

From: [Robert Martin](#)
To: [transferofcare](#)
Subject: Ramping
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Please accept my apologies for the delay in writing this submission, but I have been travelling overseas for the last few months.

It is hard to describe exactly how you feel in this situation, it is something you have to experience to truly understand. It is my hope that one day no one else has to experience that understanding.

I suffered the dismay, discomfort, and mental stress of experiencing a delay in the transfer of care (ramping) in 2019 when I suffered a heart attack. The experience wasn't in Hobart but Adelaide, where I was spending time with friends. Having said this, it doesn't matter where it happens, or why, the inconvenience and stress the patient suffers is unimaginable. It must be similarly stressful for the paramedics and hospital staff who devote their lives to caring for others and can't do it as professionally and expeditiously as they want.

I was lucky, my heart attack was relatively minor but I didn't know that at the time, nor did anyone else. Although it was my first heart attack, I was pretty sure that is what it was, as I had witnessed my father suffer several before he finally passed away from cardiac arrest at almost the same age I was.

I was naturally concerned at the initial pain but felt much more relieved and confident of survival when the paramedics arrived - they were wonderful in their professionalism, concern and treatment.

This relief/confidence dissipated quickly when we arrived at the hospital and nothing happened to get me inside (I was ramped) - despite one of the paramedics entering the hospital several times. I felt like the paramedics had done everything they could to save me and the specialist care I needed was just metres away and was being withheld - I now appreciate that it wasn't, it was just unfortunate circumstance.

My concern grew the longer we waited, thoughts started going through my mind about the tragedy of dying, in an ambulance at the entrance to the hospital's Emergency Department. Not rational, I know, but I defy anyone in the same position, not to have similar thoughts.

In the end I made a full recovery, and now like to think that I am pretty fit for my age, but on that fateful morning, I and my wife, had grave concerns about our future together.

Regards Rob Martin

