Merry Christmas

1964
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM YOUR HOUSEMOTHERS

Our Christmas wish for you is best expressed in the words of this little poem by an unknown author:

"May these be your gifts at Christmas:
Warm hearts and smiling faces,
Surrounding you to make your home
The happiest of places.

May these be your gifts at Christmas:
Deep peace and lasting love
That you will share together
With the ones you're fondest of.

May these be your gifts at Christmas:
The promise of a year
Where every thing goes well with you
And those you hold most dear."

All the Housemothers join me in this wish for
The best Christmas ever.

E. Florence Potts
Residence Director
CHOIR NEWS

The Freshman Choir performed Wednesday, December 9th at Arch Street Methodist Church at 7:00 P.M. in an informal Christmas program.

On December 18th the choir took part in the Treelighting Ceremony in front of the hospital. They later escorted Santa and his Elf to Children's Ward and other areas in the hospital, bringing cheer to all.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

While sitting in the nursery the other evening feeding a brand new citizen, I heard the old familiar song, "I'll Be Home For Christmas" being played on the radio. In the quiet darkness of the night, many thoughts began running through my mind. Strange how the importance of things is not realized until they are not with you in concrete form any more...

Take for instance the student nurse working her first Christmas away from home...the young soldier in VietNam...husbands and wives whose jobs separate them by thousands of miles...parents whose children have grown up and moved away...Christmas time for these people will not bring a longing to open gifts, but a longing to be home with the family.

Home...yes, of all the things one thinks about at Christmas-time, this is perhaps the most meaningful of all. When I think of home I am reminded of Helen Taylor's famous poem:

Bless this house, O Lord, we pray
Make it safe by night and day.
Bless these walls, so firm and stout
Keeping want and trouble out.
Bless the roof and chimneys tall
Let thy peace lie over all...

But the world continues to turn...we move from generation to generation...I felt a tiny arm move and looked down to find the little bundle fast asleep, and slowly realized that I had been daydreaming. As I put the little one back in bed I thought, "This will be your first Christmas. You have a home with a Mommy and Daddy and lots of love...Already you have the most precious gift."

TO THE FACULTY

Dear Faculty,

On behalf of the student body, I would like to thank you for the Christmas party you have given us. Being away from home, it means a lot to be remembered at this time of the year, and your continued interest in us as individuals gives all of us a big "boost" at times when we really need it.

Now it is our turn to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the Christmas season bring you joyful hours, happy memories, and a contented heart.

Sincerely,

Diana Schreingber
Editor
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS (alternate version)

Science is everywhere...the modern world seems literally to revolve around it. However, even science must reach its limitations. For instance, how would you like to have a Merry Scientific Christmas...

It was Christmas Eve, and Santa sat ingesting his Christmas nutrients--1 bread exchange, 2 meat exchanges, and 3 fat exchanges--to keep the image broad--while contemplating his BMR as determined by his very own, very expensive, very complicated, and very rare bomb calorimeter.

His musings were suddenly interrupted by the gay laughter of his elves in the toy shop.

"Aha!" he thought to himself, "They have raided the pharmacy and consumed the spiritis fermentus! However, they have been working hard, and diversion is necessary for promotion of good health."

The clock struck 8:00, and Mrs. Claus cried, "Hurry dear, it's time for the Q4H check on Rudolph's erythro nose!"

He sprang to his feet, grabbed his sterile snack bag, and took a quick peek inside it. "Bless Mrs. Claus," he said, "--my favorite cookies, probably made with the reliable DNA cookie cutter, (or was it RNA, Dr. Parke?)--some shaped like lymphocytes, some shaped like monocytes, some shaped like leukocytes, and a few tiny platelets."

He ran through the yard, leaped for his sleigh, and tripped over his regulation white shoes, to fall and drown in the omnipresent iodophor solution. (His starched uniform turned blue.)

****no Christmas this year****

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Recently a poll was taken on what people would do if they were Santa Claus this year. We received a variety of answers including the following:

If I were Santa Claus I'd:

...Repair all the T.V.'s in the residence (fast!), Terri Miller

...Fly me to the moon!, Anita Schlegel

...Diet!?! Helen Reilly

...Give every student nurse Christmas off, C. Shockley

...Spend the day before Christmas visiting little sick boys and girls in the hospital that could not be home for Christmas, Neillie Guyton

...Bring you the ability to enjoy a lifetime of Peace, Good Will Joy and Happiness, Doris E. Bowman

.... Consider knowledge and world peace the greatest gift of all generations to come, Dr. E. Silverman
SANTA CLAUS (cont'd.)

...Leave two bottles of magic pills in everyone's stockings---one to supply or bolster self-reliance, the other a true respect for the Golden Rule. In this way we might achieve peace on earth and good will toward men.

Dr. Toporeck.

...Give all "A"'s for Christmas.

Miss P. Zarella

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We of the newspaper staff fell that "A Nurses Prayer" exemplifies the feelings of a nurse at Christmas-time, and we are sure that you will share our feelings.

A Nurse's Prayer    By Irene M. Burnside

Dear Lord, please forgive me for all the big and small mistakes that I have made as a nurse.

Especially forgive me for being so slow to understand the anxiety of patients---the hostility in those who have just found out they are soon to die, or those whose diagnosis is a chronic disease with which they must live the rest of their lives.

And forgive me for not quite understanding psychiatric patients when they needed understanding so much.

And, Lord let me smile a little more and frown a little less when I work.

Help me, Lord to learn to read doctors' writing better, and please don't let me call a busy doctor's office to verify an order, only to find out that it was "Aspirin gr.X, q 4 hrs".

Help me Lord to understand other nurses. Help me to see them as persons with problems of their own, as persons with abundant goodness in them. And if one fusses at me along the way, help me to realize that perhaps she too, is struggling with her heavy load.

And please, oh please, Lord Don't let me blame other shifts for work that didn't get done. Or don't let me blame other nurses. Make me accept my share of the responsibility when the going gets rough.

Dear Lord, help me to know when to scold a patient for his behavior, when to praise him, and when to say nothing at all. Let me always be honest, so that I don't tell a dying cancer patient that he will soon be well, or say, "It won't hurt" to the child I am waiting to jab with my needle. Don't let me lose my sense of perspective in chronic care, or any nursing care.
A Nurse's Prayer
(cont'd)

Help me to polish my white shoes a little better, and thank you for letting me wear a size 12 uniform for many years.

And please help me to get used to being mistaken for a practical nurse, or the cleaning woman, the receptionist, the dietician, or the lab technician.

Dear Lord, don't let me lose the overall picture of nursing, the scope of it. Let me remember that nurses everywhere are struggling against odds, and let me think of the nurses who are trying to improve the profession, and let me support them. Be kind to the nurses who are overworked and underpaid, and help them maintain the high standards of the profession.

Thank you, for giving me the health needed to be a nurse—the strong back to lift those who must be lifted, the knowledge to pass all the tests and boards and exams, and thank you for mixing a bit of horse sense in with nurse sense. Thank you, thank you, thank you, for the sense of humor you have given me.

Dear Lord, if I ever have to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, please be there to help me know exactly what to do.

And, oh Lord, help me to keep abreast of the fast changing drugs, not only to pronounce them, but also to spell them.

Dear Lord, help me to walk quietly, to smile big, and to give love, and to keep giving it, even in unliving situations.

Lord, I thank you from every chamber in my heart for having been so good to me through the years and for having let me be a nurse.

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ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across:
1. cc.
5. MG. (Correction on puzzle: .454)
8. May
11. Own
15. HS
19. SC
21. Yb
25. PO
27. Gr.
31. SS
33. Pts.
36. BID
39. KP
43. Pt.

45. Et.
49. Dr.
51. OR
55. Ni
58. MOM
61. SIG
65. OL
69. Ra

Down:
2. cm.
3. hyp®
4. noct
5. Mn
7. Qh
14. P.C.
16. Syr.
19. SOS
29. Gtt.
30. TID
40. Per
43. PRN
47. COMP
48. Tbsp.
51. 02
56. IV
58. ML
63. Gr.

Gr. DOWN: -p.
Syr.
sos Gtt.
TID Jer.
PRN COMP
Tbsp.
02 IV
ML.
Gr.