A look at the watch on her wrist told Jean Landry that her shift was only half finished. Working on her charts at the nurses' station, she took a deep breath and let it out in a quick way, feeling weary to the bone and longing for rest. The night had been an unusually busy one, and while she rather preferred it this way, this night had prove to be almost too busy. Especially with two of the night nurses at home, ill.
Glancing up from the chart, she saw that Mrs. Nome's light was on again. Was this the fifth or sixth time she had gone to her room? she wondered, getting to her feet and hurrying down the hallway to the woman's room.

"Did you need me, Mrs. Nome?" she asked quietly. "I see you have your light on again," she added, tucking the covers in around the fair-skinned, attractive middle-aged woman.

"I can't sleep, Miss Landry. Can you sit and talk to me, please?"

"I wish I could," Jean replied tiredly. "But I have to keep busy; there's a lot of unfinished work to do before I go off duty in the morning. Let me rub your back and fluff your pillow again; perhaps this will help you."

Mrs. Nome stifled a sob. "I... I guess I'm afraid of that surgery I'm to have in the morning," she confessed with tears streaming down her cheeks. "Suppose I don't come out from under the anesthetic..."

Jean patted the woman's hand. "I believe you'll make it. I really do," she assured steadily in her quietly-soft voice. "And you'll do a whole lot better by getting a good night's sleep. Now turn on your side and I'll rub your back and shoulders."

"Oh, I'm so afraid! I wish I didn't need this."

"I'm sure you do, Mrs. Nome. But it's a case of necessity. An absolute necessity, to be real frank. And after it's all over and you're feeling strong and well again, you'll be thankful you had it done."

"Oh, I'm sure I will. If only I could get relief from this nagging fear! Everytime I'm ready to drift off to sleep, I think about it and then I'm wide awake again. Even the sleeping capsule hasn't been effective."

"I notice it hasn't. Would you care if I had prayer with you? Prayer helps me when nothing else does. In fact, I generally always pray about everything... before I do anything else."

"Oh will you, please! And do' ask God not to let me die."
"Have you ever known the Lord, Mrs. Nome?" "No, I can't say that I have. I suppose this is my big reason for being so fearful: it's what I'll be doing and where I'll be going after death."

Quoting fitting scriptures to her patient, Jean said, "Now remember what I just told you, 'If we confess our sins, He . . . Jesus . . . is faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . .' For He said, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' You are included in that whosoever. As I pray, I want you to talk to God. Tell Him how fearful you are. Then ask Him to come into your heart and give you His peace." "I will. Oh, I will!"

Bowing her head, Jean led out in prayer. Mrs. Nome, in a halting, faltering fashion, followed. After a while, Jean felt the trembling hand of the woman relax, and she knew something had happened.

"Thanks, Miss Landry," Mrs. Nome cried happily. 'I'm not afraid anymore. While I was praying, I felt a wonderful peace and calm settle in my soul, and I heard God say, 'Your sins are all forgiven.' Isn't it wonderful! Thanks, for caring and for praying. Now I can go to sleep. Goodnight, Miss Landry."

Long after, Mrs. Nome was asleep, and while she worked on the unfinished charts, Jean recognized the two-fold purpose of her work; that of not only helping the physical man but the far greater one of helping the spiritual man. The two were closely related, she knew. Often, when a patient feared death and its nearness, she had been afforded the blessed privilege of leading that one to Christ! Tired and weary though she was, the knowledge that tonight still another had entered God's fold buoyed her up and helped to ease and erase, to some degree at least, the intense fatigue she felt.

Glancing up from her work, she noticed two more lights were on, one in room 313 the other in 321. The one could be serious, she knew; the other was, no doubt, a complaint that the woman couldn't sleep. Poor Mrs. Stamm, she had her days and nights all mixed up. Much like some babies, Jean mused, hurrying along the hallway to see what Mrs. Keithley needed.

"I'm sorry to bother you," the gentle-mannered woman apologized when Jean entered the room. "But I don't seem to be getting oxygen the way I should be. It makes breathing quite difficult."
"Well, we'll just see what's wrong, Mrs. Keithley. Now, how's that?" she asked, making a few adjustments.

"That's better. Thank you, Miss Landry. You are always so kind and gentle."

"Thank you, Mrs. Keithley. Now try to go back to sleep. I'll keep checking on you and on the oxygen. Don't worry about it."

"I know I can depend on you and on your word, Miss Landry. So, goodnight."

Jean left the door partly open then hurried to Mrs. Stamm's room. "Are you comfortable?" she asked the woman, whose bedding was more on the floor than on the bed.

"Of course, I'm not," Mildred Stamm snapped. "Anybody with a brain in his head can see I'm not. Now do something. I'm tired of being neglected and forgotten."

"I'm sure you are," Jean agreed consolingly. "But don't you know you're supposed to be sleeping instead of sitting up in bed as wide awake as a noonday sun? It's late. Late! And I doubt you've slept more than a mere 15-minute cat nap."

"I can't sleep. These horrid, horrid beds! Why can't I get up and read?"

"Doctor's orders, Mrs. Stamm. Be patient; if everything continues going as well as it has been with you, you'll be up and around within two days."

"But I want up now! I'm tired of staying in this bed."

Straightening the covers and smoothing them out over the woman, Jean said, "Doctor's orders must be obeyed and carried out if you are going to get well, my dear. And you do want to get well, don't you?"

Mrs. Stamm tsk'ed, tsk'ed, several times and gave Jean a withering look. "What a senseless question!" she exclaimed crossly. "Of course, I want to get well. Who doesn't?"
"Then you'll have to listen to your doctor, Mrs. Stamm. He knows what's best for you. There now, don't you feel better already, with the covers back in place and your pillow fluffed up?"

For answer, Mrs. Stamm sat and glared at Jean, declaring defiantly, "I want to get up, and I'm going to get up! See?" she said, giving the covers a defiant toss before sliding to the edge of the bed and finally, standing on her own two feet. But it was only a momentary thing--in the next instant, she collapsed in a little heap on the floor.

Long after she and one of the night orderlies had put Mrs. Stamm back in bed, Jean prayed for the woman. She had been a socially prominent person, one of the nurses had told her, and was accustomed to the night life, sleeping more in the daytime than at night. Well, she had her sleeping schedule all mixed up, that was a fact, Jean told herself, wishing there were some way for her to reach the woman for Christ. But up to the present hour, Mrs. Stamm had remained hard and calloused when anything spiritual was mentioned to her.

Things settled down then, and save for repeated checks on Mrs. Keithley and an occasional peak into Mrs. Nome's room, Jean finished her work in good time. She was thankful when the girls began coming in for the morning shift and she could go home and get some much-needed sleep and rest.

"Until I see you tomorrow morning, God willing, it's a fond 'goodbye' from me," she told the wide-awake nurses as she grabbed her shawl and purse and started down the hallway to go home.

"Please, Jean, don't leave yet," Sue Anders called, hurrying down the hallway. "I know you're tired but we need you. They just brought a young woman into room 300. It's a sad case. Doctor Madison's in there now. He was hoping you'd still be on the floor. Please, just a while longer! If anybody can help her to live, you can . . ." Her sentence trailed.

Turning, Jean followed Sue. What she saw when she entered the room sickened her heart. A beautiful young woman lay gasping for breath. Rolling her head from side to side on the pillow, tangling the mass of beautiful long black hair that crowned her face, she looked indeed like each breath would
be her last. What had happened to her? Jean wondered, breathing a prayer to God for help.

As though reading her thoughts, Doctor Madison said, "Tried taking her life. Looks like she pretty well succeeded, too. Found her in a rooming house. Someone heard a dull thud, like someone dropping to the floor. They called the landlady. When she unlocked the door, this is what she found. I'm afraid it's too late.

Jean sighed. Then she closed her eyes in prayer. "One opportunity, dear Lord; please, give her an opportunity to find You--to know You. Please!" Opening her eyes, she said, "We must save her life. She is so young. The pump... her stomach must be pumped!" Tossing her shawl into a chair, the dedication of the nurse came to the fore.

Having utmost confidence in Jean Landry and knowing her value to the hospital and its patients, Doctor Madison flew into action. If Jean felt there was hope, then he would do everything within his power and his ability to help restore health and life to the gasping, apparently-dying, slim figure on the bed.

Jean forgot her fatigue as she worked beside the competent doctor, and when the first faint signs of life were seen, time passed quickly for her. She would remain with the girl, she told Doctor Madison when each was assured that the patient would now live. "Go about your regular duties," she added, "I'll stay here for as long as you feel it's necessary."

"Get her talking if you can, Jean," the doctor replied. "And I'll be checking back with you. OK?"

"Fine, Doctor. Fine."

Bending over the patient, Jean said softly, "It's all right, dear. Everything's going to be all right now."

The girl opened her eyes. "Wh... where am I?" she asked. "O, I want to die; please let me die!" She tried to get out of bed.
"Please, my dear, lie still. You are very ill," Jean said, gently pushing her back on the pillow. "Now, tell me what happened, will you? There isn't anything God can't solve for you."

The girl began to sob. "I got in with the wrong crowd," she blurted brokenly. "I thought they were friends; I really did. But they deceived me . . . gave me drugs of some kind. I felt like I was losing my mind; going mad. I came here to work, you see. Three girls and I rented an apartment together to save on expenses. But after they drugged me, I moved out. I got an inexpensive room in a rooming house at the opposite end of the city and looked for work in a small town close to where my room was, wanting nothing more to do with those whom I thought were friends, and feeling I could no longer work in the same store with them. When I couldn't find another job, I despaired of life. That... that's when I did what . . . I did." She covered her face with her hands and sobbed uncontrollably. "I... I have no friends here and... I . . . I'm afraid to trust anymore strangers, after what happened to me."

With understanding and compassion, Jean said, "You are among friends, believe me. I am a Christian. I love Jesus Christ with all there is of me. Have you ever heard of Him, dear?"

The girl's eyes opened wide. "Oh, yes. Yes. My father and mother were wonderful Christians. But they're dead. I have no one but an aunt in another state, and she's too poor to have to worry about looking out for me."

"Have you ever been saved?" Jean asked tearfully.

"When I was a very little girl. But I lost Him in trying to make ends meet. I got too busy..."

"Then I know Someone who's been waiting a long time for the prodigal to return to Father's house. Wouldn't you like to come back and know again the joy of sins forgiven, dear?"

Eagerly and sincerely, the girl cried, "Oh, I would: I really would!"

"Then I'll pray with you and for you. God spared you for this purpose; for this reason--that you may know again the peace and joy of the forgiven." And Jean bowed her head and began praying.
Having known the way, the young woman bared her soul to God, and confessing her backsliding and sinfulness, she was gloriously converted.

Long after the transformation took place, the two talked. The patient, whose name was Mary Roberts, told Jean about her happy childhood and young teen years and of her training for office work, ending with, "But there just are no openings in that small town."

Patting the hand on the bed, Jean said kindly, "If you will consider it, I know where you can get a lovely room and two meals a day at a very reasonable price. And this will be among God-fearing friends, Mary."

"Where, Jean? Oh, I'm so anxious to know." "With my dear mother and me."

Mary gasped with awe and eager delight. "Do . . . you mean it?"

"With all my heart. My mother's one of the most wonderful people God ever made. Daddy was, too. But the Lord wanted him in Heaven so He promoted him to glory five years ago. Now it's just Mother and me. And she'll be as delighted to have you share our home as I'll be. In fact, I may be able to help get you a job as a secretary here at the hospital or in Doctor Madison's office. One of his girls is soon retiring, the Lord willing. But now I want you to rest. We can discuss these things when you're stronger. Then, as soon as Doctor Madison releases you, we'll get your belongings and move you into our house. Mother's been praying for God to send us someone to occupy the big, sunny room that's been so empty and lonely-looking since my only sister married and left for the mission field with her husband. Now try to rest. I'll report to the doctor how well you're doing then I'll have to go home and get a few winks of sleep before coming on duty again tonight."

With tears trickling from her eyes, Mary said brokenly, "I... I hardly know what to say. You are so kind! Thank you, Jean. Oh, thank you!"

Smiling, Jean said, "Thank the Lord, Mary dear. He's answering mother's prayer and is providing a haven for you among true Christians. We'll all be blest and benefitted. No doubt, this is an answer to prayers your dear parents sent heavenward for many, many years in your behalf. Now I really must go. Until tonight, God willing, may he restore your health speedily."
Feeling that the extra hours were invested wisely and that she was repaid and rewarded richly, Jean hurried from the room, a prayer of praise on her lips and in her heart.