

# **HOLLYWOOD PRIVATE HOSPITAL**

## **ASSESSMENT**

**CARDIOLOGIST: Dr Susan Kuruvilla**

**ANAESTHETIST: Dr Harmeet Aneja**

## **CARDIOVERSION**

**13/2/14**

**Previously admitted for this same procedure 17 weeks ago.**

**ADMISSION - Initial Day Surgery admission formalities were straight forward as my previous records did not require updating. The admissions staffer put an ID wrist band on me then she opened the secured Admissions sliding door & escorted us through to the lounge/ TV area, en-route toilets at end of corridor were pointed out. Nurse or staffer, I don't know, gave me a clip-board 5 page questionnaire & told me & Greg that someone would be back to collect the clip-**

**board & take us "through". To where, we did not know.**

**I sat on a chair which had a broken arm rest, easily repairable if had been checked. More than 1 hour elapsed, Greg wandered off to see if he could catch anyone's eye, NO. At some point later, an older nurse came & took us through to...**

**DAY SURGERY - I was ankle tagged, wedding ring taped, earrings taped with sticky catching lots of hair. I was given a warmed blanket, asked to verify a couple of questions, told to change into a hospital gown; Greg took my clothes & shoes, but before I could tie up the back of my gown an orderly arrived with wheelchair to take me to my next destination.**

**This was a hurried process. Being in AF, vision impaired, easily bruised was not at all taken into consideration, moreover was**

**probably NOT known because the laborious questionnaire that my husband had filled in; with my consent (me being legally blind), was barely skimmed by the nurse. I could not see that the metal feet rests were not open, I scraped my foot, fell into the chair, banged my arm on the side of the chair, which later bruised, the back of my gown was open the orderly was unsettled by what had happened, as was I. After the orderly asked for directions, We arrived at...**

**ASSESSMENT - My Specialist Anaesthetist, Dr Harmeet Aneja was attending to a man in the bed 2 metres alongside from the bed I was allotted. Harmeet greeted me, glad that I had finally arrived.**

**Curious, I did not expect AND was not told that I would be in a very UN-PRIVATE ward to under-go my procedure.**

**A curtain separated the beds, but most were not drawn across the ward thoroughfare, but I don't know if that was the various patients choices.**

**In my enclosure there was a chair in the left corner & Medical stuff + ECG in the right corner with barely enough room for access around the bed.**

**ASSESSMENT is what I would expect of an under-funded Emergency Ward. Not a Private Hospital. It is evident that cost-cutting is rife!**

**I could hear the man in the bed to the left of me being prepped for a similar procedure to mine. I could hear the conversations leading up to him going under, the call of "CLEAR" when the man was about to be shocked. I could hear other ancillary noises & the insufferably loud, haughty talk of the man's**

**Specialist during the interim, who spoke with indifference to there being people within earshot.**

**It was a dehumanising experience. I understand that people when hospitalised become patients, however they remain HUMANS not SPECIMENS!**

**The woman in the bed to the right of me was anxiously awaiting something to happen to her. She kept worryingly talking to her companion about not knowing whether she wanted a wee.**

**The elderly woman in the bed across from me spoke long & loud on her phone saying she didn't know what was happening, that she hadn't been seen by anyone & she had been here all day & hoped she wouldn't still be here tomorrow ...**

**These were all private conversations & situations which I or they should not be privy to.**

**Initially there were 2 nurses on duty. This is a ward of 8-10 beds. There were about 6 patients when I arrived.**

**The nurses took turns at attending me. The female nurse said it was better that I take my earrings off & assisted me to disentangle the previously taped hair. Greg took my earrings.**

**The ECG "stud-patches" were stuck on me, the oxygen monitor was clipped on my finger. The nurse was friendly but hurriedly, disentangling the ECG leads so as to clip them into the patches when my Cardio, Dr Kuruvilla arrived.**

**MY PROCEDURE - Susan talked with me about her setting in train my seeing Dr Areih Keren who**

**specialises in Cardio Ablations, as I do not like taking Amiodarone if it will not control AF for longer than 17 weeks. She did say there were other routes to consider & speculated that I may not be a candidate for an Ablation, no reason given, or asked for. She also told me that my (morning HOME BLEED INR) was 3.6. I told Susan that I did not like this area & preferred the rooms that I had previously been in for this same procedure. She did not noticeably respond.**

**Susan was concerned that my procedure was not more underway as it had already passed 6.15pm. She was surprised that Harmeet had not even had a chance to insert a cannula. The female nurse asked if I minded her putting the Electro- cardioversion pads in place, I didn't mind. Susan**

**asked Greg to go to the waiting room.**

**Susan disappeared for a brief moment. Harmeet came & saying I had lovely veins, inserted a cannula into my right forearm, in so doing he said that I had a lot of pressure in my veins. I told him that I had an INR of 3.6, he said "oh, that would be why blood was spurting everywhere but he would mop me up". He also did not have something that he needed to insert the anaesthetic (m1?) which the nurse had to hurry away to find.**

**Susan returned & Harmeet told Dr Kuruvilla that I must have got lost somewhere because he expected me to be in Assessment some time earlier. This (being lost or forgotten) has occurred on all 3 of my admissions to Hollywood Private Hospital!**



**As usual my oxygen mask kept slipping off my small head which was becoming a nuisance for all of us.**

**When I awoke Susan told me it had gone well & my heart was back in rhythm. She spoke to Greg as she left & he came back to my bed, I dozed, Greg waited.**

**By this stage there were only a few patients left & only the male nurse on duty who was moving at speed.**

**He unclipped the ECG leads, left in place the cannula & ECG patches. An enrolled young female nurse came at some point; nodded her head in my direction, calling to the male nurse, "Is she one of our's?" He replied, yes. We were not consulted. Assessment was closing at 9pm, it was now about 8pm.**

**An orderly arrived to take me "through"! By this stage Greg was**

**annoyed & asked where I was going, the orderly said I was off to the DAY SURGERY ward as this area was closing. Why move me?**

**DAY SURGERY WARD - I was wheeled in the bed I was in to a T junction bed. The Enrolled young female nurse asked if I could stand, I said I could & she asked if I could sit on a chair rather than the made bed. I agreed.**

**I asked if I was going to be connected to an ECG here she said no, I told her that I still had all the patches on & the cannula was still in my arm. She took the patches off.**

**She told me that I would need to have a wee before I left & said "you've eaten, right?" No! She thought there was no food left but found a cold sandwich pack & water for me & tea & biscuits for**

**Greg & me, I did not eat the biscuits.**

**While I was eating the nurse, who had spent most of the time chatting with a young male nurse at the Nurses Station? near my enclosure, came in & said I could dress & if I was good to walk, go when I was ready. I pointed out that I still had the cannula in my vein, she laughed & took it out as I finished eating.**

**DISCHARGE - entailed me dressing & us walking down the corridor away from the deserted ward. The two young nurses jovially farewelling me from their chat area with a shout of "push the green button to open the doors" & me calling back over my shoulder that I was off to get greasy, salty chips & a wine.**

**There was NO DISCHARGE as such. I did not have a wee, I had been**

**given no directions about warfarin dosage, I was told to put sorbolene on my scorch marks. We were home by 8.30.**

**THE NEXT DAY - I developed a red, very itchy breast bone. Sorbolene did not help so I used DermAid. After 4 days of 2 x pd use it cleared & stopped itching.**

**FRIDAY HOSPITAL FOLLOW-UP  
10.30am, Vicky, from Day Surgery rang to see if I was OK & had my experience been OK. I told her I was OK except for the thyroid area allergic reaction & that NO my experience had not been good. She was not sure of what to say, apologised for my experience & hoped that my next visit would be better.**

**I left that alone & will not return to Hollywood Private Hospital.**