

Dialysis Incident

The incident in the Heart of Lubbock dialysis center was incredibly frustrating to me. I've been pondering about calling in for this clinical day. I lost a few of my relatives from kidney disease, and I reflected if I could take it. They have spent hours sitting down while their blood gets filtered out by the machine. As a child, I never understood the mechanics of these machines, nor did I bother learning about them till I arrived in nursing school. The memories and lives I associate with a dialysis machine were heartbreaking, and I was scared of reliving those emotions. However, I thought about it rationally. This experience would kill two birds with one stone. I would be able to heal some trauma and get some appreciation for all the work that dialysis nurses do. Unfortunately, due to unforeseen circumstances, it did not end as I intended. I tried my very best to be very proactive in learning. I asked my dialysis tech about the machine and the running duration of dialysis, and she was pleasant in answering my questions. She said the process takes around 4 to 5 hours in a cycle, and they will be responsible for continuously monitoring the patient's vital signs. She went out for her lunch and told me to observe and "chill around." I did not want to sit down. I went and asked the other nurses about tons of stuff, like how much does the dialysis cost and whether it's mainly diabetes that causes these diseases. Some of the answers felt dismissive as if they already expected me to know these things. Frustrated, I sat down with some of my classmates. When one of them said that the grades were up, I made a lapse in judgment in checking my phone. It took me thirty seconds to check if I passed or got some points back and placed my phone down. Thirty seconds was all it took for all of us to get sent home. A glance at some points back would result in this. I did my best to be assertive in the actual dialysis process. I wanted to help clean up chairs or get some blood pressure or temperatures on some patients, but they didn't give me the opportunity. The network of dialysis techs and nurses work so much on a tight-knit system that it's clockwork. I cannot find a place to show that I can do something. I felt like a deadweight the whole time, and it was incredibly frustrating.

I have learned my lesson. If I am in a Covenant School of Nursing uniform, I am an example of a great student nurse. I realize that I made a mistake in checking my phone. However, I also believe that the incident was blown out of proportion. A simple notice from the dialysis people could have stopped the whole thing from escalating. I was heartbroken, hurt, and frustrated that this happened. I am thankful to my instructors and the dean for being impartial. I will take this experience wherever I go. I will be more mindful of my actions.