

Central Service Supply and Material Management
Sometimes I don't know how you can stand it
In the hospital basement, the bowels of that place
Sterile Processing Technicians continue the race

With little respect and surely under-valued
Under appreciated and way under-salaried
You carry out your duties with your head held high
Even if the surgeons won't meet your eye

You help the patients who will never know
That you were the first in the chain of events down
below
That led to the surgeries successful and sterile
That saved them from death, illness and peril

You clean, decontaminate, pack and sterilize
You do one of the most vital jobs in the hospital, but
they don't realize
How *you* help save lives, it's a critical fact
Without you at the helm, they'd be way off track

From decon through to the prep and pack stage
It's time to stand up and educate
The public and staff on the jobs that you do
Tell them, "I save lives!" Ask them, "What do *you*
do?"

Be proud of the contribution that you make every
day

Without thanks, accolades or a bonus in pay

Head up, chest out and fill it with pride

Without you the medical world would collide

Without Sterile Processing and Central Supply

Our loved ones would most certainly die

So I send you a thank you and a virtual hug

For removing the tissues, the bone chips and blood

I send gratitude on behalf of the many

Who prayed as their loved ones rolled off on a
gurney

Thanks from the survivors, you'll never see

I thank you from them and I thank you from me.