

CHRISTMAS VISION

From out of the frosty stillness of the evening air came the strains of a gramophone record being played. A rich tenor voice was singing that beautiful old Carol "Holy Night." The music was haunting in its beauty; and under its spell one's troubles and cares seemed to melt away and one felt transported to a serene and calm atmosphere, not of this world.

It is said that miles above the highest peak of the Himalayan Mountains is a vast space of unutterable calm, where from the boundless blue skies and the pure and rarefied air, one may look down upon the snow capped peaks in perfect detachment and tranquility of soul. The thunder and wildness of crashing storms below cannot penetrate or disturb that magnificent calm. Legend has it that the souls of the great and the good abide there in perpetual peace.

As the glorious singing died away to give place to a record of jazz music, one's mood abruptly changed. Painfully we were jerked from our lofty contemplation into the realities of our present day perplexities. Not much of the calm of the lofty mountains pervaded the Profession of Nursing today. Abuse from without and restlessness from within seemed to be our lot.

Musingly, we were tempted to wonder whether our troubles were due to the profession being over-planned or "over organised." Were we better off when we all trained for the one State Examination? Were we better nurses and citizens when there was no International or National Councils of Nurses? Do we really need all the protective organisations made up of the different strata of nurses? As a result of them, do we nurse our patients more artistically and professionally, and are we kinder and more tolerant? Will the highly placed nursing officials at the Ministries of Health and Labour, and on the Regional Boards assist much in straightening out our tangled troubles and really get to the heart of the matter? Will they boldly speak out in our interests which are those of our patients, or will they remain inarticulate and pliant?

We wonder whether we have lost simplicity and unity in multiplicity?

* * * * *

It was whilst we were thus browsing that the vision arose. Vaguely and dimly, and only gradually, we became aware of fine, yet strong, strands of dull gold threads gleaming and fading in the darkness of deep night. Fascinated, we followed their fitful gleamings, as they lead us through sleepy villages and dark towns; through valleys and rugged mountain passes; across dark and turbulent seas, and almost across the entire face of the sleeping world. And then, in a tiny hamlet, on a far away Eastern shore, the golden silks slowly converged into a magnificent chain of pure gold, attached to the foot of a cradle. Mystified, we peeped

in and saw a Babe. No ordinary Child was this, whose Eyes were blue as summer skies; like pools of deep and undisturbed peace, and containing the wisdom of the sorrows of the ages.

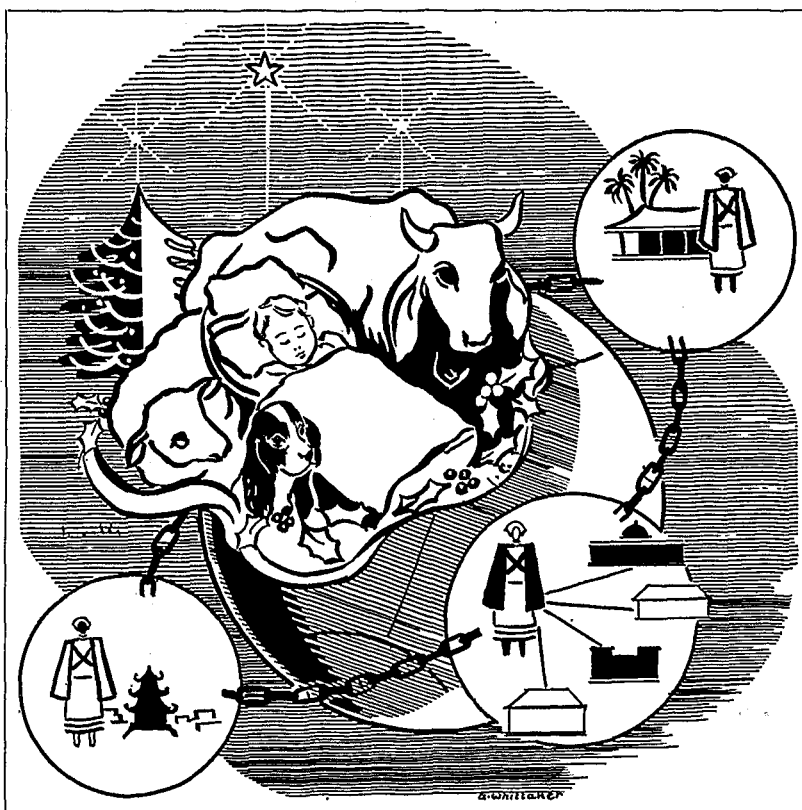
Though the night air was chilly, the Babe was warm and wide awake, and He saw us. Stretching out one tiny hand, He reached for the chain and gently drew it into the crib, and with it, a glorious company of young women in different groups, advanced towards Him. Though the scene was shadowy we recognised the groups. Yes, there was the International Council of

Nurses leading all the little National Groups towards the Infant. We saw white nurses, dark nurses, and even yellow skinned ones; but we focused particularly on the British contingent. Each and every separate organisation was represented, and each brought a priceless gift, and all received a ravishing smile of love from the Babe.

As the dim figures moved slowly onwards, a voice of richest music fell upon the air. We caught the triumphant words: Inasmuch as ye did it unto the sick and suffering, ye did it unto Me.

Slowly the shades of night gave way, and Christmas morning dawned in a haze of winter glory.

The vision had passed, but the knowledge remained. All was well with the Profession of Nursing! No matter



THE CHRISTMAS VISION

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)