



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

IN THIS ISSUE:

PROSE

Maverick

by Cashana M. Betterly.....1

Otto von Bismarck: The Quick and Melancholic Autobiography of One Demented Bastard

by Rennier A. Martinez.....3

An Observation

by Alyssa Marie Frey..... 5

POETRY

Junus

by Linda Minnock, MD.....7

ARTWORK

Saludos desde Nicaragua

by José E. Rodríguez, MD.....1

Hang on Little Tomato

by Simon James Lopez.....3

Charging Elephant

by Daniel Van Durme, MD.....4

Daydream

by Ashley Morton..... 5

Window Pains

by Danielle Guinan..... 6

Vietnamese Elder

by Daniel Van Durme.....7

Jargon

by Jesse O'Shea..... 8

Fireworks

by Trung Tran, MD..... 8

The Seed

by Karl David Lorenzen.....2

Nariz del Diablo Railroad— Alausí Ecuador

by Janina E. Rojas..... 2

HEAL

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature



SALUDOS DESDE NICARAGUA

José E. Rodríguez, MD
Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health

MAVERICK

Cashana M. Betterly, Class of 2016

I suppose you could say I'm a celebrity around these parts.

People call me the infamous "miracle baby." My mom has posted videos about me and my journey all over the internet. I can't really blame her. It's probably safe to say that most babies aren't born after only spending 23 weeks in their mommy's belly. So, I'll give her that. But if she plans to embarrass me this much during my teen years, we will definitely need an intervention.

I'm also known by many pediatricians around town because of all that I've been through—

because I've managed to live despite my health problems. As it turns out, I probably should have stayed in my mommy's belly a little bit longer. I guess you could call me a rebel, an adventurer. I knew there was an awesome world outside waiting for me and I didn't want to wait any longer. That decision didn't come without some consequences though.

I spent the first five months of my life in the hospital with other babies. I think some of them were rebels like me. It wasn't my favorite place, if I'm being honest. They kept poking me and prodding me all over, and constantly waking me up to run tests. I never really knew

Editors

José E. Rodríguez, MD

Tana Jean Welch, PhD

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

Jodi Slade, MA, CMI

Mark Bauer

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 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.

3RD ANNUAL HEAL COVER ART CONTEST!

See page 9 for entry details.

According to science, I shouldn't be alive right now.

what was going on. After my journey to the outside world, all I wanted to do was rest. And I thought to myself, "If this is what the outside world is like, take me back to where I was before!" Because, hey, at least the weather was much warmer there. But things gradually got better. And I knew they were only trying to help me, to make my adventure a success. The breathing machines, the medicines for all the bugs in my body, the pokes and prods—they all served a purpose. And I'm very thankful for that. You know, I often wonder what ever happened to those other babies. I think some of them took journeys to heaven while I was there. I wasn't ready to take that journey, not yet. Some other babies continued their journey here on earth with me. Maybe I'll run into them one day. If we can recognize each other, that is. Chances are, we'll all look a tad different. After all, I'm two-years-old now. I'm almost an adult!

I'm much healthier now. But the biggest thing that bothers me is probably the way my body moves. I can't move in the way that I'd like to. They call it CP, or something like that. Some fancy name that I can't pronounce. Most kids don't have it, but I do. And sometimes I see the other kids run, play, and swim and I get a little sad. There are days I can't even stretch my arms when I wake up in the morning! It's frustrating, to say the least. The upside is that I go to therapy every week and my legs are getting really strong! I'm standing for longer periods of time now and I get to wear fancy footwear to help my feet get stronger too. Who knows? Maybe one day I'll be able to run around the playground with those other kids. Maybe I'll run even faster than them!

The next thing that can be kind of annoying is the way I breathe. Since I was born so early, my lungs never had a chance to grow in the

way they were supposed to. So I take medicine every day for them. That, coupled with the fact that my swallowing muscles are kind of weak, make for a pretty tricky way of eating. I have this cool little tube inside of my belly that my mom puts white juice into every day. I must say, they've put some of it in my mouth and it's just not that appetizing. I see the other kids with apple juice, orange juice, yogurt...now that's the good stuff. There's a nice lady who's helping me learn how to swallow better and I think she's doing a pretty good job. Pretty soon, I'll be eating those delicious enchiladas that we cook all the time at home.

Oh! That actually leads me to my next point...I don't think I've mentioned the most important part of my adventure yet—my mom. Even though she's 24 now and getting kind of old, she's still the coolest person I know. A lot of kids I know have both a mom and a dad, but she's been raising me all by herself. I think that makes both of us pretty special. My grandma helps take care of me, too, sometimes. She's even older than my mom, which I didn't think was possible, but she is. My mom works hard. She has a job and she goes to school, yet she still manages to cook wonderful food for the family and spend time with me at the end of the day. And that's always my favorite part.

To wrap things up, according to science, I shouldn't be alive right now. But I'm a maverick. I've been through things during my first 2 years of life that most people will never experience in a lifetime. And this fact has pros and cons. But I'm here now and I'm not going anywhere. Despite my health problems, I know my awesome venture out into the world will be worth all the struggles. I don't regret a thing.

And you know what? The weather out here isn't so bad after all.

OTTO VON BISMARCK: THE QUICK AND MELANCHOLIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ONE DEMENTED BASTARD

Rennier A. Martinez, Class of 2015

Barabbas and I were born on the same day on a rainy afternoon on the Ides of November. My first memory of him would be five years later, when, in what I thought was a heroic act by a true friend, he bit my cousin for the simple audacity of taking a beloved wooden toy without my permission. The last time I saw him I was shipping off to the Korean War. No one objected more to my departure than that faithful canine. He died 2 weeks later. My mother said it was from sadness. I'd like to think it was old age. Old age is as good a time as any to die, especially if you miss someone. Now I can't even remember what he looked like.

I have a worn out picture of my parents, back when we still had the farm, and I stare at it for hours on end, expecting, hoping, wishing, to remember more about that small house on that gargantuan mountain in Wisconsin in which Barabbas and I, raced and wrestled and risked countless scoldings from my father. I think it was Wisconsin. I think it was a mountain. It doesn't matter much now; no one lives there anymore.

My parents were German, just like Barabbas and our car. I was German

too—at some point. Now I'm just old and demented. And according to my roommate, what's his face, I seem to be taking too much space. I believe him. I feel like an oddly placed piece of furniture that everyone keeps going around, or bumping into, without ever taking the time to place it in its proper location.

These days memory is in short supply. As a teenager, getting lucky for me meant kissing some full-lipped red-head at the movies. Seven years ago it meant being able to find my car in the parking lot without having to request the aid of the National Guard. Now it means not soiling myself after having too much oatmeal while still remembering to call my nurse to clean me up. My brain used to be filled with plenty of wondrous information: like the name of my priest (always know the name of your priest just in case you decide to start dying unexpectedly and need an expedited extreme unction), or the names of my grandchildren (those are the first recollections to go, on account that they are so many and all look alike), the names of my neighbors (I'm fine with forgetting these since they're bastards most of the time anyway), the names of my pets



HANG ON LITTLE TOMATO
Simon James Lopez, Class of 2018

(not remembering these didn't affect me much, as most animals respond to some form of whistling), and ultimately, my birth name. I was born Otto von Bismarck—no relation to the other Otto von Bismarck. Even during my birth I never cried. My grandmother decided to baptize me expeditiously on my fourth day of life fearing that the reason I was eerily quiet was because I was not interested in this world and would soon depart it. Her prophecy came true—only eight decades later.

About fifteen years ago some young clever doctor told me I was losing my memory. I could have told him that, sans the thousands of dollars' worth of tests, but everyone knows doctors are a bunch of crooks. I had been losing my mind for ten years prior to that anyway and they never noticed. No one did. So, I started taking all kinds of pills, which I didn't really want to take, on account of them being as useful as parachutes in submarines, but it seemed to make my children happy, so I took them.

Things did not get worse for a while. Josephine and I vacationed with friends; visited my kidney doctor; traveled to Maine; visited my heart doctor; saw my granddaughter get married; visited my regular doctor. I deeply dislike visiting doctors. It keeps me up at night. Really! My wife passed away from this or the other as explained by the surgeon that last saw her alive. Doctors focus too much on diseases, so I never really knew. The only thing I know these days is that I miss my wife. Sometimes I forget her name and it breaks my heart.

Now I'm a guest in this new age purgatory with dozens of old demented bastards just like me, trying desperately to die, just like me. These young doctors and nurses put up a good fight, they really do, but they don't realize they are just stalling. We're winning. We'll always win. I just hope I don't take too much longer. I'm getting so old my wife in heaven might start to think I won't make it.



CHARGING ELEPHANT

Daniel Van Durme, MD
Chair, Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health

AN OBSERVATION

Alyssa Marie Frey, Premedical Major

There is a man directly five feet and six inches in front of me. The man has dark hair and kind eyes. In the corners of those kind eyes, the furrows are forming. When he smiles, they manifest. When he frowns, they remain. His constant companions, the furrows are heralds of joy and harbingers of pain.

They are signs of wisdom; wounds accumulated in a time of war and badges of experience forged in fortunate moments. I wonder at what they have seen. How many babes did they welcome into this world? How many souls did they watch depart it?

Perhaps their omniscience should frighten me.

It does not.

Perhaps I should have heeded their ominous foreboding.

I did not.

I catch my reflection in the monitor. I see my own kind eyes and dark hair. I see the bright glow of youth and passion. I do not see the furrows. No badges of wisdom or wounds of experience grace my familiar features.

The furrows reappear as the man removes a small stack of photos from his white coat. He passes them to a woman.

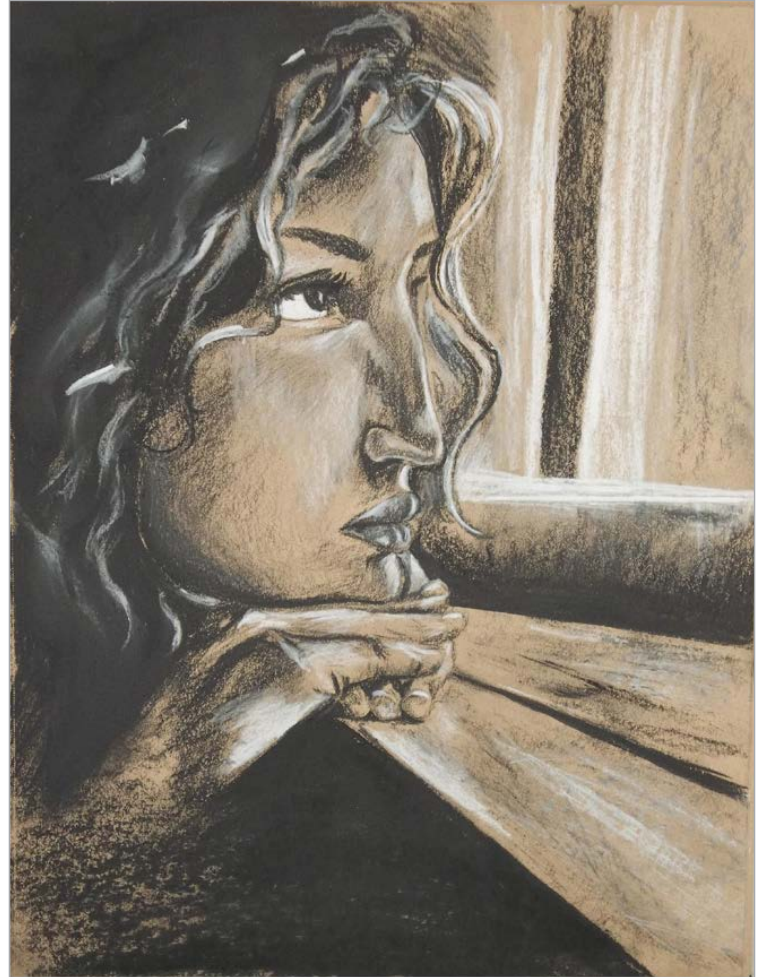
She has the furrows, too. Deep, long lines that cascade down her smooth forehead. They deepen. They seem like canyons sculpted over time with pressure. They have the elegant curves and finish of an old ravine. Time and stress have created a finite wound from a long and strenuous war.

A frail and trembling hand obscures my observation of her life-lines.

A large, kind hand is placed on the frail, trembling shoulders.

The large, kind hand unconsciously shudders with the grief of the body beneath it.

The woman sits on the bed.



DAYDREAM

Ashley Morton, Class of 2017

AN OBSERVATION (CONTINUED)

There is a boy directly six feet and six inches in front of me. There is a boy in the bed. The boy has a still, blank face. There is a frail, trembling hand on the still, blank face. The kind eyes close, and the dark-haired head falls.

The furrows return. The canyons deepen. The face is blank.

The photos are grey. The coat is white.

The face is blank.

The man leaves.

I follow.

There is a piece of paper directly eight feet and six inches in front of me. The piece of paper is pretty. The pretty paper hangs on the wall.

I want a piece of pretty paper.

I want a white coat.

The large, kind hand is on my shoulder.

I see the kind eyes.

I see the furrows.

He turns away.

I think about my observation. I catch my reflection on the glass door.

I see my own kind eyes and dark hair.

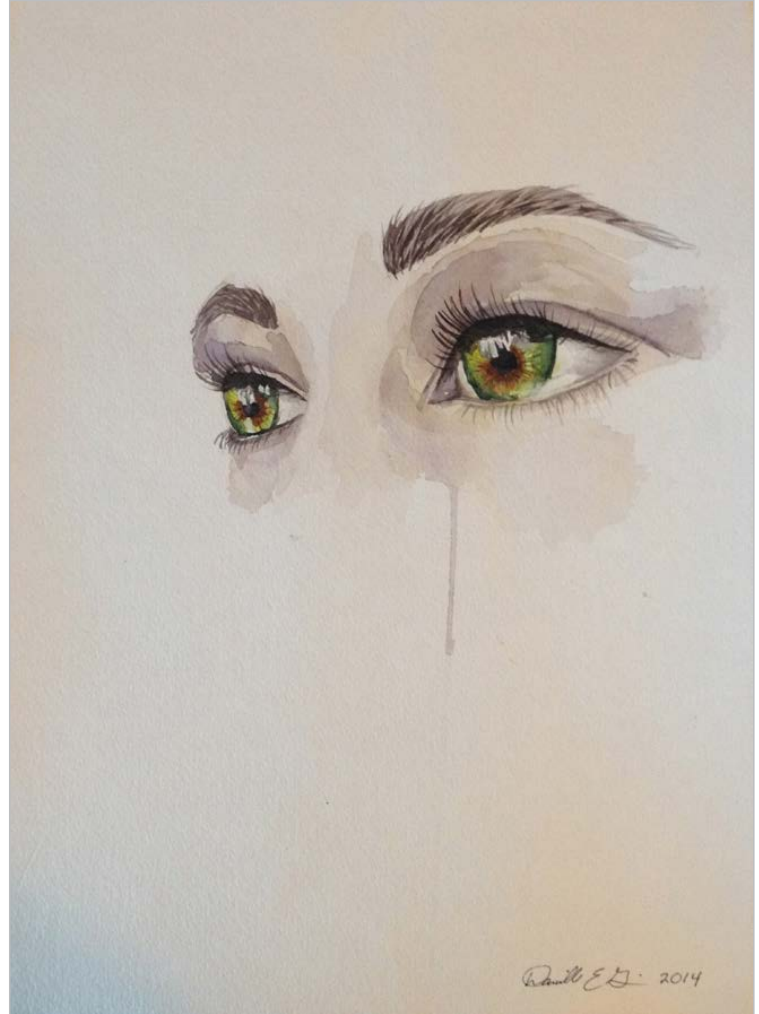
I see the bright glow of youth and passion.

I see the furrows, small and fleeting.

I smile.

The furrows deepen.

What is medicine from an innocent and uneducated view? As a premedical student, it is very hard to get a true glimpse into what medicine is. When I was an observer in the Interventional Radiology Department at Tampa General Hospital this summer, I wrote this in an attempt to see past the jargon and science that I have not had the opportunity to learn yet. I believe I saw the truth of medicine that day. —Alyssa Marie Frey



WINDOW PAINS

Danielle Guinan, Class of 2017

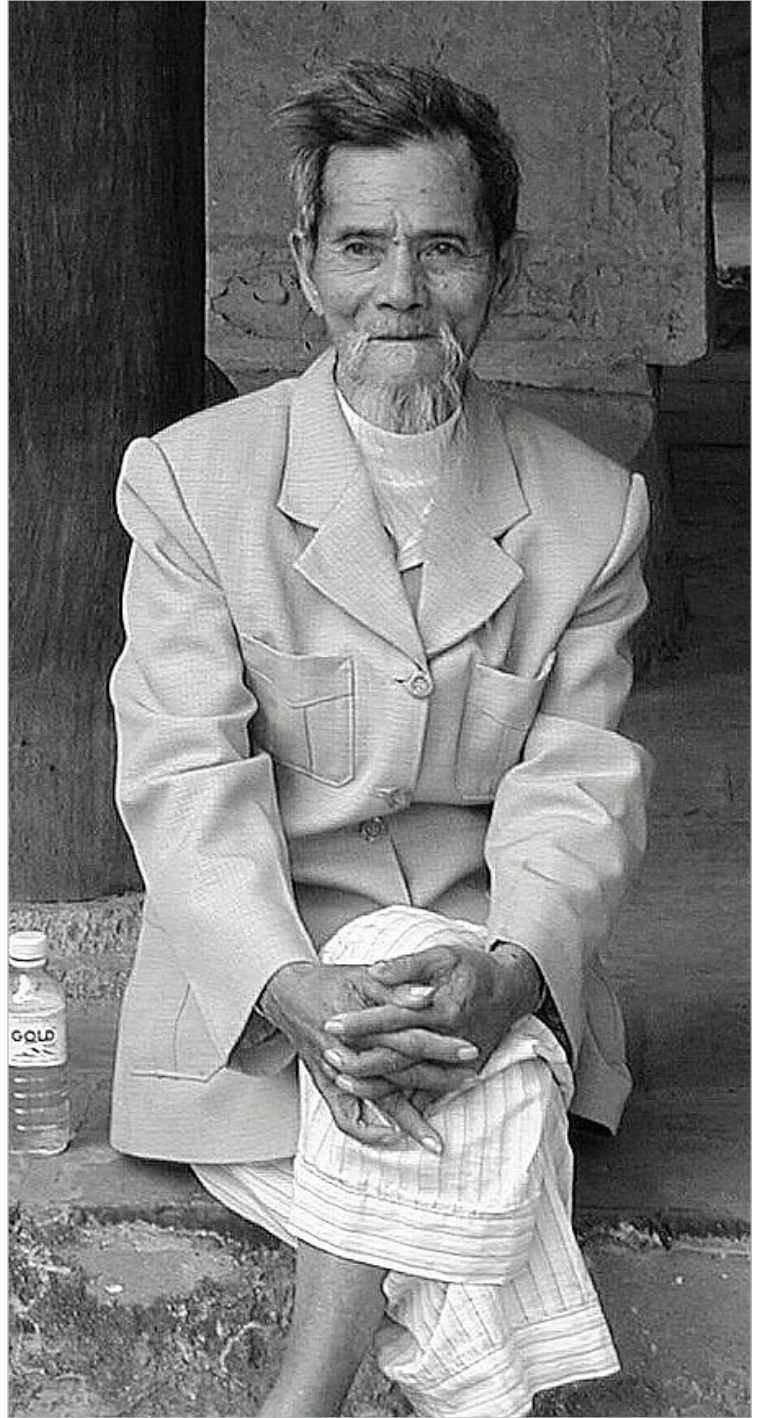
JUNUS

Linda Minnock, MD, Clinical Learning Center

The icy blue day Junus turned ninety he dressed
in his one blue suit and rode the city bus
to clinic where he took up his same seat
front and center to the nurse's station.

Fourteen times in as many weeks
with a moving but unnamed pain
in his mouth, his throat or ear.
Our masked faces and cold steel probed
to cries of "Please doctor please STOP!"
And stop we did.
But back and back and back he came,
always polite, always "Thank you, Doctor,"
with a nod and handshake each time.

In that long life he had known waiting and pain,
the two often together.
He knew this doctor was his last hope
and he did his level best to help
but finally Junus came back no more.
He no longer sits straight-backed
waiting his turn to be seen
yet his dignity and grace remain.



VIETNAMESE ELDER

Daniel Van Durme, MD

Chair, Department of Family Medicine and Rural Health





THE SEED

Karl David Lorenzen



NARIZ DEL DIABLO RAILROAD— ALAUSÍ ECUADOR

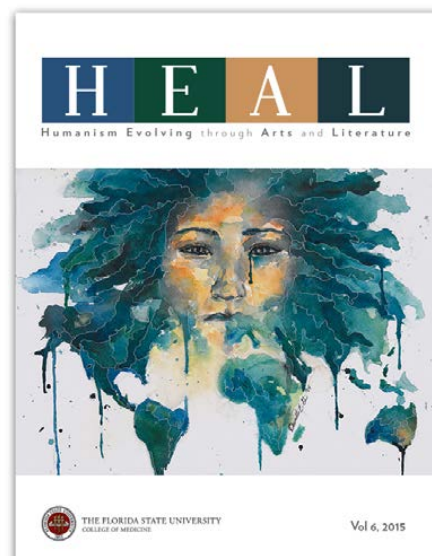
Janina E. Rojas, Class of 2017

3RD ANNUAL HEAL COVER ART CONTEST

Runs until November 20th, 2015

Enter for a chance to have your original artwork selected for the upcoming HEAL Annual Journal cover coming out in Spring 2016! Submit your original artwork or photography by November 20th, 2015.

For submission guidelines and to enter, visit <http://journals.fcla.edu/heal/announcement>



*Last year's
winning cover
design on
HEAL Vol 6.
Artwork by
Danielle
Guinan, Class
of 2017*