

## The Language of Heart

I have been working in NICU for a while now. I had been very apprehensive of working here during the initial days. I saw the Joy, sadness, frustration, hope despair on the face of parents of the tiny patients with detaches. This could have been because of mine variety combined with my own anxiety about working in new environment. Gradually I begun to understand irrespective of the ethnic, social, educational cultured background humans and their emotions all over the same.

On 16<sup>th</sup> August, I started my shift as usual, it was then that I saw a newest admission in our Independents Day, B/O Megha on incubator. She was extreme preterm baby and was on ventilator and also had umbilical lines. She seems to be helpless alone in the incubator. In the first two days are good and we were all happy. On the 4<sup>th</sup> day before I finish my shift I saw that her abdomen was not looking good. Doctors started working on her.

The next day I came to know from our incharge Neetha, that the outcome was poor. Dr. Kishore Kumar with all his experience gave only a 50% of chance for my little one pulling through. The medical and nursing staff continue our aggressive management. Mrs. Megha and the husband where in consolable. This was a baby who was born after many progress and long wait. A fetus who's every movement have been lovingly monitored by the couples and their families. Mrs. Megha a deeply religious person pinned her hope to the positive changes to the baby.

During this time I often felt that my professional coolness may break. I was in near tear many times. I prayed to the Holy Father and all the other GOD. I knew to the help this baby in her dark days.

After stormy 10 days, the little fighters seen to stabilize and turn around, god heard our prayers. The baby seemed to be improve rapidly, by the time she was five weeks, she would smile and turn, when spoken to drops her heart rate when she was upset and pulling out her naso gastric tube she hated it...

As with everyone else where ever emotionally changed, the languages was mother tongue(it is against hospital rules in speak in languages other than English and Kannada)so it was that whenever I was looking after baby of Megha ,Malayalam words would pour-forth.she seen to understand words like ("ammukutty, "ponne,'sundari" etc and bless me with her smile...

At the end of 3 months of NICU stay and a few more set backs...she went home though, I was happy that she had gone to be with her parents. I miss her presence and smile...

She is indeed a miracle baby. Megha and her thoughts, gave me an another lesson in my life.

“FAITH CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS”

Thank you B/o Megha for having been under my care.

RASHMA RAJU