

## *"A Day at the Hospital"*

Strolling through the corridors of a hospital is an overwhelming experience, as much for the harshness of a daily life full of pain as for the courage and dedication of the caregivers to fight against the fragility of our existence.

It is an ocean of humanity where the surges of footsteps and the turbulence of movement never end, to wash up bodies and souls on the tranquility of the shores and bring life back to the port of calm.

In these interminable corridors one can follow the glances that reflect the states of mind, the dark colours of pain, bright colours of relief, and joyful colours of satisfaction. There are silhouettes in shades of white and blue with features often marked by fatigue, but the light in the eyes is never extinguished, for the mind is in lively effervescence, continually seeking a path of healing.

From the emergency room to intake, from radiology to consultation, not forgetting the little-known soldiers in the laundry, the kitchen, the technical service... all those who participate in making alive this temple of care where prayers to life take shape in useful acts, and miracles are the fruits of a human determination to fight suffering.

Hands splashed with bodily and chemical liquids, wander along orderly paths to help draw a brighter future, and the alphabet of gestures tells a story of incessant struggle against the hazards of life.

At critical moments steps rush and lead to a whirlwind of maneuvers, as if they were multiplying in space, raising the arch of hope where to shelter the patients and bring them to tranquility.

A day in the hospital is a moment suspended in time, a parenthesis that gives a sacred dimension to life. The duality of light and darkness rubs shoulders in every corner of this place that is indispensable to society. The neon lights that replace daylight do not prevent us from visualizing a sky, and hope on the horizon, healing, soothing, or a gentle extension of life.

Caregivers, these "heroes", as they have recently been called, did not wait for a crisis or a health war to devote themselves to a vocation that is so trying and a profession that is indisputably essential and desperately misunderstood.

Their "super power" is reborn every day from a strong will, a sense of duty, and a determination to overcome illness or at least to bring relief, with their conscience as the master on board this vessel that crosses the troubled waters of destiny every day.

To live a day in the hospital is to immerse oneself in a reality that inspires awareness and a strengthened attachment to life, it is to be a spectator in a theatre of realism where the curtains are raised every day on one of the multiple and intertwined scenes of a daily struggle filled with quests to explore, suspended hopes, murmurs and cries, tears and smiles, saving sounds and eloquent silence.

Looking closer, there is, in the intimacy of this misty atmosphere, something divine and yet profoundly human, that humanity that is united, devoted, just, and above all benevolent, that radiates attention and aspires to erase suffering, armed with a unique hard-won knowledge that pushes back the frontiers of fear to dispel the mist of pain and visualize a horizon full of hope so that dreams are solid and life is real.