



*Dear transplant nurse,*

*You took care of me when the mother of a 12-year-old girl and a 10-year-old boy died and gave me her liver. You saved my life. The doctors would never have been able to do it without you. They do not have time to pay enough attention. They act only on urgent matters when you recognize them and communicate them.*

*You soothed me and my husband, my mother and my father, and my sisters and brother when things got to be too much and we floundered, either individually and against each other or as a team. You tenderly met all my needs with a smile on your face or tears by my side, whichever was appropriate. You gave the gifts of your precious soul, your time, your energy, and your mind. When I was frightened, you calmed me. When I was bleeding, you stopped the blood loss. When I couldn't breathe, you provided oxygen. When I couldn't stand, you carried me. When I couldn't wash, you bathed me. When I couldn't talk, you read my mind. When I couldn't go, you went. When I hurt, you brought relief. When the tests and procedures went wrong, you responded with wisdom and speed and saved me all over again.*

*You manage your own life well enough to share the beauty of you with people who are initially strangers to you. You are underpaid and overworked, yet you never let it show to those who need you most.*

*You are my transplant nurse, and I pray for you still. Be well and know that I love you.*

*Nancy Hrivnak*

*liver, 1993*