



breaths. I am floored. His nurses are paging rapid response. A team of efficient, commanding doctors arrive like a waterfall, flooding the room with activity and noise. He is intubated, ventilated, wheeled away in a matter of minutes. I find myself once again alone in a quiet room, but those words are etched on my heart.

A wise professor of mine compelled us on our first day of training to know our superpower. She advised it may be the

only thing to get you through the darkest of days. To be at the bedside during what is, for many patients, the worst day of their life is to have our share of dark days. As the semester progressed, so too did my skill. One by one, I placed my first IV, administer injections and medications, pulled stitches, handled chest tubes. Slowly, it began to feel as though I was practicing medicine. But this I carried with me—it would never amount to anything without my

superpower. I wrote this essay for Mr. S, whom I never saw again. From the bottom of my heart, thank you for this gift: for teaching me my superpower, and that everything I needed to heal was already *in my hands*.

*Editor's Note:* The patient's name and other details have been changed to protect patient privacy.

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