

Meredith Edwards

Midterm Reflection

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As I have journeyed through the past few weeks, I have found myself challenged, joyful and overwhelmed by the experiences in my preceptorship. I have been able to find a home and I absolutely love the location and staff I am working with. There are so many situations that I have been faced with during my short time with the free-standing emergency department. As much as I wanted to stay away from the ED I found my home. The ever-changing fast pace is definitely where I belong. I love that every day is different and there is a huge array of medical needs that walk through the door at any time. I have found myself thinking of goodness, "deep breaths you can do this", many times throughout my shift. I am very grateful for my preceptor whose demeanor is calm and she grants me independence and guidance all at the same time. Yesterday's shift was by far the most challenging shift I have worked. This shift was challenging for many reasons, and it was a nonstop influx of people who needed our help. We had a stroke victim, two cancer patients, an edematous eye from a baseball, strep diagnosis, pulmonary embolism, vertigo, psychiatric needs and much more. I found myself having good moments and defeating moments. I honestly don't do well with the moments where I feel defeated, but I use the 5-minute pout rule that an instructor taught us and move along. I am able to talk with my preceptor in those moments and she assures me that it's all okay, and I will get the next IV. I do have strengths in talking to the patients and compassion for their needs, and I know that my skills will come in time. I will continue to be open to any new learning experience and push myself to meet the daily challenges that come with working in the ED. It is very fulfilling to see things come full circle with what we have learned in theory and see it in real everyday people. The main situations that have stuck out in my mind are the patient with a glucose level of 1043 that was still talking as if nothing was wrong, the elderly lady that was scanned and diagnosed with pancreatic cancer with metastasis to her liver, the stroke victim who was both fearful and tearful about what just happened, the patient that hugged me after her vertigo

diagnosis and said “thank you for all your help”, the precious young couple that were faced with their first miscarriage, the elderly couple that told me “you are doing great keep going”, the patient who has end stage liver failure that just needed someone to sit with her while she cried, and the patient with autism that bit his own hand and was so gracious as we helped him. I love this journey and I am looking forward to all the challenges, joy, sadness, tears, and everything that will come with my preceptorship. I am grateful and blessed to have made it this far into my nursing journey, and ready to finish this race.