

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through my gut, my bowels were loudly stirring from that roasted chestnut. My newly placed pouch hung over my stoma with care, in hopes it would stay on and I'd get longer wear.

My supplies were nestled snug in the place I assigned, while visions of leak-free days danced around in my mind. And me in my jammies covering my sometimes naughty stoma, had just settled into bed and was out like a coma.

When inside my room there arose such a clatter, I suddenly awakened to witness an unwelcomed splatter. A bed full of poop, oh no, my pouch hadn't adhered! I was fret with emotions, until my hero appeared.

It was an ostomy nurse, the most welcomed of guests, and she wasn't offended by the smells that my body expressed. "I'm here to help your ostomy problems", she said with a grin. Then she carefully examined my stoma and my peristomal skin.

She was professional and courteous and made me feel no shame.

She spoke aloud as she worked, calling each product by name:

Now, skin prep! Now, powder! Now, barrier paste, strips and rings.

On accessories, on convexity, I'll take care of these things.

To the top of my stoma and around to my most irritated place, she said, "now dash away, dash away, you problems are such a disgrace!"

Her eyes-how they twinkled, her voice calming to hear, her words were a relief and they lessened my fear.

She treated my skin and then she re-pouched my stoma.

She gave me a new sense of security and a better aroma.

She educated me on how my quality of life could improve and said "This should make a difference and get you back in your groove". She was like my own special angel. She was helpful and kind. Her skills and compassion were gifts that brought peace of mind.

She cleaned up my bed and then she sat down and charted. She made sure I was ok before she swiftly departed. And I heard her exclaim, after all that she gave, "Happy Holidays to all; may all your stomas behave!

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