

Dear Transplant Nurse,

My name is Sally Zealor. In the middle of April of 1995 I was suddenly taken ill. Within 2 weeks I had turned yellow, couldn't eat or drink and was too weak to walk more than a few feet at a time. On May 6th, I was admitted to a local hospital here in Sacramento for observation. The next morning I found myself being transported by ambulance to the University of California, San Francisco's medical center as a candidate for a liver transplant.

I had never heard of a liver transplant. I never drank, smoked, used drugs or lived a life style that should have taken me down this path, but apparently, I was going there anyway. The care that I was given by the nursing staff was outstanding. One nurse, her name was Cindy, assigned herself to me each time she was on shift. I came to trust her above everyone else. Not only was I cared for, I was cared about. I will never forget the nurse who washed my hair for me. I was too sick to do it myself. I'm sure that she never gave it a second thought but it meant so much to me. I will always remember the nurse who had to almost carry me to the bathroom because I was too sick to get there by myself. He was a big husky guy and he'll always be in my memory. Little acts of kindness are blown out of proportion when you're that sick. My husband and I celebrated our 31st wedding anniversary in that small hospital room not knowing if it would be our last. I will never know how the nurses found out but they brought a small cake to my room.

On June 10th, with less than 48hours to live, I was given the gift of life by way of a 25 year old man from Monterey. My recovery was rocky. But, again, with the help of the transplant nurses days turned into weeks, weeks into months and I am happy to say that 13 years have passed since then. Please know in your hearts that you are remembered by many, even though many may not have the chance to tell you so.

Sending hugs for all transplant nurses along with this,

*- Sally Zealor*