

Anders Scholarship Essay
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In 2010, I was touched by angels in navy blue.

As I was laying half conscious on the side of the road with bleeding wounds, a short montage of my life flashed through my mind because short was just the adjective for how long I had lived my life at that point: six short years. That day earlier, I had wanted to try being a big girl on my bus ride back home, letting the driver know that I did not need their help to cross the street; no stop signs or braked buses, just me and my will to cross that street alone. After a few minutes of convincing them, mainly telling them how just across the street was my neighbor who could watch over me, the bus took off, and I faced the wide trek across the road. Looking left and right just as I was taught in school, I took one step forward, then two more, and then another before everything became black. I was hit.

And the next moment I regained consciousness, a sweet voice found my ears. "Hi honey, can you hear me? We are going to take good care of you, alright?" it said. I opened my eyes to see the source of the voice, but ended up taking in a blurred view of navy blue uniforms and two tall figures watching over me. The room was shaking and the space was cramped. "This will feel like a small pinch at first, but it'll help you with the pain, 'kay sweetie?" it said again. And just as the voice said, my view faded back to black, forgetting about the needle-like sting and the previous pain I felt just a few seconds before.

I woke up again in a stretcher with my vision still blurred and hazy. There were many workers beside me. In particular, what I assumed was a nurse had been talking with me throughout the panicking rush of transporting me into a surgery room. She told me that I was going to be alright, that I was in the best hands, and that I was going to make it out even better. But it was not necessarily her words that reassured me, but the faint outline of a strong smile that let me know I was going to be taken care of. And so, I let myself sink back to a black view once more.

Hours later, I opened my eyes and this time they stayed open. I found myself with a clear view in a hospital room and a new nurse and my mother beside me. "Welcome back sweetheart," the nurse said while my mother had been silently crying next to my bed. After taking measurements and making sure I was responsive, she gave me something I still have till this day: a small stitched up pillow. Apparently, these colorful pillows were made from scrap fabrics of lost or torn clothing pieces that no longer had use and were about to be discarded. The nurses worked on them during their spare time to give to children like me, scared about the new environment and the traumatic event that we underwent. When she passed the colorful pillow to me, my mood instantly jumped and I was mesmerized by the fabric, color, and shapes on the pillow. A true comfort that stayed in my arms the entire time I had been hospitalized.

It was only later I found out that I had been in an ambulance after being hit and transported into the hospital where I was taken care of until I regained full consciousness. The reason I was able to live past what I believed then was my death date of six years, still fully functional, was because of the Allied Health, Nursing, and Therapy professionals that helped me recover back to my ordinary life. Without them, I am sure I would not have been able to sit here today writing this piece about my journey with healthcare professionals' support and compassion towards me. It is a fact that this happens almost everyday to someone else out there, and these workers do their absolute best to give and give.

In 2010, I was saved by healthcare workers in navy blue. And before me, and after me, many others are saved too.