

HEROES
WORK
HERE

THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU

proud to be a nurse

Bex Lawton reflects on the
highs and lows of nursing

*2020 is the Year of the Nurse and Midwife
And what a year it's turning out to be?!
The WHO say we are 'the backbone to every
health system'
And during this pandemic the backbone has
held the weight of our national health system
Protected vital services
Flexing, extending, moving*

*With nurses coming out of retirement
Shortened maternity leave
Nurses being redeployed
Coming out of the office and onto the wards
Moving out of their family homes to work and
protect loved ones
National pride in our NHS is at an all-time high
And I've never been so proud to be a nurse.*

I often feel God's pleasure as I nurse too
 When I challenge unsafe practice
 When I take extra time to listen to and reassure
 anxious parents
 When I'm thorough and don't cut corners
 I am His hands and feet
 Bringing His kingdom on earth as it is in heaven
 I am Salt, I am Light
 What a wholesome and honourable picture
 I paint of our profession?
 All glory and sacrifice.

But I wonder about the days that aren't so
 heroic?
 The mundane days where I'm on the phone
 chasing results
 Chasing people, 'Answer your bleep!'
 Or hectic days when everything runs late
 2 o'clock drugs are given at 4
 And none of my patients have got the best of me
 What does God think of my nursing then?

What about the days that I'm not proud of?
 When I'm cross
 Maybe because somebody has used the last vial
 of antibiotic from the box and hasn't bothered
 to order anymore
 'Who does that?! How inconsiderate! What's
 wrong with people...'
 Mmm, yes, maybe I've groaned and moaned
 Or indulged in that conversation about a

colleague even though I felt the prompt not to
 but I just couldn't help myself... or didn't want to
 What then?

Still proud of me then, God?
 I'm learning that what pleases Him is love,
 faith and obedience.
 Humble and open hearts
 Sometimes that looks heroic and newsworthy
 Seemingly deserving of a weekly clap
 But so often its unseen
 Ordinary and everyday
 Sometimes I please Him when I'm nursing
 But sometimes I please Him by not
 By taking a break
 By resting
 Prioritising my family or relationships
 So yes, I am proud to be a nurse
 But it's just a fraction of the whole
 Being His is what truly defines me
 His love shapes, inspires and drives me
 And remains unaltered no matter what
 I do or don't
 I cannot add to or diminish it
 Earn it or become disqualified from it
 His love for me is resolute and unending
 I am the apple of His eye
 And He rejoices over me with singing. 🍏

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 midwives 'poet in residence'. She also shares performances
 of her Christian, nursing focused poetry on Instagram as
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