

Hospice Nurse

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It was a cold October morning in 1987. Something seemed unusual about the day. But, I didn't know what it was. I was young, full of life, so, I never gave the oddness a second thought. Unbeknown to me, death was going to come knocking. Someone I loved who was 42 years old was going to be taken away. And there was nothing I could do about it.

When I look back in time, the signs were there, but I never saw them. I was 22 years old. Now I am 49 and I am aware of how precious life is. Like many of you, I never thought I would get OLD. I never thought I would have a heavy heart when someone passes away. I never thought about my own death or anyone else's for that matter.

On that cold October morning in 1987 my fiancé drowned while we were fishing. I carried, as I said, a heavy heart for quite some time. Then, I decided to pull myself up by the boot straps and make something positive out of something so sad. I became a Registered Nurse. I super glued my broken heart back together and dedicated my life to helping those in need.

I became (in time) a Hospice Nurse. I know I cannot change what is to come. However, I can extend my hand, my knowledge, and most of all my heart to those families and patients who will experience the loss of a loved one.

For you see, I am a "HOSPICE NURSE."