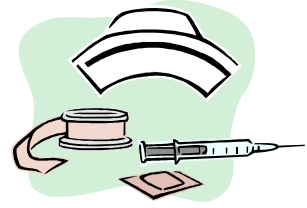


## Nurses

Adapted from a program by Major Caroline  
*Junior Home League Resource Book*  
India South Eastern Territory, 2010



### Pre-Arrangements:

- Show appreciation to your local nurses—invite them to the program
- Invite a vocalist for this occasion

### Arrangements:

- Have a display of nurses uniforms (past and present)
- Display a picture of Florence Nightingale

**Introduction:** In Canada, May 12 is “Canada Health Day”; around the world it is also recognized as “International Nurses Day”. In recognizing nurses, we acknowledge their importance and the service they provide.

**Poem:** *Brighten the Corner Where You Are* Helen Steiner Rice  
(Provided at end of program)

**Song:** *Ten thousand thousand souls* (Salvation Army Songbook 266)

### History of Florence Nightingale

Source: <http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/REnightingale.htm>

*Overview:* At the age of 17, she felt herself called by God to some unnamed great cause. Despite objections from her parents, she chose the nursing profession. During the Crimean War, an outbreak of cholera and malaria was taking the lives of many British soldiers. Florence, along with a group of thirty eight nurses, traveled to Turkey to help. Upon her arrival, Florence discovered unsanitary conditions and poor food in the military hospital. She made the public aware of the conditions despite the objections of the military officers and doctors. In response to the public outcry, Florence was given the task of organizing the hospital and improving the sanitary conditions.

When she returned to England in 1856, she was recognized for her efforts. Her interview with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert eventually led to the formation of the Army Medical College. Florence also wrote two books: ‘Notes on Hospital’ (1859) and ‘Notes on Nursing’ (1859), founded the Nightingale School and Home for Nurses, influenced the poor law amendment act, and encouraged women’s rights.

Later in life, Florence Nightingale suffered from poor health, blindness and was an invalid; she died in London on August 13, 1910.

**Poem:** *A Thankful Heart* Helen Steiner Rice  
(Provided at end of program)

## Words of Thanks/Presentation of Flowers to Nurses



**Vocal item:**

**Devotional:**                    **Service of a Nurse** by Tony Collins

(Website: <http://www.turnbacktoGod.com/story-service-of-a-nurse/> ) Used with Permission

**Late one December night on the cancer ward**, the halls were quiet and solemn, the patients were asleep and most of the visitors were gone. The nurses were gathered about the nurse's station preparing for shift change. **Sarah, one of the nurses**, was especially tired, having worked seven straight 12 hour days. The kids had needs, her husband had been laid off, and the house payment was due.

What kept her going was that in January she was going to find a new job. After ten years of answering call lights, working short staffed, putting up with constant administrative changes, she had decided that it was not worth the effort anymore.

PING. PING. PING. Sara angrily looked at the call light box, "Good grief!" The patient was a seventy-year-old woman. Sarah had been to her room at the end of the hall at least fifteen times. Angrily she started down the hall.

On her way, she suddenly stopped. She stood motionless as a soft voice wafted out of room 235.

**"And then one day I'll cross the river; I'll fight life's final war with pain; And then as death gives way to victory, I'll see the lights of glory and I'll know He lives."**

Tears welled up in her eyes as she listened and thought about the young woman in that room — **a thirty-five year old mother of two with cancer, with only a week to live, perhaps days**. Sarah stood there, with tears in her eyes, remembering how this young terminally ill woman had such peace.

The patient would speak to everyone who came into her room and she would smile even in her pain and took the time to share her faith and let people know the reason for her peace was a faith in God. All the nurses who had been around her commented on her strength and how they had felt peace and calm after talking with this exceptional young woman.

**"Because He lives, I can face tomorrow; Because He lives, all fear is gone Because I know who holds the future, Life is worth all the living, just because He lives."**

Unstoppable tears flowed as Sarah stood a few moments more, but the tears had taken on a newness. No longer were they tears of sadness for this young woman but tears of renewal that washed away the disappointment and disillusionment of her job, and the fear about the future.

Sarah started down the hall to answer the call light, but she was no longer going to check on some pestering old woman. **She was going to the room of a patient, a person, a fellow human in need.** Sarah no longer looked to January so she could quit — she looked to her next shift when she would again have the opportunity to serve her fellow man. Sarah left work with a new outlook on life. She had a rekindling of the spirit of service that had motivated her to become a nurse. Those fires had almost died, but for a young terminally ill woman who had the desire to be of service to her fellow man even unto death.

**This is a reminder to me that the reason that we are on this earth at all is to be of service to each other.**

**Poem:** *A Nurse's Prayer* Author Unknown

(This poem can be read by a nurse)

**Game:** **Pin the Red Cross on the Nurse's hat**  
(Play this game like Pin the tail on the donkey);  
See last page for pictures— increase the size of the hat and the red cross.

*Brighten the Corner Where You Are*

by Helen Steiner Rice

We cannot all be famous  
or be listed in "Who's Who,"  
But every person great or small  
has important work to do,  
For seldom do we realize  
the importance of small deeds  
Or to what degree of greatness  
unnoticed kindness leads -  
For it's not the big celebrity  
in a world of fame and praise,  
But it's doing unpretentiously  
in undistinguished way  
The work that God assigned to us,  
unimportant as it seems,  
That makes our task outstanding  
and brings reality to dreams -  
So do not sit and idly wish  
for wider, new dimensions  
Where you can put in practice  
your many good intentions -  
But at the spot God placed you  
begin at once to do  
Little things to brighten up  
the lives surrounding you,  
For if everybody brightened up  
the spot on which they're standing  
By being more considerate  
and a little less demanding,  
This dark old world would very soon  
eclipse the Evening Star  
If everybody brightened up  
the corner where they are!

## **A Thankful Heart**

By Helen Steiner Rice

**Take nothing for granted,  
For whenever you do  
The joy of enjoying  
Is lessened for you -  
For we rob our own lives  
Much more than we know  
When we fail to respond  
Or in any way show  
Our thanks for the blessings  
That daily are ours...  
The warmth of the sun,  
The fragrance of flowers,  
The beauty of twilight,  
The freshness of dawn,  
The coolness of dew  
On a green velvet lawn,  
The kind little deeds  
So thoughtfully done,  
The favors of friends  
And the love that someone  
Unselfishly gives us  
In a myriad of ways,  
Expecting no payment  
And no words of praise -  
Oh, great is our loss  
When we no longer find  
A thankful response  
To things of this kind,  
For the joy of enjoying  
And the fullness of living  
Are found in the heart  
That is filled with thanksgiving.**

*A Nurse's Prayer*  
*Author Unknown*

*I dedicate myself to thee,  
O Lord, my God, this work I undertake  
Alone in thy great name, and for thy sake.  
In ministering to suffering I would learn  
The sympathy that in thy heart did burn.  
Take, then, mine eyes, and teach them to perceive  
The ablest way each sick one to relieve.  
Guide thou my hands, that e'en their touch may prove  
The gentleness and aptness born of love.  
Bless thou my feet, and while they softly tread  
May faces smile on many a sufferer's bed.  
Touch thou my lips, guide thou my tongue,  
Give me a work in sermon for each one.  
Clothe me with patience, strength all tasks to bear,  
Crown me with hope and love, which know no fear,  
And faith, that coming face to face with death  
Shall e'en inspire with joy the dying breath.  
All through the arduous day my actions guide,  
All through the lonely night watch by my side,  
So I shall wake refreshed, with strength to pray,  
Work in me, through me, with me, Lord, this day.*



