

*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