

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE NURSING RECORD

ETHEL GORDON FENWICK, S.R.N., HON. EDITOR 1888—1947.

No. 2178. Vol. 98.

JANUARY, 1950.

Price Sevenpence.

Editorial.

The Glorious Things of Life.

STANDING at the turn of the twentieth century, seemingly struggling for our national survival amongst the great nations of the earth, we hopefully greet the infant year of 1950. Looking back down the vista of years, we see the brilliant lights of England, once the brightest beacons in the world, gleaming with an ever-decreasing glimmer, until finally, in the fearful forties, they were totally extinguished. On the ensuing world-wide darkness, freedom fled from Europe, finding sanctuary and asylum in our own dear land. She is still with us, hunted and afraid, with her fate amongst the peoples of the world still in the balance.

Though our lights are on again, they do not burn with the steady brilliance of those bygone years, and their beams do not penetrate into the dark places of the Continent, enabling Freedom to walk again there, without fear of arrest or condemnation. But we are not without hope that all again will be serene, and whilst we strive towards that happy goal we can continue to enjoy the glorious things of life independently of the shortage of dollars or any other currency; for these things are free.

Foremost in our galaxy of glories is the love of friends, for it is a priceless gift, bestowing wealth even where poverty exists. Money may be scarce, health not so good, youth well behind us, and disappointments may fall thick as winter snow-flakes, but what of it? All troubles melt away in the warmth of affection, and most fortunate is a person who is beloved. Love is a miraculous thing. The more one gives the more one gets, and the more one can give away; and still one grows richer by it. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be returned to thee after many days." So true, where love is concerned. Some people seem afraid of loving; they fear it may betray a dependence on others and place them in their debt. Or they wait to love perfection only, being proud and disdainful of anything less, and their loss is grievous. Love is ennobling, enriching, benevolent and a priceless talisman. Those who do not love do not live fully, but exist in poverty and half-tones.

One of life's great paradoxes is the Freedom of Service. True Service can never mean servility or bondage, but it brings happiness and contentment. Nurses have a greater share of this freedom than many others for we have a greater share of service to mankind. If nurses are not happy, which is sometimes the case, it is because they do not fully understand the meaning of service. When they do, there will be no shortages in our ranks, for it is but human to seek for happiness.

A great life tragedy is to feel useless and to be deprived of the privilege of serving others.

And what of the great gifts of nature? All free; all bringing exquisite peace and joy; and all so beautiful. The winter snows before they melt; the little new-born lambs; the shivering and sweetly-shy snowdrops, and the modest little violets. The glories of spring so soon to be enjoyed and which bring such happy anticipation. Can you not already hear the dawn chorus of the mating birds; the liquid call of the cuckoos and the rich melody of nightingales? Can you visualise rosy dawns and gold-splashed sunsets and the riotous colours of summer's flowers? Can you not hear the gentle lapping of summer seas on golden strands and the soothing flowing of shining rivers? Do you know of the lovely things hidden away in mysterious and leafy woods; the funny little furry animals and the quaint little flowers and plants? And the freedom to wander where one will in all this glorious enchantment? Such freedom is worth defending, and sharing with others less fortunate.

And then we have music! Imagine the world without music! There is that music which is divine, and which takes the spirit into the realms of mystic love so that tongue cannot tell the wonders one experiences and beholds. There is gay music, which brings light-hearted happiness and care-free joys; and there is the lilting, dancing music which eases burdens and gives rhythm and eagerness to the feet. We have music for all moods and all spirits, which brings happiness and freedom of expression.

High amongst the good things of life is the love and affection of our animals. The boisterous "welcome home" of our canine friends and the steady, utterly loyal and never-fading love and adoration which they give us. In lean times, they fast with us, and in times of plenty they gratefully accept their share. When sadness overtakes us, then the comfort of a cold, wet muzzle pressed against one's cheek has to be experienced to be understood. Other little pets, too, are capable of giving extraordinary devotion and one ought to thank Almighty God for them.

Can one do more than wish you all a great big share of all the glorious things in life for 1950 and on throughout your whole lives. AD MULTOS ANNOS. G.M.H.

The scion of a noble breed,
Sleek, shining, self-possessed,
Or a curious type with a wayward tail
And a sense of humour blessed;
To love, to honour and obey—
His service is complete,
To live with Man, his chosen god,
And worship at his feet.
Joy Parker, from "Woman's Journal."

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