

Healing Choices/ Diane MacKinnon, MD, ACC/ 603-577-1981

Hello!

Happy Mother's Day to all!

If you are ready to nurture yourself by exploring life coaching, please contact me. I offer a free coaching session to anyone who is interested in learning more about coaching.

Warmly,
Diane



Mother Love

Every year at this time, I reflect on the unconditional love given to me by my mother throughout my life. As someone who doesn't have "biological" children, I also reflect on all the ways I've "mothered" in my life—from my stepchildren to my sisters' children to my Little Sister, who is now a woman with a child of her own.

My sister Lori, who has one son of her own, is a nurse anesthetist and she takes care of children as she puts them to sleep. We have had the discussion more than once that once a child is in your care—they're yours, even if it's only for half an hour.

Way back in my third year of medical school, I spent two wonderful weeks taking care of babies in the Newborn Nursery. One of my responsibilities was to do a complete physical exam on each infant each morning. There were usually at least 15-20 babies there. One morning I thought one baby's eye exam was abnormal. I called Ophthalmology to have someone come see the baby.

An hour later the attending doctor in ophthalmology, a tall, heavysset man in scrubs, showed up with an entourage of residents. He had a huge contraption that fit over his head and in front of his eyes to allow him to examine the eyes of the baby. He looked like something out of "Back to the Future."

"Who called? he asked.

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Individual Coaching:

...**Free coaching session offered to anyone interested in learning about coaching.**

...**Different coaching options available.**

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***"If you're being
dragged, let go
of the leash!"***

Free Coaching Session

Call or email me to set
up an appt.

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I stepped forward and explained my concerns about the baby's eye exam.

"Where's the baby?" he asked, looking out at the sea of bassinets with their swaddled bundles and pink and blue name tags.

I picked the baby up and held her. He came over and gestured for me to put the baby back down. I did and he bent over her, his residents crowding close so they could hear his words of wisdom.

After he finished his exam and flipped up the bizarre eye pieces so I could see his face, I picked the baby up again and rocked her.

"Is she okay?" I asked.

"She's fine," he said. "Her exam's normal." He walked into the charting area and wrote his findings in her chart. Then he came back and stood by the bassinet again.

"I've never seen a medical student so protective of a child." He smiled and he strode away, gathering his followers behind him.

Any mother would understand, I thought as I put the baby back in her bassinet.

So celebrate the mothers in your life, including yourself, in this lovely month of May. That nurturing instinct lives in all of us and is one of the things that makes this world so beautiful.

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