

So my dad was quite keen on getting to the rehab centre. And within two weeks, he ended up there and this was what he wanted and this is what needed to happen. We were very hopeful.

I visited frequently, and one thing that I noticed during a visit is that he was drinking pitchers and pitchers of water. And so I said, "Why are you doing that?" And he said, "I have to keep my hands busy. I'm just so bored." And so driving home that day, I thought, you know, he's diabetic. I'm sure he must be diabetic. You don't drink that much water.

That evening, I called and asked them if they could please test his blood sugar, and it was 47, which is off the chart, it's so high. So they immediately sent him to the hospital.

When he got to the emergency department, because of his blood sugar, they also recognized that he had a temperature. The direction from the physician and the emergency room was, if his blood sugar was a certain level, he could go back to the rehab by morning. Well, it wasn't, and he went back anyway. On top of that, (w7 (\$ of tha7 (garh3e22p.7 (7to the e5o 5.7 hi)7 (7to th

Within five days, he ended up in the ICU. As it turned out, my dad had severe C. difficile. His colon was macerated. There was no going back from there. His spine was disintegrating, his neck was disintegrating. He had osteomyelitis. The abscess had crept all the way from the base of his spine up to his neck. And then he passed away that day.

He was very black and white. There was no in between. If you had a job to do, you did it right. He was very professional and he expected that from everybody. And he was also very much a part of a brotherhood, and he respected those brotherhoods. So if you're a police officer, you're part of a brotherhood. If you're a physician, that's your brotherhood. He just was very trusting of that sort of arrangement and the respect that each professional should have for another.

I think my dad's generation is a generation that has a lot of faith in physicians still. They have a lot of faith in that God-like syndrome, and he did not want to rock the boat. As the coroner said, he said that it was a perfect storm. He said, "Your dad was a very sick man. There was a multitude of issues and everybody just sort of watched it happen."

Communication is one of the areas that was so poor in regards to my dad's care, and the nurses just did not communicate with the doctors, and they did not communicate with him. And there were so many teams involved. There was an A group and a B group and a C group. And my dad said to me, "Trust me, the right hand does not know what the left hand is doing." At one point, they left a snack out on the shelf, and they did this continuously night after night. And I started marching down the hall to the little girl that dropped it off and I said, "Hey, you left his snack out on the shelf. How would he get that?" She said, "I don't know. I do it every night." I said, "But he's paralyzed. How would he get that snack?" "I don't know." It's just so frustrating.

What's changed since my father has passed away is that the way that they give post-surgical report, they no longer stand at the door and yell the report out. And the infectious disease team has improved their parameters in looking for C. difficile and making everybody more aware of how to use antibiotics.

Those are the things that have been recommended and have been acted upon at Belleville Hospital as well, adding in medication reconciliation on weekends and holidays, less transfers, if not an emergency situation, and voice-to-voice physician report.

I think my dad would think that joining Patients for Patient Safety Canada in the sense that we're precipitating some changes because of what happened in his situation, he would be really, really proud of that. I think that he'd be happy that we're doing something.

What I would say to health care providers across the country is that it's an honour to care for people and that we went into health care for a reason and not to forget what that reason is and to always think with your hearts and be compassionate.