

*Dear transplant nurse,  
I have happy memories of my stay at UCLA (2/21/95)  
transplant ward and all of it is because of the wonderful care and  
personal attention I was given by the nurses. I remember feeling so  
bad, as they wheeled me into the operating room, my wife and I  
prayed and the next recollection after that was a nurse wiping my  
forehead.*

*That was two days later. I guess it was nip and tuck, but I made it  
and I truly believe it was because of the personal care I received from  
the nurses with their soothing touch and thoughtful/kind words.*

*The doctors came in from time to time and pulled or pressed, but the  
nurses did their level best to let me know all was well. Even at 4 AM  
to see if I wanted anything before they went off shift. They were  
always there at my beck and call, whether it was for a bedpan or a  
dish of ice cream. It was from the nurses that I found out how I was  
doing, what day it was, when my wife/family could come in etc.*

*Blessings,*

*Jim Daly*