

1914 **INDIANA** 2014

REGIONAL MEDICAL CENTER

HONORING OUR PAST



EMBRACING OUR FUTURE

House Call

The Centennial Edition

*A collection of inspiring stories
to affirm why we do what we do....*





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The purpose of IRMC's HOUSECALL is to give consumers reliable, general information about health care and the services provided by the Medical Center's staff. It is never intended to replace the advice and counseling of medical and health care professionals.

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By grace and good fortune, those of us here today are blessed to inherit the legacy built by IRMC's forefathers. We celebrate this centennial year with enthusiasm, proudly hailing the accomplishments of those who came before us, and on whose shoulders we stand today, ready to usher in the 21st century of medicine while continuing to advance the legacy of care to our own community. To all our brethren during the last 100 years may we boldly proclaim: *to hold yourself steadfast and proud for a century...there are no words, only actions that speak volumes.*

But the real tribute to be given today is not dwelling on the rich past—however deservedly that has been earned—but rather in pledging to advance this legacy forward for another 100 years. That is the best accolade we can give to our forefathers. Because of their diligence and commitment, they gave truth to the proverb that if you think in terms of a year—plant a seed; if in terms of ten years—plant trees; but if in terms of 100 years—*teach the people*. And how splendidly we've been taught over these past 100 years!

That is the gift bestowed upon each of us as we celebrate this centennial milestone. By their example, we have learned to carry forth the IRMC birthright with courage, unwavering commitment, and uncommon character. It will guide us well, as we make our way forward, emboldened by our past and confident of our future together.

Happy 100th Anniversary, IRMC!

Stephen A. Wolfe,
President & CEO



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CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS



“The levels were so low, most places would have ignored it,” he explained. “But, Dr. Stalteri, Dr. Foulk and Dr. McDowell caught it at its early stages.”

MIKE BLACK

On a day known for its hearts, Mike Black was in a Pittsburgh operating room on Valentines Day this year hoping to save his own.

It was only about 48 hours earlier when he went to the Indiana Regional Medical Center with a casual concern for his chest. He was having issues and thought it was possibly bronchitis or pneumonia. What he was about to find out would prove to be as serious as it was surprising.

The doctors ran some tests and found indicators that Black had suffered a heart attack.

“I was shocked,” he remembered. “At the time, I was 44, still pretty young,” adding that he did have a history in his family of heart disease.

The team of IRMC doctors decided it was in his best interest to transfer him to Pittsburgh for more tests. Once there, Black found out he had three different blockages. His right coronary artery was 95 percent

blocked, his left interior descending artery was 90 percent blocked and his left oblique artery was at a 60 percent blockage.

Black underwent a successful triple-bypass surgical procedure that saved his life, in no small thanks to the expertise he received from IRMC on what seemed like a routine visit to the emergency room.

“The levels were so low, most places would have ignored it,” he explained. “But, Dr. Stalteri, Dr. Foulk and Dr. McDowell caught it at its early stages.”

“I could’ve been dead in a year. The (doctors) in Pittsburgh said I would’ve had a massive coronary heart attack. If I hadn’t died from that, my quality of life would’ve been greatly reduced.”

When it came time for his rehabilitation, Black put his trust in IRMC’s cardiac rehab department.

Less than a year removed from his near-miss with tragedy, Black claims to not only have made a

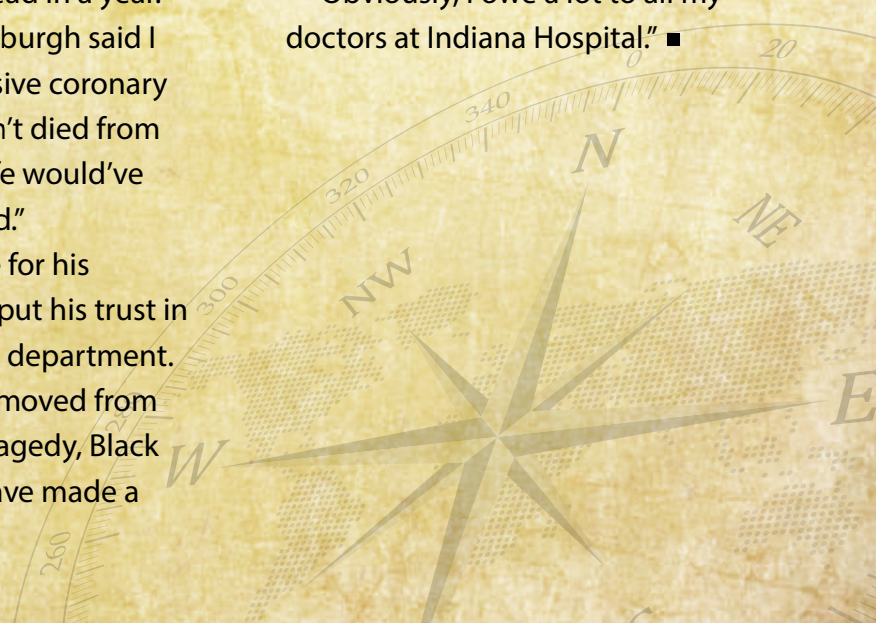
full recovery, but actually achieved previously unseen levels of personal health.

“They’ve got me to the point where I’m running on a treadmill or a track,” he revealed. “That’s something I had never been able to do before. I play basketball twice a week.”

Previously a smoker, Black was additionally proud to report his weight loss coupled with being five-and-a-half months tobacco free.

“It’s a phenomenal situation,” he said. “I’ve got zero heart damage.”

“Obviously, I owe a lot to all my doctors at Indiana Hospital.” ■



CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS



“ I like this town for a lot of reasons, but having health care professionals like that in my back yard is such a blessing. I feel very privileged to have access to that kind of care for me and for my growing family. ”

EMILY BRIGGS

A hot day in the Indiana County springtime asks for few excuses to enjoy one of its many park and recreational areas for a nature walk.

But in May of 2013, on a day when the temperature and pollen index were unusually high, Emily Briggs' walk through Yellow Creek State Park turned into a nightmare.

Briggs, who was about five weeks pregnant, was walking through the forest with her dog when her throat started to itch and her eyes began to water. She quickly headed back to her car and drove to the Indiana Regional Medical Center.

“By the time I got to the ER, my face was swollen and I couldn't talk,” she remembered. “I was also very scared because I was pregnant, so I wasn't sure if they could give me the medication I needed.”

She had allergies before, but nothing ever this severe to put such a scare into her. But the doctors and nurses at IRMC eased her worries and treated her with care.

“I just remember how kind the ER doctor was,” she added. “She said, ‘Don't worry, the best thing for your baby is that you're ok, and we're going to take care of you.’”

“There was always someone checking in on me, bringing me something to drink and making sure I was as comfortable as I could be. I felt like I had a bunch of mothers looking after me.”

In addition to the help received for the patient, Briggs received a dog-sitting service free of charge.

“The doctor attending to me went out to check on my dog and give her some water until someone could pick her up,” she said.

Fast forward 38 weeks to the birth of her child, Briggs was happy to employ the services of IRMC doctors and nurses again.

“It was my first baby and needless to say, I was a bit nervous,” she recalled. “From start to finish, everyone I came in contact with was so great. I can't remember the names of all my nurses but I must

have gone through several shifts. Each nurse who attended to me was very kind, patient and caring. Exactly what a woman about to give birth for the first time needs!”

Briggs also took advantage of the child birth prep classes offered, and found it comforting how they toured her through the entire maternity ward.

“Katherine Stains conducted the class, and she stayed after to talk to me personally about some concerns I had.

“She left me her cell phone number and checked in with me periodically throughout the rest of my pregnancy, and I got a card from her when I returned home after having my sweet little boy.

“I like this town for a lot of reasons, but having health care professionals like that in my back yard is such a blessing. I feel very privileged to have access to that kind of care for me and for my growing family. Thanks be to all at IRMC!” ■

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS



“It was Dr. McCoy’s last day in the office for a while,” she remembered. “I was his last patient of the day, but he stuck around after his shift. I was bound and determined to have this baby on his watch.”

DAWN BALOGH

It was the gift of art imitating the gift of life. And there’s no greater art than a good sitcom to help at a time of serious labor.

That might seem like two entirely separate entities, but they came together on a fall evening in 1990 and that’s exactly what happened to Dawn Balogh at Indiana Regional Medical Center.

It’s a known fact that a lady loves to be comfortable in any situation, and having her primary doctor for her delivery is paramount. Dawn was no different.

“It was Dr. McCoy’s last day in the office for a while,” she remembered. “I was his last patient of the day, but he stuck around after his shift. I was bound and determined to have this baby on his watch.”

While many families cozy up on the couch after dinner on a cool fall evening to watch their favorite television programs, Dawn was in labor on a hospital bed doing the same thing.

While a little in-house entertainment was in order, it was a twist of fate that brought the hit show *Doogie Howser M.D.*, the sitcom about a teenage wonder kid doctor, into the hospital room. That twist turned to inordinate wrenching when the actual scene in the show was Doogie delivering a child at the same exact time as Dawn.

“I thought, how ironic is this?” said Dawn. “The screams and moaning of the actress caught the attention of the doctor and everyone else walking in and out of the room.

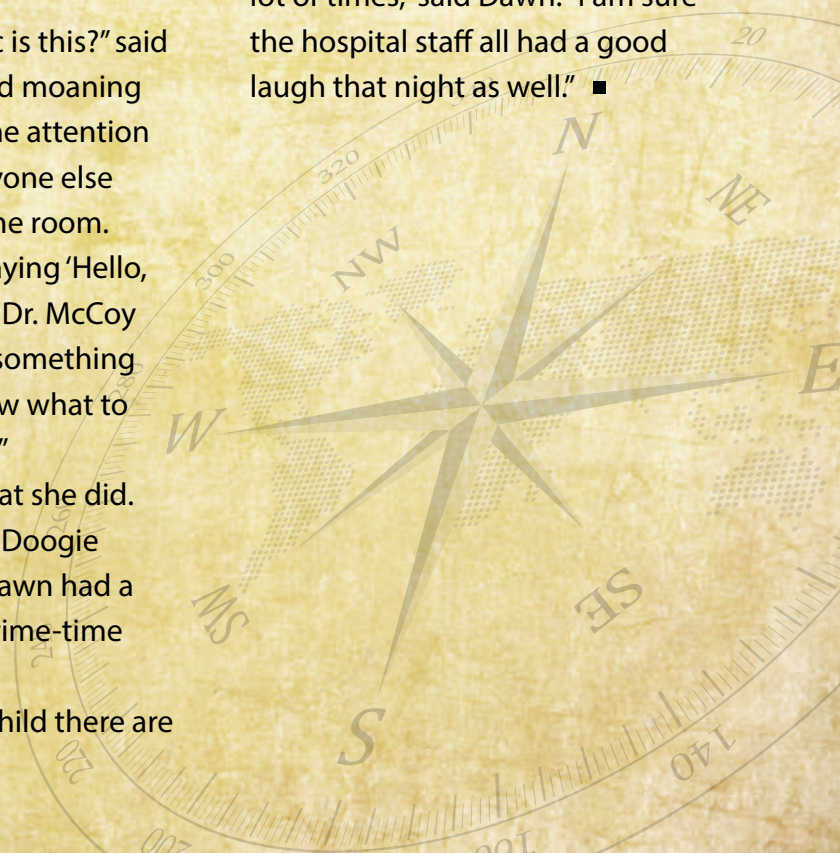
“I remember finally saying ‘Hello, I’m having a baby too!’ Dr. McCoy turned to me and said something like, ‘Ok, now that I know what to do, let’s have this baby.’”

And that’s exactly what she did. At 9:10 p.m., right after Doogie Howser’s TV delivery, Dawn had a real-life eight-pound prime-time baby girl of her own.

With each birth of a child there are

situations altogether unique, but it was sure to be one that the Balogh family and entire hospital staff stored in their memory banks. It was one in which the hills of Hollywood and Indiana Regional Medical Center created an unexpected moment from an eagerly expectant mother.

“This funny story has been told a lot of times,” said Dawn. “I am sure the hospital staff all had a good laugh that night as well.” ■



CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

KASEY SUCHAR Northern Cambria, PA

Many times I've intended to sit down and write a note of thanks and many times, life seems to have gotten in the way. That being said, I see this invitation to share my story as a way to say my much overdue thank you's. I delivered all four of my children at IRMC, our oldest daughter, now 11, in 2003, our second daughter, now 5, in 2009 and, most recently, our twin sons in 2013. I could not have asked for better commitment to the care and comfort of myself, my babies and my family during my experience. The nursing staff was knowledgeable and skilled during my labor and deliveries, and kind and patient during my recoveries. Approximately a week after returning home from having our twins, I was readmitted to IRMC for severe headaches and had the privilege of being admitted back onto the maternity floor. The nursing staff went above and beyond, not only caring for my physical condition, but also, just about every day of my four day stay, talking a postpartum mom through being away from her new babies and little ones at home. I would recommend the maternity department at IRMC over and over again to anyone. What an amazing group of people. ■

LINDA HAIR

My husband's health was bad for a couple years before he passed away. I must commend the entire staff of IRMC for their care and caring every time he was admitted. The nurses, aides, dietary, and housekeeping treated him as if he was their Dad. The doctors had caring and interested attitudes. When he went into palliative care, the staff could not have been more helpful. When he passed, the nurses left me with him as long as I wanted. It was a difficult time, but the people at IRMC made it bearable. I thank each and every one of the staff and you all have my heartfelt thank you. ■

JOHN LEARN Commodore, PA

I was 10 years old in 1974 and was admitted to the hospital with pneumonia. I remember the nurses giving me a bath in ice water, saying that I could hate them all I wanted afterwards. Dr. Evans was my doctor and when he tried to look in my throat with a tongue depressor I gagged and bit his finger pretty hard. My room was in the children's ward and I shared my room with three other boys. After I started feeling better I found it fun to play with the wheelchairs. There were two "modern" ones and two old-fashioned wicker ones with the large wheels in the front--you had to be careful when stopping quick with them as they would tip forward pretty easily. The TV had a hard-wired "remote control" which when you pressed the button the dial on the TV physically turned by itself. I received cards from friends while there and was curious as to why they had an eight cent and a two cent stamp on them, I figured it must cost more to send mail to the hospital. I later found out that postage had gone up two cents the weekend I was there. One breakfast I accidentally spilled my milk onto my lap so I called the nurse. When I told her what I did she pretended to beat me up, then helped me clean up the mess. After five days, I was released to go home, and on the way I started crying as I missed the nurses who had become my friends. ■

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VEIDA LIDA MCHENRY DAHLIN

My name is Veida Lida McHenry Dahlin. Both myself and my identical twin, Velda McHenry Grandjean are direct descendants of J.S. Mack. Our beloved mother, Emma Groat McHenry was J.S. Mack's niece. Emma was born January 1, 1897 and died January 18, 1982. So, we are great nieces of J.S. Mack. (I have lots of stories of J.S. Mack to share.)

Velda and I were born at Indiana Hospital by cesarean section as Dr. George Simpson was the surgeon; Dr. Simpson believed we were the 1st identical twins to be born at Indiana Hospital.

Our weight was 6½ lbs. each, but Dr. Simpson said Velda was heavier. Emma was a small stature, so with 13 lbs. of twin babies, Emma could not walk the last month. Back then, the surgery was termed 'very serious' to our beloved father, Herbert McHenry, WWI veteran of the Big Red Army services.

Dr. Simpson performed a tubal ligation on Emma on our birthday, but seven years later, a son was born, James McHenry, age 84 now. Somehow the tubal ligation didn't work - ha.

Private Nurse, Julia Dick, now deceased, helped Emma at Indiana Hospital and at home to care for twins. ■

SHARON JONES-ELERY

In 1937, Margaret Jennings graduated from IHS with plans to enter nursing school at age 18. Here in Indiana, minority women and men were not being accepted back then. This did not discourage her in any manner. In 1938, at Montefiore UPMC Hospital, Pittsburgh, she attended a full year and in 1939 was a grad as a LPN returning to Indiana. She worked as a private duty at States Nursing Home and Indian Haven. She was unaware her nursing skills were noticed by three locals: The late Drs. Harold Edison, MD and Henry Mitchell, MD, who have both passed and no longer remain, and Dr. Gilbert McLaughlin, DDS, retired only. Dr. McLaughlin is alive. In 1968, at age 48, in the fall, she was the first African American female LPN hired at Indiana Hospital and she was employed from 1968 to 1984 (16 years, Mack-3 Unit). She is retired at age 94 and now enjoys church and family. We are very proud and historically, she is part of IRMC's 100 year celebration.

She was also known as "Mrs. Jones" and "Jonesy." Mrs Oren Hilty was the charge head nurse on Mack-3. ■

MISSY EMANUEL

I gave birth to three families at IRMC from 1994-2012! Yes, that's right! My husband and I had our four children at IRMC. After that, I became a gestational carrier for a couple from MD. I delivered their baby boy in 2004. We were told by hospital staff that we were the first "surrogacy" birth at IRMC. That baby boy went home with his parents on Mother's Day. I continued my surrogacy with a couple from DC and carried their two boys. I delivered the first in 2005, and baby brother came along in 2012. The maternity staff/nurses/etc were absolutely amazing with my own, and went above and beyond to accommodate the surrogacy deliveries. A local photographer (Jen Mcken) documented the 2012 birth, and here is her website: <http://jenmckenphoto.com/2012/05/surrogacy-6-long-years-jen-mcken-photography/>

Thank you to IRMC and the maternity floor staff and Dr Stever for helping deliver not just one, but three happy and healthy families!! ■

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JANE COLEMAN

I must say that IRMC is my LIFE SAVER.

Prior to my extended stay in the Woman's Ward in 1963, I gave birth to two big boys in the maternity ward and had a five day vacation both times.

January 13, 1963, our family (five of us) were driving to see some friends in Shelocta, when our automobile was hit almost head on by another car. This was before seat belts and children's car seats. The children were in the back seat. Our two year old son slid off the seat and fell to the floor, our five year old daughter suffered a concussion and our four year old son received a deep, large laceration on his left cheek. My husband's knee cap was broken from impact and I suffered a laceration across my forehead and a double break in my left femur. (It was not a pretty sight).

My husband and kids were transported to the Indiana Hospital by other people in their personal cars, while I was transported by an Elderton, PA ambulance, also to Indiana Hospital.

I was admitted through the ER and immediately taken to X-Ray. Dr. George Hanna had been called and he met me in the X-ray. After X-raying my leg, I was rushed to the operating room. There, Dr. Hanna did magic - Plastic surgery on my forehead, and put my left leg in traction, hoping to pull the bone fragments into alignment. No such luck because eight days later, I was back in the operating room, where he operated on the leg. He and Dr. Vernocy performed what was called an open reduction (a long incision on the outside of the thigh), made an incision up on the back side of my hip, drilled a hole through my pelvis bone and through the end of the femur, then inserted a long stainless steel rod into the center of the femur. As the rod approached the broken area, he put it through the portion of the bone that was askew. After the bone was straight, he secured the bone with stainless bands around the breaks to keep it in alignment, and then proceeded to screw (nail) all the splintered pieces into place. It was an eight hour surgery.

I was confined to bed on my back (in the Woman's Ward) for the next thirty five days with five pound sand bags laid on both sides of that thigh. Nancy Smith was one of my nurses. Peg Rearick, a student nurse instructor, and her students, gave excellent care, and the candy strippers were great helpers and morale boosters.

After thirty five days, I was discharged to home under the care of my family with a wheel chair and crutches. I was admitted back into the hospital seventeen months later and Dr. Hanna removed the stainless rod from my femur bone that he had inserted on January 22, 1963.

This is not quite the end of this saga. I broke the same femur and the bottom of the lower stainless band in 1976 when I fell on the IUP campus. It was the same procedure all over again, but this time it was a clean break. Unfortunately, it took the same amount of time to heal.

Osteoarthritis developed in my joints in the 80's and 90's. Dr. Herbert Hanna, followed by Dr. Klain, treated that disease as best they could and suggested that I use a cane to help take the pressure off the knees and protect the right hip.

In 1999, we built a one-story handicapped accessible home in Brush Valley to eliminate the stairs, which were becoming a problem.

In 2000, the pain in the left knee became intolerable so I went to see Dr. McKirgan. It was decided that I needed a new knee. It was done. I did physical therapy and was walking with a cane in a month with no pain in that joint. Then, six months later, he replaced the right knee. Uncle Arthur was gone from those joints. Then, he had to find another place to settle, so my right hip was the next joint. In 2003, Dr. McKirgan replaced it.

In 2005, I tore the left rotator cuff in my shoulder, so Dr. McKirgan and the team at COSM repaired it. Again, after visiting

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

Mr. Dennis Schultz at physical therapy for a series of treatments, I was almost pain free again.

After another check up with Dr. Klain, it was decided that I should visit Dr. Billon and have a colonoscopy. That test showed that I had several polyps in my colon. After a couple more tests, I was again back to the operating room. He removed seventeen centimeters of my colon and sent the suspicious tissue for testing. God was with me again. The tests came back negative for cancer. My life was back to normal for a year.

Then, unexpectedly, I woke up one morning with a very uncomfortable stomach and extreme nausea. I headed back to IRMC's emergency department. After several tests, it was determined that I had an intestinal blockage. Back to the OR for another abdominal surgery to undo the blockage. That meant another seven to eight days in a hospital room with a tube in my stomach and nothing to eat by mouth for a week or so, until my intestinal track starts rumbling. Everything has been good since that incident.

I think I'm earning frequent flyer miles to that section of the hospital. I have made some very good friends through my trips to IRMC and now it is my "Life Line". I attend many of the educational programs IRMC sponsors.

Thank you for this opportunity.

PS: Seph Mack, one of the hospital benefactors was my Great Uncle. My grandmother was his sister. She died during childbirth in 1919. ■



“ I think I'm earning frequent flyer miles to that section of the hospital. I have made some very good friends through my trips to IRMC and now it is my 'Life Line'. I attend many of the educational programs IRMC sponsors. ”

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YVONNE LEARN

Asleep at our farm, 'neath a blanket of snow
I wakened my husband and said, "time to go!"

27th of March, 1960 the year

When the birth of our first child was ever so near

Sixteen miles from the hospital, not far to go

The problem was, we were marooned by the snow.

Our car had been parked at the end of our lane

Trying to push through the drifts, but it was in vain

On a large wooden sled I was put, quite in style

Pulled by our tractor, four-tenths of a mile

Got in the car and arrived just in time

To prepare for delivery at breakfast time

The nurses were helpful, Dr. Evans was paged

Reassured by his presence, my fears were assuaged

It wasn't too long 'til my qualms turned to joy

When the doctor's words rang out "good work, it's a boy!"

You would have thought all the nurses were kin

So happy for us when they brought our son in

To room 327 on 3/27, after delivery at 8:27

At that time, new mothers were kept for three days

As the nurses taught us about our newborn's ways

Arriving at home, a surprise did await

No snow, and some crocuses at our front gate!

Indiana, your hospital's expertise thrived tons

In ten years we welcomed two, three, four and five sons

And it all started back on a cold winter morn

At the hospital where our first baby was born.

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY CHRISTINA M. PUTT

*“Other things may change us, but we start and end with family.”
– Anthony Brandt*

For the Yackuboskey family, it all began on October 26, 1946. That's the day when Patricia Buggey and Joseph Yackuboskey said their wedding vows and started a life that was blessed with a very large family. The couple went on to have ten children (and one stillborn daughter) all born at what was then known as Indiana Hospital.

Before and since that time, Indiana County has long been home to many Buggey/Yackuboskey cousins and the generations just keep coming. Grandfather Joseph passed away in 1988 while Patricia lived her entire life in Indiana County and passed away November 17th, 2012 at the age of 90. The couple had 38 grandchildren (all born at Indiana Hospital) with 6 of them being born to their daughters within just three months of each other in the same Physician's care, Dr. William Lear in 1986 (see photo below).

To date, the couple's ongoing legacy includes 41 great-grandchildren (with one due this December) and the numbers will likely continue to rise with the younger generation of cousins now starting to marry and have children of their own.

Over half of these great-grandchildren were born at what is now known as Indiana Regional Medical Center and a feature story was written on the birth of one of the great-granddaughters (Micayle DeHaven) in the hospital's IRMC publication in 2002. In addition, one of the photographs taken for this article was also displayed on a local billboard advertising the excellent birth/obstetrics care available at IRMC.

Both Joseph and Patricia also received exceptional end-of life care at the time it was needed and the Yackuboskey family is a testament to the dedicated, professional care given to all patients at IRMC. The family's generations have come to know first-hand why at Indiana Regional Medical Center, "It's a Wonderful New Life." ■



Photo courtesy of the Indiana Gazette

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

JOSEPH F. BENAMATI Homer City, PA

I'm not sure what you are looking for, but here are some of my involvements with the old Indiana Hospital, now IRMC, both serious and a bit humorous. I'm still alive, so care must have been A-OK.

March 5, 1952 was my first personal visit into the hospital; today it would have made national news with the PSP, FBI and BATF investigations. I was shot; in a high school classroom. I was shot at point blank range with a 32 caliber revolver that was normally used as the track starter-pistol. I had had it in my pocket; it was to be used as a prop for a school play. I had the part of a detective. The wound is actually a hole burnt into my back made by the paper wadding and fire from the burning powder. An Eagle Scout classmate cleaned the wound and took care of things until help arrived. I was taken to the hospital in the School's Driver Training Car. Four day stay, with tetanus shots galore. (Nuff said, to protect the innocent party).

March 3, 1953, two days short of a year of my first visit, I was back in after a high school shop accident. I had cut off the first joint of three fingers in a plainer mishap. This time, they called the local doctor to take care of things. I was holding the fingers so tight to stop the bleeding, the doctor wrapped both hands and told me not to let go until I got to the hospital, again, another trip in the Driver Training car. The doctor and hospital bills were both \$45. Before this second accident, it was already decided that my Class Will, in the yearbook would read; "Joe leaves before rigor mortis sets in."

My next involvement was in 1956 as a construction worker, working on a new construction and the renovation of the area where the present day first floor lab is. That area was then the ER. One of the employees of the company I worked for received a chip of metal in his leg. They couldn't admit him for surgery without a parent's signature because he was only 18. He had to drive to Homer City, bring his mother to the hospital to sign the paper, then drove her back home and returned for the surgery. He said, "If I had known it was going to be such a problem, I would have pulled the chip out with a pair of pliers," and he would have.

The next visit was June 13, 1959; it was on our wedding day. It was to the Maternity Ward, "NO" not what you are thinking. We had a small wedding with a family dinner at my parents' home. The neighbor lady who was supposed to help with the dinner had a son the day before. She wanted to see my wife in her wedding dress and me, in a tux, so after we had pictures taken, we stopped at the hospital to visit her and a friend that had had an industrial accident. Back then, the rules about visiting hours were very, very, very strict. You probably don't remember the 2-2-2; twice a day, for two hours and only two visitors at a time? Upon entering the building and asking to visit our friends, the nurse said, "It is not visiting hours and they are eating dinner...but...go ahead." Who could have said NO to the bride and groom?

Over the years, I have had some minor and major surgeries, ailments and accidents. Of the two major auto accidents; the first; I was a pedestrian and literally bounced off the hood of a moving truck. I was thrown about twenty feet, had damage to ribs on both sides of my body, dislocated a shoulder and looked like I was dragged over a cheese grater from sliding on a gravel road. After arriving at the hospital, it was decided to life-flight me to Memorial in Johnstown for possible kidney damage. The other was a head on collision that fractured a foot and dislocated some toes. My wife received no injuries. Thank God for seat belts and air bags.

In closing, you see, in my 79 years, I have had more than my share of strange accidents. Being a farm boy and doing 43 years in the industrial construction industry that had me working in some rather dangerous situations, I have had my share of close calls. Everything from electrical shock by lightning, near falls, falling objects and more, but as I said above, "I'm still alive." I have some ailments and not too bad a shape for the shape I'm in at my age. I hope I don't have to have another major visit for a long time, but if I do, I know I will be taken care of with the best of IRMC's ability, "Cause, you have a very caring staff." ■

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

GEORGE LENZ

In 1994 I was an Assistant Superintendent of Schools for the Armstrong School District. While attending a meeting at IUP, I felt a variety of pains in my chest and arms, etc. I drove myself to the hospital emergency room, left my car running with the front door open and walked up to the counter. Joy Gaydosh was there to meet me. She recognized me and said, "George, why are you here?" I said that I think I was having a heart attack and promptly fainted. The next day I learned that they had to use the paddles on me to bring me back to life. There were burn marks on my chest and the tag they were going to attach to my body was given to me. Two spin offs from that event is that according to Terry & Molly in Cardiac Rehab, I now hold the record for the most continuous visits to the rehab program and my home is used by the people that fly the patients to Pittsburgh as we are directly on the fly way. My family stops what we are doing and we say a prayer every time a patient skims our home. (I have been a White Township Supervisor since 1974.) ■

DARCI WIRICK

Faith Ann Wirick was born on September 3, 2009 at IRMC. At 9 days old, she stopped breathing and turned blue. Taken by Citizen's Ambulance to IRMC ER, Dr. Shannon, Dr. Cawley and the ER staff worked tirelessly on her. It was Dr. Cawley that ordered the X-Ray of her chest and discovered that her heart was enlarged. Still not knowing "exactly" what was wrong, Faith was life-flighted to Children's. It was there, we learned that Faith had Hypoplastic Left Heart Syndrome (she was born with half a heart.) After a series of three surgeries at 19 days, 3 months and 2 years, Faith is doing wonderful. She has a lifetime of cardiology and doctor visits, but she is a remarkable, yet very typical, 4 year old little girl. Thanks to all the ER staff and Dr. Shannon and Dr. Cawley for their hard work and dedication that day, and every day, to save lives. God Bless! ■

WILLIAM BALINT

At about 3 AM, I, William Balint, awoke from sleep at home with a vicious pain across my back between my 'angel wings.' My wife Shirley drove me precariously to the IRMC Emergency Room over terrible icy roads that February night about 1998.

At the ER, they soon were able to tell me it was not a heart attack. Having had two previously, I guess I was glad, but the pain persisted and the ER doctors could not diagnose the culprit. I was sent to the ICU area because helicopters were shut down and the ambulance could not make the trip to Pittsburgh because of the icy road conditions.

I was kept as pain free as possible and administered medicine when necessary. Doctors I knew checked in on my problem when checking on their own ICU patients. Many hazarded a guess as to what the problem could be, but no firm diagnosis was made.

At about 3 PM, the ICU nurse caring for me and others volunteered to ride in the ambulance since road conditions had improved and a volunteer team of EMTs headed for Mercy Hospital.

Thank God the nurse was aboard because I needed morphine about the time we reached Murrysville and she could give it to me from the ambulance supply.

Even after arriving at Mercy, it took about three more hours before a doctor finally diagnosed the problem as an aortic dissection. This was a Saturday night and a team of surgeons, headed up by a very excellent surgeon from Pelligrene Associates of Carnegie, PA, operated about 6 am Sunday and, after about a 5-hour operation, cured the problem.

Thanks to everyone at IRMC who cared for me for over 11 hours, permitting me to get to Pittsburgh, particularly the ICU nurse and EMT drivers. ■

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

LISA BREWER Homer City, PA

I have to say that IRMC turned what could have been a sad story into a happy one, and one that I will never forget. As a result of their work, they blessed me and my husband with a beautiful blue eyed baby boy. After having complications at birth and having an emergency C section, all the nurses and staff were great, with not only me, but my new baby boy and husband. ■

MARTY LANG Derry, PA

I started in 1987 working for IRMC. I have been in almost every department working. I have seen the up and down struggles with the economy, rewards given for incentives to show the employees we are appreciated and watched how IRMC has grown. We have lost some wonderful employees and friends. As each year goes, I get more involved and work at making IRMC not just a job, but part of my family. I live in Derry, PA and have brought all of my family to IRMC for care. I have also encouraged friends to work there. I have no plans of ever leaving. ■

JANET HARPER Home, PA

In the very early years of the "new" Indiana Hospital, each of my parents were treated there. Around 1918, when my late father was about 21 years old, he was working as a hired hand on a farm near Marion Center. He got his right hand caught in a corn shredder and husker which seriously damaged his hand. His thumb and forefinger were gone and the middle and third fingers were smashed. He was rushed to Indiana Hospital and treated there. I don't know much about the other details, but he lived to be 88 years old and was able to work all his life.

When my mother was about 7 years old in 1920, and living in the Creekside area, she developed a serious ear problem. At Indiana Hospital she had Mastoid surgery of the right ear. It could have been fatal if not treated properly - it can go into the brain. She tells me she stayed at the hospital 10 days. She remembers it was over Halloween and she got some treats then. After she was discharged from the hospital, she had to be checked by the Plumville doctor every other day for a while and then less frequently. Her father had to borrow a horse and buggy from a neighbor to make the doctor visits. This is what my mother, who is almost 101 years old, has told me.

Both of my parents' lives were possibly saved by having treatment in the early years of the Indiana Hospital. ■

PAT SMITH

The loss of my son pushed me into a heart attack. Takotsubo Cardiomyopathy, the Japanese call it. A condition triggered by emotional stress, such as the death of a loved one. I called Dr. Casaday. Asked if I could talk to him. He spent over an hour in his office listening to my grief. No charge! The next day I had a blood test which showed elevation of enzymes. Dr. Casaday escorted me to his car and said, "The limo awaits!" He drove me to the IRMC emergency department where competent help arranged for a fast trip to Pittsburgh. They saved my life! ■

CENTENNIAL TESTIMONIALS

JOYCE POSAVETZ Indiana, PA

Being a resident of Indiana, PA, for almost my entire life (we moved here when I was 2 years old), my family and I have had many experiences with IRMC. The six of us have had inpatient medical care, surgical procedures, and emergency treatment. We have had testing done, too. And my oldest sister graduated from the Indiana Hospital School of Nursing. But to me, the most memorable experience will always be the care my mother, Anna Posavetz, received during the final 18 months of her life. Dr. Joseph Ambrose, and the staff on the 6th and 7th floors of IRMC, gave her all the care, respect, and kindness an elderly person should receive during her admissions to the hospital in that time period. She passed away July 17, 2010, in room 601 at the age of 89, but I will always appreciate that care she received during that final stage of her life. My family no longer lives in Indiana. I have been pleased with IRMC for 64 years. If necessary, I plan to make it my hospital of choice for a number of years to come. ■

PAT GAZDA Clarksburg, PA

Over the past 26 years, I have spent many days in IRMC for various illnesses, most of them on the 7th floor. I have always been treated with professional care by everyone from the doctors, nurses, nurse's aids and everyone involved with my care. Most of my stays were 3-4 days to a week. However, about 8 years ago, I was in for an extended stay. It was early spring when you can't wait to get out into the clean fresh spring air. I mentioned it to a wonderful nurse (she is still working on the 7th floor) how I wished I could get some fresh air. Well, much to my surprise a short time later, in comes Mary with a wheel chair. She got my coat out of the closet and said we were going for a ride. She took me downstairs, out the front door and we sat there for about 15 minutes. I got my much needed fresh air and it was wonderful! The staff at IRMC are professionals, but they also care about their patients as people. This, to me, put them a cut above any other medical facility. HAPPY 100 IRMC! ■

THANK YOU!

Indiana Regional Medical Center would like to say THANK YOU to all of the individuals and families who submitted stories and photos for this special Centennial House Call edition. Special thanks to Renda Broadcasting for helping to coordinate the collection of these wonderful stories.

Indiana Regional Medical Center is truly blessed to have such wonderful support from our community.

THANK YOU!



HONORING OUR PAST



EMBRACING OUR FUTURE

