



"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DR. JIM?"



Where have you been all my life, Dr. Jim?
I've been searching for you 20 years;
My body was racked with depression and pain
Until you came and dried up my tears.

My husband did much to ease the big problem;
By rubbing the "knots" in my back;
Empathy, sympathy, and care, yes he had,
We both knew there was yet a great lack.

My biggest complaint was "shortness of breath,"
And walking made me feel "done-had";
Just one day after you "Straight-ened" my neck
That plague didn't seem quite so bad.

The snaps, cracks and pops resound in my ears
From treatments of days in the past;
The pills, the bills, the endless prescriptions
Will soon in the trash all be cast!

The doctors said, "Fibromyalgia it is,"
"And we really can't cure what is wrong";
What they didn't know is what I didn't either--
I needed your care all along.

The sorrow of wanting to finally be well
Was more than some ever will know;
The headaches, the backaches, the heartaches and fears
Were part of me I couldn't show.

Right now it is hard to believe I am better,
At times it is fearful and scary;
For hopes in the past were empty and false;
And I still cannot help but be wary.

For friends who referred me to you I am thankful,
And for God--all my praise goes to him;
He sent me to you, and with joy I proclaim,
"I'm so glad you're right here, Dr. Jim."



N. Bartlett