Dementia

By Hilary Mislan, PGY1, Family Health Center of Worcester

"She sees things..."

her daughter explains.

Downcast eyes.

Flat.

Oblivious?

"She has me and

another PCA, about 40

hours per week."

Wrinkled hands folded in

her lap.

I take her hand and say, "Tell me about

what you are seeing."

"They bother me," her voice wavers, "I don't like to be alone"

She starts to cry.
My First Patient

By Anna Chon, PGY1, Family Health Center of Worcester

Medication given
He calls everyday
Refill given
Tox screen back
Refill not given
He calls everyday

"Doc, I'm not a liar."
Open heart surgery
Refill given
Rib fracture
Refill given

Medications given elsewhere
No refill given

"Why didn't you call me, Mr. T?"
"It's okay, doc. You have a nice day."
He hasn't called since.
Locked In

By Dan Wemple, PGY1, Hahnemann Family Health Center

Man at the end of life, locked in.

Struggling to get his last words out.

Wife yelling at everyone, clinging to denial, Reeling, but missing out on their last moments together.

"I need a phone call every hour to let me know he's still alive."

Man guffaws with every last facial muscle fiber in his face.

She missed it.

At least I saw it.

Untitled

By Pam Sansoucy, PGY1, Barre Family Health Center

Going with Mommy,
to the doctor.

I don't remember that last one,

Mommy says this one's new.

Who?

Will it be scary?

Opening and closing the door,
in the small room with a funny bed.

Strange lady in purple.
Play with lights, green listening things, Rolling stools. This is fun.

Not so bad afterall.