

REFLECTIONS ON MY PRACTICE AS NURSE, MIDWIFE AND TEACHER

I feel heady with the power held
in one's heart, hands, head and soul
to relate on a human level
with purpose,
 compassion,
 love,
 skill,
 intellect,
 spirit, and
 understanding –
unconditionally –

to ease a painful journey
or share a joyful birth,
to bear witness to private things and thoughts
and not judge or reveal
what belongs to—or is—another person.

This is my way.

This is my practice.

I am a nurse.

I am a midwife.

I am a teacher

of students
who aspire
to reach our shared ideals
and affirm their power
to be with other humans
in their most vulnerable life moments.

It is an honour –
to share students' journeys
and know
that they too
will be honoured to
feel
 the intoxication,
 the deep satisfaction
of
caring practice –
 touching and
 being touched
by their own human contact
as nurses.

Our learning is
about
 how to, and
 why.

It is more than
writing a good essay,
presenting a sound argument,
being intellectually capable, or
performing a clinical skill.

In the moment
when
 the world begins or ends for someone,
 when life changes in a nano-second, or
 pain is overwhelming and all consuming,
when
 ecstasy is total,

We are present.

Written in 2009