



For medicine, and those health care professionals who *really do* recognize and practice the “care” part of it. And for the incredible group I have of family and friends who have been there for us during my Mom’s illness — concerned, caring, and praying. I thank God for you.

“During my second year of nursing school our professor gave us a quiz. I breezed through the questions until I read the last one: “What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?” Surely this was a joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank. Before the class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our grade. “Absolutely,” the professor said. “In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say hello.” I’ve never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.”

*~Joann C. Jones*

“It is not so much our friends’ help that helps us as the confident knowledge that they will help us.”

*~Epicurus*

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