

PROUD TO BE A REGISTERED NURSE

I had been in maternity nursing for several years before my family landed in Canada. Labor watching taught me patience, compassion, empathy, and helping a woman deliver her newborn gave me an immense joy of being part of that wondrous miracle. Having been privileged to touch and carry a newborn babe in my arms satisfied the very core of my soul. Really! Those years I have not considered as a job but instead, self actualization in every sense of the word!

After registering with CRNBC, I was offered a regular part time position in a residential care facility - a total opposite of what I loved doing in my previous world, from witnessing birth of a new life to watching old people breathe their last breath. I was quite unsure at the beginning if I would be passionate to work in this kind of setting. I began knowing my residents on the floor where I am assigned. Most of them demented, a few ones cognitively intact, some of them visited frequently by loved ones, some of them not receiving even phone calls from families. Some of them converse a lot, some of them with language barriers. They all differ in what they need and feel. But in the few months I had been with them, I learned everyone needs caring time and the magic of human touch. I may not understand what they are saying at times, but I can see in their eyes the appreciation and gladness every time I hold their hands or just sit beside them in silence. To cite one encounter with them- we have this demented resident who does not talk too much. One day she heard me humming "Love me tender." She knows little English but she knows that song well. Every time I gave her pills in the evening, I ask her to sing with me, until it became a pleasurable routine for her to sing "Love me tender or Downtown." One time I gave her pills in the dining area and left her to attend to other residents. She started singing "Downtown," at the top of her voice and as I approached two female residents, they started to sneer and mock the singing resident. I casually told them as I was giving them their medications, "You know what? That lady enjoys singing with me. Singing makes her happy and brings back joyful memories for her." They abruptly stopped laughing. A moment of silence ensued. And one of them hugged me with tears welling up in her eyes, she blurted out, "You truly belong to the healthcare field and we are lucky to have you."

It felt good that evening as I realized, "I guess I am making a difference." I am pleased to say that "I am proud to be a registered nurse, caring for you in any stage of your life, " from womb to tomb!"