

A Parish Nurse's Story

“Early this year, I received a call from the church office with a request from a member (who was out of the country) to have someone visit her sister (Mrs. X) who was very ill in a local hospital. I saw her later that day and her daughter-in-law was also visiting at the time. I introduced myself and told her that I knew her sister from church and that her sister had asked that someone visit. We had a visit and I was unsure whether or not to offer to pray for her as I knew nothing about this woman’s spiritual life. I decided to offer to pray for her, and she gratefully accepted. I prayed for God as the Great Physician to touch her body in healing, but also that he would comfort her and her family in whatever the outcome was to be. I then left and said I would visit again, if she so wished, and she did.

“The next evening at a church event, I was approached by a woman from our congregation who is a teacher in a local school. She proceeded to tell me the ill woman’s story. Mrs. X’s daughter-in-law was a teacher with this woman and in the staff room at school that day; she told the other teachers about a parish nurse coming to visit her mother-in-law. She said that she was so overcome while her mother-in-law was being prayed for that she could not control her tears and, in her words, “had to look out

the window and try to regain control.” She then stated that the change for the better in her mother-in-law’s condition was so remarkable the next day that she was starting to believe that maybe God does exist.

“I continued to visit this lady in hospital until she went home. She was then readmitted about a month ago. Her sister called me to ask if I would see her again, which I did. My visit with her was good—she asked for prayer and then we just chatted about her family. By the next day, she was almost unresponsive. I visited again, knowing that her family were with her. I had by now met her daughter but not her son.

“When I entered the ICU cubicle, they all stood around her bed and I introduced myself to her son. His response was “My mom has told me all about you. Thank you for what you have done for her.” I spent a few minutes with them before again asking if I could pray for her. They all said, ‘Yes, please.’ She passed away a few hours later.

“What a privilege it is to be a parish nurse and serve God in this way.”