

Midterm Reflection

I was very nervous starting my preceptorship here at the PED because I enjoy working with adults more than children. However, I have come to love this environment and overcome all fears I had with pediatrics. I have had plenty of great patients that I could talk about, but there is one that primarily stuck with me.

Yesterday was the first day I had taken on level 3 patients, and I was so excited about this! I have been taking care of 4's and 5's, who are defined as "treat and release patients." Although I do not mind treating these patients, I was eager to take on level 3's because they require more interventions and skills. So, my first patient came in as a transfer from out of town, and I was the nurse who received the report from the EMS personnel. I was nervous and afraid to mess up or miss important information, but everything went smoothly. However, my preceptor was beside me the entire time listening to the report, so if I did forget information, she was there to fill in the blanks. After we had received the report, we stabilized our patient, did the appropriate assessments, and began treatment. The patient was a 7-week-year-old who arrived due to respiratory distress, but luckily, she remained stable throughout her visit. Since the patient was stable, my preceptor allowed me to do all the care without her next to me. I chose this patient not because she was my first level 3 that I cared for by myself, but because the condition in which she and her mother had arrived had allowed me to care for her more than medically. My patient's mother was fluent in only Spanish, so this required me to use our translator device. After my preceptor gave me instructions and demonstrated the proper way to speak with the translator and patient to prevent confusion, I began to communicate with my patient alone. Once the language barrier broke, I found out that my patient and mother needed more than medical treatment. They spent the entire day at the ER back home before arriving at our hospital, which caused them to arrive under-prepared. The mother had not eaten since, nor did she come prepared with formula or diapers for her daughter. In addition, she had no transportation to get back home. After I obtained all this information, I provided her with formula, diapers, wipes, and a suction bulb for her daughter. The staff also helped me order a food tray for the mother and contacted case management to provide her with a ride.

I enjoyed this experience because it reminded me of the role's nurses have. As an ER nurse, it can be hard to sit down to talk with your patients sometimes due to the fast-paced environment, but sometimes we need to. After I provided these accommodations for my patient and her mother, I noticed the stress leave her face. I cannot imagine being a mother to a newborn in a hospital away from home where no one can understand me, but I am thankful I was able to help her. Although everyone was busy, they collectively helped me to help her, which goes to show how incredible nurses are and the titles we uphold. I am proud to call myself a nurse and surround myself with amazing people.