



Put My Love to Dad in Intensive Care

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Sixteen years ago when my father had a stroke, I felt so helpless and exhausted by not knowing how to take good care of him. With family support and the hope to give him better care, I transferred to the China Medical University School of Nursing to study. As a student, I always studied harder than my classmates to learn to care for my father. After graduation, working for intensive care was undoubtedly my first choice.

Time flies, it has been twelve years since I started working in the nursing field. Working in the Intensive Care unit, my family is always my biggest support. Due to my heavy workload, I often could not share the housework or care for my parents, yet my parents and sisters remain very considerate. It is also because of the understanding and support from my family, I am always joyful and have no complaints during these twelve years of intensive care work.

In recent years, many junior nurses often asked me: "Sister He, how could you work in the ICU for so long and not feeling bored?" I always responded: "I really like my job. Also, I enjoy learning and thriving together with you all!" However, the only source to support me for working so long in the ICU is the personal experience of being a part of the patients' family. I was once so anxious and unease. So when I started working in the ICU, I told myself to make good use of what I have learned and try the best to take good care of patients. I will



not only relieve patients' physical pains but also give their families the greatest relief. Therefore, whenever meeting a new patient's family, other than providing care instructions, I always follow with one more note: "Please be assured that I will take good care of your family like taking care of my own."

After ten years of work, with my family's encouragement and the urge to learn new knowledge, I once again enrolled at the China Medical University School of Nursing for graduate study. To be honest, after working in the clinical field for such a long time, I had mixed feelings and was nervous to go back to study. Fortunately, with the help from my family and the teachers, I was able to adapt to the life of going to school while working at the same time.

However, the biggest blow to my life also came at this time. This year before the Lunar New Year, my dearest father suddenly passed away in his sleep. Although I see life and death in my work every day, it is still unbearable to me. In the morning of January 22, 2014, mom called me unexpectedly saying that they were unable to resuscitate my father. During the resuscitation process, mom kept telling me: "We must save Dad; we cannot let him go." I felt so sad hearing these words, because I knew that I could not save Dad when he had already left us. To relieve him from further suffering, mom and I brought Dad home.

It was because of Dad that I went into the nursing field. I appreciate his support and care along the way. Dad, please be assured that I will continue to work hard and study hard in the nursing field. I will always remember your gracious kindness!