



Healthcare an American Heartache

Chaplain Paul Vescio

Healthcare an American Heartache Short Version

By Chaplain Paul Vescio 193

March 16 1994, 28 years ago today began four years of living hell for my family and it is for this reason I became a healthcare activist fighting for positive change in American healthcare and it is one of reasons why I became a Christian Healthcare Community Chaplain serving in Nursing Home Ministry. I wrote a book about my family's healthcare story called Healthcare an American Heartache it is offered on Amazon and it is free as a PDF file on my website at www.miraclesofkingman.com. But selling books is not why I am contacting you today because I wanted you and my elected officials to know what happened to my family and that the horrible conditions in Arizona nursing homes, care centers, and medical rehabs in my state and across our nation are a result of no longer being about live and let live but about money, and greed, and about, "LIVE AND LET DIE."

Here is the short end of my family's story. Most families who go through the horrors, and misery, and sadness that my family went through in American healthcare just want to put it in the past and get on with their lives, well I'm definitely not like most sheeple, O sorry I meant people. I have been fighting back for over 25 years now and I will continue to fight for better healthcare for all Americans till the day I die so help me God!!!

On March 13 1996 my Mother went to Scottsdale North Hospital because she had been losing weight. My Father was suffering with prostate cancer during this time. My Mother had been very sick for most of her life and was operated on several times over the past years. My Mother suffered from Crohn's disease since she was in her 20s and because she had pre-existing conditions she could not get health insurance.

My Mother was on S.S. Disability only. My Mother was born on Oct 19 1932 My Father was born on Aug 12 1925. 2 weeks earlier my Aunt Alice who was my Mother's older sister died from cancer in Maine and My Father and My Grandmother flew back east for the funeral and my Father came home with pneumonia. Ok get the picture so far pretty brutal but what happened next makes everything so far look like a walk in the park in comparison.

On March 16 1996 my Mother went into full respiratory failure and had to be placed on a ventilator because the hospital staff did not give her one of the medications she was taking for over 30 years and her body went into shock, her hands were tied to the sides of the bed and she had 12 IVs coming out of her body, she had to be drugged unconscious because of the trauma of being placed on the vent.

On the same day my Nephew Kevin Jr was born premature and had to be Air-Vact to Phoenix Children's Hospital and placed on a ventilator, On the same day Grandmother and first Grandson both fighting for their lives hooked up to ventilators. We are all very proud of my Nephew he is 28 today and served in the United States Airforce for over 6 years working on the B-52 Bombers and is now serving in the Arizona State Air National Guard. Kevin Jr's mother was placed into an induced coma because of complications during childbirth and on March 16 1996 we had three members of our family fighting for their lives in 3 different hospitals.

This went on with my poor Mother for four years before she died in 1998 my Father died of prostate cancer in 1996 and my Grandmother died of Cancer in Maine in 1997. My poor Father went to visit my Mother every day even with a walker while dying of cancer. In that time the doctors lied to my family over and over to cover up their mistakes, my Mother was over-medicated during this time causing her to have a mild stroke, heart attack, renal failure, and kidney failure. The doctors and staff covered up their mistakes, they lied to my family over and over again until one day my Mother had to go to the hospital because she was having a breathing attack you see she was suffering from lung cancer as well. The assistant pulmonary doctor was in the emergency room with my Mother and me and my Father and he was looking through the records and I mentioned about the stroke, and the heart attack. and about the kidney and renal failure and he said,

"O that was because we over-medicated her."

He admitted it, I could not believe what I just heard, and there I was standing there shocked like Michael in the God Father when Fredo slipped and Michael finally knew that it was his own brother who betrayed him.

I went home and later that night while I was laying in my bed I remember staring at the ceiling with tears in my eyes being very upset about everything that had happened to my family and a short time later God struck this young doctor down dead with a heart attack, he was only 47 years old, this is a true story, we should all let this serve as both a lesson and a warning, for the Bible says,

Vengeance is mine so sayeth the Lord. (God is real and He means real business.)

If we as a nation are going to continue to look the other way as millions of our fellow citizens continue to be treated like zoo animals and prison inmates who are all alone and having to fend for themselves in these healthcare facilities and at a cost that is placing most American families right into poverty then we only ensure that the same misery, and horrors, and sorrows will one day be happening to each of us and to our loved ones. Don't we at least owe it to those we love to STAND UP AND FIGHT BACK NOW for real healthcare reform in this country?

And I mean REAL Healthcare Reform. Healthcare Reform that will ensure the safety, dignity, and wellbeing of every patient in American healthcare? Healthcare reform that protects the patient's civil rights, healthcare reform that includes lowering the cost and in bringing the compassion, and the kindness, and the Love of Christ Yeshua back into American healthcare, I think deep down that's what we all want.

Joshua 10:25 Then Joshua said to them, "Do not be afraid nor be dismayed; be strong and of good courage for thus the Lord will do to all your enemies against whom you fight.

God is watching and the clock is ticking and we are all next in line.

God Bless You and Your Family.

Respectfully Chaplain Paul 193 John 14:27