**Hospital Chaplain**

Chaplain, as I rush from patient room to patient room, sprinkle me with the dust that allows one to sit for long moments, silently, with another. I am exhausted attempting to outrun the predators Emotion and Guilt. I need to be present.

Chaplain, how do we treat you? Do you feel respected, or simply overlooked like so many on the “team”? Called off the bench when we starters have once again failed against a mightier opponent … “Here, your turn, you finish ….”

Chaplain, do you ever dream of trading your white collar for my white coat? Longing not for other abilities, but for lesser burdens?

**Housekeeping**

You hear the sobbing before the clinical staff are remotely aware. Patients held captive by fear and loneliness; you acknowledge their presence without power differentials—person to person. You remind me of our hospital unit’s MVP when I was an intern: “Clara the Cleaning Lady,” the wisest, most gentle member of our team.

Memories of her goodness continue to inspire me.

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