



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

Fall 2014

# Heal

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature

## The HEAL Mission

HEAL is a place for medical students to share their growth and development, for faculty and staff to impart their knowledge gained from experience, and for members of the community to express how health and healing have impacted their lives.

We hope this work increases your appreciation for the art of medicine.

# Class of 2015

Special Feature

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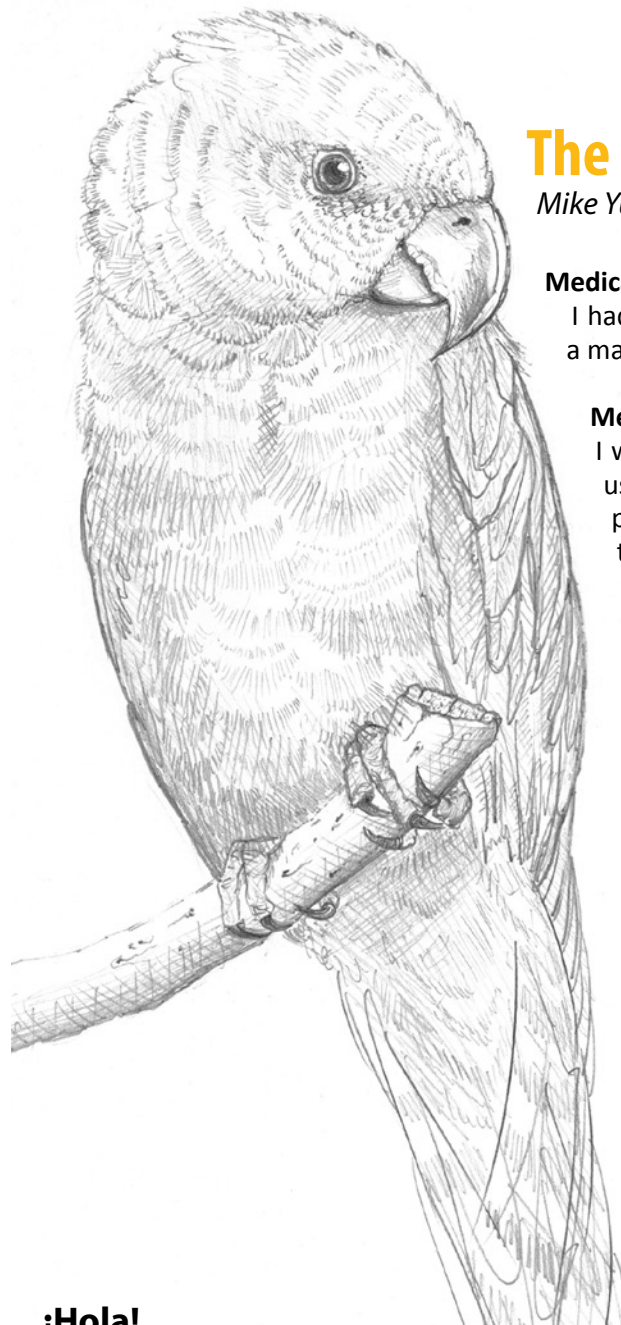
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## The Magic Pill

Mike Yuan, Class of 2015

### Medical School: Day 1

I had a dream, "One day I will find a magic pill to help all the patients."

### Medical School: Day 1000

I was in my medicine rotation. As usual, I was ready to see my next patient, Ms. K, who was new to this clinic. She was accompanied by her husband. I introduced myself. Mr. K sat straight in the chair with crossed arms around his chest. Both of them looked at me suspiciously. Clearly, I could feel the distrust in the room.

"Ms. K, it is so nice to meet you. Please tell me about yourself. Where were you originally from? What did you do in the past? Who was your previous primary care doctor?" I started collecting her information, careful to be as detailed as possible. Although I had previewed her charts, I continued asking, "Ms. K, to fully understand your health conditions, please tell me about your past medical history in detail."

¡Hola!

Kevin Yan, Class of 2015



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## Editors:

Stacy Ranson  
Juno Lee  
Shelbi Brown  
John Hahn  
Simon Lopez  
Tirajeh Zohourian  
Tyler Wellman  
Jane Elyse-Henkel  
Juan Lopez  
Stephanie Tran  
Nathan Wass  
Angela Bradford  
Jason Lesnick  
Tana Jean Welch, PhD  
José Rodríguez, MD  
Layout by Jodi Slade

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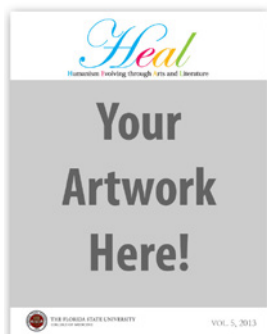
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I listened carefully and documented all the information in my notes. I noticed that Mr. K leaned forward and sat in a more relaxed manner. He looked at me with a smile on his face and said, "Nobody has listened to her story like you. Thank you for everything. You will be a great doctor."

### Medical School: Day 1001

Today, I followed my attending, Dr. Kaplan, to see a well-established patient. Mr. J, a 60 year- old Caucasian male with a history of hypertension, presented for a routine biannual check-up. His blood pressure was well controlled and he did not have any new concerns today.

At the end of the encounter, Dr. Kaplan said, "Mr. J, your health is in really good condition. You can come see me again in either six months or one year."

"Six months please. I want to see you, doctor, because you listen." Mr. J replied without any doubt.

Suddenly, my mind was enlightened by something like a lightning strike. I realized that I found the magic pill. Its brand name is "Listen." It can be manufactured by every doctor. It does not have an expiration date and has a life-long warranty. More importantly, it does not have any side effects.



W.

Joshua Greenstein, Class of 2015



# Class of 2015

Special Feature

## Plans

*Miranda Mack, Class of 2015*

I HAVE FOUND NO RATIONAL USE FOR PLANS.

The plans made today are often disrupted, becoming the regrets of tomorrow and YET, humans rise early and devote hours to devising a well-oiled plan.

“IF YOU FAIL TO PLAN, YOU PLAN TO FAIL.”

This is imbedded in the subconscious of every “civilized” mind and so all around us, people are armed with planners, calendars, lists of “to-dos” and schedules detailing each moment of their lives.

If we dared to EXPERIENCE life without a meticulously organized sense of where we want to be, society would surely deem us fools! But, what is to be said of the unfortunate souls whose intricate plans simply NEVER MATERIALIZE?

LIFE IS....INEVITABLY DISAPPOINTING.

At the day’s end, these life plans are often never realized, leaving one to wonder if even the perfect plan is ultimately out of his control.

I PLAN with the faith that my desires are heard and willingly sacrifice the present moments to secure happiness for the future; a future I have no way of being sure even exists for me.

“Want to make God laugh?” they often jest... “Tell Him your plans.”

I’m sure I make him chuckle—nearly pee his pants!

Why do I continue to stare into the distance, eyes filled with hopes and dreams that are so far out of my reach?

THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE ME.

And with each revolution of the moon, our plans dissolve into dreams that are lost the moment we open our eyes at the dawn of a new day.

Life has its EXCEPTIONS.

There ARE those whose plans take flight and follow the devised course. There are those whose effort is matched with good fortune. There are even those (to my disgust), who fly by the seat of their pants while the stars align and propel them into futures they never bothered to dreamed of.

I have found no rational use for plans, as it seems that with or without them, my life would be the same.

Perhaps this is the hidden meaning of life: days driven by plans manufactured into hopes of something better, something more. Hopes that one day, you’ll wake up and everything you’ve ever wanted stares you in the face.

Somehow, even the unrealized plans and deferred dreams strengthen my faith. Perhaps one day life will grant me the opportunity to be a part of the exception...so I continue to play by the rules.

# Class of 2015

Special Feature

## Today is the Day

*Day Zayas, Class of 2015*

Today is the day you occupied space  
Kicking and screaming in an alien place  
With proud parents to guide you  
You matured with the utmost of grace

Today is the day your dreams came true  
Voicing vows between two  
Making an everlasting promise  
With the words, "I do"

Today is the day you are put to the test  
Cries and joys showing no signs of rest  
Rosy cheeks and button noses  
Making events to come feel blest

Today is the day you let go  
Your heartbeat now is moving slow  
A piece of me starts to fade  
Knowing our love could not grow

Today is the day I heard your laugh  
I turned around to look for the past  
Although your presence wasn't near  
I know your spirit will always last



*Pillars on the Beach*  
**John Hahn, Class of 2015**

# Class of 2015

## Special Feature

### Life Lessons

*Patrick Murray, Class of 2015*

When I look back now, that day is still a blur. I don't know if I even comprehend what happened during those 8 hours, but I believe telling the story may help me realize its importance.

I started on the Labor and Delivery floor that afternoon. I was very excited because one of the patients I met my first week on the rotation was on the floor and already 8cm dilated. I went into the room and greeted the smiling couple—well, the mother-to-be sort of just grimaced—then asked if I could be there during the delivery to help out. They agreed and I was elated. My first delivery!

An hour later I was scrubbed in. As the doctor coached me on how to catch the baby, the husband and nurses tried to coach the mother through pushing. Energy mounted as the labor progressed, then the mom let out what could best be described as a battle cry. The husband's eyes rolled back into his head and he nearly passed out at the sound. And there I was, my eyes wide open with amazement, staring at the head of a baby slowly pushing out. I tilted the head down to allow the first shoulder to pop out and then up for the next shoulder, and whoosh! Out came their first baby girl. All the anguish and fainting turned to smiles when those parents heard the wails of their new princess. It was a rush and a feeling I am still stunned by. But within minutes, that feeling vanished.

The doctor grabbed me and dragged me to the next room. Another delivery was already happening down the hall, she let me know, twins in fact! Before she could tell me anything else, she got pulled away and left me to go in alone. I went into the room to introduce myself to the family and suddenly felt a strange heaviness around me. I was confused. Where was the anxious joy? Where were the smiling faces? The mom graciously consented to let me stay for the delivery, but then silence resumed and the heavy cloud settled back in place. As time went on, contractions started coming faster. After ten minutes, I understood the somber attitude. The mom began to bawl as she pushed the first child out; it was smaller than my hand and breathless, like a wax statue. It never moved. The doctor began to ask the mom to push again in sobering silence. The next one came and it was just as frail as the previous, like a porcelain doll. At this point I looked up and everyone, including myself, found themselves in tears. We waited as people rushed around with the babies, and I learned the story—the mom had gone into premature labor at 21 weeks. Minutes later, the doctor confirmed what everyone

knew: the twins did not survive. The confirmation was still shocking. The mom broke down in earnest. The doctor leaned up to the patient's ears and whispered something that was so moving the woman hugged and thanked her, with tears still rolling down her face. Just as I began to give my condolences, a cacophony of beepers went off.

The doctor, resident, and I rushed out of the room to a STAT C-section. A woman was in eclamptic seizures across the ward and the baby's heart rate plummeted. I barely had time to wipe the tears from my face as I frantically put on the boot covers outside the operating room. As the doctor squared her shoulders and addressed the team, I saw a new side of her. Stern orders, like a general commanding her platoon, came in rapid fire. "This is an emergency," she said. "We have seconds to get this baby out safely. Everyone needs to be focused. No excuses." Her soldiers were now ready. The incision was made across the abdomen. In moments we were using our hands

**I was able to see medicine as a whole: the excitement of life, the devastation of death, and in the midst of chaos, poise and determination to find a way to save lives.**

to move through the layers of tissue and push aside organs. She made one more incision and the meconium, a black-brown substance, spilled everywhere. As I pushed on the top of the stomach, I saw the doctor reach in and pull out a head. This time it was moving. A second later, I was handed a slimy blue alien-looking creature with instructions to walk it over to the NICU staff. As I walked the fifteen feet, all I could think to myself was, "Oh, please don't drop this slippery

little smurf!" I handed the baby over just as the new boy let out a banshee cry. I turned back to the OR staff and saw stoic relief behind their masked faces, the closest thing to pure joy you will ever see in an OR. All from that piercing shriek, that sign of life.

That night, and ever since, I've tried to reflect on that day. I feel that in those precious hours I was able to see more than just the spectrum of obstetrician experiences. I was able to see medicine as a whole: the excitement of life, the devastation of death, and in the midst of chaos, poise and determination to find a way to save lives. Medicine is all these experiences. And it was the doctor's ability to keep herself together through the joys and perils of the journey that allowed her to focus on helping the next patient. I can still see the faces of all the babies that day. I hope to take the lessons I learned with me so I can manage the different challenges medicine will bring—joy, grief, and possibly chaos—with total clear-headedness and empathy, while still appreciating each and every step along the path.



# The First Day

*Robinson Herrera, PhD*  
Associate Professor of History

His mother's soothing words lingered in his mind: don't open the door, if you get sleepy there's a blanket and pillow on the sofa, if you get hungry there's a sandwich on the table, if you want something sweet there's a box of little yellow cream stuffed cakes next to the sandwich. He tried to remember, but he couldn't understand those words, sandwich and sofa. He tried to forget what his father admonished: if you open the door I'll hit you with my belt, if you break the TV I'll hit you harder, if you break anything I'll hit you.

He didn't like this place; locked inside a tiny house. He missed his home with the airy porches covered with ancient red roof tiles. He yearned for his uncles, cousins, friends, but most of all he missed his grandmother. She knew when he felt hunger, when he felt thirst, when he wanted coffee, tepid and syrupy sweet, his tortillas steaming with a sprinkle of salt. He missed his home, he hated this house.

He sat on the linoleum floor and dreamed. How could he go home? Could he walk? Could he beg for money to pay for the giant flying bus that brought him to this strange place? If he screamed would his grandmother hear and come for him? He dreamed of home.

And so it's been, ever since that first day; he's never stopped dreaming of his home. Years have passed, the porches crumbled, his grandmother gone, his uncles too, his cousins immolated in endless wars, and his friends slain; he dreams that someday he'll return home.



*Korowai Woman*  
**Tyler Wellman, Class of 2017**

# Sidewalking

*Benjamin Brownell, Information Technology*

There are some things you can't explain  
And for all of this, you must disconnect  
There can be no frozen heart, whispered emotion, or empathy suspect  
Because if you slow dance with razors on your right  
You get lasers to your left  
Plastic fists attached to fragile wrists  
Where digits on the draw stitch 6 figures into that classic modern day twist  
Let's build it perfect  
Let's make it grand  
A thousand priceless statues  
And a sunset on your quicksand

Out of control like auto-pilot  
Where mirrors on my breath reflect the sound of silence  
Planned projects and political alignments  
A trick so good they could sell pride back to a pack of lions...  
So we landscaped the environment  
By paving wrong ways into the development  
Like every signature in cement  
Is proof of the alliance  
And yet we still speed up to red lights  
Just to slow down for compliance

This is sidewalking uncomfortably  
A blueprint apocalypse for your own private metropolis  
Where central systems sail away on sinking ships  
We can save the root but have to clip the tip  
And every generation confides in each other  
Because every generation lies to one another  
So we march urgently toward that promise of normalcy  
Collecting coupons along the way to afford the surgery

And these are some things I had to explain  
Like this peace in my heart after turbulent times  
Like this piece of art after so many cold starts  
Never stop whistling your tune and instigating breezes  
Stop all those who spit bully rank teases  
Flex against dark hearted squeezes  
Walk with humility and shun greed for all that it seizes  
Because in this world if you let them do wrong, then they will  
But if you stay strong and love your enemy, then it is time to heal.

# Witness the Day and Yourself

Gregory Turner, PhD ■ Associate Dean for Faculty Development

Be a child of life, and for all of your patients.

There is a child within you, your patients, and all with whom you come in contact,  
a child waiting to be brought forth in birth—Infant of a new and wiser self.

You can feel wanting to walk into a child's dream;  
you can feel each moment reaching back  
to circumscribe your life backward and forward to whatever the dawn brings you.

Become comfortable with the silence within, the power within, and the power without.  
The path you take each day is whatever passes before your eyes—no end in itself.  
The end is grace-eases—healing and not saving.

Imagination can lead the mind and heart;  
recognize and sing the proof of the power within your life each day.

What you once imagined and dreamt now is here!

The hours of your learning, toil, thought, and experience  
and then forgotten in the garden of rattled nerves and uncertainty.  
The clear leaf of sepia light after sunset,  
floats on its lucid bay  
in life each life, each year, and each day.  
What lies behind you and what lies in front of you, pales in comparison to what lies inside you.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in settings of silver;  
a word of encouragement could be just what someone needs from you.  
You never know what someone is struggling with.  
Your smile might be what someone needs to get them through another day.

Don't aim at success—the more you aim and make it your sole target,  
the more likely you are going to miss it.  
Success, like happiness, cannot be pursued;  
it's the result of one's personal dedication to a course greater than oneself.

One important thing is not to stop questioning.  
Joy is looking deeply and comprehending yourself, others, and nature's most beautiful gifts.

Remain cognizant that the questions you ask yourself  
will, hopefully, begin to illuminate the world—  
a window into the experience of others.

*continued on next page*



*Witness the Day and Yourself, cont'd*

Your passion brought you here; your passion for learning and serving will help sustain you through dark times.

An inconvenience is an adventure wrongly considered;  
an adventure is an inconvenience rightly considered.

Your work is to discover your work and then with all your heart give yourself to it.

May you be at peace within yourself and between yourself and others.

Let peace be what is between you and all people you know, love, and serve.



*Caged*

**Trung Tran, Class of 2014**



*Sunset*

**Desiree Sant**