Life’s Purpose

September 15, 2015 By Kimberly Morgan Bossley

I have been looking back over my personal life the last couple of weeks. All this was triggered by a visit to my clinical trial nurse for my 1 year post-trial exam. Sitting in a room and remembering the countless days I have been there (over 2 years exactly doing this trial), I began to recall my life’s ambition when I first graduated high school and my career goals of being a doctor.

Growing up with a mother who was in and out of the hospital and spending lots of time around those in white coats, I was very influenced in the whole idea. When I was five, during one of my mom’s kidney transplant meetings with her team of doctors, everyone turned to witness me playing doctor. Surrounded by doctors, I was listening to my little sister’s heart. During my school years I had volunteered in nursing homes and was a candy striper at our local hospital. I LOVED the feeling I got walking through the doors of a hospital. It was a magical high for me.

I had a close mentor and man that I to this day call my 2nd dad Mr. Paul D. Taylor. He had assisted and been around during my mom’s first kidney transplant in 1965 and was there at my birth in 1968. Both he and I became very close through the years. This man was someone I truly looked up to and admired. He was the one who encouraged me to go for my medical degree and was my biggest coach. I was able to call him and seek advice or cry my eyes out and he would always have that upbeat positive lecture that I so needed. I trusted him and knew I would always get it straight no matter how hard it was to hear.

What we didn’t expect and something to this day that is very painful for me, was the fact that I failed chemistry, which was a required course for any medical field. After countless hours of tutoring and struggling,I flunked out. A hard reality to a life I really wanted. I was not as scared to share with my family as I was my mentor Paul Taylor. I was so sad to disappoint him and I remember that phone call into his office. I cried so hard. I knew deep down I had disappointed him, but in his stern voice (one that knew cared about me) he said, “now go pick up the pieces and stay focused and positive.”

I was lost... For some time I struggled to figure out what I wanted to do for my life. I ended up in the travel industry working for a very respectable cruise line, then specialized in the south pacific. By then I was married and began my family. Several career changes and ending up owning my own company and who would have ever thought in the field of yes you guessed it.... CHEMISTRY.. I was a metal finishing owner, I did anodizing, nickel plating etc. Somehow managed to over come old road blocks. It was then that I was diagnosed with HEP C.

Finding myself back to a very familiar place at the University of Colorado Hospital I began treatment for my disease. And as my story goes, that treatment failed and I ended up in the clinical trials office there at the hospital. As I mentioned above, I have spend over 2 years of my life here.

Bringing you up to date- I sat there this morning with a IV in my arm doing yet another trial and smiling at what I just realized…. My life's purpose was not to BE the doctor but for me to BE the PATIENT. For the first time, I saw that all along God had a vision for me and it was to do great things with my diagnosis. To create an amazing foundation (The Bonnie Morgan Foundation for HCV) to help others learn about Hep C and also for me to help them get treated. In a roundabout way I still am in the medical field. I am helping those researchers with advancements in the way patients are treated. I am still helping the sick all while being the sick.

Don't try to force things to work in your life. Learn to change coarse if the road becomes a road block. After all the detours are made to protect you.

Remember as I always say "Get TESTED, Get TREATED, Get CURED"

"Not without a FIGHT!~HCV~(c)"

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http://beta.docker.hepmag.com/blog/lifes-purpose-hepatitis-c