

Флоренс Найтингейл

(12.05.1820 – 13.08.1910)

*Послесловие к Двадцатому Санкт-Петербургскому конкурсу молодых переводчиков
Sensum de Sensu*

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Когда двадцать лет назад организаторы Sensum de Sensu впервые пригласили начинающих переводчиков принять участие в конкурсе, никто не мог и предположить, что в 2020 году конкурсной комиссии придется совещаться в «zoom», а пожимать руки и вручать дипломы победителям будет невозможно из-за вирусной инфекции, которая разделила нас физически, но лишь сплотила вокруг дела, которому мы служим. Никто не мог и подумать, что выбор фрагмента письма Флоренс Найтингейл, обращенного к медицинским сестрам почти 150 лет назад, вдруг станет таким злободневным. Двести лет прошло с дня рождения знаменитой «леди со светильником», благодаря которой были спасены многие жизни. И сегодня, когда от усилий врачей и медсестер зависит так много, голос Флоренс Найтингейл должен звучать.

Имя Флоренс Найтингейл (12.05.1820 – 13.08.1910), знаменитой сестры милосердия, реформировавшей подход к сестринскому делу, одной из основательниц медицинской статистики, известно не только специалистам. Уже давно оно служит символом самоотверженного служения обществу. Выбрав свой путь юной девушкой, она следовала ему, несмотря на препятствия: общественное положение, сопротивление матери, первоначальное отсутствие практических навыков ухода за больными, неприятие её идей военным министерством, болезнь, из-за которой она оказалась прикована к постели в 37 лет. Ясный ум, хватка, умение использовать личные связи на благо тех, кому неоткуда ждать помощи, умение учиться, безжалостность к себе и доброта к своим пациентам – такой была Флоренс Найтингейл. Можно не перечислять её заслуги, не писать о её достижениях – сведения легко найти в любой энциклопедии, однако далеко не везде можно познакомиться с её литературным наследием. Тексты Флоренс Найтингейл отличаются ясностью и простотой, они не лишены некоторой дидактичности, однако выполняют четкую прагматическую задачу: наставлять, объяснять, отстаивать правоту непопулярных и тяжелых решений, утешать и подбадривать, когда покидают силы и надежды больше нет. Часто предметом её размышлений становятся вопросы морально-этического свойства, ведь работа медицинской сестры связана с жизнью и смертью, выбором своего или чужого блага. Конечно, со времен Флоренс Найтингейл медицина шагнула далеко вперед, изменились и условия работы медицинской сестры, хотя далеко не везде и не так сильно, как нам бы хотелось. Однако принципы остаются неизменными: терпение, внимание, разумное послушание, забота о благе пациента.

Интересна судьба трудов Флоренс Найтингейл в России: первый известный нам перевод был предпринят в 1896 году Владимиром Дмитриевичем Вольфсоном. Перевод был выполнен с 28-го английского издания главного труда Найтингейл «Записки об уходе» (1860). В переводе книга была озаглавлена «Как нужно ухаживать за больными». В дальнейшем этот перевод неоднократно переиздавался, в частности, был перепечатан через сто с небольшим лет под оригинальным названием. Извлечения из этого труда в переводе П. Рейнике вышли отдельной брошюрой в 1915 году (Найтингель Ф. Домашний и госпитальный уход за больными: Наблюдения и замеч. Флорансы Найтингель об особенностях многих больных и об отношении к этому сестер милосердия / [Пер.: П. Рейнике]. - Петроград : тип. "Бр. Ревины", [1915]).

Впервые переводная брошюра, посвященная Флоренс Найтингейл, появилась в России в 1871. Это издание можно найти в каталоге Российской национальной библиотеки (Флоренса Найтингель, 1820-1910, попечительница о больных на поле сражения / Пер. с нем. С. В...й. - Санкт-Петербург : тип. Второго отд-ния Собств. е. и. в. канцелярии, 1871. - 31 с.)

Обширное наследие Флоренс Найтингейл, включающее шестнадцать томов сочинений, деловых писем, адресов, размышлений, переводов с древних языков практически не известно русскому читателю. Нет у нас и традиции дарить молодым медсестрам даже ту её книгу, которую читали молоденькие выпускницы курсов и медучилищ еще сто лет назад. Да, времена меняются, но жизнь остается прежней. И её поддержание требует не только новых знаний, но и прежних принципов, которые так прекрасно сформулированы Флоренс Найтингейл.

В декабре 2019 года был объявлен Двадцатый Санкт-Петербургский конкурс молодых переводчиков *Sensum de Sensu*. В связи с тем, что в 2020 году исполняется 200 лет со дня рождения Флоренс Найтингейл, в качестве одного из заданий английского раздела конкурса предлагалось перевести фрагмент «Обращения к действительным и будущим сестрам милосердия» Флоренс Найтингейл. Конкурс состоялся. Однако организаторы конкурса считают важным именно в эти дни донести мысли всемирно известной медицинской сестры и общественного деятеля до широкого круга общественности, медицинской и не только.

Конкурсному заданию предшествовала аннотация.

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Florence Nightingale to her nurses

July 23rd, 1874

Another year has passed over us, my dear friends. There have been many changes among us. We have each of us tasted somewhat more of the discipline of life. To some of us it may have been very bitter; to others, let us hope, not so. By all, let us trust, it has been put to heroic uses.

“Heroic?” I think I hear you say; “can there be much of ‘heroic’ in washing porringers and making beds?”

I once heard a man (he is dead now) giving a lesson to some poor orphan girls in an Orphan Asylum. Few things, I think, ever struck me so much, or them. It was on the “heroic virtues.” It went into the smallest particulars of thrift, of duty, of love and kindness; and he ended by asking them how they thought such small people as themselves could manage to practise those great virtues. A child of seven put up its little nib and chirped out: “Please, my lord, we might pick up pins when we don’t like to.” That showed she understood his lesson.

His lesson was not exactly fitted to us, but we may all fit it to ourselves.

This night, if we are inclined to make a noise on the stairs, or to linger in each other’s rooms, shall we go quietly to bed, alone with God? Some of you yourselves have told me that you could get better day sleep in the Night Nurses’ Dormitory than in your own “Home.” Is there such loud laughing and boisterous talking in the daytime, going upstairs to your rooms, that it disturbs any one who is ill, or prevents those who have been on night duty from getting any sleep?

Is that doing what you would be done by—loving your neighbour as yourselves, as our Master told us?

Do you think it is we who invent the duty “Quiet and orderly,” or is it He?

If our uniform dress is not what we like, shall we think of our Lord, whose very garments were divided by the soldiers? (But I always think how much more becoming is our uniform than any other dress I see.)

If there is anything at table that we don’t like, shall we take it thankfully, remembering Who had to ask a poor woman for a drink of water?

Shall we take the utmost pains to be perfectly regular and punctual to all our hours—going into the wards, coming out of the wards, at meals, etc.? And if we are unavoidably prevented, making an apology to the Home Sister, remembering what has been written about those who are in authority over us? Or do we think a few minutes of no consequence in coming from or going to the wards?

Do we carefully observe our Rules?

If we are what is printed at the top of our Duties, viz.:

Trustworthy,

Punctual,

Quiet and orderly,

Cleanly and neat,

Patient, cheerful, and kindly, we scarcely need any other lesson but what explains these to us.

Trustworthy: that is, faithful.

Trustworthy when we have no one by to urge or to order us. “Her lips were never opened but to speak the truth.” Can that be said of us?

Trustworthy, in keeping our soul in our hands, never excited, but always ready to lift it up to God; unstained by the smallest flirtation, innocent of the smallest offence, even in thought.

Trustworthy, in doing our work as faithfully as if our superiors were always near us.

Trustworthy, in never prying into one another's concerns, but ever acting behind another's back as one would to her face.

Trustworthy, in avoiding every word that could injure, in the smallest degree, our patients, or our companions, who are our neighbours, remembering how St. Peter says that God made us all "stewards of grace one to another."

How can we be "stewards of grace" to one another? By giving the "grace" of our good example to all around us. And how can we become "untrustworthy stewards" to one another? By showing ourselves lax in our habits, irregular in our ways, not doing as we should do if our superiors were by. "Cripple leads the way." Shall the better follow the worse?

It has happened to me to hear some of you say—perhaps it has happened to us all—"Indeed, I only did what I saw done."

How glorious it would be if "only doing what we saw done" always led us right!

A master of a great public school once said that he could trust his whole school, because he could trust every single boy in it. Oh, could God but say that He can trust this Home and Hospital because He can trust every woman in it! Let us try this—every woman to work as though success depended on herself. Do you know that, in this great Indian Famine, every Englishman has worked as if success depended on himself? And in saving a population as large as that of England from death by starvation, do you not think that we have achieved the greatest victory we ever won in India? Suppose we work thus for this Home and Hospital.

Oh, my dear friends, how terrible it will be to any one of us, some day, to hear another say, that she only did what she saw us do, if that was on the "road that leadeth to destruction"!

Or taking it another way, how delightful—how delightful to have set another on her journey to heaven by our good example; how terrible to have delayed another on her journey to heaven by our bad example!

There is an old story—nearly six hundred years old—when a ploughboy said to a truly great man, whose name is known in history, that he "advised" him "always to live in such a way that those who had a good opinion of him might never be disappointed."

The great man thanked him for his advice, and—kept it.

If our School has a good name, do we live so that people "may never be disappointed" in its Nurses?

Obedient: not wilful: not having such a sturdy will of our own. Common sense tells us that no training can do us any good, if we are always seeking our own way. I know that some have really sought in dedication to God to give up their own wills to His. For if you enter this Training School, is that not in effect a promise to Him to give up your own way for that way which you are taught?

Let us not question so much. You must know that things have been thought over and arranged for your benefit. You are not bound to think us always right: perhaps you can't. But are you more likely to be right? And, at all events, you know you are right, if you choose to enter our ways, to submit yours to them.

In a foreign Training School, I once heard a most excellent pastor, who was visiting there, say to a nurse: "Are you discouraged?—say rather, you are disobedient: they always mean the same

thing.” And I thought how right he was. And, what is more, the Nurse thought so too; and she was not “discouraged” ever after, because she gave up being “disobedient.”

“Every one for herself” ought to have no footing here: and these strong wills of ours God will teach. If we do not let Him teach us here, He will teach us by some sterner discipline hereafter—teach our wills to bend first to the will of God, and then to the reasonable and lawful wills of those among whom our lot is cast.

I often say for myself, and I have no doubt you do, that line of the hymn:

Tell me, Thou yet wilt chide, Thou canst not spare,

O Lord, Thy chastening rod.

Let Him reduce us to His discipline before it is too late. If we “kick against the pricks,” we can only pray that He will give us more “pricks,” till we cease to “kick.” And it is a proof of His fatherly love, and that He has not given us up, if He does.

For myself, I can say that I have never known what it was, since I can remember anything, not to have “prickly” discipline, more than any one knew of; and I hope I have not “kicked.”

To return to Trustworthiness.

Most of you, on leaving the Home, go first on night duty. Now there is nothing like night duty for trying our trustworthiness. A year hence you will tell me whether you have felt any temptation not to be quite honest in reporting cases the next morning to your Sister or Nurse: that is, to say you have observed when you have not observed; to slur over things in your report, which, for aught you know, may be of consequence to the patient: to slur over things in your work because there is no one watching you: no one but God.

It has indeed been known that the Night Nurse had stayed in the kitchen to talk; but we may trust such things will not happen again.

And, for all, let us all say this word for ourselves: everything gets toppled over if we don’t make it a matter of conscience, a matter of reckoning between ourselves and our God. That is the only safeguard of real trustworthiness. If we treat it as a mere matter of business, of success in our career in life, never shall we give anything but eye-service, never shall we be really trustworthy.

Orderly: Let us never waste anything, even pins or paper, as some do, by beginning letters or resolutions, or “cases,” which they never take the trouble to finish.

Cheerful and Patient: Let us never wish for more than is necessary, and be cheerful when what we should like is sometimes denied us, as it may be some day; or when people are unkind, or we are disregarded by those we love: remembering Him whose attendants at His death were mocking soldiers.

I assure you, my friends, that if we can practise those “duties” faithfully, we are practising the “heroic virtues.”

Patient, cheerful, and kindly: Now, is it being patient, cheerful, and kindly to be so only with those who are so to us? For, as St. Peter tells us, even ungodly people do that. But if we can do good to some one who has done us ill, oh, what a privilege that is! And even God will thank us for it, the Apostle says. Let us be kindest to the impatient and unkindly.

Now let me tell you of two Nurses whom we knew.

One was a lady, with just enough to live upon, who took an old widow to nurse into her house: recommended to her by her minister. One day she met him and reproached him. Why? Because the old widow was “too good”; “anybody could nurse her.” Presently a grumbling old woman, never contented with anything anybody did, who thought she was never treated well enough, and that she never had “her due,” was found. And this old woman the lady took into her house and nursed till she died; because, she said, nobody else liked to do anything for her, and she did. That was something like kindness, for there is no great kindness in doing good to any one who is grateful and thanks us for it.

But my other story is something much better still.

A poor Nurse, who had been left a widow, with nothing to live upon but her own earnings, inquired for some tedious children to take care of. As you may suppose, there was no difficulty in finding this article. And from that day, for twenty years, she never had less than two, three, or four orphans with her, and sometimes five, whom she brought up as her own, training them for service. She taught them domestic work, for she herself went out to service at nine years old. She never had any difficulty in finding places for them, and for twenty years she had thus a succession of children. But she taught them something better.

She taught them that they had “nothing but their character to depend upon.” “I tell them,” she said, “it was all I had myself; God helps girls that watch over themselves. If a girl isn’t made to feel this early, it’s hard afterwards to make her feel it.”

These girls, so brought up, turned out much better than those brought up in most large Union schools, for asylums are not like homes. Of the children whom Nurse took in, one was a girl of such bad habits and such a mischief-maker that no one else could manage her. But Nurse did. She soon found she could not refuse boys. One was a boy of fourteen, just out of prison for bad ways, whom she took and reclaimed, and who became as good a boy as can be. These are only two specimens.

They called her “Mother.” And God, she used to say, gave them to her as her own. You will ask how she supported them. The larger number of them she supported by taking in washing, by charing one day a week, and bye and bye, by taking in journeymen as lodgers. Now and then a lady would pay for an orphan. Once she took in a sailor’s five motherless children for 5s. a week from the father: but she has taken in apprentices as lodgers, whose own fathers could not afford to keep them for their wages.

All this time she washed for a poor sick Irishwoman, who never gave her any thanks but that “the clothes were not well washed, nor was anything done as it ought to be done.” Yet she took in this woman’s child of two years old as her own, till the father came back, when he gave up drink and claimed it.

Every Friday she gave her earnings to some poor women, who bought goods with the money, which they sold again in the market on Saturday, and returned her money to her on Saturday night. She said she never lost a penny by this: and it kept several old women going.

She must have been a capital manager, you will say. Well, till she took in lodgers, she lived in a cellar which she painted with her own hands, and kept as clean as a new pin. Afterwards she let her cellar for 2s. a week, though she might have got 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week for it, because, she said, “the poor should not be hard on one another.” Milk she never tasted; meat seldom, and then she always stewed, never roasted it. She lived on potatoes, and potato pie was the luxury of herself and children.

On Sundays she filled her pot of four gallons and made broth: sometimes for six or eight poor old women besides her own family, as she called her orphans. These must be satisfied with what she provided, little or much. She never let them touch what was sent her for her patients. Sometimes good things were sent her, which she always gave to sick neighbours; yet she has been accused of keeping for herself nice things sent to her care for others. She never owed a penny, for all her charity.

If this Nurse has not practised the “heroic virtues,” who has?

I mentioned this Nurse merely as an instance of one who literally fulfilled the precept to “do good” to them that “despitefully use you”: to be “patient, cheerful, and kindly.” There is no time to tell you how she was left a widow with two infants and a blind and insane mother, whom she kept till doctors compelled her to put her mother into a lunatic asylum: how one of her sons was a sickly cripple, whom she nursed till he died, working by day and sitting up with him at night for years: how the other boy was insane, and ran away: how, to ease her broken mother’s heart, she returned to sick-nursing, chiefly among the poor, nursed through two choleras, till her health broke down, and, by way of taking care of herself, then took up the “tedious” orphan system, which she never ceased. She felt, she said, as if she were doing something then for her “own dear boy.” As soon as she lived in a poor house of four rooms and an attic, she has had as many as ten carpenters’ men of a night, who had nowhere but the public-house to go to. She gave them a good fire, borrowed a newspaper for them, and made one read aloud. They brought her sixpence a week, and she laid it all out in supper for them, and cooked it. She gave the only good pair of shoes she had to one of these, because “he must go to work decent!”

She was a famous sick cook, often carrying home fish-bones to stew them for the sick, who seldom thanked her; and the remains of damsons and currants, to boil over again as a drink for fever patients: who sometimes accused her of keeping back things sent for them.

“How much more the Lord has borne from me,” she used to say.

And of children she used to say: “We never can train up a child in the way it should go till we take it in our arms, as Jesus did, and feel: ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven’; and that there is a ‘heavenly principle’ (a ‘little angel,’ I think she said) in each child to be trained up in it.”

She said she had learnt this from the master in a factory where she had once nursed.

(How little he knew that he had been one means of forming this heroic Nurse.)