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Dr. Partridge

English Composition 1

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The Reasons

Two different experiences, 14 years apart, have dramatically made an effect on the choices I have made and the person I am today. At the time of each experience, I did not know the magnitude each would impact my life.

At twelve years of age, I was experiencing the worst heartbreak to date. My grandmother was battling cancer for the second time in her life. The radiation made her nauseated and weak. As a result, she wouldn’t eat and lost a significant amount of weight. One day, she told us she was done and would not receive any more treatments. My heart was broken that she was giving up. Little did I know her journey with cancer would inspire me to do what I do today.

As time went by, her condition worsened. Hospice was called in to care for her. To this day, I remember the name of my grandmother’s nurse. Dottie had a calmness about her that helped calm our troubled hearts. She was gentle, caring, and had a heart for people. Each time she came by the house I would watch her in amazement by her compassion for someone she didn’t even know. At twelve years old, I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up. I had witnessed first-hand, the impact of a compassionate nurse and I was determined I would be just that.

It’s the day I have waited many years for. It’s graduation day. I can now begin my career as a licensed practical nurse. I was excited and nervous. I put in applications to several local facilities in hopes of finding something quickly. It took longer than anticipated, because most places wanted someone with experience. How was I to get experience if I couldn’t get hired?

I landed my first job working in a mental health facility. It was interesting to say the least. It wasn’t working with people at the end of their life, but it was helping people that struggled along the way. My number one goal was to have a servant’s heart, be compassionate, and impact someone’s life the way Dottie had impacted mine.

Fasting forward six years, I have worked several different aspects of nursing. The healthcare field can take its toll on you. It can harden a once compassionate heart. Problems with administration seem to loom everywhere you go. You have the occasional difficult patient who treats you as if you put them in their situation. There is always that rude family member and don’t forget the mounds of paperwork and charting you have to do at the end of your shift.

Then, after what feels like weeks of negativity, there it is. The reason you chose to be a nurse in the first place. The glimmer of comfort knowing you chose the right profession. It’s the patient that hugs you and thanks you for your help. The family member grieving a lost loved one that thanks you for your kind heart.

Today, I am furthering my education in hopes of becoming a registered nurse. This will open more doors for me in the medical field. An aspect of nursing that recently became a heavy interest of mine is labor and delivery. To pursue this dream, I have to be a registered nurse.

Labor and delivery became a recent interest of mine after losing my son, Kyson, back in April of this year. I was twenty-four weeks pregnant with him when I was induced into labor. Most people think of labor and delivery as a happy job because you get to witness babies being born all day. However, not everyone has a happy ending.

I was blessed with the two nurses I had. No, they had never been through anything like this, but one had received specialized training on helping the grieving mother and it showed. After my experience of giving birth to a stillborn and the heartbreak of that, I thought, what better way to use my grief and experiences to help others than by entering the field where I could impact those suffering just as I was. I hope to one day experience the joys of labor and delivery nursing, but to also be a comforter for those who do not get a happy ending.

Two, very different, experiences have impacted my career choices. Both experiences have shaped and molded me to the nurse I am today. One is, the nurse that cared for my grandmother at the end of her days that sparked my interest in nursing and the other being the nurse that took a little extra time to console my broken heart after giving birth to my stillborn son. This changed my focus in nursing completely. I hope that I have impacted and will continue to impact the lives of others just as these have impacted mine.