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How I Charmed My Boyfriend into Donating Blood

My mother and all the women in her family are extremely anemic. Aunt Ginny regularly takes iron supplements, and eats red meat at every meal for a month before she attempts to donate blood. Yet most often her iron level remains too low. Nevertheless, she still tries to donate regularly. Unlike Aunt Ginny, mother has repeatedly failed attempts to donate and has stopped trying. So, you can understand why mother has always told me that it is important to donate.

You can begin donating blood at age 17. So when we turned 17 mother required all her children to call the Blood Center of Wisconsin to make appointments to donate. So, I did.

Given my family's history of anemia, I thought my iron levels would be too low to donate but they were not. For my donating mother praised me and encouraged me to donate again. So, I immediately made another appointment. At my second appointment I again successfully donated. Since then, I have donated frequently although my iron levels are only high enough to donate for one half of my visits.

I attend all the Blood Center of Wisconsin blood drives at UWM and encourage donations from my friends. Because my boyfriend is often with me, I most often ask him to donate.

When I had first asked him, he said he couldn't donate because he feared the needles and blood. He said that merely thinking about donating while waiting to donate had raised his heart rate so much that he had been disqualified. So he had stopped trying.

But one time I asked him to donate and he at least agreed to accompany me to the drive and wait while I donated. We spent the time talking and laughing.

The next time I asked him to donate he told me he'd try, but he assured me he could not donate. As we waited to be interviewed and have our vitals and iron levels checked we sat together and I told him he would be fine and sang to him, as my singing had reduced his anxiety.

It worked! A few minutes after we were called we were sitting next to each other ready to get pricked. He was nervous, but his heart rate hadn't sped up to disqualify him. He donated and afterwards I told him about how I proud I was of him and how wonderful his donating was. Apparently this worked because the next time I asked him to donate with me at an off-campus site he immediately agreed.

At this new site, I again assured him that everything would be fine and talked with and sang to him while we waited to be interviewed. During my interview I was told that my iron levels were too low and that I could not sit with my boyfriend while he donated. He was already in the chair by the time they let me out of the interview room and I didn't get a chance to tell him I couldn't be with him. But he donated again though he was alone without me reassuring him! When he finished I immediately praised him and told him his donation was wonderful and how impressed I was with his donating without me at his side.

Without my asking, he now attends blood drives with me. And a few months ago he even attended a blood drive without me. He told me, smiling proudly, that his iron had been almost too low. I kissed and kissed him and told him how absolutely wonderful his donation was.

I was happy that he had donated but I was most happy that he would likely do the same for the rest of his life, or maybe just as long as we were together and I was there to tell him how wonderful he was after each donation!