Vocavit bellum, “Luscinia,”
The war called, “Nightingale,”
and as if by apparition,
Florence arose to her calling,
a profession arose in rows,
closing ranks,
to heal a legion in Crimea.

on medicine that treats
only symptoms,
trades the Cartesian
for something more holistic:
the complete healing
of the body.

It echoes
from the corridors of Giltner Hall
to the cracked pavement
of Leogane, Haiti.
The humanitarian nurse
practices mindfulness
amidst the rubble.

Vocati sumus nutrire.
We are called together, to nourish.
The vocation
we harken to speaks
in our commitment
to those for whom we care—
from birth,
to death
we are stalwart.

Our calling resounds
In the bronzed footsteps of
John Hannah
making strides
for Civil Rights,
and giving rise
to our call to call us a college.

The vocation we harken to
speaks in our capacity,
built to burgeoning
to reach communities,
teaching teachers to teach teachers
to coax unity from disarray,
to guide management
from diagnoses.

A Spartan Nurse
does not simply materialize,
white coat and pinned lapel.
No, We are wrought,
by the agoge of clinicals,
by the rigor of lecture,
through our lessons of service.

Our calling resounds
in our preparation for practice,
our anticipation of need,
wrought by the praxis
of bedside care,
speaks
in the breadth of our research,
echoes
from gerontology to epidemiology,
that decides
that we can live fully at any age,
turns the page

to nourish it.
Vocati sumus.
We are called.
And Spartan Nurses...They answer.