



PSP TALK



PULMONARY EDUCATION PROGRAM LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY HOSPITAL
JANUARY 2014

HAPPY - & HEALTHIER - NEW YEAR

yes, I very definitely wish all of us a healthier new year. The researchers are making good headway in finding a cure for COPD and emphysema, but they still have a long way to go! So we have got to become healthier and stay healthier for a while longer. Hang in there!

The timing of the beginning of the year sort of messed up the timing of our Board of Directors meeting this month, which is when articles are normally sent to me for the newsletter. So instead, this month three of our members supplied me with articles that I think will be a very real interest to all of you. I know they are to me! Ruth was both the scratch that Ruth was both nurse and patient over the years, and so has a somewhat unique approach in her article. And the intrepid travelers, Duane enjoy a, have written a rather lengthy treatise on their visit, friends. At the moment, they are either in New Caledonia space- islands in the South Pacific, I think -space or at sea on their way home.

Luncheon this month is on the third Thursday is always. Hope you'll join us.

- Editor

Memories of a nurse

By Ruth Commanday

Once upon a time--sixty-six years ago---when I was a student nurse, World War II had started and many RNs had enlisted. We students were assured that no shortcuts to patient care would be tolerated because there were fewer available staff. We still had to give complete bed-baths and back-rubs and we still had to change all linen first thing in the morning.

Oh, how I wished that routine were still in existence as I laid sweaty from fever in a hospital bed last year. I guess it's a trade-off. Now we have antibiotics, and far fewer people die of pneumonia and other diseases. Even though their stay in a hospital is less than comfortable, it may save their lives. Long ago, I recall a new mother telling me that spending ten days in the hospital after delivering her child was the best and most restful vacation she was able to look forward to. Today, a new mother and child routinely go home the day after delivery. This is understandable. Now we have all manner of technical help

and electronic appliances as energy savers for both new and old mothers.

An important and negative difference between then and now in hospital care is cost--which accounts for fewer registered nurses to attend to the personal care of patients, and accounts for the shortened hospital stays used for patient observation. Again, it is a trade-off. Now medical information, symptom recognition, and pharmaceutical information can be obtained via computer, and even on certain TV programs, such as "Dr. Oz."

The moral of the story is that there is a time and place for everything. Even after the age of 90, for me, the time is Now. And the place is definitely the exercise room of Pulmonary twice a week. And the advice is, exercise--and drink plenty of water.

PAREE- OOOH LA LA

Jo Ann and Duane Kelley

Duane and I went to Paris for the very first time in October, and stayed in an apartment right in the city at St. Paul's Village - close enough to walk to public transportation, little street cafes and grocery markets. And walk we did.

We visited all the major attractions and got our fill of art, river views, and churches with stained glass. But not without paying a price, so we got lost just about every day, trying to find the right bus or metro train – and then even trying to find the “attraction” we were after once we landed at the address we had. Seems like on the map, the museum was right there where the street ended but once there, we could find no signs directing us to it, and not so many people who spoke English, or at least not letting us know that they spoke English.

At first we thought the buses would be our best choice because they were clearly numbered and the bus stops were easy to spot. However, so many of the streets were so very narrow that most of them were one way and the buses made lots of turns even though they were theoretically going in one direction. So once we got off and later wanted to return home, the stop where we arrived (or even across the street from where we arrived) did not have service in the other direction. Usually getting home meant you had to walk a block or two somewhere else to find the other bus. Ahh, but which direction??? So we decided to give the metro a try. We gradually figured out how to buy tickets from the machine because often the ticket guy was not at his station and just had a note on the window saying he would be back soon). The ticket was good for any train you got on once you were underground and steps connected you to trains going in all different directions – all for the price of one ticket. But once you left the station and went out on the street, you had to buy another ticket to use any train again. Also, there were signs all over warning you of pick pockets. One day we were standing up on the the train because it was so crowded, and this young woman lost her balance and leaned against me. I had a purse with a shoulder strap across my chest and Duane was standing next to me and he saw her reach into my bag as she leaned against me. He grabbed her arm and loudly “No”. She looked all surprised and innocent, but

other riders just took it in stride. Then she got off the train.

Another time there were a group of young people playing around with each other, pushing and shoving and a woman said to Duane “Pick pockets”. As the train made its stops at different stations, more and more of the riders were watching these kids and looking at them darkly, and we realized this was probly a common sight.

One of the most impressive museums we saw was here Claude Monet had his paintings of the Water Lilies displayed. They only allowed a small number of people to go in at a time, so that you could easily view the large curved arrangement of the paintings and get the affect of the changes in light from different times of day that he was after. Very lovely and well presented.

One day as we were walking on our way to a sight, we decided we should eat lunch but we were not very hungry. We saw a sign outside one of the cafes that said “hot dog” 3 euros. Total we went in and sat down and when they brought the menu it said hot dogs five euros. We asked why that was and they said if you take it out, or stand up and eat it at the counter it is 3, otherwise it is 5. Well we each ordered one anyway. When they finally came, they were each on a baguette, about 12 inches long, split open and covered with melted cheese. Inside was a very skinny warm sausage about 6 inches long. Well needless to say we didn’t order hot dogs again.

You hear stories about the French people being rude, or not liking Americans. The way we looked at it was more of a culture difference than being rude. We were waiting at a bus stop and digital sign for the bus we were waiting for kept changing the time of arrival First it said 20 minutes, then changed to 35, then said 15, and we couldn’t figure out what was happening. There were a number of other French people waiting also, and they would look at the sign, then some walked away finally and some kept waiting. They were talking to each other in French and we were talking in English saying we didn’t understand

what was going on. Well, finally in about a half hour, Duane asked one of the women if she spoke English and she said yes, she did. She told us there was a problem with that bus and it was delayed and maybe wouldn’t be there at all . She then went to ask where we were going and suggested we take the Metro. So it seems they are just involved with themselves and their own issues. They don’t even notice anyone else who may need assistance. So even though she could have heard us trying to understand what was going on, they just don’t reach out.

Another memorable day was when we visited Monet’s home and garden where he lived and created many of his paintings. We took the train to a nearby village and then rented bicycles to follow the bike path from their to his home, about five miles. Well, yet once again, we got lost and ended up on the road with all the cars and trucks. While we knew we were going in the right direction, We stopped to look at the maps. A Frenchman riding his bike going in the other direction, called out to us to ask if we needed help. We said yes, and he turned around and came back and directed us to a turn where we could catch the bike path. You see the French people “are very nice”. We continued on, got to tour Monet,s house and garden, have a glass of wine nearby and return “on the bike path” back to the train station. It was a lovely day. We have many more stories of our adventures in Paris that we will share with friends and family – until the “next trip.....New Caledonia

PEP PIONEERS is an independent group of graduates of the Pulmonary Rehabilitation Program at Providence Little Company of Mary Hospital that is dependent on private donations and fundraisers to finance events and purchase equipment that benefit all of its members. Donations may be made to

PEP PIONEERS

Attn::

Pulmonary Rehabilitation
20929 Hawthorne Blvd.
Torrance, California 90503