

I walked into the Emerg and said “I think I’m having a heart attack”

In 2018, I had a heart attack. It couldn't have come at a worse time.

It was nearing the end of Smile Cookie week, and I was working night and day at Tim Hortons. I was committed to putting as many smiles on people's faces as I could because the proceeds from the cookies would benefit our local Haldimand War Memorial Hospital and that was my goal. We did it: we sold more than 22,700 cookies... far more than any other Tims in the country!



But the stress of the campaign to be number one in Canada was more than I expected. On Saturday, the stress hit me like a truck. I felt heart palpitations and dizzy. But I worked through it.

Things only got worse. I couldn't pinpoint what was happening. I thought I had indigestion and nothing I did was helping! I couldn't stand or sit I needed to take a break.

That evening after being home for a while it wasn't getting better. I chewed two aspirins and that didn't make a difference. Now I really knew I needed help. Instead of calling 9-1-1, I drove the 20 minutes to the emergency room in the middle of the night. Yes, I should have called for help, but I wasn't thinking straight, and the hospital was so, soooooo close.

I can't stress enough how important having a hospital like the Haldimand War Memorial Hospital is. Having a hospital nearby saved my life. It could save yours, too. That's why they need your gift. Your gift of whatever amount you can give, will continue to keep our community hospital the place of healing we need it to be.

What happened next happens in so many small community hospitals like ours – the doctor and nurses immediately flew into action. They were committed to finding out what was wrong with me, and fast. There wasn't a moment to spare! An EKG test revealed that I was having a heart attack! The doctor and nurses stabilized me and then an ambulance rushed me to Hamilton General for more advanced care. **I know the quick actions of the HWMH care team saved my life.**

The doctors at the General put a stent in my heart and then sent me back to HWMH. Getting visits from my loved ones made my recovery so much easier: it really is important to have a hospital close to home!

I stayed in the HWMH for five days. I love my job; I love my work... actually, that's why I stayed in the hospital for so long: it was the only way for my doctors to be sure I got enough rest! Without their perceptive and attentive care, I might have left the hospital much too early and who knows what might have happened.

Our doctors, nurses, and staff are wonderful, compassionate, and professional, but they need our help so that they can continue to help. I know firsthand, there's only so much that they can do when the equipment they need is out of date or at the end of its useful life.

If everyone who receives this letter makes a gift, we will be much closer to ensuring that our community hospital has the equipment it needs to keep us all healthy and safe.

You know, I find it ironic that I had my heart attack during Smile Cookie week, because one day, I was helping our local hospital, and the next, the HWMH was helping me!

That's what I want to impress upon you today: whether you think you're having a stroke, or because you broke a bone, or because, like me, you're having a heart attack, we will all eventually need the Haldimand War Memorial Hospital. One day, I may need it again. One day, you will too.

When time is of the essence, the difference between a short drive to Dunnville or an hour-plus drive for out-of-town care could mean the difference between life and death.

Will you put a smile on my face by making your gift to the HWMH?

With sincere thanks,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Lisa", is positioned above the printed name.

Lisa Hribar
Grateful Patient