

Alberta Doctors' Digest

Lullaby in the chaos

Coming in red.

Sudden collapse.

Cardiac arrest.

Our team takes over.

A pit crew doing its thing.

But the heart has limits.

Medicine too.

Resignation.

The quiet acknowledgment.

A daughter at the curtain.

More pain to meet.

More pain to soothe.

They were here for her son's hockey tournament.

Her father with chest tightness.

But not enough to deter the number one fan.

"We did everything we could... he didn't suffer"

An important ritual for those left behind.

Hopeful some comfort will land.

A balm for later.

“Spend some time with him.

hold his hand.

take your time”.

As I depart, “Doctor, would it be ok if I sang to him?”.

Shy, awkwardly.

“He said my singing brought him joy”

Of course...

Tacit agreement.

Rituals are often for those left behind.

Back to the chaos.

An endless queue.

Constant alarms.

Moans singing in chorus.

But this time... something beautiful.

Unmistakable in the din.

An Irish lullaby.

If you stop to listen.

I stop.

The nurses stop.

It demands to be heard.

For a moment the whole department divides.

The relentless churn of tasks.

This fragile room full of song.

She sings what he once sang to her.

When nightmares clung to the edges of sleep.

A comfort returned.

The circle complete.

The lullaby ends.

But the sound lingers and soothes.

A lilting thread running through the noise.

A reminder that rituals are for the survivors...

And the healers.

We survive too.

A balm for later.

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