

Juan Anthony Hernandez
IM8- Midterm Reflection
January 30th, 2023
Monti Griffin – SICU 4

During my second day of clinical, my preceptor and I took a report on one of our patients. During this time we had only one on the floor, yet and had been waiting on a possible post-operative patient to come in from an angiogram and possible stent placement. The one patient we had was coming in due to complications of urinary retention due to a enlarged bladder and post-fall due to neuropathy from previous back surgery. During the day I took the patient's charting role and completed all three assessments, charting vitals, and kept up with the intake and output of the patients as well as ensured that he was comfortably bathed. Halfway through the day I felt that this nursing role was possible for me. My patient had sat up for both breakfast and lunch meals. He was bathed, had ambulated in the hall, and was sitting comfortably. I gave morning and afternoon medications and with each hourly rounding ensured that the patient was not experiencing any pain or discomfort. At about noon our second patient came in from the OR. Everything went well with him and I was now going to be taking two patients. I did so to the best of my ability and at the end of my shift felt that I was doing a great job. I had completed all assessments on now both patients. Completed and charted post-operative vitals and assessed the femoral site for signs of bleeding. Pulse checks bilaterally and at multiple sites every fifteen minutes with a doppler as well as cardiac assessments every two hours. I had assessed and charted on both of my patient's intake and output status. I ensured their vitals and after doing what I assumed was a great job was ready as seven o'clock quickly approached. I again ensured that my patients were comfortable two hours before seven and wanted to ask them if there was anything I could do for them in the two hours remaining I had with them. They both assured me that as a student, I was doing an amazing job and they did not need anything. Finally, seven had approached and I was giving a report, the nurse took report and we both went to visit the patient's bedside to let them know that I was not going to be there and that the night shift was going to be taking over. When going into our first patient's

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room I informed him that I was leaving for the night and thanked him for letting me take care of him. He then replied, “are you going to get me my pain medication before you leave, or are you going to leave me in pain.” I stated that I did not know he was in pain and that when I last checked he said he was not in pain and did not need anything. He replied, “yes I told you I was.” The night shift nurse could see that the patient was upset and after I offered to get him some pain medication she stated, “it’s okay I’ll take care of it.” I left my shift feeling defeated and saddened that my patient felt like I was not taking care of his pain. That despite my efforts, I felt like I left my patient untreated and uncared for. I let it bother me over the weekend since it was a Friday and felt horrible as I replayed in my mind the way I went about my day. Remembering that I did ask him about his pain. I finally on Sunday placed myself in his shoes and thought about how he must feel being in the hospital scared, saddened at the fact that he can’t feel his legs as he did before, and as he talked about his life before the hospital admission what it must have felt like for him to have control of the bladder and legs. That despite my efforts the hospital and the people we take care of daily are not there because they choose to be they are there because it’s often their last efforts that caused them the fall or have accident. After this thought, I prepared myself for another day at work on Monday. I promised myself that despite all of my clinical experiences through nursing school I was going to learn and remember all of my patients that have crossed my mind and remember all our patients ever need is for us as nurses to care for them holistically through compassionate care and love for them as they deal with this sadness and fear in their life. On that third day of my preceptorship, we returned to the cardiac intensive care unit. I explained to my preceptor the feelings of frustration and defeat as I left on Friday. He explained to me that it was okay and what was I going to do about it. It was at that moment as we entered the room that I saw the same gentleman still in the same room, laying in the same bed. All the while I had left seen multiple places around Lubbock visited multiple friends and family and was living life outside of here. I swallowed my pride and said

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“good morning, I am going to be your nurse today with my preceptor.” I could see the same fear and sadness as I did before. My heart pounding and still full of upset I said “I apologize for how you felt on Friday, that was never my intention to make you feel like I was ignoring your pain or request for medication.” I promise that today I will do my best to take care of you just as I have learned all throughout nursing school. My preceptor looked at me and behind the mask, I could see that he was proud. That despite my bitterness and anger of feeling like he (my patient) threw me under the bus in front of oncoming nurses that those moments did not matter that apologizing and taking responsibility for my actions as a nurse are the most important ones. During that day I had two patients and I felt like I had a fire lit inside of me. I even explained and thanked my preceptor that even though he did not give me direct words to say, that wanting to make him and my patient proud of me is what drove me to want to do, say and be my best. All that day I charted, cared for, and loved my patients as I remembered the feelings they and their families must be going through. It is what drove me to do my best and after leaving my shift on the third day I remembered and thanked God that I could care for his children in need. I thanked him for all the blessings I have received as a nursing student from instructors and nurses, for my preceptor who has and is still teaching me how to be the best nurse possible. Lastly, I thanked him for another day to be tired yet fired up that I get to do his work in some of the most important situations of our patients lives.