

# On Healer by Gabriel Hughes

Healer can be difficult for some to understand. We think of caring for someone, one of Healer's drives, and parenthood which is often associated with Nurturer, and being inseparable. Or we could see that drive as being impossible without the kind of giving love Nurturer is known for. Nurturer being the one most people find difficult to separate from Healer.

But that's partially because Healer is quiet. She isn't the one who inspires huge dreams in us like Builder. She doesn't drive us to passion for life like Nurturer. She doesn't drive us forward through life like Trickster. She doesn't remind us that we will end like Death. And she doesn't remove from us our burdens the way Destroyer does. She isn't imagination, or love, or laughter, or tears, or hope in the same ways the others are.

Healer is responsibility.

She is the burning desire to do what must be done. She is determination. She is the unwillingness to quit. She is in those who see a problem and take it upon themselves to enact a solution. She is beyond hope or fear. She drives us to do our very best, the best we can afford to do, and to worry about the outcome later.

There is not a nurse, or firefighter, or police officer, or rescue worker, or soldier who has not felt Her hand on their shoulder and been filled with the knowledge that if they do not do what is required of them, someone else will have to, and that it is their responsibility to do the best they can for all those who are beside them, those who follow them, and those who are right in front of them requiring their help.

Healer isn't glamorous. She's bloody and dirty. Her white robes are stained with sweat and tears. She can be grim, having to decide between those she can help and those who can only be helped by her sister Death. She has hard hands, rough and unforgiving and a face grown distant by every person she could not save.

But we're all still here because of her. Because of people she has inspired to do their damndest to make sure that we did not have to fall. Because of all the little things which remind us that life is worth fighting for, which are all small stitches on a wounded soul, words from her to say "You are not giving up, I won't let you"

And she is with us when we pull through, that hardness gone and relief in a job well done.

So don't ignore her, no matter how quiet she may seem. She's on your side, and she wants you to do the best you possibly can, for as long as you can.