

## Reflection

This week at clinic I got a new prospective on COVID. Although I work in the hospital as a transporter, I've never gotten to take care of someone that was positive. Sadly, this week I saw the good, the bad, and the terrible. While some patients were able to get discharged, some were making positive steps towards home, and others declining rapidly. One of my patients was diagnosed with lung cancer last year in November and tested positive for COVID the first week in July, though he wasn't my primary, I felt this is where I spent the most time. On Tuesday when I arrived, he was able to talk to me and have conversations with his wife's help explaining, but when I came in today his LOC was going downhill fast, his posture was now hunched over and respiratory had to come in at night and change his oxygen to high flow which was still leaving him at 85%. Returning from lunch the nurse told me that they were no longer going to transfer him to palliative care because his oxygen was now around 55%-60% still on high flow, he was unresponsive, and Cheyenne stokes breathing had started. Once I heard this, I shifted my attention to his wife, she was there with him every day and even got COVID herself taking care of him. On Tuesday I felt as if I prejudged her when she was asking for pain medication and anxiety medication nonstop for him, and then we go in there and he tells us no. After lunch I felt like I needed to process everything before we went to set up the morphine pump in the patient's room, I didn't share this in our breakout session because I knew I'd cry if I did... you see my granddad was diagnosed with lung cancer in November of 2018, and passed away this week in 2019... I was his caregiver and he's the reason I'm going to nursing school. So, when I went into the room, I saw my grandad laying in that chair instead of the patient and it took everything in me not to start crying. Once the pump was set up, I went and grabbed his wife something to drink and some food, when I returned, she was crying and asked me what I thought she should do, in that moment I felt my grandad and I stepped in the room and opened my arms to her, she fell into me and started bawling while I held her. I told her I could tell she was just needing affirmation that's she's doing the best she could, I told her she was strong and has done everything right being there by his side, and that it's not okay right now but it will be in time, and she'll get through it. I left today heartbroken and bawling once I shut my car door, but also happy that I got to provide comfort in a time that his wife felt there was none, and because I got an email coming out of his room that a had gotten a scholarship from the school for an essay I wrote over my grandad that passed in January 2019, everything came full circle and I felt humbled by the experiences I had.