

Waiting Room

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The oath I have taken is ever pressing on my shoulder.
My knowledge of medicine deepens, as I grow older.

Only God knows my hearts strain from the pain of human needs
As my waiting room logs a list of symptoms I must meticulously read.

I have compassion for my fellow man and a love difficult to express.
For medicine is getting harder and there is little time for rest.

I must go on even if I am feeling low or have had a fateful day.
You see, my patients need me and their need will never go away.

I love this job of curing that God blessed me with for this earth.
I am the sleuth against pain and suffering, and the doorway to a baby's birth.

Each patient is humbled, while revealing symptoms in hopes of a cure.
Each illness a mystery, yet I am expected to be sure.

Because I am clueless as to what challenge is behind each closed door.
I plan to stay just a few minutes, yet sometimes it must be more.

Mostly I have the answer quickly, as my patients prayed I would.
But other times it may be longer when the clues are not so good.

So, if the time you spend waiting here seems much longer that you can stand.
Think of that person that is hurting and who may need a caring hand.

I know your time is precious and you want to see me quick,
But please have patience, my patient, while I try to cure the sick.