

A humorous look at a day in the Life of.....the Receptionists

It's 7.45. Am I first in? I hope not –
The alarm is on, the code I've forgot.
(The grammar and rhythm may be wrong
But, hey, this is not a rapper's song!)
No, it's ok, the alarm is clear,
I can enter – no police in riot gear!

Put the kettle on for morning tea,
We start prompt at 8 you see -
Priorities set for the day.
Next, computers – what do they say? (mostly no!).
Put on the dragon face and tone,
At 8.30 we answer the phone.

At 8 the 'out of hours' service ended,
Phone us and emergencies will be attended.
For 30 minutes all is a flurry
As we get 'out of hours' reports in a hurry,
The blood and other results must be ready
For doctors to read to Tom, Dick and Freddy (Harry doesn't rhyme!).

Receptionist on front desk greets the patients,
If they are rude or late we don't lose our patience.
We book them in with the click of a mouse,
Check 'Do you smoke?', 'What's your weight?'
'Where is your house?'
All this info is important for our records
(And sometimes we sound like broken records).

Postman arrives with mail in heavy sack,
Take to receptionists in the back.
They will sort it to different places
And take it round with smiling faces
To Newbury Street, Lloyd's, Opticians and upstairs
(Then we find out it isn't theirs!)

Make appointments by the score, write on a slip,
Over 200 patients seen today, we need to keep a grip.
Give out forms to be completed
To join our surgery. Don't get defeated.
Speak to doctors on the phone;
When running late hear the groan.

Look for letters in the file,
The secretaries typing all the while.
Give out prescriptions (we call them scripts)
Chemist lost them – we'll have fits –
No, here they are, we'll not despair.
For your health we do all care.

Behind the scenes at 8.30 wheels set in motion.
The phones go mad. Four receptionists, what a commotion!
Incoming calls, who's on the line?
A patient bumped his head – not nice –
Confidently give head injury advice,
May need to be seen, come in to the nurse,
We cannot allow the injury to get worse.

My child has swallowed something ghastly,
Phone the poison unit, reassured it's not too nasty.
My horse has kicked me in the chest,
Off to minor injuries, they'll do what's best,
My Mum is ill and very aged with it,
Don't worry, after surgery the doctor will visit.

No time for a break, but it's coffee time,
Over 100 callers been on the line.
Our mail is sorted into doctors' trays
To be scanned later in the day.
Collect the paperwork and samples from doctors' rooms,
Water the plants – what pretty blooms!

Doctor wants urgent results, phone the lab,
They have them in, that's just fab.
Hospital and nursing homes want visits done,
No problem, they're arranged for after one.
The phone never seems to stop ringing,
What will the next call be bringing?

The afternoon. More post arrives in style,
We open, date stamp and put for file
On the scanner one by one
Over 120 to be done.
The doctors read and action before surgery begins.
I wonder if their head ever spins?

At 5 pm we have a cup of tea,
We've deserved it if you ask me;
Doctors' drinks taken round on a tray
(Can we have a trolley I do say).
Another 90 minutes' work today,
Then phones go 'out of hours' (go over, we say).

The last receptionist goes at 7.
All the computers off, silence is heaven.
Lock the doors quick as you can,
Let no one in – especially THAT MAN!
Who'd be a doctors' receptionist I ask?
I would, there's no better task.