You’re Fired

January 31, 2012 By Aundaray Guess

I have talked about this issue before but felt it needed revisiting or maybe I just needed a release as it just recently happened. I’m talking about firing my doctor. Giving him the pink slip and thanking him for the little he has done and calling it quits.

I’ll back up a bit and state how I was referred from my primary doctor to a specialist concerning a HIV related issue. Usually when you go to a specialist you’re starting a new relationship and sometimes a different mode of how they operate. Yet if you’ve been referred by your primary they usually do it knowing the specialist will be a match.

For me that was not the case. When I arrived it was great to experience a welcoming reception room where sometimes it can be a horrendous experience. Yet in this case they were real pleasant. So I felt good about seeing this new doctor.

I should have know by the first omen when the doctor called me and as i was walking to the door to follow him, it literally starting closing in my face and if it wasn’t for my quickness i would have had an instant nose job. But still I gave him the benefit.

I shouldn’t have done that as when we sat in the examination room he came at me quick with questions.
“What are you here for and why do you need to see me”
“Where are your records? You’re wasting my time with no records”
“When did you experience symptoms? Please I don’t need the long story just tell me the date”

This was literally within ten minutes of sitting down. As if we were on a timer. Usually I don’t get agitated but he started to bring me to that place. The thing that pushed me over is when I told him I had been living in New York for about nine years and he leaned into me and stated

“If you plan to stay in New York you have to be quicker with your response. I’m not just hanging out with you at a party”

That was it!

My tongue came untied.

If he wanted to see the New Yorker, then ask and you shall receive. No foul language was used but without jumping out of myself I told him about his professionalism and his treatment and how not only did I not care for it but I wasn’t going to allow it. Now since I’m paying you, you’re actually the customer and I have no problem taking my business somewhere else.

I just wonder why do you need to call someone on their stuff that motivates them to suddenly be nice to you. In other words something set off a trigger in him that said, “He’s not like the others”

And if he was used to treating people like a commodity and not speaking back, then he was right, I’m not like the others. In the end I was like the others as he did have me out the office within thirty minutes, probably to satisfy the medical insurance companies
’Get them in and get them out,’ like cattle.

The moral or reminder for me is that a relationship between medical providers is important and no one should be made to feel like herded sheep no matter what credentials the doctor has. There are many good specialists out there, but then there are some who have gotten high on their fame that you can’t tell them the sky is blue.

When it comes to my health I don’t care how many awards you have on your wall. Your friends may give you medals but I refuse to reward you!

So at that moment when stated we need to schedule a new appointment, I politely gathered my coat and straightened my tie and in a clear calm voice told him,

’No thanks. By the way you’re fired.’

I would be the fool to come back and be subjected and when it comes to health; we must be empowered to speak up in our own defense. Like Maya Angelou stated, “When they show you who they are, believe them.” I saw enough and walked away to find another specialist who’s looking for my business.

You may steal my co-pay but you won’t steal my joy!

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