

# 五月沁陽 有水 有心 有陽光

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今年第二次踏足沁陽，倍感親切。正如一首詩歌—<<如鹿渴慕溪水>>，一年多的期待，隊員多方精密籌備，我終可見到和我有同一心志的弟兄姊妹，以及我所惦記的新舊証病人。

在我爭取下，可再到門診工作。我深信我對去年接受手術的病人的牽掛不比任何人少：我曾經聽過他們過去殘障未得醫治的痛苦、見到他們勇敢接受手術和捱過術後痛楚；我們都接過他們一封封情深義重的感謝信，我們都曾在病人告別會相擁，流過依依不捨的眼淚。因此，我有信心憑我記憶，我可完全把新舊症病人辨認出來，包括從駐馬店而來的。如今舊症病人自發乘十多小時車程來到沁陽，我再為他們安排覆診，這是我的責任，也是我對駐馬店病人一份未了的情誼。我深感恩慰我是天鄰的一份子，能親眼見證他們跨越殘障的奮鬥和毅力，美好生活可期。

今年我也被委任當協助術後止痛工作，由於自己用藥的知識不是最好一個，所以感到有點不配。我唯有更戰兢，殷勤去工作。我每天不斷去“pain round”，檢查他們的托腳的位置、有否依時正確用藥、難捱痛楚有否打針。有時還得哄也及餵小病人吃藥。我一次又一次感到人的關懷是止痛的良方，不論年齡。當痛苦來襲時，心的痛輕了，自然傷口的痛也沒那麼沉重。往後，我也要努力去充實自己，為他們作更好的裝備。

今次沁陽工作，我也學習了一份屬我的功課：陪伴希望落空的人一起過渡。一如去年，病房擠了些等手術後備名單的病人及家屬。手術名單公佈後，落選的家庭很失望。另外，今年也有特殊狀況，因為骨科劉醫生的父親突然病逝，他須要馬上回港奔喪，以致幾位入了院的病人未做手術也要被送回家。我害怕面對他們，特別是較不容易處理的家屬。但奇怪，他們都一個一個迎著我，我不能迴避，只有將心打開。看到一個母親倚在牆邊痛哭、一位母親抱兒同聲大哭、一位母親表情僵硬、一位父親借酒消愁，兩位少年苦苦請求.....我心裏挺難受，不是一句說「請您諒解」就作罷。我耐心聽他們吐苦水，陪他們流淚。我心底有一份信念：上帝不會輕看人間的疾苦，眼淚、悲傷都會成為過去！我會記著這些片段，但願明年手術、後年手術隊伍，甚至是大後年.....見證到他們憂傷化為喜樂，盼望化為實情。深信他們不放棄，天鄰也一樣不放棄幫助他們。那是一次又一次在病房中獲得的信心。

今年沁陽告別會同樣感人至深，特別是病人申利未自發唱聖詩，我深受感動。人群中央的他，不再是當年饞咀的小男孩，而是我們所親所愛的主內弟兄。另外，去年接受手術的趙慧慧也加入我們隊員中，與病人告別，她這份濃情美意，我心已豐豐富富領受了。

當我和八歲小女孩張顏告別擁抱轉身走，我發現有人拉著我的外衣，再回頭，一直不哭的她已哭不成聲。有人拿禮物逗她，她也無法停止哭，直到我折下掛在我身邊的匙扣送她，說它代表我永遠陪著她，她才肯靜下來。回港之後，我仍能感受到她小手拉着我衣袂的一刻。

沁陽五月天不單艷陽高照，但願我們的團隊就像雨水滴下人間，告知上帝從不輕看人間疾苦的心腸，從此主愛恩情滲入心田，繼續流淌。

今年中國旱情，但願沁陽如其名：有水（穩定的雨水）、有心、有陽光。





## *Qinyang in May*

*(Its Chinese name means water, compassion and sunshine)*



*Doris Chan (nurse, HIS Foundation volunteer)*

*This was my second trip to Qinyang and I felt especially at home. Just as it is written in a praise song, my feeling was “as the deer panteth for the water”. After more than a year’s anticipation and careful planning, I could finally meet the brothers and sisters who shared my passion, and the old patients whom I deeply missed.*

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*Upon my request, I could serve at the out-patient clinic. I again firmly believe that my love and concern for last year’s patients is no less than that of any other team members. I had heard their reminiscence of past suffering due to handicap. I saw them courageously go through the surgeries and bear the post-operation pain. We had received their heartfelt appreciation letters. We had hugged one another at the farewell gathering and cried because of our reluctance to part. Because of these vivid memories, I was confident that I could recognize all the old patients including those who came from Zhumadian. They took more than 10 hours’ road trip to Qinyang. I felt that it was my responsibility to arrange for their examination and at the same time assisting them was a way to show my love for the patients from Zhumadian. I am so thankful to be a member of the HIS Foundation and be able to witness the patients’ testimony of perseverance in overcoming their handicap. They shall have better lives.*

*This time I was also assigned to the post-op pain management team. I was not the most skillful in administering medication and felt quite inadequate. So I had to be extra cautious and work harder in order to fulfill my responsibilities. Every day I made the “pain rounds”. I had to check on the position of their limbs, examined the schedule for dispensing medications, and worked out if they needed any injection. Sometimes I had to coax and give medicine to the young patients. Time and time again I learned that caring was the best pain relief medication. Regardless of their age, when they were in pain, the comfort of others would help to relieve the pain. After this trip, I decided to obtain further training so that I could serve them better in the future.*

*This time at Qinyang, I learned the lesson of walking with those who were disappointed. Like last year, the clinic was filled with patients and their families on the waiting list. When the list of selected patients was published, those who could not be admitted were very disappointed. In addition to this, there arose a special circumstance. Our orthopaedic surgeon, Dr. Lau’s father had suddenly passed away and he had to leave for Hong Kong immediately. Because of this several enlisted patients had to be sent home. I was afraid to face them, especially some of the difficult family members. Strangely, they all ran into me. There was no way to avoid them. I could only open my heart for them. A mother leaned against the wall and burst into tears. A mother held her child and sobbed. A mother’s face turned stiff. A father consumed alcohol to ease the pain. Two young people begged us.... I felt sorry for them, but the words, “please understand” would not suffice. I patiently listened to their complaints and shed tears with them. I had the faith that the Lord would not overlook the sick and the sorrowful. Their tears and sadness would soon be over! I shall remember these snapshots. I hope that next year, in the year after or the year after that, I will be able to witness their sorrow turning to joy, and their dream becoming reality. I believe that if they do not give up, the HIS Foundation will never give up helping them. This confidence comes from my experience in the patient wards.*

*The farewell gathering at Qinyang was touching as usual. The special moment was when a patient volunteered to sing a hymn for us. I was deeply moved. He stood in the crowd and was no longer the voracious little boy. Instead he was a dear brother in Christ. Zhao Hui Hui who received the surgery last year also joined us at the farewell party to greet the patients. Her compassion touched my heart.*

*After I had hugged Zhang Yan, an eight year-old girl, and had turned to leave, I suddenly felt the tug at my jacket. I turned and saw her weeping. Someone gave her a gift, but she still could not stop crying. I gave her the keychain that was hung on me and told her this meant that I would always be with her. Until then she stopped crying. Even after I had returned to Hong Kong, I could still feel the tug of her little hand at my clothes.*

*The sun is high in the sky in Qinyang in May. I hope that our team is like rainfall that moisturizes the earth. As we tell others how the Lord never overlooks the sick and the sorrowful, may people’s hearts be filled with God’s love and grace.*

*China suffered from severe drought this year. Hope that Qinyang is like its Chinese name that will deliver water (consistent rainfall), compassion and sunshine*