



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

## The HEAL Mission

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

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

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# Heal

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature



Lauren

Desiree Sant

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## Ma

Ryan 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

## Editors:

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

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## Submit to HEAL

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## Coming Match Day: HEAL Vol 6!



HEAL Winter 2015



*No One Knows*

**Danielle Guinan, Class of 2017**

## Anatomical

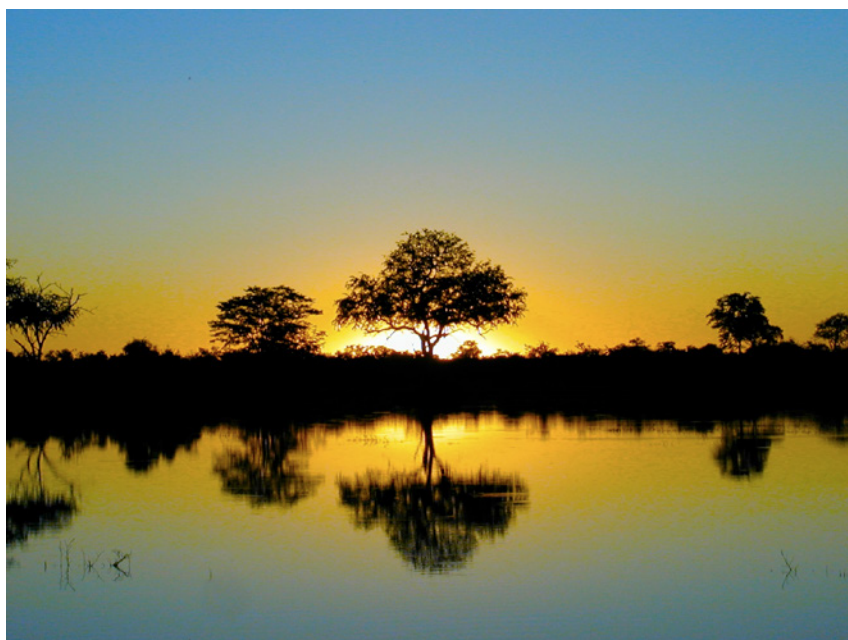
*Cristina Denise Go, Class of 2018*

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 coelacanths  
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





*Long-nosed Horned Frog*  
**Stephanie Tran, Class of 2018**



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



*Dandelion Wish*  
**Trung Tran, Class of 2014**

# 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. Three FSU College of Law students—Wei Li, Christie Arnold, and Kirsten Marie Grice—reflect on their experiences providing legal assistance at the community health center in Immokalee.

## 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 first 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.



# 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?



*Mr. Sun; Flamingo*

**Lisa Gardner**

**Program Coordinator,  
Department of Family Medicine  
and Rural Health**



*Lemoncello*

**Joshua Greenstein, Class of 2015**

# 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.



*Portrait*  
**Tyler Wellman, Class of 2017**





*HEAL*  
**Danielle Guinan, Class of 2017**



*A Dog and His Boy*  
**Rhonda Collins**  
Assistant Director, Department of Clinical Sciences



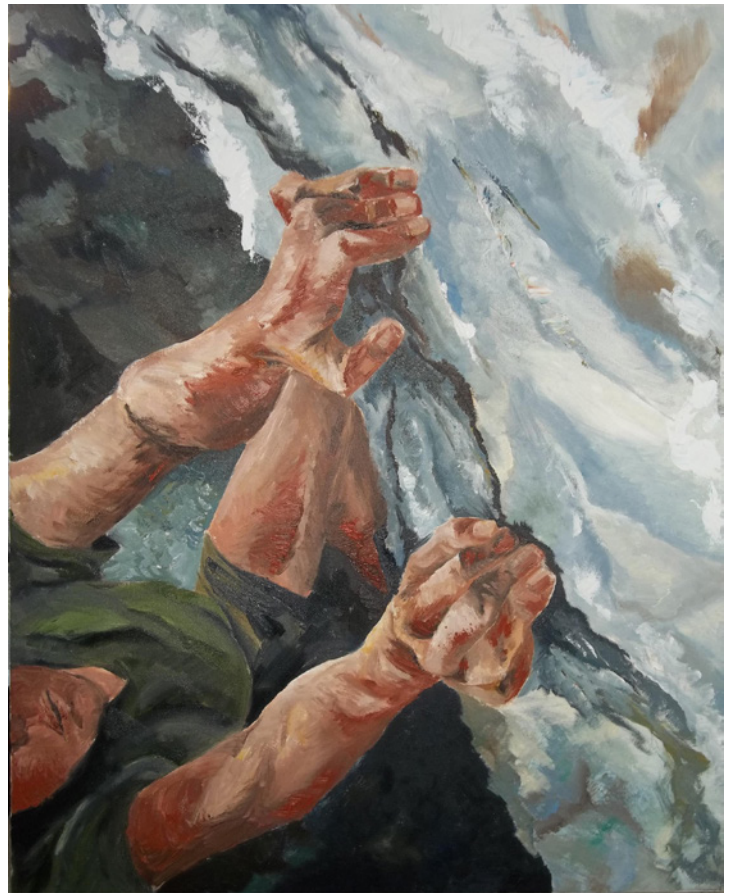
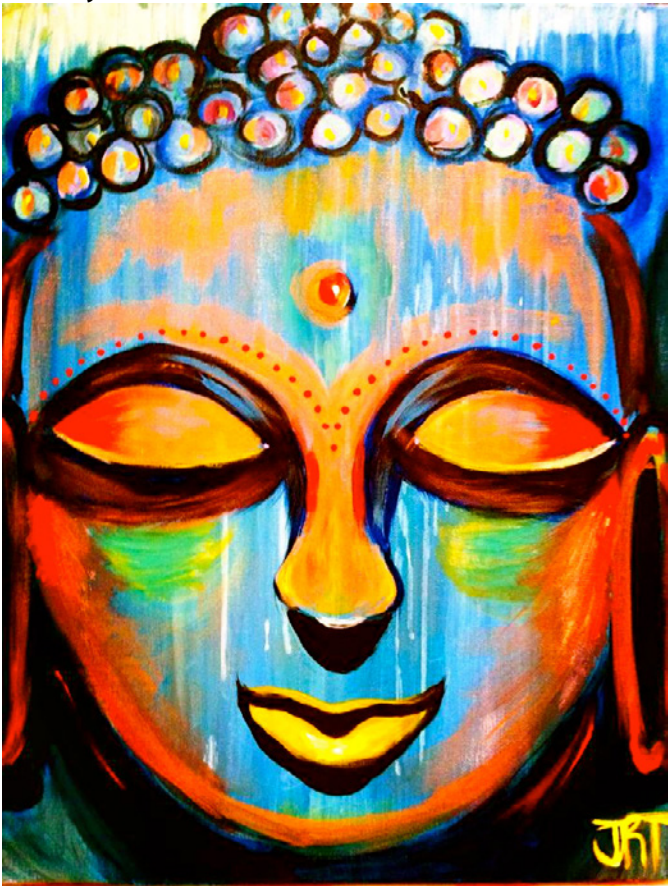
*Dew Drops*  
**Kevin Yan, Class of 2015**





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Caitlin M. Hare

*Om Shanti*  
Julia Teytelbaum, Class of 2018



*Next Rock*  
Ashley Morton, Class of 2017

*Silver Lining*  
Jesse O'Shea, Class of 2015







*Glass Rainbows*  
**Tiffany McNabb**



*Impact*  
**Michael Muszynski, MD, FAAP**



*Serenity*  
**Zachary Field, Class of 2018**



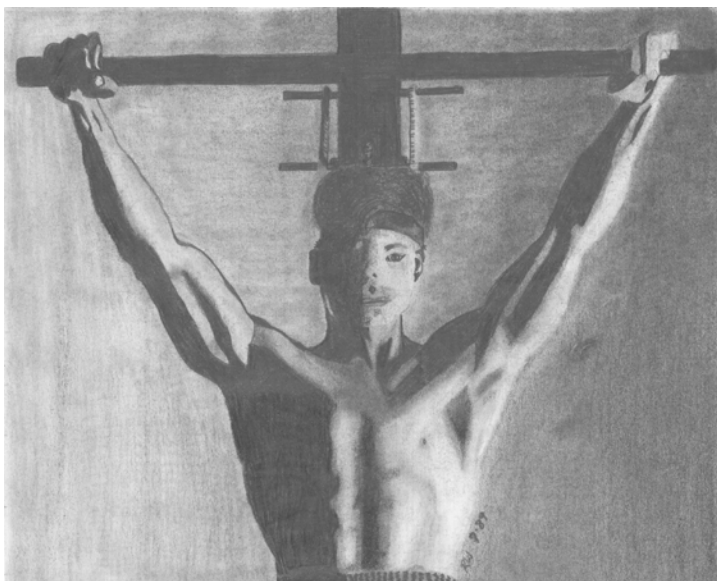


*Wishing for Spring*  
**Lisa Gardner**



*Patterns*  
**Anne Maruszak**

*Repetition, repetition, repetition*  
**Rhonda Collins**



*Medicine is Art; Art is Medicine*  
**Catalina Zapata, Class of 2017**





# The Artwork of Jon Dell Elliot



*The Viewing Audience*

**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.