Needle stick at 4:45 p.m.

A risk.

An accepted one in this profession.

My chocolate-skinned student with the lovely smile and purple head scarf watches me, her eyes much older than mine.

She says she will pray for me to her God, my God, our God to deliver me from the bonds of hepatitis, of HIV.

I sweat, sigh, offer up my arm as the phlebotomist expertly siphons payment in blood. My elderly patient chooses not to be annoyed at my ineptitude and graciously gives his own recompense for my sin.

It is doubtful he has any dreaded disease that will kill me.

He knows this as I do but we both bow to the god of protocol.

I see only forgiveness in all their eyes.

—Lynette Lamp, MD

Illustration by Steve Derrick

