

poem

those firsts

That first drug error
The first time you cry on shift
The first complaint made about you
And the first patient that you lose.

The funeral you attend
And the safeguarding case
That first crash call you put out
And the incident form you fill in.

Gosh, we never forget these firsts.
They shape our first years qualified
and they set us up for the years ahead.

But they can make us question ourselves,
our training,
our God.

God, why is this so hard?
And, will it always be?
Will I always carry grief like this?
Will it always affect me?

My answer is...
...I hope so.

I hope you don't become thick skinned,
or numb to another's pain.
I hope your heart stays fragile actually
That your heart breaks for what breaks his
again and again

That you learn to forgive yourself
That you carry people, but only to give them
to God in prayer
That you remember that you are not God
Only he is perfect
Only he sustains
Only he holds all things together

I hope lament finds a way into your worship
And you find freedom to question him.
That you find others who are doing it too
Who are inspiring and encouraging

I pray that you never lose your love for God
And for being his hope in hopeless places
That you cling to the faith, joy, and love that
he gave you
And that you become the nurse or midwife
you're meant to be. 🌸

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