

# GVNA Views

Improving Health Care Through VISION, VOICE, and ACTION

NYSNA, DISTRICT 2

FALL 2010, VOL. 22, NO. 4

## FROM OUR PRESIDENT

### President's Message

Fall 2010

**The history of nursing in upstate New York has been particularly lively and vibrant. As members of one of the most active nursing organizations in New York State, we remain vested in keeping our history, our accomplishments and our continued contributions to healthcare visible as well as front and center in the minds of our colleagues and the public we serve. As a result, we will be relying heavily on electronic communications and transactions from this point forward.**

**Newsletters, program flyers, nominations and voting will be achieved electronically. For those of you that desire this by postal delivery, please contact our office in writing. We are working quickly to streamline a number of processes; most significant is the process for new members and membership renewals. Remember to notify us if you change your email or are no longer affiliated with the educational institution that provided your email address.**

**Getting and keeping nursing students engaged within the professional community is always a challenge. We are asking all area nursing professors to approach nursing students who demonstrate excellence in writing for the purpose of submitting articles to our newsletter. We seek well written submissions that draw the reader into an experience from a student, nurse or patient perspective.**

**We are also seeking nurses from varied specialties that desire to develop their media skills. If you have an interest in stretching yourself a bit more by answering media queries relating to your specialty, please forward your contact information, area of specialty and credentials. We'd like to take advantage of these opportunities.**

**There are a number of activities this fall that are for your benefit. Our political candidates will be presenting State and Federal Health Care Issues in October and the Candidate's Reception. These individuals do listen very closely and seek our input so that there is clarity regarding the challenges we face. Bring a nursing friend, co-worker or classmate to the reception because your presence does matter to the candidates.**

**Finally, the annual Fall Business Dinner meeting will be at the River's Edge. The topic is "Silence Kills: The Seven Crucial Conversations for Healthcare." Details about the dinner are available through the flyers and the website. For those of you that enjoy tradition, we will again hold our annual wreath sale before Christmas and should have the details available by November. We look forward to see you all.**

Sincerely,

Louise Amberger MS, BSN

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## Leg Committee Update/September 2010

1. **GVNA's Candidate's Night** is scheduled for Wednesday, October 13<sup>th</sup> in the evening at Nazareth College. Candidates for federal and state offices will be present to interact with the nurses and nursing students. See the flyer in this newsletter. Hope to see you there.
2. **GVNA's 26<sup>th</sup> Legislative Reception** is tentatively scheduled for the middle of February. Look for a flyer in the next GVNA Newsletter.
3. **NYSNA's Annual Lobby Day** will take place in spring 2011 in Albany. You are welcome to come join members of the Leg Committee as we meet with our state legislators to discuss issues and concerns that affect our nursing practice. Look for the date(s) in the next GVNA Newsletter.
4. **NYSNA's Legislative Agenda** addressed four major issues this past year. These included safe staffing, educational advancement for RNs, safe patient handling and violence against nurses. The *Violence against Nurses* Bill was sponsored by Assemblyman David Koon and passed during the past legislative session.
5. **GVNA's Leg Committee** is always looking for and welcomes new members. Please contact me if you would like more information about the committee and/or if you would like to attend our meetings.

Submitted by:  
Nancy Iafrazi, RN  
GVNA Legislative Committee Chairperson  
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585-395-5321 (W)  
585-392-3473 (H)



# **Genesee Valley Nurses Association Reception for Political Candidates**

**Wednesday, October 13, 2010  
7:00-8:30 p.m.**

**Otto A. Shults Community Center  
Nazareth College  
4245 East Avenue  
Rochester N.Y. 14618**

7 p.m.	Presentation on State and Federal Health Care Issues
7:20	Introduction of Candidates
7:40	Question/Answer Period
8:00	Networking

**Nurses from nursing specialty organizations, schools and health care agencies as well as nursing students will have the opportunity to raise questions and concerns and meet with individuals running for political office. Candidates from the GVNA's seven-county region will be invited. Please remember to wear your nametag. Refreshments provided.**

**Free Parking Available  
in Lots F and G**

*Educational materials will be available at the registration table.  
Contact GVNA 256-1610 or [gvna@frontiernet.net](mailto:gvna@frontiernet.net) with questions.*

## **GVNA 2010 FALL BUSINESS DINNER MEETING & PROGRAM**

*Silence Kills: The Seven Crucial Conversations for Healthcare*

By  
Patty Phillips MBA  
from  
VitalWork

**Tuesday, OCTOBER 19, 2010**  
**River's Edge**  
31 Paul Road, Rochester, NY 14624  
235-3630

Join us for an informative and enjoyable evening to start off another busy and exciting year for GVNA.

TIME FRAME:  
5:30 PM to 6:00 PM REGISTRATION AND NETWORKING  
6:00 PM to 7:00 PM BUFFET DINNER  
7:00 PM MEETING and PROGRAM

Registration Form: **2010 FALL BUSINESS DINNER MEETING & PROGRAM**

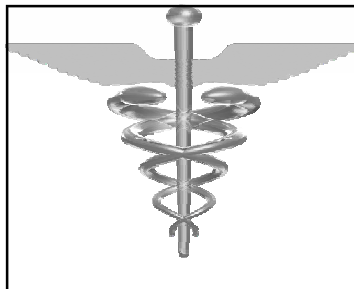
PRESENTATION: Seven Crucial Conversations in Healthcare  
Cost: **\$25 per person**

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE #: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

**Make checks payable to GVNA and mail to: GVNA, 1441 East Avenue, Rochester, NY 14610**  
**NO LATER THAN 10/08/10**                      **Thank you!**

*EMAIL UPDATE: GVNA is working toward electronic communications with members whenever possible. Please send your current email address to: [gvna@frontiernet.net](mailto:gvna@frontiernet.net) GVNA members email addresses are not shared with any other groups.*



# RN *to* BSN

**ONLINE<sup>+</sup> NURSING DEGREE-COMPLETION PROGRAM AT ST. JOHN FISHER COLLEGE.**

**For more information,** please contact the Office of Transfer Admissions at 585.385.8172 or email [transfer@sjfc.edu](mailto:transfer@sjfc.edu).

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DISCOVER THE WORLD WITHIN



[www.sjfc.edu](http://www.sjfc.edu)

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OTHER: <b>POND</b> —DEBORAH HEINIG, RN
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I am on my knees, looking at a picture that was given to my father by one of his patients after my brother died. It is a picture of someone giving a hug to another person: you are only able to see the face of the one person—a man with a beard—and the back of the other—what looks to be a young man with short, brown hair. It is such a simple, beautiful picture, and following a chain of recent events, I had asked my mother for a copy of it. When my dad first received the picture, he couldn't look at it without crying; my mother had asked me at the time if I wanted a copy, and hell no I said, I do not want a copy, and the picture disappeared into their bedroom and that was that.

I never had to see it again.

Never, that is, until I was taking care of their dog a few months ago, and realized that I had forgotten to bring toothpaste along with me for the duration of my stay. I am neurotic about brushing my teeth—I cannot stand the feeling of crud on your teeth before you hit the sheets, and when I realized I was sans toothpaste on this visit, I immediately wrapped around the corner from the guest bathroom and went into my parents' empty, darkened bedroom, blindly searching along the wall panel for the light switch and stubbing my toe on the wall in the process.

When I finally found the switch, I flipped it and then traversed across the carpet to the bathroom. I was stopped, however, near the entrance to the bathroom by a display of familial existence on this big brown piece of furniture, the name of which I can never seem to remember. It's not a dresser, not a table, not a commode—but my mother uses this *something* to hold fabric that either has special meaning, or that has accrued special meaning in the sense that it hasn't seen the

**POND**, CONTINUED

light of day in 40 or so years. And on top of it are photographs. Of the family. There's one of my dad's sister when she was little, of his mother in her wedding dress, and another of my own parents when they went to their junior prom together, my dad with his hair in a handsome crew cut, sporting a white tux, and my mother with a waist the size of a pencil cinched into a beautiful blue dress.

I love that photo.

On the far right side, leaning against the wall because, I guess, it seems the frame has no other way to hold itself up, stands the picture of the hug. And I feel a slight shock trickle through my veins, because I haven't seen this picture (my brain quickly doing the math) in nearly three years. And a lot has changed since then. I am no longer living in Manhattan, acting—I am on winter break between my final semesters of nursing school; I am “back home” in the city I grew up in. A 34 year-old looking after her parents' dog on winter break, while also on leave looking for toothpaste, and looking at a picture that I so defiantly refused to accept a copy of three years ago—that I didn't even really ever look at. And that is the horrible, honest truth. I couldn't look at it. I didn't have the emotional reserves to perform such a task.

And now—maybe influenced by the sense of futility status-post toothpaste situation—I find myself on my knees with the picture right up against my face so I have the capability to look at it as closely as possible.

The other day at the hospital I thought about this picture, because the family of one of our patients had decided to place their husband and father on hospice care. It had been a recent decision that must have occurred in the daytime hours that had

## POND, CONTINUED

transpired since my last shift, a decision I was grateful to see had been made. This day was my first experience *deb, we will make sure he gets scopolamine patches (wait, what? are we getting on a boat?) when necessary to dry up the secretions in his mouth (ohrightrightrightsomuchto remember—an anticholinergic) as his breathing becomes less and less complete* dealing with someone so close to death.

So, literally, close to death.

When I entered the room that morning at 0710, his wife, C., was spooning him on the hospital bed—an overwhelming image that I will never forget. Especially considering the immense composure she exhibited throughout the following day, in dealing with his impending death.

I felt that my preceptor, J., and I were able to provide immense support for C, who took a few walks and stepped aside a few times for a brief respite in the bathroom when needed, especially when Mr. F's respirations became especially labored. Other family members arrived in the early afternoon. He was able to sit up by then, and had asked C. to get him a Coke and had enjoyed a few sips of it, which was a very joyous event for my novice nursing brain to experience. Although my little diabetic self would have preferred a Diet Coke, I loved the idea that something as simple as a soda would sound good at a time like that.

Like *this*, I should say: a time when Death, not the guest bathroom, is right around the corner.

It was amazing to see those moments, to witness them—those moments that hundreds of writers have tried to put to paper, and tons of television shows, movies, psychology and astrology books, as well as religious material do their best to

POND, CONTINUED
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stress—the moment of leaving this earthly body and going to what is next.

Whatever that is. Whether is it heaven for some people, nothingness for others, re-emergence in another form for others—whatever it is, that moment and the preparation for it are something that I believe no amount of technology will ever enable us to get a closer glimpse of. And I am grateful for that. Grateful because that moment is personal, and in an idyllic world— beautiful, peaceful, calm, and safe. A moment where family and friends are close, and you feel safe as you travel onward in whatever direction you believe your journey is going to take you.

As my knees begin to turn numb from the prolonged sitting on the floor outside my parent's bathroom, it is imperative that I clarify to the reader that the picture I look at is of Jesus. It is Jesus, hugging a young man. The picture is hard to describe, because you would think by the description on paper that it would be the cheesiest image ever created, but somehow it is not. Jesus is in his whites, with a big, friendly beard, and he has the most wonderful expression on his face: a look that combines the feelings of welcoming, of sadness, of comfort, compassion, and of care. The young man has white on as well, but has not begun to hug back yet—he just appears to be exhaling into the embrace.

Into the newfound strangeness of his life journey.

I find myself reflecting on this picture from my agnostic viewpoint, amazed at how much the picture of Jesus and the boy touches me, as well as how un-offended I am in looking at it, and in acknowledging with myself the realization that I am actually acknowledging that this is Jesus, and that I am okay with that. I think about Mr. F. and his wife and family, and how he sat with his morphine drip that J. hung. It

## POND, CONTINUED

was her first time to hang that particular kind of morphine drip, so it was a great learning experience to watch my preceptor on her own learning curve just as I was right beside her with my own curve, wanting so badly for its presence to be heard in the midst of all this newness. I think about J. and I wheeling Mr. F. down the hospital corridors to the large elevator, J. walking backwards and me head-on, trying to protect both Mr. F. and her from the perils of any oncoming traffic. I was wheeling the morphine drip as well as the bed, which was a task in and of itself, and, more than likely would have made Mr. F. laugh if he could have seen the *cirque de soleil* act that was transpiring right behind his head.

When we got down to the hospice floor everything was ready for him, and when we got to his room, his entire family was there. C. was telling him about the beautiful view he had outside his window, and J. and I plugged his bed into the wall—so basic a task, I realize, but so necessary.

The morphine quietly dripping to ease his pain.

As I then realized that I would have to say goodbye I started to get nervous—I worried that I might go to say goodbye and just start weeping like I would never stop and embarrass myself in front of this roomful of family who just this morning would have been complete strangers. But somehow I managed to step both out of myself and the moment and realize that I was not in Manhattan anymore. That instead here I was, a novice nurse, doing her best to help this family in every way she could. And that gave some sort of unspoken, unknown strength to me that I didn't know I had. And I was able to say (without weeping) to Mr. F., "Be good, Trouble," because three days ago in the hospital when I had been taking care

POND, CONTINUED
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of him and his silence and giving him his albuterol treatments and maintaining the integrity of his chest tube and changing his briefs because he was incontinent, he tried to give me air kisses after I had secured new, clean briefs on his hips.

I dubbed him “Trouble” after that.

He smiled when I said that to him: both when I secured the brief two days ago, and now, in his hospice room with his family around him as J. and I were preparing to leave. And C. hugged J. and then hugged me, thanking us both for our help in the most profound, indescribable way.

And I feel now, kneeling here, and looking at the picture and thinking back over the last three years about what a strangely awful and phenomenal journey I have been on, that I am finally starting to understand the larger picture. Not in the sense that I am having any sort of religious epiphany (no, I believe my feet are permanently rooted in the agnostic grasslands), but in the sense that I loved that on this day of my preceptorship I learned what an important role nursing can have at the end of life. That said—I do know that every death will not be like Trouble’s, and that there will be many that may be awful and very painful both to go through and to deal with.

My brother’s death was a monumental occurrence in my life. It is painful, literally painful, to sit here and stare at the picture of Jesus hugging the ratty haired boy and to compare the images of this day—of Mr. F.’s family sitting next to their loved one underneath the window with the beautiful view—to compare that with the image of my brother—alone, in a pond, with a shotgun and his own belief that he could not face the world anymore. And I think of the fisherman who found him, who

POND, CONTINUED

told the police he had found a body in the pond where he should have only found fish.

It was a fisherman who found him. And it is a fisherman who is hugging the young man in the picture. I do believe the larger picture I have discovered involves perspective, and the newfound sense that this picture is framed from the viewpoint of the nurse. A nurse who is giving shift report.

Seeing her patient off to the next Caregiver.

**Editor's note:** Deb has a BFA and an MFA in acting. She has worked at many theatres across the country and taught voice and speech for several years. She then earned her BSN from St John Fisher in 2010. She currently is happily nursing at Highland Hospital.



The Center for Health and Behavioral Training is offering a clinical course :

**Part I  
STD Intensive Course**

For clinicians working in STD, family planning, or other primary care clinics

**WHEN:  
October 26-28, 2010**

**WHERE:  
Center for Health and Behavioral Training  
853 West Main Street  
Rochester, NY 14611**

\* Directions will be mailed or emailed to each participant.  
Morning refreshments will be provided.

**THIS COURSE IS OFFERED FREE OF CHARGE** through collaboration between CHBT and the Part I. Clinical, STD/HIV Prevention Training Center (PTC) in NYC. The New York City PTC is part of the National Network of STD/HIV Prevention Training Centers, which are funded by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, Georgia.

CHBT provides training in the prevention and management of STDs/HIV/TB and the use of behavioral and social science to improve public health prevention programs

**NOTE: Details about Continuing Education are available at [www.chbt.org](http://www.chbt.org)**

**Training Highlights:**

**Comprehensive presentation of the diagnosis, treatment and syndromal management of bacterial and viral STDs - including an update of currently available STD test and test performance characteristics. Emphasis on the new CDC STD Treatment Guidelines – 2006.**

**Review of sexual history taking, examination, and behavior change counseling of clients with STDs, including HIV.**

**One day of didactic training and 2 days of hands-on clinical and laboratory experience in a busy, urban STD clinic, with a clinical preceptor.**

For information on registering please call us at 585-753-5382 or visit us on the internet at [www.chbt.org](http://www.chbt.org)

*"CHBT is a Division of the University of Rochester and Partner of the Monroe County Department of Public Health"*

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We are searching for nurses who are passionate about their work for some of the best employers in Rochester! If you are ready for a new challenge, give us a call! We have ongoing needs for nurses interested in insurance/legal related weekday RN positions.

**UPDATE**

Med-Scribe, Inc moved to our **new location** at 535 WillowBrook Office Park, Fairport, NY.

We are **blogging** about all kinds of healthcare and workplace issues, so follow our blog at <http://blog.medscribe.com>. We'll be updating you on upcoming healthcare professional events, career tips and workplace issues so subscribe now! Check us out on LinkedIn and Facebook, too!

To hear about new employment listings as they occur, let us know if you'd like a tweet! You may forward your resume to us at [medjobs@medscribe.com](mailto:medjobs@medscribe.com) or apply online at our website: [www.medscribe.com](http://www.medscribe.com)~ where you'll also find a list of current searches. We are always up for a good-old fashioned phone call, too!

## NURSES KNOW ...

### One Degree Can Make a Difference



#### **Modular R.N. to B.S. Program**

St. Ann's Group starts October 2010  
Unity Group starts January 2011  
Clifton Springs Group starts March 2011  
Dansville Group starts April 2011

#### **ONLINE Modular R.N. to B.S. Program**

Starts October 2010

#### **Master of Science in Nursing Education**

Starts March 2011 and August 2011

#### **Master of Science in Nursing Leadership and Administration**

Starts March 2011 and August 2011

#### **Post Master's Certificate in Nursing Education and in Nursing Leadership and Administration**

#### **Bridge Program for R.N. with B.S. in discipline other than nursing**

[www.roberts.edu/nursing](http://www.roberts.edu/nursing)

Division of Nursing, 2301 Westside Drive, Rochester, NY 14624-1997  
585.594.6073 or 800.777.4RWC

**ROBERTS**  
WESLEYAN COLLEGE  
Education for Character Since 1866

# GENESEE VALLEY NURSES ASSOCIATION

## 2010 HOLIDAY WREATH SALE



### 2010 WREATH:

**24" FULLY DECORATED, DOUBLE FACED Outdoor Balsam Wreath Trimmed with a Weatherproof Veltex Bow, Three Pinecones and 2 Clusters of Berries**

**COST: \$20.00**

**TO ORDER YOUR HOLIDAY WREATHS, PLEASE COMPLETE THE FORM BELOW AND RETURN IT TO GVNA WITH PAYMENT BY MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 2010. PLEASE MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: GVNA WREATH SALE**

**DATE AND TIME FOR PICK UP OF WREATHS: SATUDAY, DECEMBER 4, 2010\*  
11 AM – 1 PM  
ROCHESTER ACADEMY OF MEDICINE  
1441 EAST AVE., ROCHESTER 14610  
585-256-1610**

*\*If you would like to place a wreath order, but are not able to pick up wreaths on this date, please call or email GVNA office to set up alternate date for pick up. Email: gvna@frontiernet.net*

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

No. of Wreaths \_\_\_\_\_ Amount Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING GVNA

**GVNA**  
**1441 EAST AVENUE**  
**ROCHESTER, NY 14610**  
**585-256-1610**  
**gvna@frontiernet.net**  
**Wwww.gvna.us**

*GVNA: IMPROVING HEALTHCARE THROUGH VISION, VOICE & ACTION*

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