

What my reason is for wanting to become a nurse

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Called to Touch Lives Those who pursue nursing have qualities in common, I suspect. Those qualities might include a genuine interest in the wellbeing of others, compassion for their suffering, a desire to nurture and to fix whatever is wrong. I have these qualities, along with admiration for medical science and technology and modern advances. I have an intellect that is tuned to nursing. I am attracted to the variety of areas available for specialization, and options for continuing education. But there is a deeper, more personal impetus that drives my longing for nursing. Perhaps you will understand what I feel inside, and be inclined to honor it.

I was a child who attracted stray dogs, a small turtle who wouldn't eat for a week, a butterfly with a bent wing, and a runaway lizard I tried to comfort while it was re-growing a lost tail. While other children licked cotton candy, I focused on whether zoo animals had enough food and water, so they would be healthy and happy during their confinement. I gave backrubs to anyone in need. I visited a family friend in the hospital and eagerly breathed in the smell and sounds of this place where they fix people.

When my mother became pregnant, I participated in preparing the nursery and shopping for our upcoming addition. I made lists of things I would teach the new baby, people we should tell about the baby, and my suggestions for names. Everyone was happy.

When he arrived, my baby brother looked different from other babies. I learned he had Down Syndrome. He would be mentally retarded and would not be able to do all the things on my list. He would require help to have a good life. I appointed myself to take charge. I collected information, and I thought maybe I could fix what was wrong,

As my baby brother grew into toddlerhood, he seemed tired. He had a congenital heart defect. My family was sad and afraid. We adored him and wanted everything good for him, and now there was a new challenge. I prayed. I gave up things I liked, hoping it would be a trade for things my brother needed. But at 14 months of age, we lost him.

I tried to understand how my excellent mind, my love, and enthusiastic efforts were not enough. Eventually I came to understand that helping a person may not always mean fixing them. With my parents' help, I came to see that my support, love and caring had been just what he needed during his precious, short life.

I feel that I was given a gift to make a difference in the lives of people who are ill. I cannot heal every life I come into contact with, but I want to touch every life in a positive way. My calling and commitment to nursing is so strong in me that I can taste it. Supporting my commitment is a way of supporting all the people I will help, in the future.