

Tragic Outcome to Hip Replacement Surgery

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So, I wonder what we could have done differently for my father and his hip replacement.

First, I could have made sure to visit him every day. When he went into the hospital, I followed him to the Psch ward. I used to go see him often, but the negativity got to me. I missed seeing him three days in a row when he was in intensive care. He needed me and I wasn't there for him. He was loaded up on morphine anyway so he probably didn't realize.

Then they shipped him to St Joseph's hospital for long term recovery when my mother was being evaluated for Alzheimer's. Disease. They were put on the same floor so they could spend time together. My father befriended a Mexican fellow who would bring dad a pudding or some treat to him every day. In fact, Dad said, there is the fellow who is making me better. That is surprising since he used to call immigrants imma-grants. It did cost us though. His shoes were stolen when he was moved to the long-term care; new leather shoes that cost \$200 that I could ill afford.

In the Nursing home, dad was expecting to have an apartment like setting to share with my mother. My mother had her own room and so did he. He thought there would be a kitchenette so he would have independence. I had my parent purchase a condo twenty years previous for this exact happening. They sold it before this tragedy occurred.

My father should not have starved to death in long term care. Where were the doctors? The nurses.? Just because he didn't make friends doesn't mean they should have let him starve to death. He was combative with everyone just about. I think if they had one point of contact with someone he liked would have worked. I wasn't allowed in to see him because of the COVID restrictions in place. One two designated care givers were permitted to see him. My brother-in-law and my sister took the two places. I asked my brother-in-law to allow me to be one of the care givers. I would have visited him every day. My brother-in-law said that those in charge wouldn't let someone with mental illness be a DCG. Of course, they took my parents house and gave it to their son. I was cheated me out of any inheritance.

So, I try not to dwell on it. People don't realize that every move we make in life is important to us gaining Heaven. When I was in hospital you visited me.... etc. People are short sighted. But I would have expected more from professionals. Why did they let my dad stave to death? He would have been better off left in his own care. At least he would have eaten.

Anyway, he lived to 93. You are 93 years old Mr. Cusack, When are you going to start take care of yourself?! He easily could have seen 100. Nothing I can do now. He is in eternity.

I visit my mother in the same nursing home everyday. I bring her a Tim Horton's hot chocolate-her favourite. It's a half hour bus ride there, a half hour visit, and a half hour home. No one in the family visit her. She sleeps most of the day. She has Alzheimer's Disease in the later stages. She gets along with everyone. Its her personality. She is kind and understanding and merciful. The staff love her. So do her roommates. She is 89 tomorrow. I can't afford to take her out for her birthday. I only have \$20 to last me till the end of the month. I did buy her an expensive sweater for her birthday. She is always complaining about the cold.

Anyway, I have no regrets about my parents. They were pretty good to me; I honoured them. We can't control how other will treat us; we can only control how we will treat others. I never cried at my father's funeral. In fact, I gave a reading. My nephew gave a beautiful eulogy. My niece gave the second reading. They are good kids. I chose not to fight with anybody. That is different from the way I was when I was younger. I learned that from my mother. She'll be the next to go. You want to live your life, so you have no regrets. Then you don't cry at funerals!

The only pray worth praying according to Deacon Bob is "May God's will be done." Its in the Our father. It's the only prayer I've come to pray. Accept God's plan for us. Then we will be at peace. May my father rest in peace.

In the journey of my parents aging, I've experienced some poor care givers. The wages are low, and it attracts people who really shouldn't be in the job. We experienced the theft of \$2000 cash when they were at home. And the theft of \$135,000 that my father kept at home that was gone when they took the house from me. I lost my part of the inheritance of the house because of my sister and brother-in-law. That's about \$500, 000. And we lost my dad's shows. I try to treat people with respect anyway. I would have thought people would have been more concerned with their eternity. Funny thing is, they all think they are going to Heaven. I know what it takes to get to Heaven. I know the Bible. There will be a lot of people who will be shocked to find out that they didn't have what it takes. As Woody Allen tells us, "Eternity is a long time; especially near the end!" If you don't want to cry at funerals, make sure you have no regrets. Treat everyone with respect. Live your life with an eye on eternity at all times. Accept God's will for you. And you'll be at peace.

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