



# Healthcare an American Heartache

Chaplain Paul Vescio

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By Chaplain Paul Vescio May 2020 Feb 25 2021



## Preface

This is a story of what happened to my family in American healthcare. It is but a tiny snapshot in time of what transpired. I'm writing this book so that my family and all those who read this story will learn from it and hopefully be spared the awful heartache that we had to go through. This book also serves as a beacon of light in pointing the way to Christ Yeshua, because without our faith, hope and trust in God the experience that my family had to endure would have been a thousand times worse.

To sit and write this book will most likely bring back a lot of memories that will no doubt break my heart. To place our trust in American healthcare and be treated the way my family was treated is very sad and terribly wrong. Everything I am writing in this book is all true. The stories concerning these matters have been seared into my memory. I know all of them all too well and it will be no problem for me to write this book. As a healthcare activist I have shared many of these stories over the years. I have shared them on talk radio, I have shared them with my elected officials and with anyone who will listen to me. The only concern is where to begin a story as long as this one. Should I begin way back when my father was in politics and serving through UNICO or should I begin on the day my mother suffered total respiratory failure in Scottsdale North Hospital?

I think I'll start this story on the day when one of the greatest storms of life hit our family, so much so it almost swept us all away by its fury. Two weeks earlier my Aunt Alice died, she was my mother's older sister who lived with her family in Casco Maine. My grandmother would stay with us in the winter and fly home just before Easter for the warmer months. My father flew with my grandmother back east only to be turned around twice and forced to spend the night in Boston because of a snowstorm that hit Maine. My father and my grandmother were late to the funeral but thankfully my family in Maine waited for them before starting the funeral. After the funeral my father flew back to Phoenix alone with pneumonia and was very sick for over a week.

Please use this story to reflect on the many blessing of God in your life and write them in a notebook. As you fill the pages with your blessings it will serve as a great resource for you and your loved ones. Keeping a book of blessings is an excellent way to strengthen our faith and it really does lift us up in bring us great hope, peace, comfort, joy, and love. May God Bless all those who read this very important book, and Thank You Abba Father for all of Your blessings, guidance and love in helping me to wright and publish this book for Your Glory, I give all the Praise, honor and Glory to You in Christ Yeshua's Holy Name I pray...Amen

Nahum 1:7 The LORD is good a stronghold in the day of trouble He cares for those who place their trust in Him

## Chapter One A Lake of Tears

March 13 1994, My mother was losing weight to such a point that it was decided that we take her to the hospital. The hospital admitted her for tests but because the Doctors who were treating her made the mistake of not giving her one of the medications that she was taking, three days later my mother's body went into shock and she suffered full respiratory failure. Mom was drugged unconscious and placed on a ventilator. The reason why she was drugged unconscious was because of the shock the body goes through when placed on one of these machines. My poor mother had twelve IVs coming out of her body all this while my father who was suffering with prostate cancer wept by her bed as I was standing by his side.

On March 16th 1994 the same day my mother was placed on a ventilator, my nephew Kevin Junior was born premature in John C Lincoln hospital in Phoenix AZ and was also placed on a ventilator. It was determined by the Doctors and staff on call that Kevin Jr. would have to be Air-vac and flown by helicopter to the Neo Care Unit at Saint Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix.

Meanwhile at Scottsdale North Hospital in Scottsdale AZ, my father and I had to make a very hard choice; who stays with mom and who goes to be by my brother's side? We decided that I would stay with mom and Dad would go to the hospital where my brother Kevin was with his wife Julie and his son Kevin

As my father was walking down the hall, he saw my brother and the hospital staff hurrying to get little Kevin Jr to the helicopter. Not realizing what was happening my father tried to stop the gurney to see the baby, in total desperation my brother pushed my father out of the way yelling, "Dad, get out of the f-en way!!!!" My brother Kevin went with the hospital staff and his son up to the roof to meet the Ari-Vac crew. The crew took pictures of little Kevin first. This is standard procedure just in case the patient dies during transit.

After the helicopter took off my brother went down the elevator and ran to his car which was a Blazer at the time. Then he drove off headed to Saint Joe's Hospital to be with his son. Julie who was still at John C. Lincoln was placed in an induced coma because of major complications during childbirth. I honestly could cry right now as I sit and write this, this is very over welling and sadly, this is just the tip of the iceberg as you will soon to see. My father meanwhile went up to check on Julie before leaving the hospital to go back to Scottsdale North to be with mom.

Upon arrival at Saint Joe's a cop helped to point the way for my brother as he ran in the hospital, and in his own words it was like a ghost town. All of this was happening at night. As my brother was walking through the hospital hallways, he noticed a janitor mopping the floor. This man was African American and dressed in blue jean overalls. My brother told the man what was going on and the man literally took my brother by the hand and walked with him to the Prenatal Unit of the hospital and said, "Your son is in there." My brother went in and asked the nurse about his son and to his shocking surprise the helicopter had not arrived yet. He turned around to thank the janitor and the janitor was gone without a trace. My brother never saw the man again. The Nurse told my brother that there was a helicopter on rout but still had not arrived. How could this be? My brother saw the helicopter take off, how did he get to Saint Joe's before his son did? God is the answer, God is always the answer. In His infinite love He gave my brother a little reminder that something or I should say Some One is in full control of the situation.

After Kevin Jr. arrived at the hospital he was placed on a breathing machine with Iv's and tubes. The Drs told my brother that Kevin Jr's chances of survival were very low, but what they all didn't realized was that God was in full control. Saint Joe's is one of two hospitals in the nation that has a Prenatal Unit as sophisticated as theirs. Also, Saint Joe's was one of a very few hospitals in the nation that had an experimental new drug used for treating premature lung issues like Kevin Jr. had.

My brother stayed with his son for four days until it was determined that Kevin Jr would survive. Just a side note my brother looked into why the Ari-Vac helicopter arrived after he did and no one could explain how that could have happened. We know how it could have happened it was because God happened to be there on that faithful night.

Through many hours of prayers and shed tears, my nephew Kevin Jr survived but mom's situation was grave to say the least. Because of the trauma of being placed on a ventilator, the Dr's over medicated my mother causing her to have a slight heart attack, a slight stroke, kidney and renal failure, and to make matters worse they tried to cover their mistakes up by telling my father that my mother was a very sick women and we will have to wait and see what happens. The Dr's knew they were negligent in not giving my mother her Librium that she had been taking for over thirty years and they lied about the fact that my mother's condition worsened because they over medicated her.

I changed the doctor's names to fit this story, the primary physician's name will be, Dr. Pissant. The pulmonary Dr. will be named, Dr. Leach and his assistant will be named Dr. Skid mark. Yes, these three names will do just fine and they will help me in coping with trying to write this story.

Mom suffered being in an induced coma for at least a week, it was heartbreaking to watch. Mom had a ventilator shoved down her throat as drops of blood trickled from out of her mouth. Mom's hands were tied to the bed to prevent her from trying to remove the tube from her throat. As my poor father stood weeping bedside, I counted at least twelve IVs coming out of her body.

Dr. Pissant came every day and every day was the same old story,

“Doc. What’s Pat’s diagnosis?”

“Well, Paul, your wife is a very sick woman and we just need to wait and see.”

Dr. Leach was very helpful, but he had his hand in a major coverup concerning my mother’s case. O, I almost forgot, my father’s urologist at the time was a real jerk too, we will call him Dr. Cesspool.

Man, there is a lot to this story, where should I go from here? Well how about a light of friendship and hope in the midst of the storm? My mother was in the hospital for about four months before she was ready to return home and through it all Chaplain Danny was a true blessing to my family. Chaplain Danny who was the Head Chaplain at the hospital at the time would come and see my mother often. He became friends with my father and my family. Chaplain Danny is a mighty man of God and a welcomed sight of relief when having to deal with health care issues in North Scottsdale Hospital. Chaplain Danny eventually moved back east. I miss him and I love him. Chaplain Danny was the like the string attached to my family’s kite in the eye of a hurricane.

I will talk about Chaplain Danny later in this story. As time went on and my mother’s condition stabilized and improved the doctors still could not give my family a straight answer about what actually happened concerning my mother’s healthcare. Finally, we called for a peer review of the doctors and staff in involved with my mother’s case. My father also contacted the Justice Department and was moving forward with filing a case.

The peer review went as you would expect it to go. The Drs held all the cards and they were keeping them very close to their vests. They listened to our concerns and basically humored us. Looking back we should have hired a lawyer and had him or her present at the meeting.

Shortly after the peer review my family was informed that my mother would be on a ventilator for the rest of her life and that she was being moved to a nursing home. I don’t think so, not without our permission first. I called the National Healthcare Committee in Washington DC. And told them what was happening, and they told me that if the hospital moves my mother without our consent then they would come to our aid by sending people to the hospital. I also contacted Shawn C whose father was the President of Channel 12 news

and explained to him what was happening and basically told him the if the hospital moves my mother without our consent then send a news crew to my mother and father's house because I'll be standing on the roof with a shotgun in bringing this issue to the light of day. Shawn assured me that if needed he would send a news crew to our house.

Well, it looks like the Vescio Family has finally started to fight back and we were far from being done with Drs. Pissant, Leach and Skidmark, not by a longshot. Just a little side note about Dr. Skidmark, one time my father was trying to reach our Mr. Skidmark. Dad called several times that day and left messages to please call him back but there was no reply. Finally, at around 9 pm here comes good ole Dr. Skidmark and walks right past my father without saying hello. My father looked at him and said, "Doc, I've been trying to reach you all day, that's no way to run an office."

Dr. shit for brains, ooops sorry Lord, I mean Dr. Skidmark turns around and says, and I quote, "I don't have to take this shit." And abruptly walks away without having the decency in addressing my father's questions concerning my mother's case.

So, on and on we go where it all stops only God knew but as you will see just when we thought we could catch a break something new hits with the force of a hurricane in our lives. As all of this was going on, I put a National Healthcare banner on the wall of my mother's room and that really made the hospital staff crap their pants. Now they were put on notice and they really hopped to it and began doing their job the right way. They slowly weened my mother off the ventilator and she, praise God was able to return home to be with her loving family. All of this heartache transpired over a span of about four months.

Now for the bad news which was because of the good news so it's all in the way we look at it. Because the hospital did their job in weening my mother off of the ventilator and because the Doctor's negligence did not result in any permanent damage, we no longer had a winnable case through the Justice Department. We had won the battle, but we still had to fight a very long war.



Thank God that Christ was walking with us every step of the way because without God's grace, guidance and mercy in all of this our family would have been destroyed.

Mom was home but dad continued to slowly get worse, His prostate cancer had spread outside of the prostate walls. There were still some options in slowing it down one of which was to have a procedure where the inside of a man's testicles are removed this is because testosterone spreads cancer in the body. Also, less stress slows the spread of cancer. My father also began radiation and chemotherapy treatments which weakened him greatly. While all of this was going on my brother and I continued to work with him doing home repair. As time went on and the medical bills started piling up I began working for my father for very little money or no money at all I didn't have the heart to take money from him all of our money was going to pay bills. One thing I just remembered about when mom was in the hospital, Medicare pays for about one hundred and sixty days or so then all the bill is placed on the patient, but if the patient is discharged for just one day benefits kick back in. In my mother's case her time ran out and the entire bill fell on my family's shoulders in a very short time the hospital bill rose to over one hundred thousand dollars and because my mother had preexisting conditions and she was under sixty five she could only receive Social Security Disability at about eight hundred dollars a month. The reason why the hospital freaked out was actually for two reasons, first the threat of legal action with the realization that the National Healthcare Committee was on my family's side and the fact that the Medicare benefits had run out. These two factors put fire under the staff's butts which is a very good motivator.

Now, where was I? The arrangement that we made as a family was I would take care of the lawyers and the hospital managing of my mother and my father's healthcare and my brother and his wife would take care of mom and dad's healthcare needs at home. We all pitched in for the wellbeing of our family and that is exactly how a family should be.

We had medical directives drawn up for mom and there were many times over a four-year period where those directives were critical in preventing the hospital staff from placing my mother on a ventilator. Many times she would have a breathing attack and have to be rushed to the hospital and when we

arrived at the emergency room the staff on call would practically push me out of the way in trying to get my mother on a breathing machine. I would have to yell.

“READ THE DIRECTIVES!!! READ THE DIRECTIVES!!! CALL THE DOCTOR!!!!!  
CALL THE DAMN DOCTOR!!!!”

I would be telling them this while weaving the directives in front of their faces. Then after they contacted the doctor they would come back and apologize to me. You have to understand my mother’s breathing levels were much higher than a normal person’s and because of this the staff on call at emergency were trained to place someone like my mother on a breathing machine right away. I remember one time I was literally praying on my knees right there in emergency because my mother’s breathing was so bad. How many times did the doctors tell my family that my mother wouldn’t make it through the week or even through the night and God answered our prayers and gave mom a little more time.

## Chapter Two Our Fight Continues

For two years mom had to go in and out of the emergency room because of breathing problems. All of this was because my mother smoked for years. She had developed emphysema that would eventually result in cancer. My father’s condition continued to get worse. At one point he had to have a procedure where they clear the urinary tract with a drill like surgical instrument after this procedure a catheter is implanted so the patient can pee. Well good ole Dr. Cesspool failed to explain to my family that a side effect of having a catheter implanted is that blood mixes with urine in the bag. When my mother saw that my father’s catheter bag was filling up with blood she freaked out and we called Dr. Cesspool’s office to see what the deal was. The nurse informed me that it was a normal side effect of having a catheter. Well thanks a lot for letting us know in the first place. But for anyone who reads this book in the future, now you know.

Just a little side note, Dr. Pissant who was my mother's primary physician for years, sent my father a letter informing him that because we were late in paying a one hundred dollar medical bill he will no longer be my mother's doctor. Talk about throwing sand in our eyes.

Then on January 3<sup>th</sup> 1996 I received a call from my brother Kevin that dad's condition was worsening. Dad had developed an infection in his knee and the pain was becoming more than he could bear. It was about 8:30 pm when I arrived at the house and the ambulance was already there. I honestly did not think my father was going to die yet.

I followed the ambulance to the hospital and stayed with dad all night, then at around 6 am I left to go home. Later that day my Cousin Jackie who was visiting from Connecticut at the time came to be by my father's side. On that same day I had an appointment with the funeral home to discuss dad's funeral because we knew time was getting short. Doctor Pissant called me to inform me that dad's infection had gone septic and he asked me if we wanted it to be treated or not. He basically said that because dad had very little time left because the cancer was now spread throughout his body that we could let it go after thinking about it I agreed. Looking back I should have stayed with my father but I honestly thought that the infection would take a few days or even a week to take his life. As I was sitting at the funeral home with the secretary going over the preparation for dad's funeral, I received a call from the hospital informing me that dad had died. The secretary informed me that had only happened once before were the family member was in her office when their loved one died. I need a break for writing. I have to ask myself,

“Why am I writing this book about the pain and the suffering that my family or I should say, our family went through?

It's because anyone in our family who reads this story will receive great insight on how to protect themselves in American healthcare. They will hopefully realize just how blessed they truly are and they will learn the value of love of family and that family sticks together through thick and thin no matter what and just like a very wise and a very strong man of God once said,

“Your brother is all you have.”

The man who said these words was Paul David Vescio Sr. and he said them to me and to my brother so we would realize that we are all we have in relation to the Vescio family of four. Mom, Dad, Me and my Brother Kevin.

As you read this story please realize that something like this can and it most likely will happen to you or to someone you love, the only difference between what happened to us and what will most likely happen to you someday is that you having read this book hopefully will have learned how to better protect yourself and those you love from the snakes, pissants, leaches, skidmarks, the weasels and the cesspools of American healthcare.

When mom would have to stay in the hospital for a few days it would give my brother the freedom to go and ride his motorcycle out in the desert. My brother liked racing dirt bikes he would ride with his friends up to Tom's Thumb or head out to Four Peaks for a ride. Well right before my father died my brother was riding his dirt bike out in the desert and got into a very bad accident and almost died. The bike flipped over, and the kickstand went through his knee. My brother's friends rushed him to the hospital, and he had to have surgery to repair his leg; My brother had to have a cast and he was in a wheelchair at my Father's funeral.

Dad wanted to be cremated and that's a whole other story, the fact is he didn't want his family fighting over who went to the grave or not on holidays. He didn't want us fussing over his grave. I could see his point. My Mother on the other hand wanted to be buried with a traditional funeral so we made all the arrangements in advance. What was interesting about that was she died exactly one year to the day of making those arrangements with the funeral home. I noticed the date on the contract.

The day of Dad's funeral Chaplain Danny came and spoke at the wake, He said that Dad was a tank of a man who had become his very close friend, He said that Dad came to the hospital every day to visit Mom even when he had become very sick and needed a walker. Chaplain Danny gave me this poem and I have it on the wall over my desk to this day.

## And God Said No

I asked God to take away my pride and God said, "No" He said it was not for Him to take away but for me to give up. I asked God to make my handicap child whole and God said, "No" He said the spirit is whole the body is only temporary. I asked God to grant me patience and God said, "No" He said patience is a byproduct of tribulation it isn't granted it's earned. I asked God to give me happiness and God said, "No" He said he gives blessings happiness is up to me. I asked God to spare me pain and God said, "No" He said suffering draws you apart from worldly cares and brings you closer to Me. I asked God to make my spirit grow and God said, "No" He said I must grow on my own but He will prune me to make me fruitful. I asked God if He loved me and God said, "Yes" He gave me his only Son who died for me and I will be in heaven someday because I believe. I asked God to help me love others as much as He loves me and God said, "Ah," finally you have the idea. Author unknown.

## Chapter Three Just God and Me

I'm not writing this book to be published on Amazon like I said before, The reason why I'm writing this book is to serve as a record so that our family could draw wisdom from our family's experiences especially where American healthcare is concerned. And to draw great hope through our family's faith in God and through our hardships, struggles and victories.

I remember all the times I waked through the hospital halls and Christ was there walking by my side. There were many times where I walked those halls alone and yet every time Christ was there by my side. I remember one time having to bring Mom to the emergency room because she was having a breathing attack. Things looked very bad. By this time we had placed our family home in a trust and had all necessary directives and medical power of attorney

papers and Mom's will drawn up. I remember the nurses telling me that things looked very bad for Mom. She did not want to be placed back on a ventilator which meant Mom could have died any minute. I got on my knees by Mom's bed and prayed to God and God answered my prayers because Mom was able to calm down and her breathing leaves improved.

My Mother would also suffer from renal failure from time to time that is where her kidneys would begin to shut down and the toxins in her body would begin causing her to be incoherent. If nothing is done to treat it the person could die. Dopamine is a drug that helps to kickstart a person's kidneys when they begin shutting down. On one such occasion the doctors told us that Mom was dying and that they recommend sending her to a hospice. At the time hospice to the best of my understanding meant that's it for someone as in no food or water or meds. And the person dies. Not a very pleasant way to go if you ask me. At the Sherman House Hospice where I donate cheesecakes over by the Mayo Clinic, they do not do that thank God. At the Sherman patients are given food and water and meds and they are kept as comfortable as possible until they pass away.

So there I was visiting Mom at the hospital at about midnight when suddenly she sat up and began talking to me normally. I recognized that she was getting better and that her kidneys were beginning to function normally again. I decided to tell the nurse on call to please have the doctor call me in the morning to discuss about sending Mom to a hospice or not. The nurse decided to call the doctor right then. The doctor she contacted was the pulmonary doctor, I call Dr. Leach or Pissant, it's one or the other they're all scumbags as far as I'm concerned. Anyway, The nurse gets him on the phone for me and to be quit honest with you I did not want to disturb him at midnight, can you imagine? The guy lies to our family's face about Mom's healthcare condition and here I was worried about disturbing him. Looking back I should have TP his house or something. O but don't worry I would have never done that.

Here is a sample of what was said by me and good ole Dr. Leach, or Pissant.

"Hello Doc, I'm visiting with my Mother and it looks like this thing is turning around, she's sitting up and talking much better, before we send her off

a hospice can we try Dopamine, or dialysis or something? If my mother goes to hospice will she be fed, will she have IV'S, will she be fed intravenously?

“Paul, one minute you’re talking about Dopamine and the next minute you’re talking about being fed intravenously, I really wish I knew what the hell you’re talking about?”

“Doc, my Father just died, this is the only Mother I have, I’m no lawyer but if you send my Mother off to a hospice prematurely, I’m no lawyer here, by tomorrow morning you’ll be hearing from my Attorney.”

Then I hung up on the prickhead. Come to think of it that’s a much better name for good ole Doctor Leach, from now on he will be referred to as Doctor Prickhead.

Early the next morning I received a call from the hospital concerning my mother’s case. The Nurse that called me said and I quote,

“I don’t know what you did Mr. Vescio but the staff is running around here taking care of your Mom.”

I know what happened, the second I mentioned calling my lawyer Dr. Pissant pissed his pants and he needed to cover his butt by getting the hospital staff in gear in treating my Mother properly. That’s what happened.

Well, the very next day the hospital wanted to discharge Mom. One min. they were telling us that Mom had less than three days to live and after I threatened to bring in a lawyer, they suddenly change their minds and told us she was well enough to come home. Actually, they were discharging her too soon because she still had kidney issues and her acidosis levels were still not normal, which means she clearly still had cognitive issues. Like being confused and her cheeks were still flush red because the toxins were still in her system.

On the day I was to go get Mom, my brother Kevin’s wife Julie called me to tell me that my Nephew Keven Jr had a temperature of 104 and had to go to the emergency room. At the time my brother was buying and fixing up cars and selling them but when he was in between cars I would pick up the slack in

helping out. I went and picked them up and drove to the hospital. I dropped off Julie and Kevin Jr who was a little over a year old. Then went up to get Mom.

I met Julie and Kevin Jr in the lobby of the hospital and went to go get the car. I tried to start the car but it wouldn't start because the battery was dead. I called AAA for service and then called my friend Tim who lived right down the street from the hospital. Tim came to my aid immediately. Tim was a very good friend of mine who would give me the shirt off his back if I needed it. He came to the hospital and drove Julie and Kevin Jr. to the house in his Lexus. Then he came back to the hospital and waited with me until AAA arrived. After AAA arrived, they towed my car to Tim's house then Tim let me use his car until the next day. I went to the store to get Keven Jr's diapers and medicine, meanwhile Tim went to Auto Zone and bought a new battery for my car and installed it for me. Honestly friends like Tim are very hard to come by these days sadly it seems everyone is out for themselves. All turned out ok. Mom's life was spared. Kevin Jr was going to be just fine and I got a new battery out of the deal and through it all God was there. Within the midst of every dark tapestry there is a thread of grace for the glory of God...Amen

## Chapter Four Casco Maine

On April 7 1997 my Grandmother died, Mom was too sick to go the funeral up in Casco Maine where my Grandmother lived. We decided that I would go to Maine out of respect for my Grandmother. I didn't want to go alone, Cheryl had to stay with our children and my brother Kevin needed to stay home to help take care of Mom. I started to think about who I could ask to come with me. I thought of Gordon but at the time he looked like a druggie, then I thought about asking Squid but the guy is a gorilla. Then I thought of Scott, Scott seemed like a very good fit he was polite and at the time he had given up drinking which was a big deal in me choosing him. You see when Scott drinks he turns into an uncontrollable maniac. I guess raving lunatic would be a better description of him when he drinks.



So, Scott it was in being the person who would accompany me on my trip to Casco Maine. Well, the plane hadn't left the ground yet and Scott was drinking. Thank God the bottles of liquor the airlines serve were those small ones. We flew to Portland Maine my cousin John picked us up at the airport. He rented a really nice Escalade for us. Scott road with my cousin in his car. The drive from Portland to Casco is about an hour. John drove us to a strip club and we had a few drinks before going to the Shady Rest Country Bumkin Hotel in Casco. I'm not kidding this hotel was something straight out of Mayberry. The Hotel was a single floor hotel that looked kind of like a Motel 6. All of the phones in the hotel were connected which meant that if anyone else was on the phone in the whole hotel you have to wait until their finished with their call before you could use the phone. I'm not making this stuff up. My family from New York were also staying in the same hotel they were in four other rooms.

Well, the next day was the wake at the funeral home, I don't know if you have ever been to Maine, but it seemed the happiest guy there was the Funeral Director. After the wake we all went to my cousin John's house to have something to eat and drink. Scott really hit it off with the women with his colorful stories about himself that he tells. The men did not like that so much. I guess that's the way things are in Maine. When we returned back to the hotel after the wake Scott was pretty liquored up, lit would be a better description of Scotty's condition at the time. So, there I was in my room and good ole Scott comes banging on the door demanding the keys to the SUV. I gave him the keys and he drove off into the darkness. O boy here we go again, don't get me started, did I ever tell you what he did in Vegas back in the day? Casco is basically a one road town with about 200 people. Scott drives down the road to the bowling alley and gets in a fight and then drives back to the hotel. Then he starts moaning in his bed. I'm in the room right next to his and the walls are paper thin and to make matters worse my family was in the rooms next to his.

The next day was the funeral and Scott was to hungover to make it, my cousin John said Scott was hitting on all of the women at the wake which was not true I told him that Scott was friendly and was just trying to be nice. On the way to the funeral me and my Uncle Tom got into it because I asked him what happens if Mom dies before the will is finalized through the court? He basically said,

“Grandma isn’t even in the ground yet and you’re already asking about the will.”

“Uncle Tom with all do respect I’m merely asking for your advice concerning these matters my Mother is a very sick woman and I do not know how these things work concerning Grandma’s affairs.”

Well, he basically understood where I was coming from to be quite frank about it my family back east thought I was bringing a lawyer with me and they were very suspicious of why I was coming to Maine like I was some kind of gold digger or something. The fact is I loved my Grandmother very much she helped raise me and I wanted to be there for her in representing our side of the family. I even wrote a speech and read it at the funeral at the end of the speech I broke down a little at which point the Priest addressed those in attendance by saying,

“You people have it all wrong, we live in the land of the dying, Jane is now in the land of the living.”

Scott and I went to Church while we were there, I can’t remember if it was part of the wake I think it was anyway Scott told me years later that while he was sitting there the Holy Spirit told him that God was going to use me and Scott in serving the Lord.

After the funeral I wanted to get out of Casco and go to Portland for the last night we were there. We got a room on the fifth floor of the Ramada Hotel in Portland it was like going from camping to the Trump Towers. We decided to go see my cousin Steven who lived in Portland, We drove to his house and Stevin took us on a little tour of Portland. We drove down by the water and shopped for souvenirs. We drove Steven home and decided to go out to dinner. We saw a boat restaurant called DeMello’s, Scotty and I ate a lobster dinner and drank a bottle of wine. It was really nice. I have pictures of the whole thing.

After dinner we decided to drive around town, then we saw a group of people walking down the street. We rolled down the window and asked them where they were all going. They informed us that they were part of the parks department for the whole east coast and that they were all on a big convention in Portland. They said that they were all going to a bar up the street, we asked them if they wanted a ride and they all piled in the SUV like a clown car at the circus. There were at least 12 people crammed into the SUV. When we got to

the bar it was below the street like one would see in New York. I met one of the Head Parks Department guys from New York. He was a really nice dude who looked like John Lennon because of the eyeglasses he was wearing.

As the night progressed, I wanted to hear some Van Halen so I asked the DJ if he could play some and I told him I would give him ten bucks. The DJ looks at me and says with a JFK New Hampshire accent,

“Well I’ve never taken a bribe in my life.”

Then the John Lennon looking dude walks over to me and says,

“Yeah, Paul, people are different up here they’re a lot more honest in these parts.”

“O yeah, watch this.”

I walked over to the DJ and offered him fifty bucks to play some Van Halen and he ran out to the car digging through the trunk looking for some Van Halen He found the song Jump, now come on who doesn’t have Jump Right? The guy runs back into the bar and fires it up? I looked at the John Lennon dude and said.

“Well, there goes your theory about not wanting to take a bribe.”

Afterword we all went back to their hotel and there were about 200 people from the parks department parting in a huge convention hall. There was food and a band and people were doing the limbo. Me and Scott even gave it a try. Then we went up to one of their rooms. It looked like something straight out of a movie there was a conference table and when the blinds were opened there was a full view of the harbor with boats and lights. It was an awesome sight to see. About midnight we ran out of beer so I told Scott to go and get some and he took off running. He ran up to a cab sitting out front and said,

“Take me to get beer there’s money in it for you.”

The cab driver took off like a bat out of hell and drove to a country store. Scott grabbed a case of beer and was standing in line and there was a cop standing right in front of him holding a six pack of beer. The cop turned around and said to Scott,

"I don't think so. it's after hours."

Scotty looks at the cop and replies,

"Well, what about you?" as he pointed to the six pack the cop was holding.

Then the cop told Scott to hurry up and get out of there.

Scotty jumped back in the cab and raced back to the hotel and when he walked in the room holding a case of beer the place went wild. It was like Moses parting the red sea or something.

The very next day we had to fly back home it was a very windy day, I had a terrible hangover, and we were flying at night part of the way. I was hanging onto Scott's arm because it felt like the aircraft was flying backwards. I'm serious, because it was so dark outside it actually felt like the plane was flying backwards and to make matters worse I had to go to the rest room every few minutes. I will never fly with a hangover again. Thank God I gave up drinking. Thank You Lord...

One little side note that will serve as a great lesson. After my Grandmother died my Mother had asked my cousin Jane who was the executor of my Grandmother's affairs if she could please have my Grandmother's wedding rings. My cousin Jane told my Mother that the rings were promised to her by my Grandmother, so she refused to give them to my Mother. Looking back I should have been more prepared and offered to give the rings to Jane after my Mother died. I would have even placed my inheritance in an escrow account until she received the rings. I'm telling you this to serve as a lesson and a warning not to let material things get in the way of family relationships. Have all your ducks in a row and be willing to work things out together as a family for the good of the family. Pray together so has to rebuke the forces of evil from disrupting our family and as always apply Proverbs 3:5-6 to every situation.

Trust in the Lord with all your heart, lean not on your own understanding, in all your ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct your paths...Amen

## Chapter Five Easter 1998

Right before Easter 1998 my brother decided to go riding out in the desert on his dirt bike. His wife Julie was having abdominal pains, so she went to the hospital. You have to remember we did not have cell phones back then. O sure they were around but not like we have today where they fit in your pocket and you can call from anywhere. It was determined that Julie had to have her appendix removed. Julie was admitted at Scottsdale North Hospital meanwhile my Mother was in Scottsdale South hospital with very little time left to live.

While riding my brother got in another very bad bike accident that crushed his foot and he almost bled to death in the back of my brother in-law's pickup truck. My brother in-law Lloyd went riding with Kevin the faithful day. My brother was rushed to Thunderbird Hospital and had to have surgery to correct his broken foot.

I went to see my brother at the hospital then I went to see Julie then I drove downtown to visit with Mom. When I got to her room the doctor wanted to speak to me about Mom's case. I asked him to please talk to me outside of the room because I did not want my Mother to hear any bad news. This is a very important lesson in maintaining A patient's health care. Try not to say anything negative in front of your loved one while they're at the hospital try to avoid staff nurses and doctors from saying anything negative about your family member's health care, this is because negative news creates depression and worry out of fear and it causes anxiety so please try to only share positive news and positive thoughts with your loved one tell doctors and nursing staff not to say anything negative about their health care in front of them, it's all mind over matter a positive mind matters in having good physical health and in having good mental health.

The doctor informed me that Mom's sternum was bleeding and that they wanted to do exploratory surgery to see what the cause was they also wanted to take a biopsy of a mark on my mother's leg, I told the doctor to look at the X Ray , I explain to him that the cancer in Mom's lungs was spreading like a spider's web and that she didn't have very much time left to live, I told him that I do not want to put this unnecessary stress on my mother by doing exploratory surgery. The doctor looked at me and realized I was right, he apologized and

began to cry. This is why it is so important to be our loved one's health care advocate when they are in a hospital setting.

On Easter Sunday I sat alone at our family home taking care of Roxanne my brother's dog as three members of our family were patients in three different hospitals all at the same time it was a very dark time for our family but even within the darkness there is always a light of hope through Christ our Lord. Christ was with our family then, He is with us today and He will continue to be with us tomorrow...Amen

On April 14<sup>th</sup> I went to visit Mom in the hospital, just before Midnight I looked out the window from the fifth floor and notice that there were people pulling up and running to the post office next door I asked the nurse what was going on and she said that the people were trying to get their taxes in on time. Later that night a Priest came to perform last rites for my mother, looking back I swear he was my father I went home around 1:00 o'clock AM. Then at about 3:00 AM Mom passed away.

A few days before Mom's funeral Squid came over to help get the house ready then when he went home his dogs made some kind of a ruckus and one thing led to another and the cops were called. Squid wound up getting arrested and sent to jail. He called me and I agreed to help him after Mom's funeral. He wanted me to go to the jail and pick up his house keys and then go let his two pit bulls out of the bathroom where they had been for the last two days.

Chaplain Danny had moved back east but I contacted him to see if he knew a Chaplain who could come to Mom's funeral. Chaplain Danny contacted a Chaplain and he came. I explained to him all of the things that had happened to our family with Mom and Dad's healthcare and with my brother's motorcycle accidents. After hearing our story, he started crying right in front of me.

At the funeral the lights went out over the casket, the funeral director told me he couldn't understand how this could have happened because all of the lights in the room were connected. Mom was buried at the cemetery at 92st and Shea in Scottsdale Az. As I was sitting by the casket holding my prayer beads, I noticed that the links on the prayer beads had changed color from a silver metal color to a gold color. I had heard of these kinds of things happening before but I never thought it would happen to me.

After the funeral me and Gordon drove a rental car down to the jail to get Squid's house keys then we drove out to Tempe to get his dogs and bring them back to Mom's house. Honestly, who would do this for anyone but that's what true friends are for. Gordon had to talk like Squid to get the dogs in the car. The dog's names were Joey and Shack. Joey licked my face it seemed like all the way home.

Later that night after everything was over and I was back home my 6 year old daughter got a very bad nosebleed it was so bad that she was throwing up blood, What was very strange is that the last time she suffered a nose bleed this bad was the day of my Father's funeral. I fell to my knees and begged God to help us in this matter. I called the 700 Club's prayer line and a woman prayed with me over the phone, finally we ran two doors down and asked our neighbor Wendy who was a nurse to please come and help. Thank God she got the bleeding to stop or my daughter would have had to go to the emergency room. Later as I was laying down in my bed, I felt my Mother's hand holding my hand comforting me.

Our Family has been through a lot over the years and through it all God was there, He was always by our side and even though at times the storm may have looked hopeless there was always a light of hope to guide us safely through the rain.

# Prayer of Faith

By Chaplain Paul 193 Jan 19 2021

James 5:13-16 The Complete Jewish Study Bible

Is someone among you in trouble? He should pray. Is someone feeling good? He should sing songs of praise. Is someone among you ill? He should call for the elders of the congregation. They will pray for him and rub olive oil on him in the name of the Lord. The prayer offered with trust will heal the one who is ill, the Lord will restore his health and if he has committed sins he will be forgiven. Therefore, openly acknowledge your sins to one another and pray for each other so that you may be healed. The prayer of a righteous person is powerful and effective.

The New Testament Recovery Version Commentary

Praying brings us the strength of the Lord to endure suffering and singing praise keeps us in the joy of the Lord.

To anoint with oil signifies to impart the Spirit of life who has been poured upon the Body of Christ as the anointing oil to the sick member of the Body through the elders as representatives of the church for the healing of the sick one. 1 John 5:16

In the name of the Lord signifies oneness with the Lord. The elders do not do the anointing alone rather by being one with the Lord they represent both the Body and the Head to do the anointing.

The committing of sins is often the cause of illness ( John 5:14) In such cases forgiveness is always the cause of healing. ( Matthew 9:2 5-7 Mark 2:5

PDV. Prayer may not always heal our physical body, but it will always heal or spiritual body and wellbeing. Prayer brings about inner peace, prayer brings about peace of mind. Prayer through our faith and trust in Christ the Lord is the spiritual healing medicine that helps us to get through the day when we are suffering, ask the Lord to anoint your head with His healing oil often so that His healing presence and love can be felt in your life.



Pray often, bring all of your concerns to the foot of the cross, rest all resentment, unforgiveness, worries, doubt and fears at the foot of the cross and just give it all to Abba Father in faith in Christ Yeshua's Holy Name Amen

John 14:27 Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you, let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.

## Spiritual Medicine For The Soul

By Chaplain Paul 193 24 2021

The human condition needs Physical Care, Spiritual Care, and Loving Care along with a Healthy Diet and Proper Exercise, if we remove any of these equations from a person's health care regiment then their ability to heal and have a positive state of mental health is greatly hindered.

Physical care is the care we receive with treatment and medication which is vital when dealing with illnesses, but what American healthcare fails to understand is the human condition needs more than just physical care to heal. People need compassion and love and encouragement, and they need to be reminded about their faith in order to have a positive state of mind and the ability to cope while being confined to a health care facility.

Having family members and our Spiritual Caregivers come to visit us is critical for ensuring a speedier recovery and yes people do die, and it becomes even more important in having our loved ones around us during end-of-life Issues and having our Spiritual Caregivers and mentors bedside in reassuring us that everything is going to be Ok and that God is in full control and that Heaven is real and God has prepared a special place for us in Heaven.

If American health care providers deny patients the loving care and the spiritual care along with proper exercise and diet that only leaves physical care and the road to recovery becomes a slow, miserable state of existence for the patient. In the rush to protect those from Covi19 who are confined in health care facilities

they have denied the other critical elements that are needed in order to have a fighting chance for survival and have a healthy, positive state of mind.

Patients being confined to their rooms in isolation 24 hours a day seven days a week for weeks, and months on end with no visits from their loved ones with no visits from their Spiritual Caregivers with no visits from their Mentors such as Pastors, Chaplains, Priests, and Rabbis etc. and it becomes an awful way to have to deal with our illnesses. It is inhumane, immoral, and wrong. The fact is isolation kills, it kills mind, body and soul and it is a slow, horrible, miserable, agonizing way to have to suffer all alone and die in American healthcare.

There needs to be a change American health care, American health Care has got to realize that love, compassion, and encouragement along with a healthy diet proper exercise and spiritual care are key elements in helping to recover from illnesses.

Lord I pray that things will change for the better, I have faith they will because I know that God is in full control and He is working all things out for His good purpose, God bless you all from Chaplain Paul 193 John 14:27

Proverbs 3:5-6 Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding in all your ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct your paths...Amen

# Family

By Chaplain Paul 193 Feb 16 2021

What does your family mean to you? Did you ever stop to think about all the times your family was there for you when no one else was? When the storms of life come crashing at our front doors it is our faith in God and our family that helps us to weather out the storm.

Back in the 90s my mother and my father became very sick, my father was diagnosed with prostate cancer and my mother had to go into the hospital for tests because she was losing weight and three days later she went into full respiratory failure because the hospital staff forgot to give her a medication she had been taking for 30 years and because of their incompetence and oversight in not giving her medication her body went into shock and entered into full respiratory failure, she was then placed on a ventilator, drugged unconscious, her hands tied to the bed with 12 ivs coming out of her body and on the same day my nephew Kevin junior was born premature and had to be air evact by helicopter to a different hospital where he was put on a ventilator and fighting for his life as well all this while my sister in law was put into an induced coma because of complications while giving birth and there was my poor father who was fighting prostate cancer weeping by his wife's bedside not knowing if he should leave her and go to be by my brother's side who was with his wife not knowing if his wife or newborn son were going to make it through the night. We decided that I would stay with my mother and my father would go to be by my brother's side. This began four years of living hell for my family in dealing with the lies and the greed and the corruption of American health care, even now over 25 years later I have a hard time writing about this.

When a person is first placed on a ventilator most of the time they're drugged unconscious in order to handle the trauma of it, a ventilator is inserted through the mouth and down the throat and goes into the lungs in order to help a person to breathe. Blood was trickling out of the side of my mother's mouth as her hands were tied to the sides of the bed so that she wouldn't involuntarily try to pull the tubes from out of her mouth, the doctors at the hospital mistakenly

overmedicated my mother causing her to have a slight stroke a slight heart attack, kidney failure, and renal failure they lied to our family many times telling us that my mother was very ill and that we just had to wait and see what will happen and they did not know why all of these issues were happening to my mother. They knew damn well they had made very serious mistakes in my mother's case and instead of being honest with my family they made matters much worse by lying many times to try to cover up their mistakes. Many times over the next four years if I had not been in the room by my mother's side in order to catch mistakes she would have died that is why it is so important in having a strong family health care advocate be by our loved one's side when having to deal with American healthcare because mistakes are made and unless we're in there to catch things quickly in preventing mistakes then the outcome could be fatal and sadly many times it is, but I'm not going to talk about all that right now I want to focus on what my dad did for my mom.

My father at age 69 who was fighting prostate cancer and having to deal with all the treatments and stress of that illness even with the chemo therapy and the radiation treatments and the minor outpatient surgical procedures he managed to go visit my mother who was suffering dearly in the hospital every single day and it was through his unwavering love and support and through the visits and love and support by all of us in our family who loved my mother dearly and believe me we had to fight tooth and nail with the hospital through all of this, that she was able to finally come home to be with her family she was still very ill and had to be cared for, she was on oxygen but thank God she was finally back home after having gone through 4 months of living hell. ( My father died in 1996 and my mother died in 1998 my sister in law and my nephew Kevin junior survived. )

Why is this important? because right now millions of patients across our country are being denied visits by their loved ones and in so doing limits a person's ability to have a healthy, positive state of mind and it limits a person's ability to have a fighting chance for a speedier recovery and it places our loved ones at high risk because we're not in there to watch over them and protect them in preventing mistakes and to ensure that staff is doing their job and are doing their job correctly.

Family is essential in healthcare, we are not to be locked out under any circumstances or under any conditions we should have never allowed what is happening to have happened in the first place, we shouldn't have sacrificed ourselves from being by our family members side which is critical when having to deal with life and death situations in American healthcare, it should have been the other way around the health care providers should have made SAFE accommodations that would have allowed at least one healthy screened Covid 19 testing family member one who takes the same precautions as staff to be allowed to come in on a regular basis to be by their family members side.

NOW ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!!!!!!! Place yourself in their shoes put yourselves in my father's shoes if he was being locked out right now because of all of this mess the added stress would have caused his prostate cancer to spread more quickly and get worse because stress makes the cancer spread just think of all the family members out there right now who's illnesses have been compounded because of the added stress of not being allowed to get into the health care facilities and visit their loved ones. Think of all the patients who are being forced to be separated from their loved ones, that added stress compounds their illness because the patient gets a heightened level of worry, doubt, fear, anxiety, depression, and even suicidal thoughts which are detrimental to one's mental health and their ability to recover.

Now I'm not playing games anymore the general public and our elected officials have got to get up off their A\$\$E\$ and demand that safe visitation rooms in American health care facilities be provided immediately for the wellbeing and the safety of the patients. Visitation rooms that are safe, compassionate, and efficient where at least one healthy screened COVID-19 tested family member one who takes the same precautions as staff could come in at least two times a week for at least 30 minutes to visit their loved ones who are suffering dearly each day.

Please contact your elected officials to voice your concerns and to share your solutions to this very serious health care crisis that's facing our nation because at the end of the day the real question becomes how would you feel, I mean really, how would you feel if you or someone you love were suffering dearly all alone in a hospital, nursing home, care center or medical rehab and being denied visits by your loved ones the fact is these poor people have been placed in isolation on 24

hour seven days a week lock down being treated like common criminals and prison inmates and zoo animals having been denied the love and the compassion and the encouragement and protection that is absolutely vital when dealing with health care issues in this country and it is the compassion and the love and the encouragement and added protection that only family members and very close friends can provide and they are key elements in providing for one's health care treatment.

May God bless you all from Chaplain Paul 193 John 14:27

## For immediate release

### LaTribuna Christian Publishing Announces the Release of The Healer

LaTribuna Christian Publishing's CEO Chaplain Paul Vescio was quoted saying, "As a Volunteer Community Chaplain I visit those who are suffering dearly in nursing homes, care centers and medical rehabs, and as I sit with the residents and listen to their stories and concerns one cannot help but to want to heal them. As a Community Chaplain I offer prayer, a listening ear, a helpful hand and a compassionate heart as I share the love and the compassion of Christ with the patients, staff members and family members."

Chaplain Paul has been serving in the nursing homes for over 12 years now and knows firsthand of the heartbreaking conditions and what the patients have to go through living in these health care facilities.

Chaplain Paul was also quoted as saying, "The need for compassionate Christian Volunteers is overwhelming, the sad fact is very few people have a heart for this kind of ministry. I write poems, stories, writings and books to share with the patients. I give of my works freely in the hopes that my stories will uplift, encourage, and inspire the residents

and their family members. My latest book is an e-book called, The Healer, the story is about a young man by the name of Orian who is thirty years old and serves as a Community Chaplain. Actually, he is an extension of myself, and on his 30th birthday God gives him the gift of healing. Orian soon realizes that when the Spirit of God heals somebody through him that their affliction gets temporarily transferred on to him. This short e-book challenges the reader to ask the question, how far would you go if you had the power to heal others, in other words would you place service above self in reaching out in helping to heal others even at your own risk?"

Chaplain Paul was also quoted saying, "The Bible teaches us that we are to treat others as we ourselves would want be treated and we are to love thy neighbor as thyself and we are to be good Samaritans in reaching out in helping others. The Healer encompasses all of these qualities and I hope it will touch the hearts of all those who read it. Starting on Valentine's Day there will be a five-day FREE promotion for this e-book on Amazon. Thank You and God Bless You."

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08V9FVWXZ>

LaTribuna Christian Publishing supports acts of kindness, compassion, and love towards others in placing Service Above Self for the glory of God.

LaTribuna Christian Publishing CEO Chaplain Paul Vescio

[www.latribunachristianpublishing316.com](http://www.latribunachristianpublishing316.com)

[www.miraclesofkingman.com](http://www.miraclesofkingman.com)

I thought I would add my press release for The Healer to this book it fits because we all are seeking healing in one form or another and the Healer we are to be expecting in to our lives is Christ our Lord.

Thank You Abba Father for Your Blessings and Love and thank You for watching over our families during these difficult times in 2021.

Thank You Abba Father for little Eden Thank You for blessing our family with Your precious gift of Life on 2-27-2021.

## How To Protect Our Families In American Health Care

By Chaplain Paul 193 12-25-2018

These are some basic health care tips that I have learned the hard way over the years. I pray that what I share here will in some way help to prevent the heartache, sadness and pain that my family had to go through in having to deal with this countries broken health care system.

Be positive all the time around your loved one's who is suffering in a hospital or nursing home or care center. Do not allow doctors, nurses or staff to say anything negative about your loved one's medical condition in front of them. Speak only positive words do not complain or argue in front of your loved one. The word of God teaches that by our faith we are healed, the mind has incredible healing power and when positive suggestion, thoughts, prayer, comfort and love are applied there lies in some cases great physical healing and in most cases Spiritual healing, inner peace and comfort. Make it very clear to doctors, nurses, and staff they are not to talk about your loved ones medical condition in front of them unless it is positive news and positive words of encouragement...

1 Corinthians Chapter 13 Love

Be your loved one's medical advocate monitor what drugs they are being given, how much and when. All too often our loved ones are loaded up with anti-depressants, psych medications and other drugs in order to keep our loved ones calm and docile, unless your loved one is freaking out they do not need that stuff. What they do need is compassionate, affordable, safe, excellent, high quality, proper medical care plus fresh air, good company, prayer, the word of God, exercise, physical therapy, good healthy food and



lots of love...

Make a Medical Journal to write down as much of your loved ones medical care, treatments and medications as you can. This way if mistakes are made you have a written record to keep track of and cross check things. If your loved one is in a coma or semi coma or at risk of falling out of bed tell medical staff to place mattresses on the floor on each side of the bed and to check often when family members are not there so has to make sure that your loved one has not fallen out of bed.

1 If your loved one is placed in a group home make sure that the food that they are serving is healthy many group homes cut cost by serving residents, cheap, unhealthy foods.

2 When placing your loved one in a group home or assisted living center make sure that the staff are big enough and strong enough to lift up your loved one if they take a fall. All too often the staff at night is limited and are not physically able to lift a heavy person back up after the person has fallen. The group home or care center has to call the fire department to come and help lift your loved one back up and that takes time.

3 If your loved one suffers from dizziness or has trouble keeping their balance or has problems standing or walking etc then demand that every time that your loved one has to go to the bathroom for any reason that they have assistance to help them keep their balance most people who are older with health problems fall in the bathroom and wind up breaking a hip or other bones and die from those injuries.

4 Have Medical Directives, Power of Attorney, Medical Power of Attorney a Will and or a Living Revocable Trust drawn up in order to protect your loved ones and your family from having to go through a lot of grief... Google these things and learn how to follow through with creating these important documents...

5 Proverbs 3:5-6

6 Play Christian music in your loved one's room this helps to create a positive atmosphere in the room. Have positive programs on the TV this also

helps in creating a positive atmosphere in their room...Let's face it having shows that show people fighting and arguing creates negative energy, it's a very simple law of nature that negative energy disrupts and kills life while positive energy helps to enhance and gives life... John 14:27

7 Prayer and sharing the word of God is very healthy and it brings about inner peace....Read the Word of God and share it with love its that simple don't argue over it just enjoy it together as a family... Amen Also please pray for medical staff, nurses and Dr.'s pray that they administer care with all of the fruits of the Spirit in a loving, caring, compassionate manner, offer them prayer, they are only human too and it really makes a big difference when we show them appreciation, and the compassion and the love of Christ each day... 2 Corinthians 1:3-7

1 Know your body and know your illness do not go into America's health care system like a naive little child, America's health care is built on profit and greed as soon as you or your loved ones enter the hospital the primary care physician will most likely order a series of tests preformed by an army of specialists, my advice is be selective, be smart, be careful, again know your body and know your illness you have the right to refuse any treatments or tests... Their argument is better safe than sorry, I say if we are educated we are an equal and if not we are victims... Psalms 23

2 If your family gets stuck with high out of pocket medical costs then when discharged from the hospital get a copy of your complete hospital bill, then search online for a highly experienced Patient's Advocate near you, Patient Advocates will scan through your entire hospital bill with a fine tooth comb and find all the overcharges so you will not have to pay them... Lets say you are stuck with \$10000 dollars in out of pocket costs, a good Patient's Advocate will find the overcharges let's say those over charges amount to \$2000 dollars than by law you do not have to pay for any over charges that they find. Patient Advocates will charge a fee of around \$250.00 or more, or they will charge a percentage of the total charges that they save you. Hospitals add over charges to your bill, no one checks because insurance picks up most of the bill, That's The Great American Health Care Machine at work.

3 Again I cannot stress enough the importance of journaling your loved one's medical care. All too often patients are over medicated, or they are given the wrong medications, or given the right medications too close together or at the wrong time causing adverse reactions. Knowing what medications your loved one is being given, how much and when can save their lives if staff makes a mistake.

4 When placing your loved one in a nursing home, or rehab or group home it is very important to make sure that there are enough staff scheduled day and night to prevent other residents from coming into your loved one's room and disturbing them. Psalms 91

5 Remember if we are educated we are equals and if not we are victims.

Philippians 4: 6-7 Be anxious for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be known to God; and the peace of God which surpasses all understanding will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Yeshua, ( Jesus)...Amen

1 The company of a loving, caring, compassionate friend or family member is very comforting when confined to a hospital or care center. In the Book of Job we read that after Job lost everything his three friends sat with him without speaking a single word for seven days and seven nights. Sometimes someone just being there means the most to us when we are suffering. JOB 2:11-13

2 Wash hands often and do not pick up anything with your bare hands if it falls on the floor, wear clothes, wipe down room often, wipe down anything that falls on the floor that you intend to keep. Place disposable clothes and wipes in your loved one's room for you to use in order to keep the room clean and to help prevent infection. Do not visit a care center, hospital, rehab, nursing home, Hospice ect. if you are sick, even having a small cold can be fatal to patients who are suffering with respiratory illnesses ... Demand that Doctors, Nurses and Staff disinfect their hands before entering into your loved one's room.

1 James 5:13-16 Is anyone among you suffering? Let them pray. Is anyone cheerful let them sing psalms. Is anyone among you sick? Let them call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over them. Anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith will save the sick and the Lord will raise them up and if they have committed sins they will be forgiven. Confess your trespasses to one another that you may be healed. The effective fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.

### Isaiah 41:10

Fear not for I am with you, be not dismayed for  
I am your God. I will strengthen you, Yes, I will help  
You, I will uphold you with My righteous right hand...

### REALITY OF LIFE CAN HELP MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN

By Chaplain America 193 Feb 23 2021

The Bible teaches in Ecclesiastics, To everything there is a season a time for every purpose under heaven, a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to pluck what is planted, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to breakdown and a time to build up, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn in a time to dance, a time to castaway stones and a time to gather stones, a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing, a time to gain and a time to lose, a time to keep and a time to throw away, a time to tear and a time too sew, a time to keep silent and a time to speak, a time to love and a time to hate, A time for war in a time for peace. Ecclesiastics 4:1-8

Our lives function in seasons, think of it; when we are born it is the springtime of our lives, new, fresh, bursting with energy and as we get a little older we enter into the summer of discovery, we shoot for the stars as we try to grab the bull by the horns, then we enter into the fall or autumn of our lives where we are

mature, and blessed with a family and finally we enter into the winter of our lives whereas just like a falling leaf from a tree we gradually get old and slip away into the waiting hands of God.

It is in the winter of our lives where we suffer the most and if humanity could only come to the realization that we all suffer and die at one point or another on this planet then I think we would have more compassion for each other and we would be kinder to each other. We would be more understanding and forgiving towards each other because if we could see each other through the eyes of Christ then we would realize just how much He truly does love each and everyone of us. We would realize and be able to see just how much each and every one of us at one point or another suffers. It is through our suffering that comes great compassion and it's through our compassion that comes great love, for without suffering there can be no compassion and without compassion there could be no true love.

John 3:16 For God so love the world that he gave His only begotten Son that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

The ultimate act of love was when God gave of Himself to die on a cross so that our sin debt could be forgiven so that we all might be saved and spend eternity with Him in Heaven...Amen. John 14:27

# The Candlelight of God

by Chaplain Paul D Vescio 1-12-2011

Faith, Soft gentle snowflakes created in a perfect image now take to flight, lifted into the air by the breath of God...  
They dance through life on the many memories that they themselves have so gracefully made. And with the passing of each new day, they draw a little closer to the Light that calls their name.

The painted sands that once upon a time fell ever so slowly now seem to fall increasingly faster with each new day. And then one day upon an awakening in time we realize that our time here on this earth is but a fleeting moment.

The sands continue to fall right before our weary eyes, our outer self is fading away, the pain within this outer shell that we call a body is held in check by the inner peace, and love of Christ Jesus...

Day turns to night, night gives way to day, the Dr. visits, the tests, the hurt, the pain, the chemo, a time to reflect, a time to cry, and yet even in the midst of the storm we find the time to laugh, to hope, and to share some joy, it's a time to forgive, a time to draw closer to Jesus and a time to say "I love you."

Sands continue to fall and yet with each passing grain we draw closer to the Light, the Light surrounds us, comforts us and fills us with an inner peace and love. The Light warms our hearts and heals our aching souls...

It is the sunset of our life, Hospice is now a place that we call home, sands almost gone now, and with what little strength we have we reach out to the Light, the Light catches us and wraps us in His loving arms, and with our last breath here on earth we touch the Lord's heart and become the light of Christ for all eternity, in Jesus name we pray...Amen

Like falling snowflakes that gently touch the candle light of God, as we leave this world and enter into the next we melt into the light and love of Christ Yeshua for all eternity...Amen John 14:27