

After thinking about an event in my life that may have helped shape who I am today, I knew what I was going to write about.

When I was 10 years old my stepfather was in a very bad motorcycle accident and was life flighted to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. I remember being very afraid and not understanding what was happening or what was going to happen. I remember going to see him for the first time and seeing all the machines and tubes hooked up to him and seeing my mom crying and very upset. When I walked in the room there was a lady there in scrubs and she was visiting with my mom. I immediately felt overwhelmed and scared and started crying. This lady in scrubs came over to me and was so nice and was very comforting and started to explain things to me that were going on and what the machines were for and why he had them. She made me feel comfortable and was always so happy and upbeat. My stepfather spent two weeks there and got better and made a full recovery but that lady in the scrubs came in everyday whether she was our nurse or not for the day and checked on me and my mom. She even brought me a book once and just sat and talked several times.

As I continued in life and became a teenager and started high school I never forgot that lady in the scrubs. When I started to think my freshman year of high school what I might want to do with my life in the future I thought of her first. I knew I wanted to be the person to help people not only if they are injured but to pass on all that compassion and caring that my lady in scrubs did for me.

After graduation this year I will be attending NIACC in Mason City, Iowa, to obtain my Associate in Nursing Degree and then go on to Iowa State University to get my BSN in Nursing and I hope to someday be that guy in the scrubs for some little kid that is scared and confused and pass on all that compassion and caring I learned from her.