

## ODE To The DOCTOR

He comes when pain lays its hot hand on our brow  
And our bodies are racked till we moan,  
We find that all our best efforts have failed,  
And we can not endure it alone.

How we list for his coming: we hardly can wait,  
For the sound of his car in the drive,  
'Till he opens the door, walks in with a smile,  
And we're thankful once more, we're alive.

How selfless a life a Doctor must lead,  
As he gives, till he cannot give more  
Of his strength and his skill and talent to aid,  
And he would not turn one from his door.

They worked for this goal, long years of their time,  
Through hardships and struggles severe,  
They "boned" through the night till the "wee small hours"  
Put aside many things that were dear.

It took moral courage to press ever on;  
With pleasures and chafm to allure,  
Ere reaching the place where they sought to begin  
With "Powder and pill box" to cure.

A friend of the family, our doctors should be,  
They help carry our lives in their hands,  
Their presence care soothing, companionship dear,  
Bound to us through afflictions strong bands.

So may God bless the Doctors, wherever they are,  
And fill them with reverence and grace,  
Equip them with patience and strength as they serve,  
With their best, the great human race.

Nellie I. Thomas