**Patricia L. Miller, a former hospital staff person, writes:**

**While at work in the emergency room, I learned to stop crying at the pain around me. Each day it seemed I was becoming more insensitive to people and their real needs. Five years of emergency-room exposure had taken its toll.**

**Then God intervened.**

**I was taking information for registering a young woman who had overdosed on drugs and had attempted suicide. Her mother sat before me as I typed the information into the computer. The mother was unkempt and bleary eyed. She had been awakened in the middle of the night by the police to come to the hospital. She could only speak to me in a whisper.**

***Hurry up*, I said to myself, as she slowly gave me the information. My impatience was raw as I finished the report and jumped to the machine to copy the medical cards. That's when God stopped me— at the copy machine. He spoke to my heart so clearly: *You didn't even look at her.* He repeated it gently: *You didn't even look at her.***

**I felt His grief for her and for her daughter, and I bowed my head. *I'm sorry, Lord. I am so sorry.***

**I sat down in front of the distraught woman and covered her hands with mine. I looked into her eyes with all the love that God could flood through me and said, "I care. Don't give up."**

**She wept and wept. She poured her heart out to me about her years of dealing with a rebellious daughter as a single mom. Finally, she looked up and thanked me. Me... the coldhearted one with no feelings.**

**My attitude changed that night. My Jesus came right into the workplace in spite of rules that tried to keep him out. He came in to set me free to care again. He gave himself to that woman through me. My God, who so loved the world, broke that self-imposed barrier around my heart. Now he could reach out, not only to me in my pain, but to a lost and hurting woman.**