Thank you to a nurse,

During September of 2007 I was very sick with end stage liver disease and very close to dying. It didn't matter who I was, and if I were the president of a country, I couldn't have received better treatment. Following my liver transplant, my fellow human beings as nurses cared for me as if I was part of their immediate family. As busy as they are, their tenderness, empathy, and attention to our safety is paramount with them. I could go on and on with descriptions as to how great these people are, but if you're there, you already know this. God must surely have a special place in heaven waiting for them. These nurses are of the type of people that when they are about to catch a breath to relax and God would ask them to tend to someone else they would be the first to step up to the plate. This is no example, I've seen it first hand. Each one of these nurses from shift to shift change had one goal in mind, make me feel comfortable as possible and they did that by treating me like I was the only one there. Whether it was for pain meds, a glass of water or another blanket, their assistance is almost nurturing, tolerance and patience resolute. Thank You for being a nurse. Thanks to God for guiding the doctors' hands who so skillfully transplanted my new liver. In memory of Charlie who saved my life and at least two others through organ donation.

Vito Losito