

03/11/2015

I was in English class sophomore year. It was getting close to first semester finals in December. That day I was kind of dozing off in class and thinking about finals. My grades weren't the greatest because I had missed a lot of school due to sickness from Addison's disease. I had an overload of makeup work to do in a short amount of time. As I sit in class all of a sudden I got extremely tired. My eyes had sunken in and I could not hold my head up from the desk. I had just been diagnosed a few months before this occurrence. We still were in the learning process from outside sources like Facebook to learn what to do in certain situations. As I was in class laying on my desk I texted my mother in panic. I told my teacher that I needed to go to the bathroom. I left class and was texted my mother fearing I was going to die and hoping she could help tell me what to do. Let's not forget this is happening during the middle of the day in school and everyone is in class. As I walk out of the bathroom the men's deans came running in while huffing and puffing like they had just gotten done running a marathon. They had asked if I was Dominick Lukowski and I said yes. They said that my mother called the nurses saying I was in a crisis. The nurses could not come into the boys bathroom because they were all women. The nurses were mad that they had to run looking all over the school for me because they didn't know which bathroom I was in. As I was walking back to the nurses office they were yelling at me because I had told my mother who was at work an hour away and not gone down to the nurse. The nurses office was on the other side of the school and I was too scared to make the walk across the school alone because if something were to have happened, I would have to scream for help and everyone would be looking at me. With the nurse yelling at me, it made things worse because it's stressful when you're trying to figure out what to do and that made me feel even worse. When I got to the nurses office they didn't know what to do so they just suggested that I take a nap. Luckily my mother was already on her way to the school and was there by the time I got back to the nurses office. When my mother got there we just left. We went straight to the emergency room right after. When we got to the emergency room, they did not know what to do as well so my mother directed the nurses what to do. We had instructed them to give me my injection of hydrocortisone and 2 sodium IV's.

Even now with EVERY SINGLE VISIT to the same emergency rooms they still look at us like a "deer in the headlights" when we arrive and my mom is constantly telling them how to treat me and gives them the "Adrenal Insufficient patients must be treated by a medical physician IMMEDIATELY" card provided by [AIUnited.org](http://AIUnited.org), it's still a struggle to get treated appropriately.

When we go in to the ER, we tell them I'm going through a CRISIS that needs immediate attention, they look at me with a blank face, we get into the room, we tell them what to do, then we call our Endocrinologist to call there so they will treat us, still takes over an hour and a half to get treated appropriately, sometimes my mom gives me more HC while waiting in fear their response time is just not quick enough.

Sincerely

Dominick Lukowski 17yrs old  
(2 ½ years since diagnosis)