

A Posthumous Lesson, for I know not if I'll survive this guilt

Read the statements I have written about the decline of the so-called New NHS and the case of Mrs. S very carefully, for I could very well be dead myself. I feel I should have done more to stop this indignity, screamed louder maybe, complained more, stopped the subtle wording of miniscule hope to the family in order that they agree to go on longer and longer. I voiced my disgust to charge nurses and consultants alike, but all were constrained by the original operating surgeon's decision not to give up under any circumstances. My personal opinion of why this decision was reached should be evident.

I hope in some way these most probably posthumous statements of mine helps prevent anyone else ever being treated in this way. The NHS and British nursing used to be the envy of the world. Successive governments have destroyed a great organisation and turned it into a factory where managers blame the staff if the line slows down for any reason.

If I do come out the other end of crushing depressions it will be in no way thanks to the NHS. I have received my referral letter for help. In 3-4mths I will supposedly get an appointment for an assessment to decide if I can go on a waiting list for psychological help. If I last that long it will be without NHS help. I guess it works in practice. If you don't kill yourself before you get help you probably won't need it by the time it's available. If you do, the problem officially goes away.

If the worst case scenario comes about, I sign off in the knowledge that the only part of the NHS I'll ever see from this day on is the mortuary, where I care not what they do with my remains.

Rosalyn Warner SRN, RN (USA), RGON (NZ)