

**YOU WERE THERE...  
FOR ME...  
OR ANOTHER...  
WHO NEEDED YOU...  
JUST AS MUCH...**

**It was February 22, 2008. Just another day of “hanging on”. A call came. The call that started my new life. Two lungs...from a loving donor...to give me a chance at a new life.**

**It wasn't a scary situation because I knew that God, my family, and friends were there beside me. Most comforting of all, was a friendly, loving nurse. She knew her job well, and she performed it like a newly oiled machine. It was not really how she performed her duties, but the kind and loving way in which she did it. Always so careful not to cause me any discomfort and making sure I was comfortable. A warm blanket, a friendly hand, a kind smile all just for me. How lucky I was.**

**The surgeons came and provided me assurance that all would be O.K. They were gone and I awoke 3 days later breathing freely, they tell me. I do not remember much of the first days because of medicine designed to do just that. I do know, that beside me, was a friendly and comforting nurse, who went about her responsibility of taking care of me.**

**Three short days in ICU and I was ready to go to the next step. Aware now of all that was happening, I moved on to another room. Again, I was greeted by a nurse whose primary concern was to make me comfortable and let me know that all would be OK. All the responsibilities that she had in taking care of me, I do not know. So much time was spent on me outside the room making sure that all was well. She made sure that I knew how to press the button if I needed her help; probably a big mistake. I tried not to be a pain and bother them for I knew how busy they were. It did not matter though, because they always came through that door with a smile saying “What can I do for you?”.**

**What I remember vividly are the times when I was not so nice. When I was impatient, when I was seeing things that were not there, when they were too busy to get right there, and when they had to do things that I would not want to do. They did it though, with a smile and concern that warmed me. Twenty-two days later, I left the hospital. My memories of your kindness stay with me in my NEW LIFE with lungs that have broken me free to enjoy life. THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SERVICE TO ME AND OTHERS**

**Stephen Garlish  
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