

31/8/83

A double ear infection has kept me off the phone for the training and employment survey in the hotel sector so I've been somewhat busy preparing job descriptions for the nurses at the hospital. What amazed me was the lack of patient orientation in the description of nursing duties. It wasn't until I did the job description for the nursing assistant, the lowest rung on the totem pole, that patient care finally entered the picture. The rest of the hierarchy was involved in administrative duties. No wonder that so few nurses are involved in patient care, it's not part of their job description? I'm still amazed. So I tried to rewrite patient care into the descriptions. Even my brief encounter with nursing service was enough to make me an expert in nursing duties. As a nursing student, I knew more and did more nursing care than I staff nurses does here. It's a wonder the medical staff doesn't collapse with the kind of nursing support services offered here.

I still need to get back to my employment and training survey. Perhaps tomorrow, ears willing. I feeling that same old reluctance to get out and do something. It's so persistent that I wonder what it is that is causing it. Again I begin to wonder if I'm not meant to do something else. Something besides desk work or at least a field that interests me. I doubt I could handle government work. Too much bureaucracy and foot dragging. Just now I'm more oriented toward field work and being out of doors. I like construction. I liked nursing I enjoyed being an auto mechanic and station manager. I wonder what they all have in common that appeals to me so much. I also need, and have tried to, offer those skills up to God. For him to do what he will with them. But it seems lame and insincere. Mostly because I tend to add a lot of "ifs" "ands" or "buts" to it. My faith has been shaky at best. I often know what needs to be done but I often lack the courage or motivation to carry it out. I fail miserably every time. It seems to me that doing God's will, will bring a joy that surpasses merely liking a job. That doing the job becomes a motivation for doing it more. Even Paul, when beaten and imprisoned, reveled in the fact that he was doing God's work. That's dedication and love and faith. even though the physical pains and weaknesses brought him down, God brought him up and sustained him. I sit here immobilized for fear or whatever, yet if I was convinced of my role as one of God's children, nothing, short of death, would hinder my carrying

out of my vocation. I'm suffering a lack of faith and feel entrapped by it. I need the faith I lack even to break the circle. I feel I'm wasting my time here (I was about to add "and God's time too" but he is time. outside of Him there is no time and truly within him there is no time). Lord I offer myself to you for you to do with me what you will. Make me an instrument of your love. Make me sing your joy. Help me to build your kingdom. I that I have is yours. Amen.

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