



many journeys in which I have received as much as I have given.

I can think back to one occasion when I took care of a five year-old little girl with asthma. As I pulled back the white curtain I saw the little girl's mother sitting by her on one side and the respiratory therapist on the other. Like the therapist, I also was wearing a white lab coat. After my instructor introduced me as the nurse for the morning, the little girl burst into tears, clung to her mother, and sobbed. "I DON'T WANT ANOTHER WHITE COAT TO HURT ME!" No one had actually hurt the little girl. But right before the therapist and I entered, another white coat person had taken blood from her. She had associated pain of having her blood drawn with anyone wearing a white coat.

After talking with my instructor and composing myself I entered into the day's journey of trying to care for this scared little girl. I showed her the thermometer and let her take

how much you