

Dear Doctor,

Please remember
that little face you are
reconstructing is more than
muscle and tissue and bone.
It is the smile that fills
my heart with joy and
swells my chest with pride
and brings life and meaning
into my every day.

And when it is you and him
behind the Big Doors,
and me in the little room,
waiting,
please remember
you are working with more
than just a life.
You have in your hands
a reason for living
as well.

And as you look upon your
little patient,
a mere few pounds of person,
remember that he is cherished,
and not by me alone,
but by the many
whose lives have been touched
and enriched by his.

And, Doctor,
I will also remember
that I have chosen to trust you,
and to trust your skills,
and that by choice
I have entrusted his face
and his life
into your skilled hands.

But for these next few hours,
while you and he
hide behind the Big Doors,
and I wait in the little room,
I hope you don't mind
If I also choose
to pray.

(The poem was put on Faceforward forum and it was found on Wide Smiles website)

