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To:

Subject: Parts & Such

Hi

Came home yesterday.

The knee is fine.

A failing knee can kind of sneak up on a guy and I didn't realize how loose the old one was.

This new one has a way to go yet but it feels tighter and stronger already.

I did not realize how little confidence I had in the old one.

I was apparently bracing for it all the time.

Anyway, I want to be dancing by late spring.

We'll see.

I'm going to write a little bit about common sense.

There is an incredible shortage of common sense in our world.

I am reminded about that many times every day and perhaps, so are you.

On simple example is all the forms that we need to sign upon checking into a hospital.

No one has time to read them of course, so what good can they possibly do?

I know for a fact that such forms have no weight in a lawsuit. All the plaintiff has to do is say that they were in an agitated state and don't really recall reading the documents.

Because we are not truly buyers of health care, we end up paying for all the services our provider decides to put in. No doubt providers are driven by risk averse attorneys, but that doesn't change anything for the better.

The narrow point I want to get to here is that as a patient I have to get a "sign-off" from both "Rehabilitation Services" and "Occupational Therapy" before I can leave the hospital. Each of these is a separate bureaucracy and like all well intended humans these bureaucrats believe their particular mission in life is crucial.

People have died from not getting all the right training before leaving a hospital. I'm sure of it.

Of course I'll bet that someone has died from swallowing a bird that happened to fly down their throat as they walked through the revolving exit door too.

Since I only stayed in the hospital two days getting all the necessary sign-offs was a challenge.

By 11 a.m. yesterday, my targeted checkout day, I had been interviewed and cleared by, my surgeon, the hospital's internal medicine doctor, two pain management specialists, the Rehab lady, the pharmacist, my nurse, the head floor nurse, the bed sore specialist (I was in less than 48 hours. He actually insisted on seeing my butt.), an infectious disease specialist, the CPM machine technician, no doubt I am forgetting five or six others.

Now it is 11 a.m. on check out day, Amy & Ella are visiting me and a nice, 30-ish blond lady shows up and announces that she is there to instruct me about Occupational Therapy.

If there is a nickel's worth of difference between Rehabilitation and Occupational Therapy for a 64-year-old farmer, I will eat my bandages.

I know this petite young woman was just there to do her job and no doubt, she is an excellent human being.

Nevertheless, any of you could take a look at this lady and realize that I have probably rehabilitated myself from more wounds before noon on any given day of my life, than she has in all her thirty years. I know that education matters but experience matters too.

Amy says I was polite and handled it well, but the therapist insisted in quizzing me and enlightening me on numerous issues I would need to prepare for. Keep in mind that with two replacement hips and one replacement knee I am in the top 1% when it comes to large joint rehabilitation experience.

I am not necessarily the most compliant patient, I know that, but even a miniscule amount of common sense would inform a thinking person that we are definitely wasting health care dollars here.

I am feeling fine.

Maybe just a little cranky.

Love

Dad