

MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side
of our profession and our lives*

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Going Home

Alicia M. Kowalski, M.D.

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Alarm clock rings, pitch dark. It has been a restful five hours straight.
I tiptoe, not to wake the tiny rascal.
Gotta pump, dress, make a lunch, then race to the OR before the sun
comes up.
If he nursed again now it would be a hassle
Running to the bus, breakfast on the go, eight cases later, dinner is calling.
I'm going home.

Alarm clock rings, "Mom! Get up. We can't be late." First day of Kinder-
garten, a brand new start.
I am excitedly awakened by the rascal.
Committee meetings, OR call night, and a Code Blue rounds out the
16 hour shift. Thank God for the nanny!
The prince beckons from the castle.
Running to the car, racing for carpool, in time for school drop off, sleep is
calling. I'm going home.

Alarm clock rings, pitch dark. It has been 18 years already.
I rouse to celebrate the graduating rascal.
Meeting with the Chair, make it to the OR, change, get to the graduation,
make it to the dinner and host the party.
Today he turns his tassel.
Running from the festivities, grabbing milk for tomorrow, the dog's blad-
der is calling. I'm going home.

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., served as Handling Editor for this submission.

From the Anderson Cancer Center, Houston, Texas. amkowalsk@mdanderson.org

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Alarm clock rings, “Grandma! Get up. We can’t be late.” First day of summer camp, a familiar start.

I am eagerly awakened by the little rascal.

OR cases, follow-up appointment, crushing news, better plan that retirement party.

Have to break it to my rascal.

Running to the pharmacy, making the call, sharing the news, heartache is calling. I’m going home.

Alarm clock is off. “Shhhhh! Grandma is resting.” Last days.....

I am lovingly surrounded by all the rascals.

Big eyes, stroking hands, warm embraces, butterfly kisses.

oh how I love my rascals.

Resting in the bed, feeling the love, embracing them all, He is calling. This rascal is going Home.