

Sign on...

I just got home after spending a week in St. Joseph's Hospital for an infection and abscess in my right knee. We have been fighting this right knee for a long, long time, because it is an old Workman's Comp knee, and no one wants to touch it. The Workmen's Comp system is so tightly controlled that it's almost impossible to get borderline stuff, no matter how serious it is, taken care of. We finally told them to settle it, and we'd go from there.//Getting back to St. Joe's, we went to the ER on Sunday morning to see about the abscess on the knee, and they admitted me right away, after a few pokes and jabs. Because the fluid in the knee could have been very contagious, they put me in private room that was designed for that purpose. Up 'till this point, all the help-nurses, techs, doctors and others, were very kind, professional and sure of what they were doing. Of course, I knew a couple of them, and that seems to make a difference. It shouldn't, but it does. You know the old saying-"It's not what you know-It's who you know".// As it was in the ER, all the attending personnel were very well trained, compassionate and willing to do whatever needed to be done, as long as it was within the rules. I know a lot of jokes, so I told them to anyone who would listen. One little gal came into my room late one night, and I could just feel the sorrow in her presence, so I asked her what was wrong. She gave me a little rundown on some problems a friend was having that made her feel sad, so I told her a few jokes and she left with a smile on her face, and a better outlook on life, at least for the moment.// I wasn't really sick while I was there, but because of

the nature of my problem, I had to be in a supervised place for shots, bloodwork and other medical reasons. The routine was that at 4:00 in the morning, a lab person would show up to do some testing, then at 5:00, another tech or aid or nurse would come along to take some blood or check blood pressure, then through the day, different techs or nurses would perform different tasks.//My first meal came without having given the kitchen my orders, so to speak, so it was good that my wife was there to help eat it all. It took a couple of days to get a proper amount of food, by knowing what to order or not to order. It's real easy to have your eyes be bigger than your stomach. I am a people person, so I try to remember names, and positions. They had a big board on the wall across the room with the names of the nurses, doctors and other techs which was changed at shift changes-that helped a lot. As a retail clerk/meat cutter, I knew how nice it was to have people to call me by my first name, or somewhere close, and most customers feel the same.//To repeat, I'm glad to say that my week's stay at St. Joe's was as pleasant as could be, under the circumstances. The staff was as nice as could be, and I try to be a good, understanding patient. My wife worked at St. Joe's for a few years, so I had an idea of how things go on the floor.

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