



MY BRAVE NEW FRIENDS

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I was working afternoon shift that day (June 27, 2015) and ready to hand over duties to the next shift after a productive day when the hospital intercom blared: “ER Red 9! ER Red 9!” I had hardly ever heard of this code in my one-year working here. A senior staff told us a large number of injured victims arrived. That night, I witnessed the power of team effort between doctors and nurses at every departmental level. The chaos was finally quelled, but the real challenge was about to begin.

The victims were all about my age. It was an ordeal for the necessary care. Our every move must be filled with tender loving care. When I started working in the burn unit, all of a sudden I didn’t even know how to dispense medication for fear of hurting them. Changing dressings was the most dreadful: the size of the wounds, the medication on the dressings that I had never known, and the painful cries. We kept

saying, "It's not going to hurt, it'll take just a minute," while cleansing the wounds with a brave heart. It took about an hour to change dressings. At the beginning even senior nurses had to work overtime. I was overwhelmed and questioned myself if I was competent in the nursing field.

However, all the sweats and tears were paid off when the patients gradually recovered and endeavored to make their first bold step to recovery. They are not a part of my friends and families circle, but their brave attempts to stand on their feet and to feed themselves with the stiff fingers, arms and legs moved me to tears. As we acquainted with each other, we became friends or even family. Although the blast brought tragedy, it offered us a glimpse of genuine friendship.



The families and friends of the burn victims made a bulletin of gratitude to the medical staff of Taipei Tzu Chi Hospital.