

# HEAL

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature



Danielle Guinan  
Class of 2017



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

Vol. 6, 2015



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## Support Provided by

The Jules B. Chapman and Annie Lou Chapman Private Foundation

Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health

Department of Behavioral Sciences and Social Medicine

HEAL is published by the Florida State University College of Medicine, 1115 West Call Street, Tallahassee, FL 32306-4300. Send correspondence to [heal@med.fsu.edu](mailto:heal@med.fsu.edu). Submit to HEAL at [journals.fcla.edu/HEAL](http://journals.fcla.edu/HEAL). To submit your entry, register as an “Author” and click “New Submission” This work is protected by the Creative Commons Attribution- Noncommercial- No Derivative Works License.



## Letter from the Editor

**G**reetings from Patagonia! As I write this, I am surrounded by the unspeakable beauty unique to the Andes Mountains of Southern Argentina. It is summer here, and as I look out the windows of my bus, I see naked wilderness—raw and exposed. I am privileged to be able to visit this magical land. It reminds me, believe it or not, of the privilege that is associated with medicine. As medical providers, we are invited into the souls of those patients we serve. The patients, in effect, open a window for us to see inside of them. As medical educators, we rarely get that experience with our students. Yet, here in our 6th year, *HEAL* provides that window to our readers. Medical students, law students, medical faculty and staff, and contributors from across our community open the windows to their hearts, souls, and minds. In these pages, we see into the souls of law students as they experience injustice and witness what they can do with the privilege that accompanies the practice of law. We see into the heart of a historian, Dr. Robinson Herrera, who reflects on his journey from Guatemala to the United States as a young child. He also shares a fantastic short story deeply rooted in the Latino genre of magical realism. We witness the raw vulnerabilities of medical students as they participate in child deliveries, and we feel their pain as they struggle with poverty and social justice at home and abroad. Our 6th edition is also rich with beautiful artwork, including work by the winner of our second annual cover art contest, Danielle Guinan. Pay close attention to the details, she has more than one message on that cover. Two artists in this volume, Jesse O'Shea and Rennier Martinez, have also had their art featured on the cover of *Academic Medicine*. There are now five *HEAL* medical students who have published their art in *Academic Medicine*. This is a tremendous success for these future physician-artists, and we at *HEAL* are grateful for the small part we played in their careers. Perhaps one of the more touching pieces was composed by Dr. Gregory Turner, whose tender words of encouragement will buoy those of us who are struggling with the challenges of our chosen career path. May your journey through this year's edition of *HEAL* fill your soul and inspire you as you travel through life—wherever yours may take you. And please, share this with your friends and family. The journal is available freely online as a PDF at [med.fsu.edu/heal](http://med.fsu.edu/heal). We are grateful for the stories you have shared with us—and we hope that all who read it can feel that same gratitude. ¡Chau, chicos, y hasta la próxima!

**José E. Rodríguez, MD**

**HEAL Editor-in-Chief**

*José E. Rodríguez is Associate Professor and co-director of The Center for Underrepresented Minorities in Academic Medicine. He is a family physician and founding editor of HEAL. The poem on page 48, "Mi Quinceañera" was written by Dr. Rodríguez for his wife, Moraima, while they were waiting for the adoption of their daughter, Valentina. Valentina has now been with them for over a year.*



## On the Cover

**HEAL**

**Danielle Guinan**

*Danielle Guinan is a second year medical student at Florida State University.*



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**KOROWAI WOMAN**  
Tyler Wellman, Class of 2017

# WALKING WITH AN ANGEL

Tamra Travers, Class of 2016

**I**went for a walk with an angel today. If she wasn't an angel, she was nearly one.

I don't know why I was feeling lonely, or why I drove to the other side of town for a simple walk, or why I even began walking with her at all. But the warm sun and cool breeze drew me out of my studies and into a journey with this unforgettable angel.

I first saw her intriguing figure from across the pond. She was beautiful and worn. But her energy and smile bounced with every step. Her short, white hair hid under a floppy sun hat

and her used-to-be-white Keds crunched the gravel path as she moved, almost dancing around that pond, tugged along by a big fluff of golden fur with a wet tongue.

What started as a brief exchange with a smile and a pat to the fluffy friend turned into a journey around the pond and into her intimate experience of life that I could never forget. She opened her soul to me; raw and exposed, she shared it with me.

I almost passed her by, assuming she would rather not be bothered. Or was I hoping not to be bothered on my pleasant, lonely walk around the pond? But something about her radiant

# She held her hands open and wide, welcoming me into these intimate extensions of her heart and life-long battlegrounds.

smile and that curious dog named Mango captured me. And we began to walk together.

The soul sharing didn't begin right away, and I assumed we would keep it brief and distant. Surely discussing the weather, the park, Mango, and the birds we saw along the way would fill our time. Before I realized what was happening, she was opening herself to me. She knew nothing about me on which to base her trust. I was just another stranger on a walk around the pond. But she did. And how much she gave!

She spoke of a husband who suffered from polio. A mother who passed from breast cancer. A father who died at 36 from cancer. Two brothers who also battled cancer as young men. Her own journey of breast cancer and "a heart that started going crazy." And then, she began to speak of her two beautiful children.

Both suffered from rare genetic syndromes, like hers, involving their hearts and hands. It makes sense that the heart and hands would develop together. Isn't it from your heart that your hands do their work? She held her beautiful hands out for me to see—all bare and exposed. Scars trailed down her arms, reaching back up toward her heart. I imagined the embryonic struggle—that I later found resulted from one mutated gene—for a tiny protein vital for the development of the heart chambers and upper extremities. With no family history of the syndrome, this gene was altered specifically for her.

These scars uniting heart and hands continued to extend down to her uniquely shaped fingers, and were unlike any I had seen before. She held her hands open and wide, welcoming me into these intimate extensions of her heart and life-long battlegrounds.

Joy sparkled in her blue eyes and she walked on with courage as she spoke with awe of her precious babies. Together they

faced struggles upon struggles. Both children were constantly in and out of hospitals, going through surgery after surgery, and taking numerous flights across the country for the best care. Both were misdiagnosed at first, but it seemed that both lived full lives in their short years. As I began to react with grief, she instantly expressed her gratitude for the years she had with them. She said she might not have had any time at all.

She spoke with a mother's pride in telling of their bold and courageous journeys. The oldest lived to be sixteen, and with his last wishes, he encouraged his baby sister to be all that she could be. And she honored his plea. After endless work and achievement in some of the best schools, universities, and abroad, she passed suddenly at the age of twenty due to an infection.

This family surely was blessed with so much heart that their anatomical flesh could not contain their strength. Her inner courage and boldness was so evident, and yet contrasted with her playful, dancing figure on this beautifully sunny day at the pond. I couldn't understand why she was so open and honest with me. Why did she trust me? Why was she filled with so much joy? How could that smile not leave her face? Where did her bouncing energy come from? Why do I feel such a profound connection with her soul?

I do believe in divine encounters. And I believe this was one. Whether she is an angel, or a beautiful woman with the soul of an angel, it makes no difference to me. I still had the honor of sharing a walk with her, and receiving her soul gift to me. I can't thank her enough.

*Tamra Travers is a third year medical student. She records personal reflections on her medical education adventure on her blog White Coat Wonder: Reflections on Health, People, and My Journey from Girl to Physician. The blog is available at [www.whitecoatwonder.tumblr.com](http://www.whitecoatwonder.tumblr.com)*



# WATER-WOMEN AND THE WOMBS WITHIN

Yaowaree Leavell, Class of 2015

No abundance of floral prints and chiaroscuro baby portraits can soften the stark contrast between the primal violence of childbirth and the institutional frigidity of the hospital setting. Despite the harsh glare of the operating lamp and the endless supply of sterile towelettes, we insist on entering the world accompanied by the gush of organic fluids and animal odors that have marked labors and deliveries since before continental drift. Around my fourth or fifth delivery I discovered how much truer this is of “natural” births than of those assisted by increasing degrees of pharmacological intervention.

She checked into the Labor and Delivery ward with her boyfriend a little after dinnertime, dreads askew and sweat already beading on her hazelnut skin. Depending on the intensity of her contractions, she alternated between incoherent whimpers and lucid, tense questions about the likelihood of completing her delivery naturally. We reassured her that she was ultimately the mistress of her own delivery, and that while the epidural would not be available once the final countdown was initiated (so to speak), she could choose a number of other pain management options, or not, as she saw fit. She relaxed into her hospital bed and appeared to retreat to some remote corner of her mind. I had a sudden, misplaced urge to ask her to take me there, to walk me through where she had gone verbally; was she visualizing star patterns? Was she conducting some kind of take-no-prisoners negotiation with her baby? Was she taking her own internal inventory to better assess her chances of successful delivery, or was she leaving her body altogether to avoid the pain? The moment passed and I contented myself with placing some paper-towel wrapped ice in her hand instead. She rubbed it back and forth across her forehead and upper lip and sighed in obvious relief.

In the time it took us to set up the room and grab an instrument tray she was already in the grip of some terrible, ancient, pre-programmed sequence that I had not observed in any of the previous deliveries. It was futile to ask her to stop pushing; her lizard brain had detached itself from the reins of its wrinkled primate cortex many minutes before and decided that the

time was nigh. There would be no carefully timed waiting for the contraction to build, and laboring down seemed no more possible than the sudden arrival of a baby-laden stork at the windowsill. Her groans progressed to guttural bellows which resonated through my surgical boot covers and up into the base of my ears, as if she were trying to distribute her pain through some forgotten vibratory medium. Her nails dug little half-moons into the seasoned wrists of the night nurse holding her quivering thigh, and her skin took on a dusky cinnamon hue. Her belly was covered with a gown and a blue folded drape, but I imagined her uterus clamping downwards like some kind of monstrous mollusk expelling the foreign body within it. On the third bellowing push she screamed, “He wants to come out NOW, get him OUT OF ME!!!!”

And with impeccable narrative timing, he arrived.

Not to be outdone by his preceding birth-fellows, the six pound peanut of a baby exploded out of his mother in a matter of seconds. The attending tried gamely but with little success to control his head and shoulders as they slithered out. Amniotic fluid splashed across both of our gowns with audible force and just like that it was over. The clocks started ticking again, the lights brightened, the spectators sprang into action and the ancient force that had possessed her released its hold.

On his way out, the “wolverine baby” (as the attending called him) managed to inflict a long sulcal laceration and a labial tear, both of which were bleeding vigorously. The subsequent rapid delivery of the placenta and the tense repair which followed were striking in a completely different, wincing, breath-holding kind of way. When the bleeding finally stopped and she was allowed to hold her squalling boy to her breast, it seemed to me that they had become a new kind of human circuit; she had fed him with her blood, she was feeding him now with her milk, and she would (judging by the serene contentment on her smooth features) continue to feed him physically, mentally, and spiritually for as long as some spark of life animated her fierce, brown little body.





## GUARDIAN

Caitlin M. Hare

*Caitlin M. Hare is a senior in the Florida State BFA Studio Art Program. Caitlin is looking forward to producing her thesis next semester and is currently working towards becoming a professional artist. She has worked at the College of Medicine since her first year at FSU. More of her work can be found at [caitlinmhare.deviantart.com](http://caitlinmhare.deviantart.com).*



# LIFE LESSONS

Patrick Murray, Class of 2015

**W**hen 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



Tiffany McNabb 2014

# 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.

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 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 that day 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.

## GLASS RAINBOW

Tiffany McNabb, Chief of Staff for Department of Biomedical Sciences

*Tiffany McNabb is a photographer, crafter, dancer, and Seminole. In her spare time, she's the Chief of Staff for the Department of Biomedical Sciences.*



# I STOLE

Charles Howze

I stole from my folks; I stole from my friends,  
I stole from myself again and again  
I stole from my kids; I stole from my wife,  
I stole from Jesus Christ, like it was all right  
I stole off my jobs; I stole out of stores,  
I even stole my brother-in-law's watch, my sister's rings and my nephew's clothes,  
I stole from my brother, the best one I ever had  
I pray that one day he forgives me, but for now he really mad  
I stole from my sister, I mean I really let her down  
I can't explain why I did what I did, and I was too ashamed to stick around,  
When I stole from my sister, I knew I had to go,  
But that's why I'm back to let her know  
That her little brother don't steal no more

*Charles Howze is a community contributor to HEAL.*

# MA

Ryan M. Fitzgerald,  
Class of 2016

Live for me  
Nurture me  
Not demands; observations  
Nothing asked for in return  
And yet, yearning  
Desire to reciprocate  
Her love

*Growing up in the Navy, Ryan Fitzgerald was brought up in an ever-changing environment. The one aspect of childhood that was steadfast and constant—his rock—was his family.*

# JAIME'S HUG

Kenneth Kriendler

If I could hug you one more time, I'd still tell you that I love you.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd hold you tighter.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd hesitate to let go.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd thank Jesus for the blessing that is my child.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd assure you that you're special.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd promise to spend more time with you.  
If I could hug you one more time, I'd offer more spiritual praise.  
If I could only hug you one more time, I'd tell you that I love you.  
If I could only . . . hug you . . . one more time.

*Kenneth Kriendler resides in Columbia, South Carolina.*



## **CITY LIMITS**

Laura Varich, MD

*Laura Varich is the medical director of pediatric radiology at the Florida Hospital for Children.*



## LIGHTHOUSE SUNSET

Jason Miles, Class of 2016

# NIGHT OF THE LECHUZA

Robinson A. Herrera, PhD

**O**n a moonless night nearing the cockcrow, a drunken Güicho Gudiel stumbled home on a lonely roughhewn pathway. Three men waited for him, each for his reasons, but all savoring vengeance; Gudiel's death would restore their honor. They pressed their hats firmly on their heads, unsheathed their machetes, clutching handles tightly in clammy hands, cold sweat beading on their temples; no man alive could match Gudiel's machete skills, the 45 notches on his blade's sheath silently attested to his prowess. Whispered rumors claimed sorcery, devilry, loathsome demonic things were credited to Gudiel surviving countless altercations

without a single opponent ever landing a cut or even a nick on his allegedly impious flesh. Determined, the hunters braced their bodies and souls to battle the unknown.

The first assailant fell on Gudiel, but before he could even raise his machete, in a blinding blur of movement, the quarry unsheathed his own blade and landed a deadly blow on the tender flesh of the man's nape, cutting so deep that the jugular immediately spurted blood. With each heartbeat the attacker's life departed from his soon listless body. To the ground he collapsed, limp, his blood mixing with earth. Gudiel's inebriation had fiendishly evaporated; alert, weapon in hand,



# Determined, the hunters braced their bodies and souls to battle the unknown.

he faced the remaining assailants; three against one, now two versus one, so suddenly had their advantage disappeared that the two assaulters stood immobile, but they could not abandon their task. Gudiel had seen their faces, and they could either risk death now or certainly die that day, evening, night, or whenever Gudiel decided on retribution. Thus, the second attacker swung his machete, but hesitation provided Gudiel with an opening, and before he could finish the stroke, Gudiel had sliced the assailant's abdomen with such deftness that the attacker dropped his machete. Mercilessly, Gudiel decapitated him with one powerful blow that severed head from spine with a supernatural ease that no man should possess. The third assailant abandoned concerns of honor and slashed at Gudiel from behind, a cowardly action, but better to live fully and combat traducers than to live as the 48th notch on the enemy's sheath.

Gudiel turned in time to avoid the full power of the attacker's slash, but nonetheless he suffered a cut to his right arm, the first combat wound ever landed on his immaculate flesh. Gudiel stared at his assailant with the glare that few lived to describe and at that precise instance, spoke the encounter's first words, "Kill me, if you dare." As the attacker lifted his machete to strike the deathblow, exultant in victory, already thinking of the stories he would tell and the fame he would accrue for smiting Gudiel, from the deep inky blackness of the night came the screech of a *lechuza*. Long rumored to be the son of a powerful sorceress who could metamorphose at will into a lechuza, a creature feared for its connections to the underworld, night spirits, and other loathsome things, Gudiel smirked at the attacker, repeating his chilling words, "Kill me, if you dare."

The attacker looked to the starless black sky, the moon hiding from fright; he saw the lechuza fly towards him, and he would later swear that the raptor spoke to him in a mocking feminine voice, "Kill him, if you dare." The lechuza glided towards the attacker and seized his hat in its gnarled claws, flying back to the maw of the sky from whence it had emerged. The would-be murderer dropped his machete and ran, ran faster than he

ever had, ran towards the fields, towards the town, towards the river, anywhere that would distance him from Gudiel and his demonic protector.

Six days later Gudiel stood in a saloon's doorway, three additional notches on his machete's sheath, the wound on his arm completely healed without so much as a light scar where metal had cut flesh. A funeral procession quickly passed in front of him, the dead's family not daring to look at Gudiel for fear they might suffer the same fate as their beloved.

What killed the third attacker remains debated; some claim Gudiel's blade cut so deep and fast that the deceased didn't notice the wound until he arrived home where he died of exsanguination. In frightened tones others describe what truly happened, the man had died of fear. Gudiel's assailant became gruesomely ill immediately after reaching his house; he refused to eat or drink, he resisted medical help. His family sought the assistance of a healer who dabbled in the magical, but the curer abjured when she heard Gudiel's name. As the days went, the assailant's body thinned at a macabre pace, eyes sank into sockets, muscle turned to sinew, and skin tightened on bone. All the while the sickly man murmured indecipherable words, and repeatedly yelled the same curdling phrase, "Give me back my hat! Give me back my hat!" The lechuza had done her work.

The town's educated folks mocked the story as superstitious peasant nonsense, but they surreptitiously prayed never to raise Gudiel's ire. Science and reason rule in the light of day, but at night old beliefs reign.

As the burial procession passed Gudiel, the cadaver's brother, in a nearly inaudible voice, asked the widow, "Why is Güicho Gudiel wearing my brother's hat?"

*Robinson Herrera is an Associate Professor of History at Florida State University, where he researches and writes on social and cultural historical topics. His passion, however, lies in writing fiction.*



# Joshua Greenstein

*Joshua Greenstein is a fourth year medical student at the FSU College of Medicine, Sarasota Regional Campus.*

*W. (above) and Lemoncello (left)*

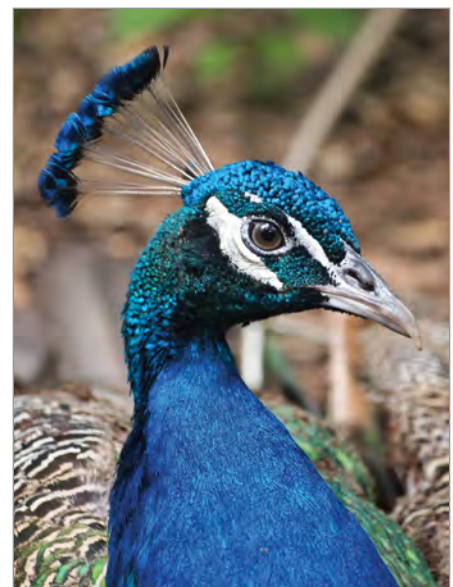




# Trung Tran, MD

*Trung Tran graduated from the FSU College of Medicine in 2014. He is currently completing a residency in Internal Medicine at Ochsner Medical Center in New Orleans, LA.*

Butterfly Closeup (*above*), Dandelion Wish (*bottom left*) and Peacock Portrait (*bottom right*)



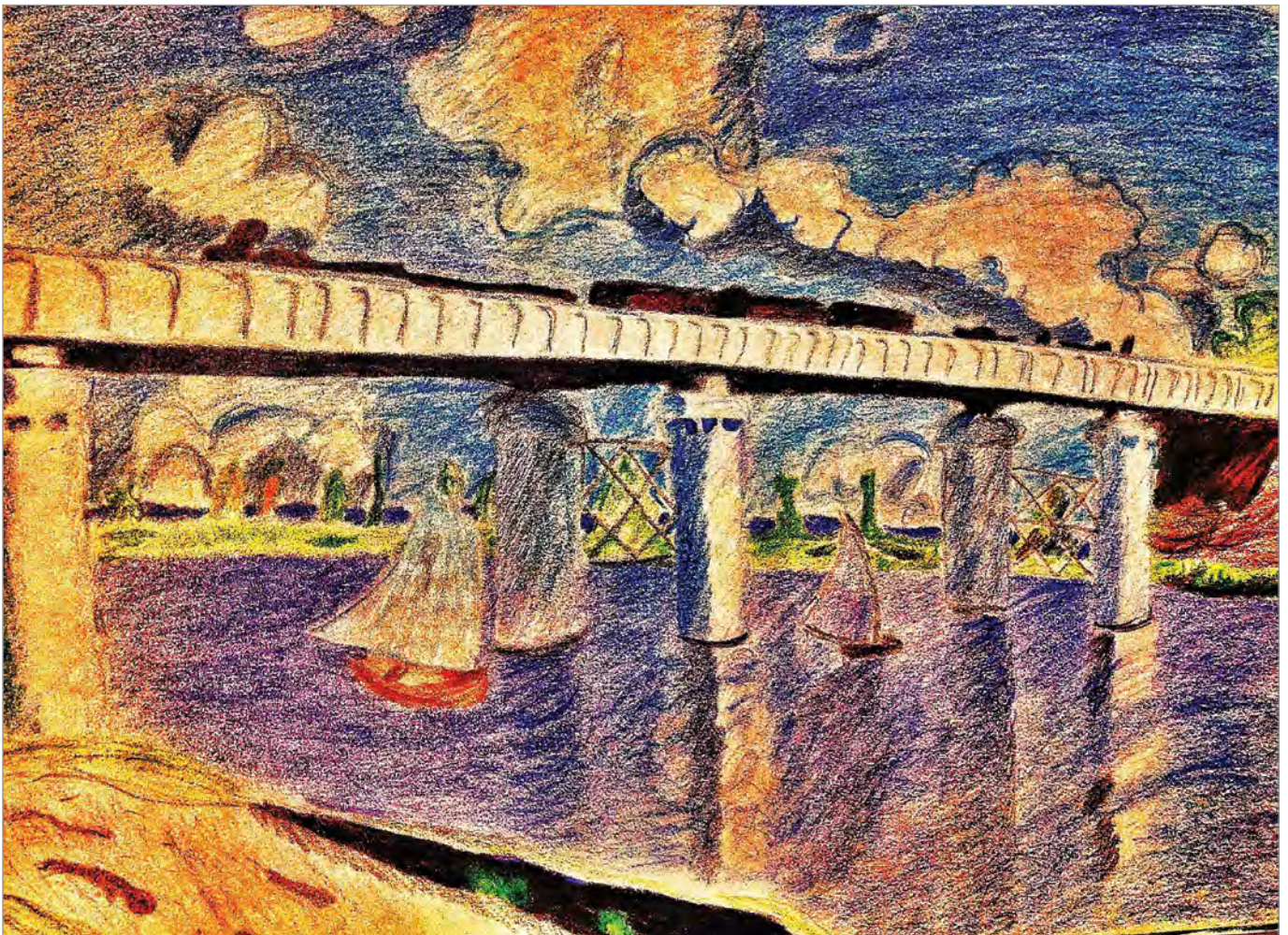




# Rennier Alejandro Martinez

*Rennier Alejandro Martinez is a fourth year medical student at Florida State University.*

*Blue Boy (left) and Summer Bridge (below)*





# 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.

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

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

Moving  
rhythmically,  
they  
simultaneously  
worked  
together  
towards  
one goal:  
to save a life.

# ORCHESTRA

Angela Guzman, MD

The conductor in the red hat stood at the head of the patient's bed, his arms crossed as he assessed the status of the 33-year-old man who had just been hit by a semi-truck. He was deep in thought, mentally processing the condition of his crashing patient. The team members ran into the room and instinctively donned blue gowns, caps, and gloves. Then they stood in attention at the patient's side, awaiting command. Without hesitation each member performed their task at the signal of the conductor. Moving rhythmically they simultaneously worked together towards one goal: to save a life. I desperately wanted to be a functional member of the team, so I stood in attention awaiting my command, holding blankets to cover the patient once he stabilized. As each member worked quickly to complete their task, the conductor watched the monitors for signs of improvement. The surgery residents inserted chest tubes, but did not yield signs of reassurance; there was no blood or rush of air. Concurrently, the ED resident did an ultrasound searching for blood around the heart, abdomen, or pelvis. Again, the test was negative. In spite of being given liters of fluids, the patient's blood pressure began to drop quickly. The seasoned conductor must have anticipated the event because he augmented the tempo effortlessly. Following his command, three men stood in a line at the patient's side, and the largest man started the chest compressions. His pace was methodical and his arms were powerful as he compressed the chest wall. The clinical pharmacist marched forward to supervise the administration of the pressor agents while the conductor assessed the monitor for signs of a shockable rhythm. After multiple rounds of the same dance the conductor finally decided to end the symphony. Time of death: 11:59. At the conclusion of the performance the conductor removed his red hat and bowed his head. He thanked the team for their efforts and stated that he would notify the family. As he was signing forms, I heard him confess that he felt the patient's final pulse and watched him take his last breath at the beginning of the code. I was naive to believe that this symphony would end with a cheerful melody as we stabilized the patient and rolled him to the ICU. I spent the rest of my shift replaying his song in my head while the other members of the orchestra changed the tune.

*Angela Guzman graduated from the FSU College of Medicine in 2014.*

**CAGED**  
Trung Tran, MD



# THE FIRST DAY

Robinson A. Herrera, PhD

**H**is 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.



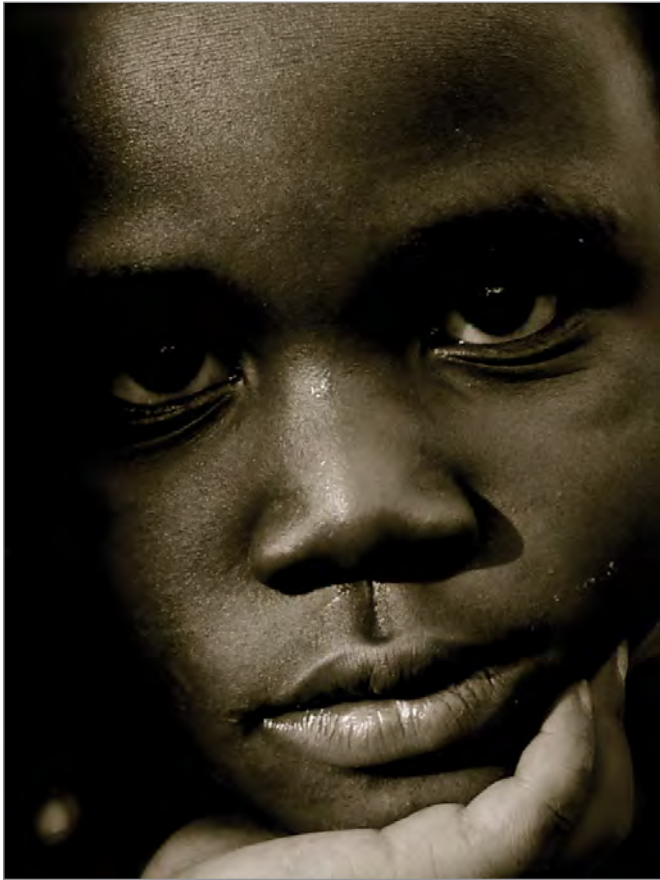


## Kevin Yan

*Kevin Yan is a fourth year medical student who often looks towards nature as his source of inspiration. He hopes to continue sketching and painting throughout residency as a means of relaxation and reflection.*

*The Woods (top) and Dew Drops (left)*





# Tyler Wellman

*Tyler Wellman is a second year medical student at Florida State University.*

Portrait (*top left*), Home, Papoli, Uganda (*top right*) and Morning Reflection (*below*)





# THE FORGOTTEN

Katy Wood, Class of 2016

They sit side by side, looking like ancient sisters. Their hands are gnarled, twisted and worn, wrinkles pooling together. They speak to me in slow soft Spanish in a rural pueblo of Nicaragua. “I am going to die here,” one says. “My children have grown up and no longer care. The government will not help us. We have no food. Maybe if my children were responsible like you, they would help...”

The invisible, the unclaimed, the forgotten. There are cracks, ever growing, and ever expanding all around us. More people are falling down, slipping through. But not to their death, no, not to any type of release, but to no-man’s land. Down beneath the under-belly of the lumbering beast.

The frail grandmothers are reasonably dressed, their long white hair flows around threadbare sweaters. Not forced to sleep on the streets, they will probably retire to the same house they have been occupying for 50 years. But for food, there is no assistance, no food stamps, no agency to call. There is only us, a small medical group, here a few times a year, and we only have so many resources. We can try to help, but will it be enough? Will they be here when I return?

Back in the US, individuals share the same story with me, but with actions instead of words. Poverty may have a different face, depending on the country, but still it shares many similar unpalatable themes. On an urban street corner, a man sits, hands reaching out—a simple request: food, money, shelter. He



# There is only us, a small medical group, here a few times a year, and we only have so many resources.

holds a decrepit sign. His face peers into the cars, watches, waits, swallows the shame and judgment that passersby inflict. There are soup kitchens, so hopefully his body will be maintained. However, there is a dearth of other resources.

The ground beneath many in this country is thin, fragmented, jagged, and in constant motion. Those who live paycheck to paycheck are trying to sprint ahead of the shifting fractures in the asphalt. Those on the street had less fortunate luck. The cracks opened and swallowed them whole. In the under land, they are lost, wandering blind, trying to keep their distance from the packs of frothing dogs that terrorize this land. Addiction, loneliness, brokenness—these are their companions. Full of self-doubt, and in competition with all those around; they try to just make it. It is hard to contemplate climbing out of the hole when each day safety, food, and shelter consume their energy. If there ever was an idyllic time when people were united with joined hands and hugging arms, that time has surely passed now. People are unaccounted for, unlooked for, blamed for where they are, not often given the chance to explain how they got there. Just that one incident, that one lost job, that one disease—that defining moment when the floor beneath them shattered and they fell headfirst into this sparse land. Now they roam through the dark, alone, struggling, and afraid.

I see the man sitting on the corner. I see his face, I imagine his pain, and my helping hand twitches at my side (I promise it does). As I walk closer and closer, I tell myself, today I will help; today I will stop and offer kindness. I will build a new community, I will show compassion... But then I remember that dark night and the lonely hallway and the man. I hear the

hate and malice creep up as if he is standing behind me again, “I’m going to fucking kill you.”

My heart races, inexplicable dread fills me. My hand that was kind only moments before is stilled; my ears that longed for a story are now deaf. My heart, so soft, yearning to ease his pain seconds earlier, hardens. I’m sure that man sitting there—looking cold and alone— simply asking for food, has a story, one that I could probably relate to. Why do I not look his way? Like a scared rabbit, I scurry away. Away from this unknown man, from his problems, and possibly from his solutions. Away from reaching out, back to comfort, back to the routine, back to my hole: safety.

However, in the safe, dark nest of my hole, questions always echo in my head. Why can I travel hundreds of miles to help a stranger, yet it is so hard to reach out genuinely here in my own community? In the end, it is the grandmothers that always haunt me in moments like these.

They sit side by side, looking like ancient sisters. Their hands are old and bent, wrinkles pooling at different angles. “We are going to die,” they say. “Our children have grown and moved away. Maybe if they had been responsible, like you, they would have cared for us. But they were not. And our government will not help us, either. We have no food to eat... what will we do? What will we do?”

*Katy Wood’s early years were spent in Tallahassee. She then moved to Tampa where she studied Spanish Language & Literature. She is now a third year medical student and resides in Orlando.*

## AFRICAN SUNSET

Daniel J. Van Durme, MD, MPH

*Daniel J. Van Durme is Chair of the Department of Family Medicine and Director of the Center on Global Health for the FSU College of Medicine. He has been an avid photographer for many years.*





# Mickey Adair

*Mickey Adair is a professional photographer based in Tallahassee, FL.*

*Visit [www.availablelightphoto.com](http://www.availablelightphoto.com) to see more of his work.*

*The Dragonfly That Crippled Me (above)*



# BREATHE

Tamra Travers, Class of 2016

**T**he air surrounding me is clouded and thick with the stench of negativity.

Overstressed, behind, rushing. The clock speeds faster, faster, and I am grasping for air.

The breath I try to catch is stale and thick with slimy grouch. It does not satisfy.

Suffocating, I drag myself across the hall while the screams of tummy aches and ugly coughs bombard my ears. I turn to see a flood of tears, exhaustion, and fear swirling towards me. My emotions have begun their attack. I reach for the handle of the door and dart inside.

When I look up, three faces are staring at me. Three beautifully round and dark faces.

The mother stares with relief. The wait is finally over.

A child glares with fear and clutches her mother tightly in a fit of panic. Needles and pokes shake her imagination. Her thick hair hangs down low on her back in a silky black stream, but a few clumps stick to her tears on her fever flushed cheeks. She moans and clings tight to the comfort and safety housed within her mama.

A third face watches intently with curiosity. He follows my every motion with a smile of wonder, and wonder pours into the air from that smile. I gratefully breathe it in, and the sweet air fills the depths and even the tiniest crevices of my lungs. My face relaxes and the corners of my mouth turn slightly upward. The curious little brother smiles back, shining his tiny teeth at me. I wrinkle my nose and cross my eyes, then unwind my face to see his face mimicking my own contortion. Laughter leaves his mouth and fills the room with its beautiful, soft sound.

I can breathe again.

*Tamra Travers is a third year medical student. She records personal reflections on her medical education adventure on her blog White Coat Wonder: Reflections on Health, People, and My Journey from Girl to Physician. The blog is available at [www.whitecoatwonder.tumblr.com](http://www.whitecoatwonder.tumblr.com)*

Suffocating,  
I drag  
myself across  
the hall  
while the  
screams of  
tummy aches  
and  
ugly coughs  
bombard  
my ears.

# 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



## Desiree Sant

*Desiree Sant is a community contributor to HEAL.*

Sunset (*above*), Lauren (*left*) and Red Flower (*below*)



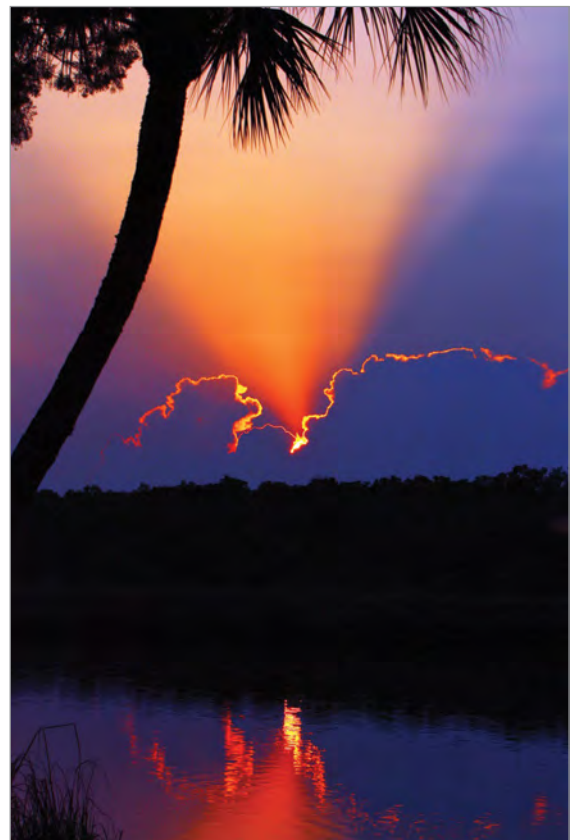




## Harry Moulis, MD

*Harry Moulis is a gastroenterologist, photographer (photosbythedoc.com), poet, lyricist, hat and cane collector, and a paddler (of kayaks and canoes).*

Untitled (above) and Sky (right)





## Zachary Field

*Zachary Field is a first year medical student who has used art as a creative outlet since he was a child. He has always been intrigued by the idea of turning a blank canvas into something meaningful.*

Serenity

## Stephanie Tran

*Stephanie Tran is a first year medical student at Florida State University.*

Long-Nosed Horned Frog





# MEDICAL- LEGAL PARTNERSHIP ALTERNATIVE SPRING BREAK IN IMMOKALEE, FLORIDA

The Medical-Legal Partnership, a collaboration between the Florida State University Colleges of Law and Medicine, is an innovation in interdisciplinary education. Law students partner with medical students, social work students, lawyers and physicians to examine patients' social determinants of health. Students work inter-professionally to ascertain the best methods to resolve the health and related legal problems of impoverished patients. During Spring Break 2014, the Medical-Legal Partnership went to Immokalee, FL for an immersion experience into the lives of migrant farm workers. Four FSU College of Law students—Wei Li, Christie Arnold, Chase Den Beste, and Kirsten Marie Grice—reflect on their experiences providing legal assistance at the community health center in Immokalee.

## IMMOKALEE

Wei Li

Have you been?  
Have you even heard?  
Do you see that hen?  
Or hear that chirping bird?

Immokalee.  
Hidden from society's view.  
A sea  
Of seasoned faces streaming through before the morning dew.

No hospital nearby.  
No children beg or cry.  
No benefits or health insurance.  
How can they gain any assurance?

Bucket after bucket of tomatoes they pick  
No excuses or off days for even the sick.  
Are you sure this is Florida?  
Surely, you must be mistaken.

Immokalee.  
Fits into Florida like a lock and key.  
A town made of migrant farmworkers  
Who are pickers, not takers.

Parents born there,  
Children born here.  
Fear of family separation,  
More like forced repatriation.

Some have no status  
Just like a cactus.  
When will immigration reform finally come?  
Or do politicians like to chew and spit them out like gum?

*Wei Li graduated from FSU College of Law in May 2014 with her JD and a Certificate in International Law. She currently resides in the Washington, D.C. area with her husband.*



# WHERE THERE IS A MAN WHO HAS NO VOICE, THERE I SHALL GO SINGING

Kirsten Marie Grice

The week before we left for Immokalee, all I can remember is stress. Stress about outlining. Stress about brief writing. Stress about trying to make moot court or law review. I was exhausted, burnt out, and living solely in my own selfish, law school bubble. I started law school because I wanted to make a difference in the world. I wanted to travel, and be a voice for people who could not speak for themselves. I wanted to write books and spark social change. I was a dreamer who had the strongest faith in myself. But after starting law school, things changed. Hours of reading, long classes, and legal writing assignments leave little time for dreaming. Instead of dreaming, I started questioning my own intelligence, as most law students do. This questioning resulted in a diminished faith in myself. Without faith, I had lost my voice for others because I wondered what I could actually do to help anyone.

Since returning from Immokalee, my perspective has changed. The things I saw on our trip, the people I met, and the friends I made have refreshed my perspective on law school. On our trip, we met with high school students from Immokalee who were preparing for college. They were so excited about starting college and so eager to experience a different world. They seemed anxious about navigating the mysterious, and oft times, overly complicated college application process. They were flowing with questions about how to get in to college, what it is like, and how difficult it would be. These are questions I did not have going into college. College was just something I knew I was going to do. I did not feel like I had been gifted with a wonderful opportunity that would expand my horizons and change my life. In reality, it felt like I was doing something ordinary that everyone else does. But the truth is, not everyone goes to college. In fact, very few do.

Many of the students we met with will be first-generation college students. Their worries do not stop at trying to make a

good SAT score, or writing the perfect college-admissions essay. Often, instead of going to school, they wake up at four o'clock in the morning to help their parents in the fields because their family needs the extra money. They also travel from state to state to follow the harvest, and may change schools more than once in a year. Some face the fear of having one of their family members deported at a moment's notice. They feel guilty for wanting to stop working in the fields and leave their family to go away to college. The stress I have about law school now seems so trivial in comparison to what these high school students have to deal with every day.

When my friends and I were driving around Immokalee, listening to music, I heard lyrics from a Jewel song that I always thought were beautiful; "Where there is a man who has no voice, there I shall go singing." This time, hearing those words had a greater meaning than ever before. Maybe I cannot change the world yet. Maybe I will not be the next Sheryl Sandberg or Angelina Jolie...yet. But right now, I can be a voice for these kids. My mission is to return to Immokalee every year and provide advice, guidance, and encouragement about college to these students. I have stopped thinking about the burden that law school has placed upon me, and started thinking about the power it has given me. I have had the opportunity to meet so many helpful, influential people during my time at FSU, and I can use my voice to tell them about these students. I have the power to help people in my very own state. The strength that law school has given me, and all of the experience I have from college and law school can be used to help others beside myself. I can be a voice for someone else, right now, and that makes all the stress worth it.

*Kirsten Marie Grice is a second year law student at the FSU College of Law.*

# HOPE'S DAUGHTERS

Christie Arnold

“Hope has two beautiful daughters. Their names are anger and courage. Anger at the way things are, and courage to see that they do not remain the way they are.” —Augustine of Hippo, 5th century.

I was reminded of this quote as I explored Immokalee last March. In so many of the people I met and the organizations I entered, there was a sense of hope. This hope was not naïve, but rather, it was grounded in past successes and future expectations of more to come. It was a hope that sees the injustices facing migrant farm workers for what they are—unacceptable violations of human dignity. And it was a hope that foresees that things will change, that they must change.

I was deeply inspired by the hope of women like Lucy Ortiz, who fights for the rights of migrant farm worker women to be free of systemic sexual exploitation in the fields across America, and Andrea Ortega, who helps migrant workers gain access to vital legal representation on and off the farms. I was encouraged by the sense of hope I felt at the Coalition of Immokalee Workers, where community members come together and advocate for fairer wages and better working conditions in the fields. The work they do has had an incredible impact. Their courageous collaboration in the midst of extreme poverty and oppression continues to bring much-needed change to Immokalee.

I was also moved by the hope I saw in the eyes of Maria Segura from the Family Literacy Academy, who cried as she told us about her life as an immigrant farm laborer and her long journey out of that work. She has learned English, obtained her GED and an associate's degree, and is now an early childhood educator at the Academy while she works towards a bachelor's degree. Maria's passion to inspire other women to do what she did will reverberate throughout family life in Immokalee.

I was honestly surprised by the hope I saw, because the conditions in Immokalee could easily engender feelings of hopelessness. As an International Relations major in college,

I've served in impoverished villages in third world countries. But I hadn't realized that similar conditions existed here in my own state. Migrant families in Immokalee face abject poverty, sub-standard housing, unhealthy diets, and unfair pay. Often, as many as three or four families live crowded together in one trailer. The houses I saw were barely bigger than one-room shacks. Migrant workers work long, arduous hours and don't even make minimum wage. They are also exposed to toxic pesticides, and there is no hospital in the town. Abuses on the job often go unreported by the workers for fear of deportation and other immigration issues. There have also been cases of human trafficking there, as many farm working conditions and policies leave workers vulnerable to such exploitation.

As a second year law student, I can't yet make the kind of legal change I want to see one day. But I can support the community, and am excited for what will come out of this trip in my own life and at the FSU College of Law. I'm excited to help mentor the students at Immokalee's high school who aspire to go to college. I'm determined to talk to the managers at my local Publix about the corporation's lack of willingness to help migrant laborers receive fair wages. I'm motivated to learn about where my produce comes from and to make sure I buy from companies with fair supply chains. I'm eager to go back to Immokalee with my fellow law classmates to see how else we can guide Immokalee students towards their educational goals. This trip opened my eyes to the injustices here in Florida, and at the same time gave me exposure to how things are in the process of changing for the better. There is hope on the ground in Immokalee, and that gives me hope.

*Christie Arnold is a second year law student at the FSU College of Law.*

It was a hope that sees the injustices facing migrant farm workers for what they are—unacceptable violations of human dignity.



# SHADOW IN THE DARK: IMMOKALEE'S MIGRANT WORKERS

Chase E. Den Beste

There's a shadow in the darkness,  
You can't see it, but it's there.  
Move away from your hardness,  
Let my words make you aware.

It's early in the morning,  
The children are still asleep.  
Their father leaves with warning,  
To earn his family's keep.

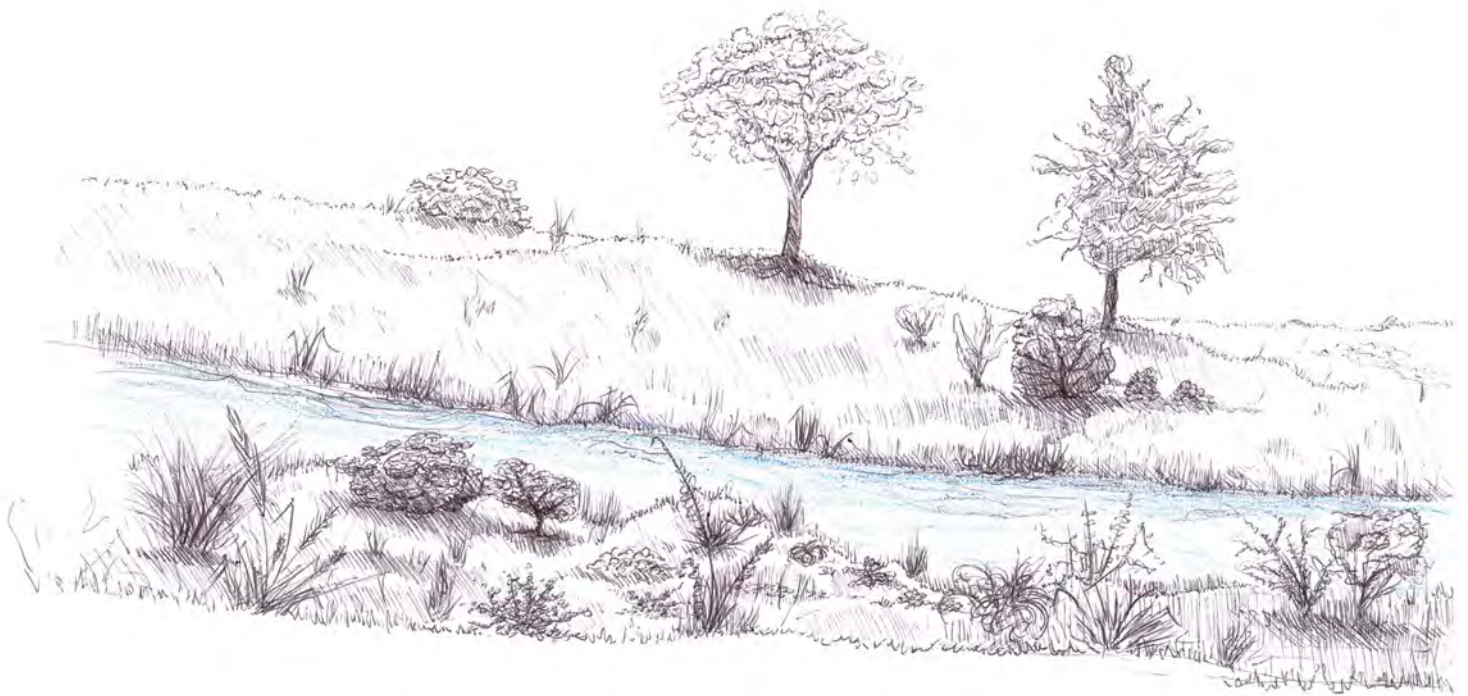
At the fields he bends his back,  
Fills buckets for coins in his can.  
Picking relentlessly with his pack,  
Yet no benefits for this working man.

Many hours and many days,  
He twists his fingers through the fields.  
Returning home with eyes ablaze,  
And whispers of fear that never yield.

His shadow darkens as he moves,  
Bearing his family up the coast.  
And until his work and life improves,  
He must stay quiet at his post.

He is a shadow in the darkness,  
But he's not the sole one there.  
There's no more room for hardness,  
Immokalee needs your prayer.

*Chase Den Beste is currently pursuing a Juris Doctor from the FSU College of Law.*



## BACKYARD

Kevin Yan, Class of 2015

# SIDEWALKING

Benjamin Brownell

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



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.

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 just 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.

*Benjamin Brownell works at the FSU College of Medicine IT Help Desk and enjoys spending time with his family,  
helping others with technology, and watching baseball.*

# GOD'S GOT A HOLD ON ME

Charles Howze

God's got a hold on me,  
A grip on my mighty hand.  
Lord, I don't wanna go back to prison.  
When I had the chance to run, I should've ran.

Really I'm glad it's over,  
Cuz I'm tired of livin a lie,  
Robbin, stealin, doin drugs,  
Everybody just wants to know why.

God's got a hold on me,  
I just thought I'd mention.  
For 40 years I've been living in sin,  
Jesus finally got my attention.

God's got a hold on me,  
And I'm glad he finally did  
Cuz I'm tired of looking in the judge's face,  
Waiting for him to give me a bid.

God's got a hold on me,  
I ain't seen my folks in years.  
Walking through the jailhouse with my head down,  
I ain't droppin nothin but tears.

God's got a hold on me,  
You've seen it all before.  
Hell, I just got out of prison doing 31 months,  
Now they wanna give me some more.

God's got a hold on me,  
Satan thinks I ain't got no sense,  
The devil uses a lie,  
Cuz in my heart I already repent.

*Charles Howze is a community contributor to HEAL.*

# ANATOMICAL

Cristina Denise Go, Class of 2018

Through diaphanous layers we tried  
to decipher (your) parenthetical histories  
between pocketed organs, those hieroglyphs  
sifting as granular fragments  
or bulbs, sheaths, oblong and amorphous chandeliers  
clinging to membranous seahorses  
But breathless poetry eludes fleshy (a)symmetry  
the seamless sinuosity through bodily impulses  
rivaling ancient tracings of coelacanth  
With timid incisions we cut through  
cruel constellations someone labeled Cancer  
and seemingly barnacled jellyfish  
appearing foreign, but sadly intimate  
like Dali's Persistence of Memory radiating with  
past loves simultaneously  
visceral and transcendent  
clambering wildly out  
a partitioned heart  
the mystique of Consciousness resisting  
Compost and Science  
illuminated by weighty substance  
non-radioactive,  
only organically  
from this lovely Earthiness,  
Human

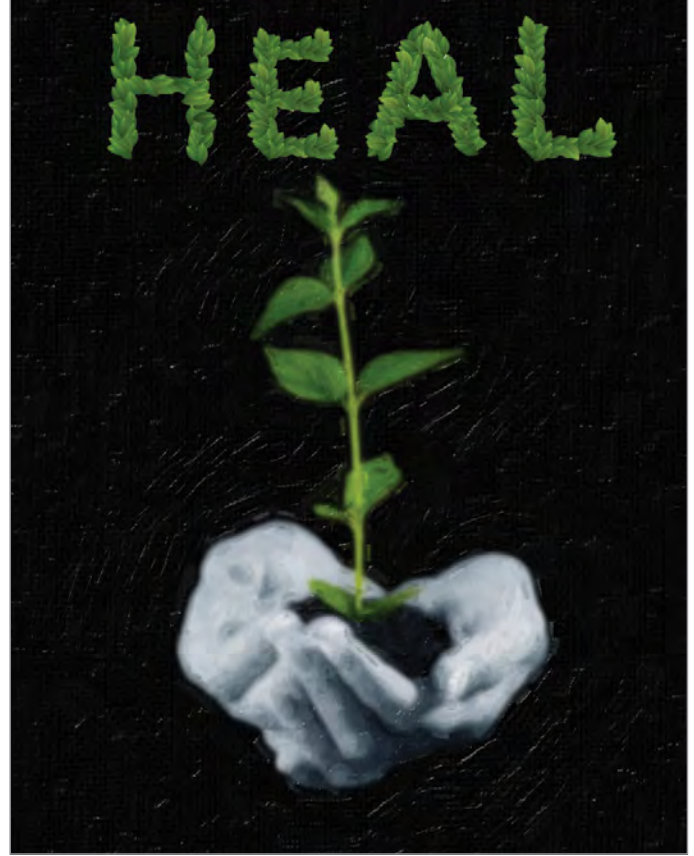


## PATTERNS

Ann Maruszak

*Ann Maruszak works in the Clinical Learning Center and tends a “sharing” garden located on Starbucks patio on the first floor of the College of Medicine. The garden was originated by Ann and third year medical student Adam Baptiste. The produce grown is intended to be shared and enjoyed.*





## Jesse O'Shea

*Jesse O'Shea is a fourth year medical student at Florida State University.*

*Silver Lining (top left) and HEAL (top right)*

# UNCONDITIONAL FRIENDSHIP

Angela Guzman, MD

I've been betrayed  
Misled and should be jaded  
From friendships that faded  
Time persuaded them to pack their bags and leave...  
Ticking quickly as the seconds pass by  
Remind me that life is too short not to breathe and appreciate the nature of man  
The hurt, the pain, abandonment...  
But in spite of it all I stand with an open heart waiting to be slain yet again  
By another so called friend  
That comes to mend...but really destroys  
I am too loving to be hating  
And more than willing to be betrayed again  
In hopes that these trials would lead to a permanent friend  
The kind that I try to be  
Relentlessly giving...even when I have nothing to give  
Loving freely; even when it hurts  
You see my passion is my weakness  
I am pleasantly gullible  
With meekness and humility  
I willingly present myself as a gift to be enjoyed...then discarded  
Cherished temporarily  
But I do not cry over the departed  
Instead appreciate the moments of time spent together  
Built to weather many storms  
Including this one  
My "friend"...I am here even when you are not  
And when you return  
There will I be standing with open arms  
And an open heart

*Angela Guzman graduated from the FSU College of Medicine in 2014.*

## TIME

Chris McDonald

Like a river ever flowing  
Time pushes us on but we keep rowing,  
Fighting against the current.  
Every moment is unique, but our focused efforts  
Only seem to tire us against the torrent.  
Should we slow our quest? Or keep pushing  
Towards what we think is best?  
Take a step out. Look at what you see.  
The destination is always waiting,  
And so much beauty surrounds us  
At each step of the journey.

# WITNESS THE DAY AND YOURSELVES

Gregory Turner, EdD, MBA, MPH

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.



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.

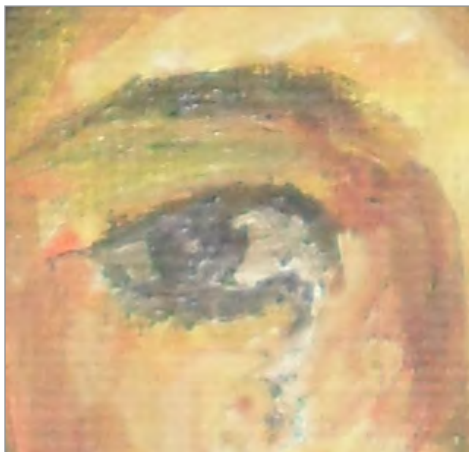
*Gregory Turner is Associate Professor and Associate Dean for Faculty Development at FSU College of Medicine. His doctoral degree (University of Pittsburgh) is in program evaluation in higher education. He has conducted numerous faculty development workshops, served as an educational consultant, and has published articles in several peer reviewed journals, including the Journal of the American Geriatrics Society, Pain Medicine, and Clinical Teacher.*

## CONQUER THE SUN

Christopher J. Martin, MD

*Christopher J. Martin graduated from the FSU College of Medicine in 2013.*





## Karen Kavar

*Karen Kavar is a Program Associate at the FSU College of Medicine. She enjoys traveling, writing and photography.*

Letters Abroad II (*above*) and Naked Eye (*left*)

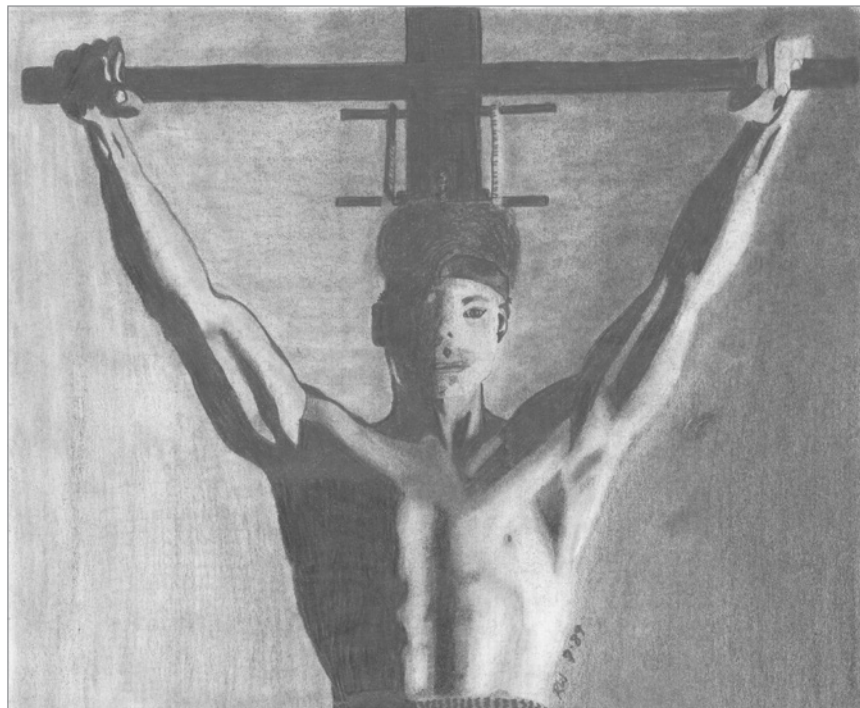




## Rhonda Collins, MS

*Rhonda Collins is the Assistant Director in the Department of Clinical Sciences at the FSU College of Medicine. Rhonda is currently pursuing her Doctorate of Education at the FSU College of Education.*

A Dog and His Boy (*above*) and Repitition, repitition, repitition (*right*)







# Danny Bernabe

*Danny Bernabe is a third year medical student at Florida State University.*

Central Park, NY (*above*) and  
Mr. Giraffe (*right*)





## Lisa Gardner

*Lisa Gardner has worked at Florida State University for twenty-six years in a variety of positions. She joined the College of Medicine in 2009 as the Rural Health Program Coordinator in the Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health. She earned her Bachelor of Arts Degree in English (Creative Writing) from FSU in 1999.*

Mr. Sun (*top left*) and Flamingo (*top right*) and Wishing for Spring (*below*)







## FROG

Terri Johnson, MSLIS, AHIP

*Terri Johnson is the Medical Informatics Librarian at the Charlotte Edwards Maguire Medical Library at FSU.*



# FINDING 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.”

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.

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.”

# MI QUINCEAÑERA

José E. Rodríguez, MD

Fifteen years of happiness  
Fifteen years of joys  
Fifteen years of laughter  
Fourteen of them with our boy(s)

You've changed my life completely  
Fixed my attitude, cured my doubts, set me free  
As I watch from a short but safe distance  
I see you change eternity

I know that when you turned fifteen  
Your *quince* was not celebrated  
But you will always be my *quinceañera*  
A fact that cannot be debated

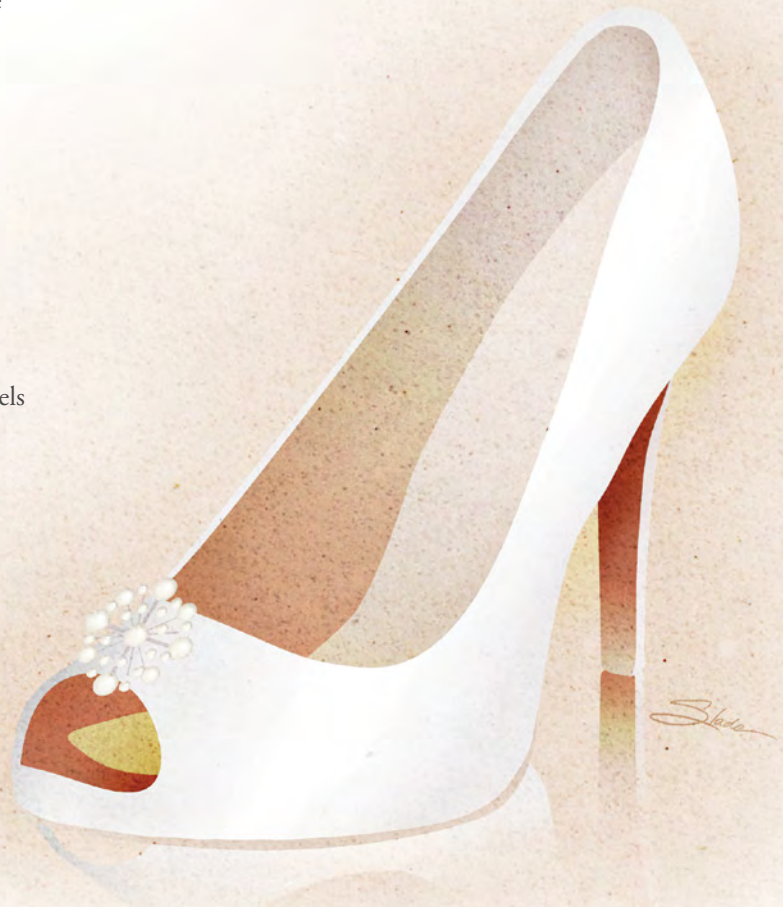
So maybe we won't have your *quince*  
Yet I know you'd look great in that dress  
With the new high heels, and the expensive jewels  
But I know big parties can stress

These first fifteen years of marriage  
Will be hard, maybe impossible to beat  
With you I have felt and experienced  
Love's purest joys, exquisitely sweet

I pray that when our daughter arrives—  
The little girl who will soon bless our home  
A child that would change our family  
As she joins us, to make us her own—

I have only one wish for our daughter  
A small dream of what she can do  
I hope that when she turns *quince*  
She will have grown up to be just like you

*José E. Rodríguez is Associate Professor and co-director of The Center for Underrepresented Minorities in Academic Medicine. He is a family physician and founding editor of HEAL. This poem was written for his wife, Moraima, while they were waiting for the adoption of their daughter, Valentina. Valentina has now been with them for over a year.*





## Wes Tindell

*Wes Tindell is a first year medical student at Florida State University.*

Untitled (*above*)



## John Hahn

*John Hahn is a fourth year medical student at Florida State University.*

Pillars on the Beach (*left*)



# THE HOURS

Tamra Travers, Class of 2016

*malignancies, neoplasms, cancers*

Described in gruesome detail, page after page after page. I spend my hours studying cytogenetic markers, defective receptors and signaling pathways. The cells do not die. They are constantly replicating, constantly creating more and more and more cells that will never stop growing on their own.

*leukemias, lymphomas, neuroblastoma, esophageal cancer, breast cancer*

But all I see on these pages are the faces of warriors. Faces of children, grandparents, and friends. Playful blue eyes and flowing blonde hair on a slender frame only 8 years old, always dancing. Deep dark brown eyes of wisdom and understanding, but these eyes also know laughter well. All familiar faces of determination, courage, and tenacity. These faces that are so dear to me are formed from the medical terminology and microscopic images.

Many conquered and now live with the agonizing memories of how the poisonous drugs slowly destroyed the cancer cells and so many of their own cells alongside, leaving their bodies ravaged and weak. Their faces are now strong with new flesh and color that radiates. The fear of recurrence or new cancers still hauntingly lingers.

And there are some who do not live with this fear. Whose faces are memories, still pale and thin. Their physical weakness was crippling, but their soul's strength carried the unknowable weight of death forward into the distant pages we cannot yet see.

*Tamra Travers is a third year medical student. She records personal reflections on her medical education adventure on her blog White Coat Wonder: Reflections on Health, People, and My Journey from Girl to Physician. The blog is available at [www.whitecoatwonder.tumblr.com](http://www.whitecoatwonder.tumblr.com)*

These faces  
that are so  
dear to me are  
formed from  
the medical  
terminology  
and  
microscopic  
images.

# Danielle Guinan

*Danielle Guinan is a second year medical student at  
Florida State University.*

No One Knows



# Ashley Morton

*Ashley Morton is a second year medical student at  
Florida State University.*

Next Rock



## Debra A. Danforth MS, ARNP, FAANP

*Debra Danforth is Associate Professor and Director of the Clinical Learning Center at the FSU College of Medicine.*

Plumeria in the Rain

## Katie Longardner, MD

*Katie Longardner graduated from the FSU College of Medicine in 2014.*

Denver





# THE ARTWORK OF JON DELL ELLIOT

The expression “On the Other Hand” has a whole new meaning when it comes to the artist Jon Elliott. He took this saying to new levels, by teaching himself to draw and paint with his non-dominant right hand. This process has evolved over the past twelve years, but began with Jon taping the paintbrush in place. Jon, a student at University of Miami, Ringling School of Art and Design, and a graduate of Pacific Northwest College of Art, has lived for sixteen years in a wheelchair after falling twenty-one feet through a roof onto cement. He spent four months in a coma and sustained partial paralysis of his left side. He has neither walked nor been able to use his left arm since that time. In addition, Jon suffers from double vision, and as a result, he must close his right eye while painting. Jon continues to paint every day. To see more of Jon’s art, search “J.D. Elliot” on Facebook.



**THE VIEWING AUDIENCE**  
Jon Dell Elliot



# Rhea Ramjit

*Rhea Ramjit is a second year medical student at Florida State University.*

Orphanage—Dumay, Haiti (*left and below*)







# Michael J. Muszynski MD, FAAP

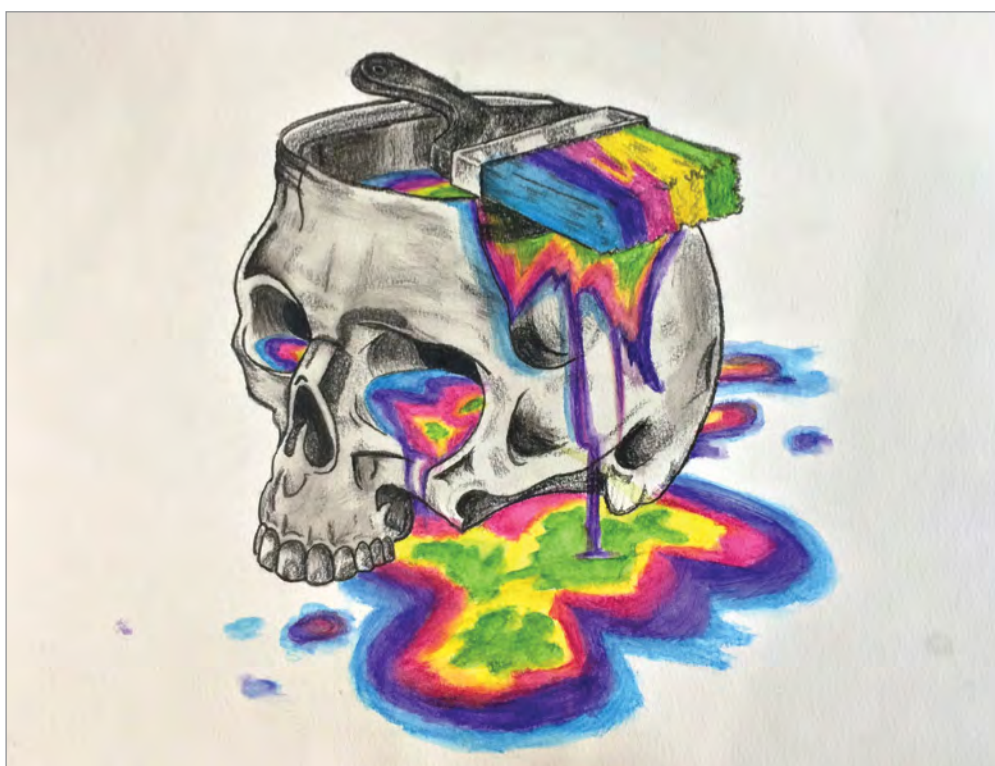
*Michael Muszynski is the Orlando Regional Campus Dean and the Associate Dean for Clinical Research at The Florida State University College of Medicine.*

Impact

# Catalina Zapata

*Catalina Zapata is a second year medical student at Florida State University.*

Medicine is Art; Art is Medicine





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## On the Back Cover

### OM SHANTI

Julia Rebecca Teytelbaum

*Julia R. Teytelbaum is a first year medical student at  
Florida State University. She is from Belleair, FL.*





Julia Rebecca Teytelbaum  
Class of 2018

### HEAL Mission:

*HEAL* stands for Humanism Evolving Through Arts and Literature. Bringing together writing and art from a variety of sources *HEAL* acts as a platform where medical students share their growth and development, where faculty and staff impart their knowledge gained from experience, and where members of the community express how health and healing have impacted their lives. *HEAL* strives to bridge the growing gap between patients and their providers while hoping to produce a meaningful creative outlet to those who participate in the publication of its newsletters and annual literary journal. Students, faculty, staff, and members of the community affiliated with the Florida State University College of Medicine are encouraged to submit their art and literary works.

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