

ConvaTec Eakin Cohesive StomaWrap Ostomy Seal

- * Ref# 839006
- * 10/box
- * 3 Millimeters Thick
- * Size: 3-3/8" (85 mm)
- * Great for Large or Oval Shaped Stomas

New from Eakin! The Cohesive StomaWrap has the same qualities as the Eakin Cohesive Seals you know and love except there's no need to stretch or tear to get the right size. Just wrap it around your stoma and overlap to get a secure seal. The Cohesive StomaWrap will prevent leakage extending the wear time of your appliance. Its shape makes it perfect for large and oval stomas. Also, it's easier to use for those with limited dexterity.

Step by Step Instructions How To Use Eakin Cohesive StomaWrap

1. Start with clean, dry skin around the stoma.
2. Remove paper cover and apply to the skin around your stoma. Both sides are the same and equally sticky. Carefully position it to fit snugly around your stoma.
3. If necessary, overlap the seal to ensure a good fit. No skin around the stoma should be exposed.
4. Using your hands, flatten the outer edge of the seal. This is where warm hands will come in handy.
5. ****If using a 1-piece ostomy appliance, place pouch over seal and hold in position for a short period of time. 2-piece appliance users will apply the skin barrier over the seal and attach pouch.



Medical Care Products, Inc.
(904) 733-8500
(800) 741-0110

Jacksonville Contact Information:

Patti Langenbach
(800) 741-0110
(904) 733-8500

patti@ostomymcp.com

Support group meets the 3rd Sunday
of each month 3 p.m.
4836 Victor Street
Next Meeting: **Aug 21st**

Gainesville Support Group Contact info:

Brinda Watson (352) 373-1266
Jean Haskins (352) 495-2626

Meets the 1st Sunday of each month
(except Holidays)

at Hope Lodge 2121 SW 16th St
Gainesville, FL

Next meeting: **Sept 4th at 2pm**

Ocala Support Contact info:

Lynn Parsons (352) 245-3114

www.ostomyocala.com

Meets the 2nd Sunday of each month
(except July & Aug) at 2 p.m. at the
Sheriff's Station 3260 SE 80th Street
(between Ocala and Belleview).

Next Meeting: **September 11th**

Citrus County Support Group

Meets third Sunday of each month at
2:00 PM in the Seven Rivers Regional
Medical Center, 6201 N. Suncoast
Blvd., Crystal River, FL 34428, in the
Community Room of the Medical
Office Building

Next Meeting: **September 18th**

Amelia Island Area Ostomy Support Group

(904) 310-9054

Meets last Monday of each month at
6:30pm Bapt Medical Center
Nassau board room.

Free parking

Next Meeting: **Aug 29h**

Check Out The MailBag Now On FaceBook

https://www.facebook.com/JaxUOAA/?ref=aymt_homepage_panel

My Life Changing Irrigation Story

by Martha Bennett

If you have a colostomy my story may interest you. I have had a colostomy for a year and a half, and for the past 9 months I have been irrigating it almost every day. This has given me more control over my body and a feeling of security that I wanted and needed.

Irrigation is a procedure in which the colon gets flushed with water by way of a tube that is inserted into the stoma. This causes the colon to empty and pass stool through the stoma into a bag. The procedure should be done at the same time every day. Before I started irrigating I would think of making plans and then remember the unpredictability of my situation. Would I have gas? Would my bowels begin to move and cause my wafer seal to break? (That happened.)

Before my colostomy, I suffered from constipation. I needed the surgery due to a ruptured colon. My surgeon believes I may be a candidate for a reversal. But, my constipation continues, and I want this resolved before I consider more surgery.

I went to my first ostomy support group meeting, in Jacksonville, after deciding to wait before having a reversal, and Patti suggested that irrigation might be an answer for me. I left the meeting with hope in my heart and began to explore the possibility. I watched a couple of YouTube demos. I called my home health nurse and was told that irrigation would only make my constipation worse. I was a little disappointed but made an appointment with my surgeon and expressed my interest. He actually yelled at me: "Nobody does that anymore! Who is going to do it for you?"

I went to UFI for a second opinion. After a test to measure the motility of my colon, I was told that I have a diseased colon that needs to be removed. Well, that put irrigation out of my mind for a while. The second surgeon wanted to do further testing. Then, while waiting for those appointments to be set up, I developed a hernia, I went back to see him about the hernia. While there I asked him about irrigation. He said that he didn't think it would work but that he would set up irrigation training with his ostomy nurses. The training was successful. I was sent home with the irrigation bag and irrigation sleeves that I needed, and I have been irrigating ever since.

What's been so important to me is the freedom from worry that I experience now. Irrigation takes about an hour. More than half of that time is spent just waiting for output. I read, work on the computer, wash dishes, etc. In other words it's not lost time. If I wear a long housecoat to cover the irrigation sleeve, which catches the output, I can even be around other people. There is no emptying of bags during the day or night. Gas is seldom experienced—except when I eat the occasional serving of beans. My one-piece ostomy cover has a charcoal filter to help with gas odors, but, as I said, I seldom have any. I am free of ostomy and bowel concerns for a full 24 hours. On a few occasions I have gone for 48 hours without any problems.

I am fortunate that my surgeon honored my request even when he didn't think irrigation would work for me. I am glad that I persevered. I don't know all of the requirements for irrigating. I was told by a Convatec nurse that there must be some sigmoid colon left. I do want to stress again the freedom I have. I am so relieved to be worry-free. I am now a regular member of the Amelia Island Ostomy Group and am fortunate to have the ongoing support of co-leader and ostomy nurse, Lynn Oakes. Because I encountered resistance to the idea, I urge all who are interested to not give up!!

“Gutsy’s FAB Gab-About: Stories of Ostomy ‘Glories/Gories!’”

“Speak Out and YOUR WORDS WILL Be Heard!”

By Linda Blumberg AKA “Mrs. Lips”



August: Linda’s SLP work and Jax, FL kids’ schooling resume (8,15): summer bummer!...Though vacation ends, “education” is lifelong!...Our next red-hot stoma “story of ostomy ‘gory to glory’” features Trish , an artist...as shared with “Gutsy,” Linda’s 9 ¾ year old ileostomy stoma!...

From the editor....This story has been edited to fit in several issues of the MailBag. The story in its entirety is available by request (call Patti Langenbach 904-733-8500 or email at patti@ostomymcp.com). Please keep in mind that all ostomy journeys are unique. We are always happy to share real stories from our ostomy community and encourage anyone who wishes to contribute to contact me or Linda.

Trish’s Story! Background:

For weeks I had been suffering diarrhea and constipation. Doc had me use over the counter preparations, nothing helped. The constipation seemed to be worse every day. I was losing weight, sweating, and in bed. Didn’t want to eat, or walk around, or do anything at all. I was depressed and scared...for I knew that what was to come was not going to be pretty, and it meant I had to have surgery on my Colon. It wasn’t instinct on my part, it was years of knowing that I had a bad gut since I was about nine years old. Constantly having gastritis, hiatal hernia issues, and vomiting episodes whenever I ate anything that had spices or meat, which I could not digest.

My mother took me to doctors, nobody really knew in the 50’s and 60’s what all this meant. In those days there wasn’t the division of specialties in medicine like there is now. You had a GP, and that was it. Plus, in those days, families couldn’t afford a doctor that went from GP to special classifications.

Many times I saw the doctor for medication over the counter or by prescription that would halt the diarrhea, or another that would stop the constipation. I missed a lot of school, and even though my gut seemed to be constantly inflamed, nobody seemed to be able to help. Our doctor said it was a “nervous stomach” or the “flu” and treated as such.

This continued through school, two kids, two marriages, a divorce and a death of second husband in 2006. The episodes continued to get a bit worse, but I chalked it up to getting older, and started to watch what I ate and drank, but not with any regularity. Just thought that my nerves and circumstances of life had to be the answer to my gut, as I was a nervous kid all my life, and home life as a kid wasn’t great to say the least, and marriages weren’t much better.

Gore to Glory:

In June, 2013, for about 10 days, the constipation was ridiculous. Nothing helped--not oral medication over the counter, not suppositories, or enemas. Doc just said, use what you can, and see if you can break it up. Drink hot drinks, like tea and broth. That should help, too. I was constantly in bed. In pain in the gut, and trying to dislodge whatever was causing this bloating and hardening of the stools. Each day worse than the previous, and emails back and forth with the doctor brought no relief.

On the evening of the 12th, I could not handle it any longer, and called for an ambulance. At the hospital, I had the usual tests. The blood tests, the chest X-ray, the CT scan of the belly. It was found that I had a large obstruction in my colon between the transverse and descending. Nothing that was going to happen in medication was going to dislodge it, and I was seriously ill.

After talking to the Emergency Room Doctor about the tests, he called in the surgeon; a general surgeon, not a GI surgeon, even though I knew that they had them on staff. My apprehension was at a fever pitch, but the pain was so bad I said OK. My daughter came to the ER and was told the circumstances. She was quite worried, as was I, but we both knew I had no choice. I was prepped for surgery and taken to the surgical wing.

Six hours later, I came out from surgery with half my colon removed from half the Transverse and half the descending. A bag was attached to my left side and I felt like I was going to die. The pain was so horrible. I was told that the part of the colon she removed was dead, and I also was Septic. Not good. A few more hours and I might not have made it at all. An infection, removal of a huge ball of dead tissue and infection removed, and colostomy on left side. I was in the hospital for 7 days then sent to Nursing/Rehab hospital to recover from my infection and wound care.

I spent two days in Rehab, and then I was told I was anemic from the loss of blood during the surgery, and had to go back to the hospital by ambulance for transfusions. I was not a happy camper. Going from a Rehab where I felt safe and cared for, back to the hospital was not my favorite thing to do.

The hospitalist came in and asked me if I knew I had Cdiff? Cdiff? What is that, I asked? A serious infection in your colon was the answer. I need to put you on another antibiotic by mouth for 10 days for this infection he explained. Never answering my question about what was Cdiff.

Then I was told that the surgeon had to re-do the stoma, as the first one was not viable. Didn't have a good blood supply, so she had to open me up in surgery and re-do the stoma, by going back in and cutting off the colon tissue that was not viable, and making a new stoma. She said that I had to be there in the hospital for a week due to an infection

After another 10 days in the hospital, they transferred me back to the Rehab. I couldn't have been happier. The Rehab was a most loving place to spend whatever time it took for my gut and my spirit to heal. I felt safe, comfortable, and loved. The wound care nurse came every morning to cleanse my wounds, and re-dress them. She was so gentle, and caring. The pain was horrible, but I just did what she told me to do.....BREATHE. And, boy did I. It kind of helped the pain a bit, and got me centered on my breath, rather than what she was doing to my damaged body.

It came a time that the wound nurse told me that I had to learn to dress my gut wound and do the changing of my colostomy bag. I rebelled! How could I do this? The Social Worker came in one day after I had been there for two weeks, and said she had a friend who was a Psychologist that came to see patients at the hospital. Especially those that have had circumstances like mine, and offered to have her come see me. I couldn't wait. I needed the talk, the reassurance, the guidance to be brave and do these medical procedures to help heal myself. I only had three weeks left at the rehab and had to be able to do for myself when I got home.

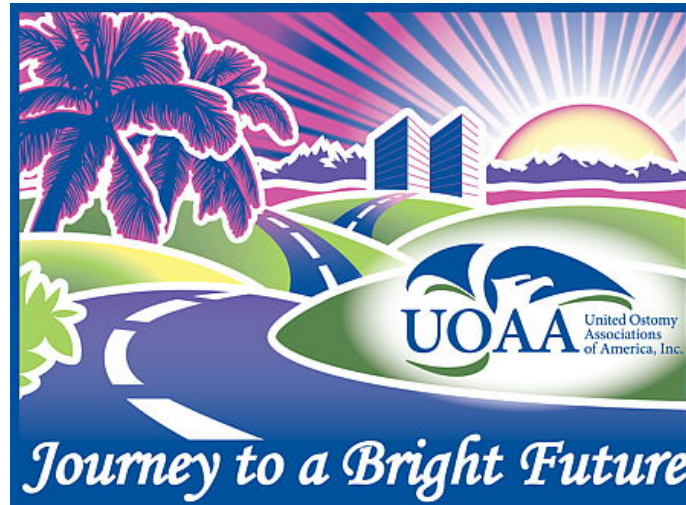
Two days later, on Wednesday, the Psychologist came to see me. She was a woman in her sixties, gentle, and caring. She was a blast from the past, as she had silver hair flowing all over her back. Her voice was soothing and

soft. I had met an angel....a true angel that was going to help me through this part of my recovery so I could return home.

I began to talk to her about my surgery; it led to my childhood, my abuse, my two marriages, my children, my thoughts of inadequacy... All of it, and she never once stopped me from talking. She knew that I had to get it all out...all of it. The years of needing to talk to someone that would really listen. A person so involved in my words that I knew I could keep going. She was happy that I had given her my history in one hour of crying and talking. Frankly, it felt good to get it all out.

She started to talk to me about the fact that I had to learn to dress my wounds. That I had to accept the colostomy, and all that came with it. That I was alive.....ALIVE....what else mattered? I could do this. I had taken care of people all my life from the time I was a teenager, I took care of my Dad for ten years when he came to live with my husband and I. I took care of my husband when he was so sick with diabetes and heart troubles the last two years of his life. How could I not take care of myself after doing all this? She asked.

Continued in the Sept issue of the MailBag...



6th National Conference

Tues.-Sat., Aug. 22-26, 2017, Hotel Irvine, Irvine, California



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