

To the management of Ireland Lodge,

We want to paint a picture for you.

A patient discharged from hospital wanders freely in our home without anyone knowing if they are spreading the virus. More new arrivals that you usher in through the door will soon do the same. They will walk and mix, and become part of our residents' lives, residents who wonder into each others' rooms, who shout at each other and stuff food down the sides of sofas they share.

Who kiss each other, sneeze and cough into one another's faces, go in to use toilets together and wipe their hands on the same towels.

Who eat food off each others' plates, share glasses, share cutlery, share hugs and reassuring moments side by side.

Who stumble and fall into each other, or trip, choke and die in each others arms. Who cling onto the same remote controls and telephones that some shove down their trousers or into handbags filled with crumbs, half-eaten cakes and used toilet tissue from days ago.

Who sit on each others' beds and move each others' belongings around their home, and who have not seen their families for all those weeks that their families have not seen them.

Who wear each others' clothes, who see us in flimsy plastic aprons and useless fabric face-masks when they vomit at the dinning table and when we help them to brush their teeth. Who cry, who share the same showers that some pee in, who smear faeces along corridors and handrails that we all hold onto to walk. Who pick things out of bins, who pick their noses and then shake hands.

Who share a thermometer that we do not know even works, who share us and hold our hands.

Who live in their homes more than we live in our own. Who will still leave their marks despite all the best of our efforts to clean, scrub, isolate, disinfect, wash and mitigate this risk.

Who live with serious, incurable illnesses and mental health conditions we all struggle to begin to imagine.

Who will likely suffer with their lives if their paths cross with this virus. Lives that you will have on your hands.

It almost shocks us to have to remind you that our residents are some of the most vulnerable people in our city. And while you are told to socially distance by police and the law, ban visitors and avoid people in the street, told to queue two metres apart at the shops, stay indoors and Skype with shielded elderly relatives, our vulnerable residents - individuals who lack the ability to keep themselves safe and those whose lives you are duty bound to protect - are being forced to share their homes and mix with complete strangers.

And it shocks us as we watch your blatant disregard for any ounce of care that may have once first lead you into this field of work, that you may once have had, now blind you to the viciousness you carry out by ignoring the inherent contradiction of this deadly government advice.

There is a crucial reason for the list of requests that we delivered to your door, in order to save lives. But you choose to dismiss them. There is a duty for you to listen to the alarm bells we ring in your ears in order to save lives. But you choose to dismiss them.

There is a legal right for safe, practical working policies in place that we can follow in order to save lives. But you choose to dismiss them. There is experience, love, solidarity, graft and resilience among us staff, all in order to care and save lives. But you choose to dismiss us, exhaust us and smother us until we have no more.

To exploit the love, care and compassion of a workforce, ignored, decimated, unprepared and on its knees is evidence that you are callous, reckless and irresponsible, unfit for your roles, and willing to risk infecting those in your responsibility in order to appease your bosses and your payslips.

All the PPE in the world will not protect our mental well-being from witnessing this cowardly dereliction of duty and your short-sightedness fails to consider the lives of our residents if more and more staff and seniors, and you, become sick, leaving them on their own.

There is no lock-down.

There is no effective isolation zone.

There is no safeguarding.

There is no specialist PPE.

There is no leadership.

There is no plan.

There is no listening.

There is no consultation.

There is no confidence.

There is no safety.

There is no respect.

There is no love.

There is no care.

There is no hope in you as our management at Ireland Lodge.

Without this hope that you steal from us, we have been left no choice but to walk out of Ireland Lodge if you continue to risk our lives, our families lives, our residents lives and our citizen's lives in this way. We will talk to residents' families and the press to expose the lack of care and thought to our most vulnerable people, we will demonstrate everyday our anger, frustration and shock at what is being done, and we will hold you all to account for your thoughtlessness, your harmful actions and tragic, tragic mistakes.

From the staff at Ireland Lodge