

God Works the Late Shift

✖ Our new baby girl was healthy and beautiful, but her birth had been somewhat traumatic for me. After she was born I began hemorrhaging.

The nurses attending me were frantically trying to help me because my blood pressure had dropped terribly low. I can remember hearing them repeatedly saying, "We're losing her."

As I recall there were three nurses in the room during this ordeal. However, my husband has assured me there were only two.

The subsequent blood loss left me very weak. But during the night, when I looked up, I saw a slender brunet nurse, dressed in white. She was extremely kind to me.

In fact, when she came to visit me after midnight, she fluffed my pillows, covered me with blankets, changed my dressing and gave me a cold drink. I wanted to remember her because she had so gently taken care of me. When I asked her name, she smiled and answered, "Kathy."

I was hoping that she would return the next night, but when I asked if she worked on the maternity floor often, she softly replied, "no," and smiled at me once again. "I usually work in pediatrics," she said.

When morning came a new nurse arrived to check my vital signs. Her gruff manner made me wish that Kathy were still on

duty.

I asked my new caregiver about the previous nurse. She looked at me peculiarly and stated that she didn't know any Kathy. "She worked the late shift last night," I explained.

The nurse gave me another strange look and told me that no one by the name of Kathy worked last night. Oh well, I thought, she is just having a bad day.

For the rest of my hospital stay I asked each attendant on every shift about Kathy. I even began asking the lab technicians and anyone who came into my room. I described her and explained how she usually works in the pediatric ward; no one knew her.

The Scripture says, "For He will give His angels charge concerning you" (Ps. 91:11, NASB). When I recall Kathy's care for me throughout a very difficult night, I'm certain that God's promise became reality.

I didn't see Kathy again, and no one at the hospital seemed to have any knowledge of her. But she will remain vivid in my memory forever.