

To Whom It May Concern:

In May of 2007 I had total knee replacement surgery, and was in the hospital for 2 days.

Beginning in the first day of recovery, I began to feel itchy and slightly uncomfortable in my chest area. I began to notice little red bumps on my chest. I did not think much about it as I had real pain in my leg area.

On the second day, my chest looked like I had measles all over it. It was becoming really itchy and bothersome to me, but I still thought little about it as I had more painful moments that took precedence, and required my attention.

Naturally, I was taking anti-biotic medication for my surgery.

When I got home I was covered with measly type bumps that were driving me crazy as the itchiness, and irritation was intense.

I got an appointment with my primary physician, and he immediately diagnosed my bumps as "**Staph Infection**" that I had somehow contacted in the nice hospital that I was in. He immediately prescribed **heavy duty antibiotic pills** to use on top of the other antibiotics that I was already taking.

The staph infection remained on my chest for over 4 weeks. I was prescribed more antibiotics again, and again. Finally, after month and ½ of heavy antibiotics, I was free from the Staph infection. However, I paid a heavy price for the experience. I burned my stomach, intestines, and my colon badly. I had cramping, burning, and all kinds of pain and difficulty in my lower body for many months afterward.

I developed a condition known as I.B.S. which stands for "irritable bowel syndrome". Three years later, I am better than I was, but I have been through hell with my stomach, colon, and intestines. These are all conditions that are directly attributable to the large amounts of antibiotic taken because I caught "Staph Infection" in the hospital.

To date, I still have I.B.S. symptoms that plague me daily. I still experience pain and discomfort daily. I guess this will be my lot in life for my remaining years on this earth. Who would have ever thought a healthy person like me would be brought down to a very uncomfortable life by a nice hospital. My life has been greatly impacted by this unfortunate incidence that I feel could have been avoided.

By the way, no one bathed me or cleaned me up (that I know of) while I was in the hospital.

Sincerely,

W. Bruce Holden
Elk Grove, CA.