

There has always been an inexplicable pull to comfort someone during the difficult and heart-wrenching moments of life. As long as I can remember, I have wanted to serve people and tend to the wounded. Over the years, through growth, maturation, and evolution, I chose to become a nurse. I wanted to bask in the elation families experience for a newborn baby and share tears of joy after a miraculous recovery. My patients often include the whole family and even friends. I assess, advocate for, and support my patients whilst identifying their needs, and also share in the silence when words are not sufficient. I oftentimes wipe away and clean up their bodily fluids. I educate my patients about medications and disease processes. But the biggest part of my job involves achieving the dexterity nursing demands of me. I work closely with those senior to me and others with less experience. I could not do many of these things nearly as well without them. Many have shaped me into the nurse I am today and I hope I can do the same for someone else. Nursing has never been a “Plan B” for me. It is something I cherish and I would choose to do all over again.