those things. Obamacare was about neither health nor care.

I knew that. But how could I tell others in a way more far-reaching than my own small circle of family, friends, and patients?

I continue to ask myself that question daily.

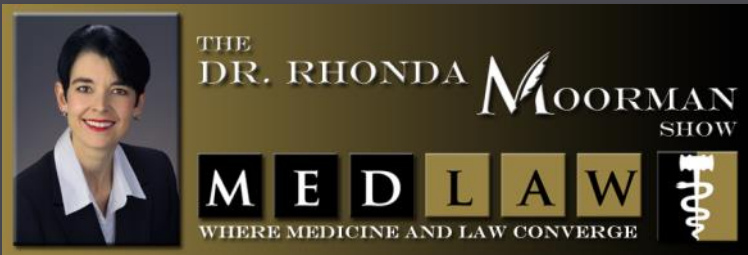
In 2009, shortly after Mr. Obama's election to the presidency, I considered a career in politics. At the suggestion of the National Republican Congressional Committee and Congressman Kevin McCarthy among others, I decided to run for the U.S. Congress. In a closed-door meeting at the U.S. Capitol, I was vetted by the Georgia congressional delegation and given an enthusiastic nod of support. They put me in touch with their recommended campaign consultant. We were off and running—or so I thought. Ultimately, I decided not to run, feeling that I was needed more in the struggling health care delivery system that was under attack. And so I quietly went back to work in the rural emergency rooms, hospital wards, and clinics I was trained to serve.



In the summer of 2016, Obama's presidency drew to a close as Hillary Clinton threatened to take his place. A corrupt establishment and media refused to acknowledge Donald Trump as a legitimate candidate for the nation's highest office. Concerned, I published a book entitled *Mr. Obama and Me: My Classmate, Our President, and the Fight for Your Health*. There, I told the story of Mr. Obama's and my contrasting experiences at the Harvard Law School. I related the story of my brief 2009 foray into national politics and explained why I decided not to run for elected office. As a physician, I explained the dangers inherent in a centralized, government controlled health care delivery system.

This was followed by a whirlwind national book tour. I talked. Concerned people listened. And the wave of liberal progression sweeping the nation continued.





I served as a frequent radio guest and hosted my own radio show. The Dr. Rhonda Moorman Show—MedLaw Talk was broadcast throughout Georgia and nationwide on the Red Nation Rising Radio Network, where I also served as a national columnist.



The response was overwhelming.

I was invited to speak to groups throughout Georgia and beyond, including at the annual Rock the Red USA Conference in Greenville, South Carolina.



I was speaking out. My message resonated. That much I knew.

Meanwhile, the state of health care continued to devolve. I again decided that my patients needed me, so I returned to the private practice of medicine.



I was caught in a pattern common among physicians: the constant tug toward patient care. When our patients need us, we respond and give it our all no matter the challenges. It is a personal responsibility—a calling—that has been exploited by liberal progressive politicians, bureaucrats, and industry executives. As we care for the sick and dying, they continue to tighten the government's stranglehold over health care.

Little did I know that the story—and my personal quest to warn and protect my fellow Americans—was far from over.



Then along came COVID-19, and all our worlds were turned upside down. We in health care struggled to meet an endless need. Gladly risking our own lives, we got to work as liberal progressive politicians, bureaucrats, and media pundits misled and alarmed the American people and made our jobs more difficult at every turn.

In the spring of 2020, I received a desperate call from a local prison with a population of almost 3,000 medium and high security male inmates held in close quarters, many of whom were elderly with multiple comorbidities. Facing an inevitable and potentially devastating wave of COVID infections, they had no physician and asked for my help. I agreed to serve as the prison's Medical Director, thus embarking upon a labor of love in one of the most difficult environments imaginable in the age of COVID.

We made it through. As COVID was tamed into an endemic illness and restrictions eased, I found it more and more difficult to provide meaningful health care within the prison. When I spoke out and insisted on the care my patients needed and deserved, I was directly threatened.



Thinking I could help more people in a supervisory role, I accepted a position with one of the nation's largest providers of correctional medicine, where I served as Regional Medical Director for the Georgia Southeast Region, overseeing care provided to over 12,000 inmates at 13 Georgia detention facilities. I also served as the Georgia Statewide Director of Telemedicine, overseeing telemedicine care provided to over 47,000 individuals at 59 Georgia detention facilities. It soon became clear that the care we were providing was unacceptable and ineffective. When I advocated for improvements in care, I was first ignored, then disciplined. When I alerted my superiors to the need for improvement and the danger posed to our patients, I was again threatened.

My time in the prisons forever changed me. I strongly believe in the need to reform our criminal justice and prison systems. These are pressing bipartisan issues both nationally and in Georgia, where the U.S. Department of Justice has launched a formal investigation into conditions in the state's prisons.



Meanwhile, everything in health care changed. What was difficult before became impossible. I could no longer care for my patients without surrendering to those who neither know the medicine nor care whether my patients live or die. To practice medicine, I would have to violate the Hippocratic Oath I solemnly took so many years before—and still live by every day, with every patient. It is the only way I can practice medicine and remain true to myself.

This was complicated by an aggressive COVID misinformation campaign aimed at alarming and controlling the American public and reshaping the way we live. As with Obamacare, little of the COVID messaging was true.

This demonstrably false messaging, along with its ineffective restrictions and baseless fearmongering, is now being revived in an attempt to further control us and diminish the quality of our lives. We cannot let that happen.

We now face absolute government control of the individual through the health care he or she receives. And this is only the beginning. In 2016, I could not have predicted a manufactured global pandemic, much less egregious social restrictions and mandated vaccines. Even so, what ensued was the exact progression I warned about in my book. We humans have been down this dark, treacherous road before. The journey never ends well. Without fail, it finds its bottom in suffering, pain, and death. Human history teaches as much.

I have personally cared for the sick and dying. I have held the hands of those making difficult decisions regarding care received by themselves or their loved ones. I have tended to the needs of our great veterans as well as immigrants from around the globe and all walks of life. I have cared for those with sexual orientation and gender identification issues. I have helped those trapped in vicious cycles of addiction, violence, abuse, and shame. I have witnessed the hopelessness that results and the metamorphosis that is possible with support, motivation, and encouragement. I have observed the work ethic, thirst for education, drive for personal betterment, and newfound hope that emerge once the cruel cycle is broken. I have witnessed human suffering, loss, healing, redemption, and rebirth. I know, from personal experience, the grave necessity of individual freedom and liberty, even—most particularly—behind the cement walls, iron gates, and barbed wire fences of a prison.

I have personally witnessed the devastation that results when those who are self-interested, unkind, and uncaring gain the upper hand. As I wrote in 2016, I know the end of this story. It is not pretty. Unless we turn things around, we will become the latest victims in one of the oldest cautionary tales in human history.

I am not a politician or celebrity. I am an average private citizen and professional struggling under our nation's "new normal" who through it all has retained a stubborn faith in God, love for country, and enduring belief that our best days lie ahead.

Rhonda