

My Pink Highlighter

By Kim Eggers

I still cherish the pink highlighter that a member of a health care group that I worked with sent me one day.

A number of years ago, I had been working with my health authority helping educate health care professionals on the BC MOH-mandated PFCC model.

The coordinator of this group (and my goodness! —what a great coordinator she was), always worked in the *most* authentic manner possible *with* me, the patient partner. This was at a time when a lot of people were resistant to including the patient's point-of-view here in the north.

She was just a kind, down-to-earth person that treated everyone decently, including me—the perennial outsider, due to quite often joining a health care project, initiative, committee, and so forth—late in the game.

She always made sure I had any pre-meeting reading materials before meetings, always answered my emails quickly, and in general, treated me as a full member of the group.

There was a lot of reprinting of a few key documents that the group members needed to keep up on, due to constant edits. These particular documents needed a commercial-sized printer due to the large size of them, that my printer couldn't handle. So, there was a lot of trekking back and forth to her office, so that I would always have an updated version for the meetings.

One day, without me realizing, she slipped a pink highlighter in with the document package. She had attached a piece of painter's tape with a quick, witty message and a happy face doodle on it for me. What a lovely surprise! She was always supportive in general, but this *really* made me feel like part of the team.



I still have that highlighter, and even though pink is my least favourite colour for that type of thing, and I rarely use it, I keep it. I probably always will, even long after it dries up.

Little things matter. Thoughtful things matter even more.