

The Hospital Saga

I do not feel very well served by a couple of the world's best hospitals.

When I had my mastectomy, my name was on a board in the hallway so that someone from Easton was able to "visit" me in my room.

When the stolen car hit my car on the Southeast Expressway, I was taken to Mass General where they X-rayed me, then sent me to Beth Israel because of the health insurance. There I spent the night (the accident occurred early in the afternoon) on a gurney in the corridor and they insisted on redoing the ex-rays!

Then earlier this month (August 2016) after my fall and visit to Urgent Care, I was sent to Beth Israel by cab...They could not do surgery on the face. I arrived at the hospital and was told that I was in the wrong place...I needed to be in the Emergency section...five blocks away. The receptionist told me to get back in the cab (which had left) so he offered to call another one. I simply asked for directions and walked.

It was now about 5:30 pm. I sat in the waiting room after intake until about 10:30 pm when they finally took me into a room across from an elderly man who keep yelling he wanted out and buzzing his emergency lights.

The attendant doctor saw me and decided to make some tests and by then my wrist was hurting so he ordered an x-ray.

He returned to tell me that no results would be available until about 3 am and that I could go home then. I decided that was not a good idea.

At about midnight a woman surgeon and a woman assistant came to “sew” up my lip. The surgeon kept saying, I do not think I am doing a good job...while the assistant reassured her that she was...I agree with the surgeon now that I see the results!!!

I could not sleep...I had not eaten and despite several requests no one brought me anything to read. Finally someone brought a sandwich which I could not eat. I had to ask for a knife and fork...

At 7:00 am on Saturday I was waiting to be released. No one came. I disconnected (no one came) and walked to the Nurses' station. The head nurse, a man, said he had looked at the results of my tests and everything seemed to be in order but he could not release me. I went back to my cubicle. At 7:15 I went to the station again and was told that there was a huge trauma and every doctor was unavailable. I wondered out loud why there wasn't a doctor for the Emergency Ward...I also stated that people criticized education but my schools were better run than this hospital. And that if no one released by 8 am I was going to leave. No breakfast was offered!

At 7:55 the attending doctor came to see me and released me. The front desk ordered me a taxi and I went home.

I understand that lips bleed more than many organs and the reception folks did get me several packages of gauze to prevent my bleeding on their carpet...but really this experience was outrageous!

When I told John Hodgman the story he said, “You were caught in the August transition of doctors.” True...they told me that also.

By the way, the attachment cords implied there was a TV which there was not, in either room I inhabited.

And also by the way, the Urgent Care doctor had an engineering degree from MIT and a medical degree from CT (not Yale). When I mentioned this to one of the two male attending doctors, he said he had the same pedigree! Another reason to support STEM!!!

August 16, 2016