

- **Bex Lawton** uses light humour
- to address heavy subjects in
- these dear diary extracts.

# Dear Diary

There are certain things that have been drummed into me over the years. They were probably even covered in my orientation during my first hospital placement, aged 18.

1. writing on pillows is wishful thinking.

A pillow might say CDU! on it in permanent marker, but it won't make it back there. Brave pillow, you have traversed many departments to get here. Rest a while. Finders keepers CDU weepers.

2. Do not use the Q word

(clue, it rhymes with riot) to describe a calm and manageable shift. you will make yourself very unpopular.

3. Night shift calories don't count

I'm sure I read that Nurses and midwives bodies are just built differently, aren't they? Between the hours of midnight and 6 am, the laws of science simply do not apply to us.

Diets are off!!!

In these hours,  
we are not fuelling  
our bodies. The vast  
quantities of crisps and chocolate  
we eat at night directly fuel our souls.

Unfortunately,  
my elasticated work trousers say  
otherwise. Unless my soul sits around  
my middle.

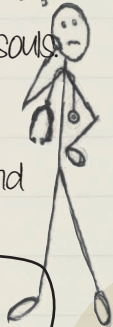
But, despite packing fruit and a  
cereal bar in my bag, I found  
myself in front of the vending  
machine at 3 am again. Looking  
for a quick fix...

While standing there deciding what flavour McCoy's to get...

I think again  
how much  
better it would  
be if prayer  
worked like this.

- Make your selection and put your coins of prayer in.
- wait a few seconds.
- Hear a whirr, watch the spiral twizzle, and your request drops into your lap.

The answer to your prayer delivered. Simple.



I wish there was a simple answer for Bed 20 right now.



His parents keep vigil by his bed.

curtains drawn day and night.

His breathing has become more laboured.

How is he still holding on?

so much for our best guess of any day now.

waiting is painful. were helpless but to watch with them.

And PRAY, of course.

Believe me, I've prayed it all in the last months and days. I've prayed for life. And now I find myself even praying for death. End their suffering one way or another, God.

But I can't hear a whirr.

There's no twizzle. At times, I'm tempted to kick the vending machine.

To shake it. To shout,  
**COME ON!**

But for now,

# I wait and trust in God.

I trust that he is **LOVE**  
and that he is **GOOD.**

His ways are higher than my ways.  
His thoughts are higher than my thoughts.  
I am thankful that he is God and I am not,  
and I choose to pray that his will is done.

## Not my quick fix!



Thank you that you created my patients inmost being; you knit him together in his mothers womb. All the days ordained for him were written in your book before one of them came to be. Even these last days were written then.

I believe you were present as his body was formed. I pray you'd be just as present as it fails. Help me to be sensitive to your spirit and to this family as they grieve. Help me to hold this space well. To honour them and bear witness to this sacred event. Come and have your way,

## Lord God. Amen.

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