

## **BE ILL... BUT BE QUIET... NO COMMENT...**

The following is an extract from the text by a patient who is a nursing person herself<sup>1</sup> to show the distress and understandable indignation of what she experienced day by day while in hospital<sup>2</sup>... :

'The appointment hours changed all the time and did not respect the patients' private lives, not to mention the problems of time management caused to medical vehicles.

No psychological help was ever offered to me...

During the 5 weeks of radiotherapy, nobody ever came to ask me if everything was fine.

The feeling that the surgeries of certain doctors were opened to all curious people and conversations in corridors and medical privacy was not respected.

The patient was not considered a sick and responsible person but was infantilised : others thought for them and treated them and they only had to let things take their course... *and be quiet.*

The machine broke down 3 times in 20 sessions. When I asked if the quality of my treatment would not suffer, I was told : "I've got good insurance." This is the sort of answer that reassures a sick person.

When I asked the technicians why certain sessions were longer than others, a terse answer : "The programme was established by the machine once and for all." I even counted the seconds on the fingers of my hands and they varied from 39 to 70 from one session to the other.

No explanation was given to me ; to be quiet and not to interfere with the extremely tight schedule seemed inescapable.

I had to wait for at least a week to learn that I had to turn my head away from the irradiated area.

On the other hand, I was told, when I refused an umpteenth modified appointment : "But what else would you have to do on that day ?" Where is the respect for the sick person?'

Related by another patient, a mathematics teacher, suffering from a breast cancer and left half-naked while waiting to have an X-ray : 'Hurry up, there're 150 kg waiting for me on the table !'

Recounted by a patient, a nurse, who was informed that she had a relapse of her kidney cancer in a most 'cutting' manner... 'You know, they can't bear the truth when they learn they have a relapse... Like you !' And bang, here is a bolt from the blue with the complete thoughtlessness of the one who engendered it ! The truth at all costs, but how !

From a patient suffering from bilateral hip osteoarthritis and whom I exhorted to take her time given her problems of mobility : 'Hurry up, madam !'... 'I didn't say anything,

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<sup>1</sup> And therefore aware of the difficulties of everyday life in hospital.

<sup>2</sup> Thank you to her for her spontaneous account which she hopes will be useful to others. It is most illustrative of the text to come and the text *Le cancer : Qui ? Quand ? Comment ?* published in *Psychiatre et homéopathe. Du trouble mélancolique au trouble cancéreux.*

Doctor, but what that young colleague of yours doesn't know, madam, is that I had to get up at 5 in the morning in order to be ready to be at his surgery at 11...'

Many stories, which could combine infinitely...

'Be ill and (but) be quiet !'

Each homoeopathic type, either the doctor's or their patient's, will react in a different manner and give the relationship a particular turn, asking questions about what is changing, has changed or might change inside themselves with the passing years and as prospects and influences play a subtle role, varying behaviours, ways of thinking and approaches to the illness and patient.

Their inner dialogues will therefore be influenced by them, their reaction to the outside world will be modified as well as their response to what is new and linked to the change of prospects and plays a role in the way their future as regards health - and perhaps even their future full stop - will shape up...<sup>3</sup>

To be continued...

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<sup>3</sup> Translated by Pascale Tempka