

## Confession of a First Responder

This book is dedicated to all the first responders. May you find some help from reading it.



What should I do when I feel exhausted and angry while fighting a losing battle?  
How can I protect myself while wrestling an invisible, deadly enemy?  
Who could help me when I have lost my appetite and interest in life?  
Who can restore my inner peace when I am troubled by all the suffering and death?  
Who understands that I too have my problems and work stress even before the crisis?  
Who knows about my own wounds, worries, and existential struggles?  
When can I have some time for myself to regain my strength and sanity?

But I was born and trained for a time like this,  
With my own feet, I rush where angels fear to tread,  
With my own hands, I rescue people from the jaw of death.  
I don't feel like a hero, nor an angel, I am just answering my calling.  
I'm still able to put aside my personal feelings and focus on saving lives,  
I can still have a sense of satisfaction bringing comfort to a dying person,  
but how long can I carry on before I collapse while on duty?

What keeps me going is my firm belief that there is nothing more valuable than life—  
I can see it in the sad eyes of those desperately wanting to live, when they can hardly breathe—  
I can hear it from those struggling with all their pain but whispering the names of their loved ones—  
Since we only live once, I want to make it worthwhile for myself and everyone else.  
Meanwhile, I wish I could scream, cry, laugh, or dance as a normal human being,  
I wish I could have a normal family life when this pandemic is over.  
But I will always say Yes to life, no matter what.