herd of kobs fleeing a lion attack, we scampered into and stumbled again. Nine of us hid in an old woman's niture and other household stuff. Half-dressed, she rt and blouse.

InsideOut

When I stopped believing doctors are always right



Nafha Maani

Tales

We grew up with a stereotype about what the best job one could have was. We were encouraged to study hard so that we could become doctors.

Those who achieved high grades and qualified for admission into medical schools and universities were considered, especially lucky. Being accepted into a medical college was a source of pride for families whose children were destined to become doctors.

Many were willing to endure all kinds of hardship to pay the high costs of such colleges, and in some cases, another sibling had to be deprived of opportunities to facilitate the success of the would-be doctor. Medicine is also widely known as a noble profession.

People's lives are literally in the hands of doctors. Correct analysis and precise diagnosis can save lives and shorten long healing processes, while medical mistakes can ruin lives and, in some cases, cause serious and irreversible complications.

However, this image of nobility has been seriously put to the test in today's world. It is telling that many hospitals now maintain full legal teams to handle patient complaints—some of which are simple matters, while others may escalate into criminal cases that warrant serious action by hospital administration.

A few days ago, Luxembourg woke up to news published in the main newspapers about a certain orthopaedic surgeon who allegedly performed unnecessary knee operations on patients with intact ligaments.

What is particularly interesting is that these allegations came through a letter to the hospital director, signed by six doctors who discovered the discrepancies and felt compelled to take action.

Honestly, I was a bit surprised that doctors would complain about a colleague. In a case I had some months ago, I almost lost my thumb because of a negligent doctor. I was lucky to arrive in time to save it.

However, when I tried to complain, no one was willing to write a letter to prove the negligence, so I did not have much evidence to support my claim.

At the time, I was simply too happy to have my thumb back.

Luxembourg is a very small place, and while we do hear of discrepancies, it is usually only a matter of time before they become public knowledge. Personally, I am extremely disappointed with the Luxembourgish health system.

I lost my husband to a bad and late diagnosis in the same hospital where I nearly lost my thumb.

Fortunately, we do have access to private practitioners, where one is able to choose. But God forbid one ever needs to be hospitalised.

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