

Patient as Healer

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It was my first appointment after 4 days off to attend an unanticipated illness, death, and funeral for a beloved aunt. I was quiet, solemn, and ready to be back at work, but ... changed. My first patient was a Christian minister. Not my own denomination, but that was never relevant. He was a middle-aged, overly nourished Hispanic man who was serious about his work and overall contented, but he was never able enough to control his type 2 diabetes despite massive insulin injections and extensive coaching. Quickly into the visit, after the usual questions and answers and advice, he asked me what had changed in my life. I told him and tears came to my eyes. He sat with me in silence, then asked if I would like him to pray with me. I hesitated only momentarily, then said, yes. I was grateful. This was the first time a patient ministered to me. I felt healing. ❖

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