

HYECHA, THE SCRUB-TECH

The time has come, the day is here,
and what we have to do is clear.
Another month will be too late!
It's way past due to celebrate
this high-class girl, this high-tech gal,
both nurse's friend and doctor's pal.
Examples such as hers must thrive
For L&D to stay alive!

When scrubbing in the OR scene,
she stood with confidence between
two surgeons and a metal stand
to place the right tools in their hand.
If they called "clamp" or "clip" or "snap"
they felt a firm mosquito's slap,
and at the circulator's count
she re-confirmed the sponge-amount.

In midst of meeting stocking needs,
she stopped at once for go-for deeds:
to locate something's whereabouts
by sifting through all ins-and-outs;
to take cord gases, pick up bloods,
or find a wheelchair, bring some SCUDS;
to run for these or go for that—
a scrub-tech's head wears many hats!

Now Hyecha didn't get my puns. . . .
When I explained the silly ones,
she gave me little facial hints
that what I said did not make sense.
But when I spoke of faith in God
she always gave her knowing nod,
for she could understand quite well
when I had Bible truths to tell.

She practiced Jesus' Golden Rule.
When in a rush, she kept her cool,
maintained a calm and patient mood.
You'd never see her sit and brood
or hear her fuss or fume or scoff—
'twas rare for her to get teched-off
at juggling jobs and searching stock,
with little time to stop and talk.

But now those busy tasks are through,
and, Hyecha, we are proud of you!
We cheer the precious legacy
your presence gave to L&D.
You leave behind a model role
of service rendered, heart and soul.
The staff on nights will sing your praise!
Your duty now? Have fun on days!

— *David L. Hatton, 3/6/2020*