

Filthy NHS Hospitals

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From: john (*nospamoriidiotss_at_vaccine.con*)

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..."My Niece also works, caring for the elderly in a nursing home. She informed me that almost everyone of the people in their care that go into hospital come back to the home with either MRSA or scabies! Many of whom die.'...

This is a sad commentary. I'am sure this is not the only hospital with such despicable conditions! It simply reinforces my contention that sickness care so magnanimously billed as health care is a total disaster. Imagine going to these facilities with no family member to watch of over the staff. To get any semblance of care one needs much personal supervision as trust in the authorities is misguided at best...

Sad.

See also:

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Chris Gupta

http://www.newmediaexplorer.org/chris/2005/01/20/filthy_nhs_hospitals.htm

My Father died almost a year ago due to septicemia not cancer. His infection was undoubtedly due to the filthy conditions in Russell's Hall Hospital, Dudley, West Midlands, UK.

Under his bed there was a large patch of what looked like urine dried on the floor, which stayed there for about a week, before I asked the nurse to clean it up. Patients on the cancer ward, walked around with no slippers on their feet and open wounds that were at least bandaged. The patient's feet were jet black from the filth on the floor.

One uncaring Asian Doctor shouted to my Brother, his wife, my wife and myself, in a ward full of terminally ill patients.. "You do know he is dying of cancer don't you"? My father was in the bed right next to him when he

demonstrated his blatant disregard for the mental stability of all of the patients on "Death row" Ward! I was so close to putting this prick into a comatose state or worse. I do not know to this day how I kept my hands off this bastards throat.

During our stays at my Fathers bedside, we continually observed Doctors and nurses moving from one patient to another without washing their hands. My wife witnessed a nurse not washing her hands after using a toilet.

In the intensive care unit, when my father's condition frequently worsened and recovered, time and time again, visitors, nurses and doctors failed to use the alcohol gel at the door to the ICU unit.

Now my wife and I are horrified by the lack of basic hygiene and care in our hospitals. During a visit to our G.P. I could not hold back and let her have it both barrels about the state of our health service and all the deaths, some of which I have mentioned, occurring around us, mainly due to improper care at their hands. She asked if we really thought it was that bad when I had finished bending her ear. I replied, It's safer walking the streets of Baghdad than going into an NHS Hospital. She replied "Really"? I replied: "Yes Really"! She looked surprised, but not shocked.

The only good thing I can say about the hospital is that my Father's consultant performed a stent operation on his gall bladder to enable bile to drain from his body properly. But only after, I refused to believe him when he told me and my brother that there was nothing that could be done to save my fathers life. I replied, I am going to research this on the Internet to see if there is anything on offer. Immediately, I arrived home and began to research it, I got a call from my Brother saying they were going to perform a stent operation. Funnily enough, the first page I went on was about "A Sten Operation, which was routine for Dad's type of cancer. This gave my father an extra eight months of good life. Which my family and I are extremely grateful for. Dad came down to our home, with my Brother and his wife, and we had a great time together, but he still looked frail and slightly yellow.

No amount of my persuasion could get my father to try any of the alternative methods of trying to deal with his cancer. I could not even get him to use the water filter jug, which we got him. "The water in the Midlands is polluted with tricothethaline, from the industrial days, where it was used in great volumes, seeping down into the underground water, which supplies the Blackcountry with water. Needless to say, the rate of stomach cancer in the Midlands is high.

I wanted an autopsy performed to see if my Father had contracted anything else while he was in there. But this would have gone against my brother's wishes, and as he rightly said, it would not have brought him back to us.

The whole story is too depressing for me to go any further at present. But at least he is now free of his pain.

My Grandfather also passed away last year aged 91, and like my father is dearly missed. You might think that it was his age that got him in the end. However, it was Scabies, which he contracted from the nursing home he was in. This was surprising, as he had already survived hepatitis B, which incidentally, he contracted in the same home. Which again was filthy, stinking of urine, with carpets that you peeled your feet off as you walked on them. Needless to say, other members of my family contracted scabies, after tending for my Grandfather and had to be treated.

My Niece also works, caring for the elderly in a nursing home. She informed me that almost everyone of the people in their care that go into hospital come back to the home with either MRSA or scabies! Many of whom die.

I have worked as a removal man, moving Doctors from one hospital to another on many occasions.

One observation was the abhorrent state of their accommodation! We are used to seeing homes at their worst, and indeed have seen our fair share of filthy places. But one does not expect to see it in the hospital-based homes of Doctors, nurses and surgeons.

It is no surprise to me that The National Health Service in the United Kingdom is a breeding ground for every conceivable disease going.

Cleanliness is all that is required, and has been a basic requirement for maintaining the health and lives of vulnerable people, who place their lives in the hands of people, who can't even keep their own homes in order. I must add, that it was not every Doctor, nurse or surgeon that lived in squallier! But it was by no means a few isolated cases!

One last thing, My wife smokes, at Russell's Hall Hospital, we were advised to go to a porto-cabin at the side of the hospital, as this was where the Doctors and nurses go to smoke. We did, and we could not believe the filth that we saw on entering. In all my life, I have never seen such a filthy disgusting stinking hovel as this place.

3 years plus of chain smokers nicotine was rolling down the walls along with condensation, everywhere was yellow, cigarette butts all over the place. No one has ever cleaned this place! Enough to put anyone off smoking you would think? (Not a chance)

Yet, the allopathic smokers along with their nurses, and probably the cleaning staff also, frequent this god-forsaken hole and then return to treat their patients, or clean the toilets and washbasins?

My wife and I chose to stay away from this place, braving the cold outdoors rather than facing the filth for the sake of an electric heater and a roof.

What did we learn from all of this? We learned that the last place on earth you could ever want to go to is an NHS Hospital in its current condition. Something has got to be done about this state of affairs. We have truly

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returned to the dark ages!

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