

2020

Maybe

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“Maybe”

(The Taoist Farmer, a parable adapted for modern times)

The ring of the phone could not be camouflaged among the critical alarms of the monitors or the IV pumps. Scrubs of every color bustled north, south, east, and west: all tasked with an important mission. The volume of voice was simultaneously amplified and muffled. Uninspired wetness perspired onto fogged goggles. “That’s the Emergency Room calling to give report,” she said. “Fifth COVID admission today. This is really awful!”

“Maybe,” said the nurse.

The next week, a miracle patient who had danced with The Flat Line, opened his eyes, and inhaled fresh air through his own, unassisted lungs. The doctors exclaimed, “How wonderful!”

“Maybe,” said the nurse.

Six months later, The Miracle Patient returned, this time to the bedside of his love. Her cough was undeniable. He said to the nurse, “This is unbelievable!”

“Maybe,” said the nurse.

Two weeks later, The Miracle Patient and his love were discharged by the nurse, cured from all illness. He smiled as she held the door, “We are the luckiest!”

“Maybe,” said the nurse.

Dear readers,

The year 2020 had expectations.

It was supposed to be ‘Roarin’ (Old Sport!)

It was supposed to be the year of perfect, 20/20 vision.

It was supposed to be The Year of the Nurse.

Like the Taoist Farmer, 2020 gave us all the opportunity to do just that – abandon expectations and challenge ourselves to see connections and opportunities where we might not have before. It challenged and continues to challenge us to stretch our flexibility, to not live in the extremes, and to accept, with patience.

This inaugural issue of SANA: Self-Achievement through Nursing Art showcases the diverse talent of nurses. It is my utmost privilege to put vibrant, colorful life, full of opportunity and free of expectations into our conscious and virtual world.

The year 2020 had expectations

Was it Roarin'?
Did it give us perfect, 20/20 hindsight?
Was it The Year of the Nurse?

Maybe.

With gratitude, etc.,
Susan