

Nursing came into my life at a young age. When I was eight years old my papa had two total knee replacement surgeries and I was fascinated by it all. I was his comfort and tended to his scars, and my love for taking care of people began. In high school I was fortunate enough to earn my CNA through a high school program in Colorado. I got to do clinicals at two different locations; a long term care facility for geriatrics, and a rehabilitation hospital for brain and spinal cord injuries. Both facilities had taught me different things and differences in taking care of different patients. During my senior year of high school another instance would influence my decision into becoming a nurse. One of my dearest friends passed away in March, two months before we were to graduate. Before she passed away she had two hospital stays in the previous months. She knew I wanted to be a nurse and would tell me a little bit about her stay. She always mentioned the relationships she built with her nurses, and how supportive they were of her during a hard time for her. When she told me about the interactions with her nurses I fell in love with nursing even more. Taking care of people and seeing their growth is a big reason I want to be a nurse. I want to be apart of something special, and nurses are very special.