

The Windswept Journal

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Nightingales

Subject: RE: Hello again from Beemer

From: davidg@abc.rr.com

Date: Sat, 14 Mar 2009 21:48:32: -0400

To: "Bill D.Thurman" <billdth@nomain.com>

Hi Nephew Bill,

Your Aunt Immy and I are just dusting up after a week of hosting your cousin Amy, who visited us after graduating from the nursing college in Painted Post. That young lady is a challenge, as you may remember. I don't think I've ever gotten as much advice from one person in just 7 days, on everything from my health to tying wet flies. I will admit she ties a pretty good Leadwing, however.

I haven't known very many nurses in my life, but that's OK with me. The few that have crossed my path either broke my heart or annoyed me with well intentioned advice I didn't want to hear.

I suppose there's no question nurses are compassionate and helpful. What motivates these women (and men, of course) to care for the sick is beyond me. My compassion could never stretch far enough to provide intimate care to anyone I wasn't planning to sleep with. That sounds terrible, I suppose, but I always tell that to women so they won't feel sick and take their clothes off in front of me, unless they really, really like me. It works, because I haven't had a lady try it yet. I presume I wouldn't make a very good doctor, either

Another puzzling mystery is what motivates a nurse to give advice on any topic imaginable to everyone they meet. It's true! They all do it! A nurse knows what's good for you, she must think, because she can better imagine what's going on inside you. Book learning makes 'em confident, and I guess they're used to being listened to.

An old friend of Immy's is a nurse and she stopped by frequently while I was doing over our kitchen two years ago. Melissa felt I couldn't always make the right decisions without her help, and I often found myself defending where I wanted one appliance or another. She didn't like my idea of having the stove right next to the kitchen door, in case I had to get burning fritters right

out on the porch to throw them in the back yard, something that happens more often than I care to admit. Your Aunt Immy didn't like my plan, either. We did it Melissa's way. I got even, though, and named my new dog after her. I call him Mel for short.

I fish with a bachelor college professor who tells me his neighbor, a nurse, often walks into his home unannounced, washes the breakfast dishes and then rearranges his cupboards. He's worried about starving to death some evening when he can't find his box of hamburger helper. One morning, the lady reshuffled all the book stacks on the four walls of his library, leaving the volumes arranged by height rather than topic. The shelves are much neater looking, but he gets dizzy running in circles from wall to wall hunting down a book.

And then there's Immy's old cousin, a nurse I called the Angel of Death. Unwilling to hang up her stethoscope and retire, she kept working at the hospital well into her ... well, I can't say exactly how old she was, but she looked older than the Grim Reaper. No telling how many folks keeled over dead from fright when she entered their room in the middle of the night. You'd think they would have fired her for ruining their business. But maybe the undertakers liked her.

The nurse who broke my heart? A gorgeous young lady who attended me many years ago when I was hospitalized after that accident. My face and hands were covered with patches and gauze and I couldn't help myself with anything. Not realizing I was her age because of my bandages, the lovely lass was about to give me what they call a full bath. You know, both front and back on the same day. But when she saw my age on the chart, she handed me over to Angel of Death. That broke my heart, I'll tell ya.

Oh, I sat down to write you because your cousin Amy is on her way to Beemer to stay a week with you! I'm certain your new wife will enjoy her immensely, especially if your bride wants to learn to tie flies.

Warmly, your Uncle Dave

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David Griffin

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