To do what nobody else will do, in a way that nobody else can, in spite of all we go through; is to be a nurse.”

Rawsi Williams

Happy Nurses Week 2019
Nurses are the superheroes of health care.

Not only are you responsible for providing patients with excellent care, but also you often become a patient’s greatest advocate, a family’s trusted confidant and a role model and mentor for the nurses of tomorrow.

This Nurses Week, EBSCO Health employees are sharing their stories of how nurses have positively impacted their lives or the lives of their loved ones.

Read on to see how much nurses mean to us.
Both my mother and sister are registered nurses. My mother, Mary Hedrick, was a Nurse with the United States Army. She retired from Active Duty after 20 years of service in 1993 and continues her commitment to others by caring for the men and women (and their dependents) defending our country, while they are stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

My sister, Amy Hedrick, graduated with honors from the University of Kentucky and is employed with the Veteran's Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky. She provides critical care to those who served our country, while they are in-patient within the telemetry ward.

I am so beyond proud of both of them.
Rich Bean

Software Tester

I'm very grateful my sister is a nurse. I have nurses in my family as well as many friends who are nurses. I know they often sacrifice time with their families for their jobs. Especially on holidays. I know they are compassionate and caring. Often, they provide a perspective and level of care the doctors do not. Their role frequently carries over into their personal lives lending their expertise to loved ones. It isn't a choice but a role they often inherit. We depend on them in many ways.

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When I was unexpectedly hospitalized for heart failure, I spent a week in the critical care unit at Brigham and Women’s hospital. During that time, Mary Lou Powers, RN was the main nurse taking care of me. She was amazing. She knew the details of my case better than the attending doctors, and really made me feel well taken care of. I really can’t say enough good things about her.
In 2008, my mother-in-law was diagnosed with lung and pancreatic cancer and died 5 months later. She was an administrative assistant with the Visiting Nurses Association (VNA). During her final month at home, one of the nurses from the same office, who was not only a co-worker but her friend, came to our house every day after work and on weekends to care for her. The nurse had her own family, but because of the friendship the two developed over the years, she wanted to be there for her friend. So, instead of Hospice, we were lucky to have her by her side until the very end with care and comfort. I will never forget this wonderful nurse and her devotion to care, not only to my mother-in-law, but our entire family.
My grandmother, Mary Wood, has been a nurse for over 60 years, and continues to work throughout her “retirement.” Leaving the nursing profession doesn’t seem like an option, simply because being a nurse is a core part of her identity. Even while raising 10 children with her husband, she continued to work full-time, always called to be with patients and ensure high quality care at every facility where she served.

Mary has seen the evolution of nursing and health care over the years. During her training at the St. Elizabeth’s School of Nursing, the curriculum focused largely on the caring aspects of nursing—helping patients with ADLs, rubbing backs, and providing comfort alongside the medicine. Over time, nursing has become a highly skilled and technical profession; she has always kept up with the changes in the field, while continuing to provide caring and kindness—two of her greatest strengths.

For me, my grandmother epitomizes the word “nurse,” and she is highly respected by her peers, her patients, and most of all, her family and friends. I think of her every time I work alongside nurses and health care professionals and only hope to bring the same energy, kindness, and strength to my work that she does.

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In July of 2008, my grandfather, who had fallen ill dozens of times prior from MRSA (due to ongoing complications with severe edema), became ill once again.

As a World War II and Korean War veteran, the Asbestos poisoning had finally taken over his lungs and restricted him to bed rest—resulting in recurring edema, endless infections and weekly hospital visits. Once he received his last diagnosis his final (conscious) wishes were two things: “I want to share a beer with my family,” and “Please do not move me anymore. My body is just too tired to do it.” They were both special wishes, and the nurses at Burlington Hospital went above and beyond to grant them.

After the nurses “looked the other way” as Papa enjoyed two ice-cold Coor’s Light Beers and his favorite snack with us, he then lay there fading for 2 days. As each shift came and went, each nurse tasked with his care not only kept him comfortable as he quickly worsened, but also took the time to listen and laugh at the stories and memories we shared with them, fulfilled his great-grandchildrens’ endless snacks requests, found extra pillows and blankets for overnight sleepers, and consoled us when we wept.

During a time of extreme sadness, their empathy helped bring us peace. They gave an honorable man the dignity and respect he deserved when leaving this world, and helped his family find strength to go on without him. Nurses do not just heal the sick; they heal and comfort the living. Their kindness will never be forgotten.

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Three times in my life, my family has camped out for weeks at Millinocket Regional Hospital in Maine as first my step grandfather, later my uncle, and then my grandfather were treated there on hospice care.

I stand in awe of those nurses because they somehow didn’t detach themselves from the sadness they were seeing. It must have been emotionally exhausting. Their eyes, their voices, their thoughtful consideration in every aspect of the care they were providing showed deep compassion. Their support was not just for the patients—though their unflagging care of my loved ones has earned my gratitude forever. Their support was also liberally bestowed on my entire family, time and time again.

Day and night, they found big and small ways to be there for us all, making sure we had food and privacy, that we knew what to expect from every doctor’s visit or nurse interaction, that we were warm enough and had places to rest. It’s impossible not to grow close to people in that kind of situation. I can still picture the nurses hugging my aunts and crying with them.

As tough as those situations can be on a family, I hope every family has a support system like Millinocket Regional Hospital to help see them through. Nurses like ours have a bigger impact than they know, and their kindness stays with us even after we walk out the hospital doors.
My mother-in-law, Debra Booth, is a nurse who lives her life’s calling day in and day out - she’s been a nurse to everyone from teenage boys at boarding schools to providing care at nursing homes nearby. She especially cares for those closest to her, never for a moment hesitating to help those in her family when needed. I’ve watched her care for her mother on Thanksgiving, not even thinking twice about taking her to the hospital due to a heart condition after everyone had just finished eating. She has also helped me through several injuries I’ve experienced with my lower back, immediately knowing the perfect remedy to help alleviate my pain. She was even the nurse to their family dog Wesley, giving him shots throughout his life to help with various maladies.

Debra has a calm and joyful demeanor that persists in everything she does, yet also maintains an infectious vibrancy that shines through and helps lift up those in pain. She has a wonderful sense of humor and even her laugh brings laughter to those around her. I know she’ll be able to help me - and anyone else - no matter the issue. I am truly grateful for her, both as a nurse and my mother-in-law, and have a profound appreciation for all those who have chosen the nursing profession.
Heather Pavia

Site Reliability Engineer

My wife has worked in hospice and nursing homes for over 20 years and has always been loved by the staff, patients and families. She takes the time to know her patients, to do their hair and get them dressed. She is an excellent nurse and always feels the loss of a patient, especially her “favorites”, despite her long experience. Her patients included two of our own grandmothers, who actually shared a room at her nursing home in Beverly. Whenever we go anywhere in Beverly, we run into family members of her patients, past and present, who effusively thank her for her devotion to their loved ones.
A cancer diagnosis is tough, but a great nurse will make all the difference. Patty Weimer of the Bone Marrow Transplant clinic at University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center is phenomenal. She has walked us through every step of the way, been there to listen and help with questions and concerns, and made personal connections with us. This has meant the world to us; she treats us as humans and not as ‘patient #2’. We talk of music and the world at large and not just the next treatment or test. I cannot imagine how hard her job must be, dealing with pain and death daily, but she is perpetually kind, calm and interested in our worlds too.

This has meant the world to us; she treats us as humans and not as ‘patient #2’.

Carol Seiler

Account Services Manager
Megan Decker is a CCU nurse at Beverly Hospital and had a direct positive impact on a close family member.

When my wife presented at Beverly Hospital, she was in extreme pain for an unknown reason. After a day and a half of testing, she was admitted into the CCU for acute care with an unknown diagnosis.

After Megan’s initial assessment she instantly left the room to alert her fellow medical staff that this new patient required special and immediate attention. Megan worked tirelessly to alert all members on the CCU floor to ensure my wife received the appropriate attention, medications and testing to determine the cause for her ailment. Over the course of the next 6 hours, Megan dedicated herself to ensuring my wife received the best care possible at that time. Megan even stayed an extra 2 hours past her 12 hour shift to continue monitoring the situation.

Over the course of 6 hours in CCU, we met many nurses and doctors who assisted in the care for my wife. All were very professional and attentive, but it was Megan who inserted herself into this particular situation, which ended with a successful outcome.

I cannot thank Megan enough for her efforts and attention to detail paired with a caring attitude second to none.

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I have been meeting with my diabetes nurse educator, Kristen Rice, RN for the past few years through Boston Children’s Hospital. Every 6 months, I visit Kristen and we go over and update my diabetes care plan including diet, insulin usage and general health. Her extensive knowledge on diabetes is always trustworthy and up-to-date, and her communication skills are phenomenal both with children and older patients like myself. Unlike some nurses and doctors, Kristen has always been easy to talk to, and I never fear going to appointments with her (quite frankly I get excited to see her). She always remembered me, my personal and medical history and my family members who have been to the hospital with me. It’s amazing, after months of not seeing her, she’ll remember a trip that I was planning or a class that I was struggling through, not to mention the plethora of medical information. Additionally, she’s involved with the American Diabetes Association Camp Carefree, an educational summer camp for kids newly diagnosed with diabetes. Kristen has positively impacted my life significantly and has made living with diabetes generally easier. She is an exceptional medical professional and deserves to be considered for this recognition.
In the year 2000, I became pregnant with twin girls. In the 26th week of my pregnancy, I developed a fever, followed by contractions and one of the babies became stillborn due to an umbilical cord accident. The doctors had to perform an emergency C-Section to deliver the babies. The surviving twin, at birth, weighed just 560 grams. We were told that her survival rate was very low. She had to go through a lot of procedures during her stay. We were in so much pain, and one of the nurses seemed to have understood our pain and said, “When your daughter gets older, you won’t even believe that she was born so tiny.” Just to show how small my daughter was, the nurse took off her ring and slipped it on my daughter’s arm and took pictures of her. We still have those pictures to this day, and every time I look at those pictures, I remember that nurse and I am grateful to the hope she gave us. She was kept at the hospital in the intensive care unit for one hundred days. During that period, I would visit my daughter every day, come home, could get some sleep thinking that she was in the hands of kind, passionate and wonderful human beings.

After my daughter was discharged, she had to go to Boston Children’s Hospital for follow up visits. We were still worried about her. One of the nurses there told us about her own five-year-old daughter, saying that our daughter would be able to do the same things as hers. Her words lightened our burden and filled our hearts with a positive attitude that our daughter would be perfectly fine.

Now my daughter is a healthy, smart, sixteen-year-old who is a junior in high school. She is a miracle in our life. We will always be thankful to the nurses and doctors at St. Elizabeth’s Hospital and Boston Children’s Hospital that helped her with their amazing service.

Nursing: It is not just a profession. It is a service to the society. I think of these nurses as angels on the earth.
I am very lucky to have crossed paths with many amazing nurses in my life. Prior to coming to work at EBSCO Health, I was a marketing specialist at Massachusetts General Hospital where I met and worked with some of the best and brightest in the field of nursing. Their dedication to their patients and the hospital left me in awe daily. But to find the most inspiring nurses I know I didn’t have to look very far. I come from a family with three generations of nurses. My grandmother, mother and sister are the embodiment of what it is to be a nurse and inspire me each and every day. It takes a very special person to be a nurse and these three women are no exception. Though they all have very different backgrounds – public health and healthcare policy, occupational and employee health and pediatric emergency nursing – they all share a common thread of unwavering service to others, a deep seated sense of caring and compassion and great strength (physically, emotionally and intellectually). While the gene may have skipped me, “my nurses” have left me with a deep appreciation and respect for the profession and those who choose it.

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Thank You for All You Do!