Inside this issue:

- **Tears**
  Sharon Winters, M.D.
  - Tears - salty, irritation, flowing, cleansing
  - Associated with Weeping, sorrow, grief.
  - A broken heart, a prophetic knowledge.
  - Falling Tears - destruction, rejection.
  - Tears of empathy, of sympathy, of compassion
  - Tears - self-centered or God-centered.
  - Tears - caring, loving, devotion
  - Tears - loss, suffering, rebellion
  - Tears - move us towards action:
    - hope, satisfaction, restoration
    - Rejoice!

- **Empathirises**
  Monica Chatwal

- **Love**
  Carol Warren

- **How Do I Love Thee**
  Jimmy Moss, M.D.

- **Photographs**
  Eva Bellon
  - 2-3

- **True Love**
  Angela Green

- **Fire On the Beach**
  Eric Heppner

- **Sculptures**
  Camilo Fernandez-Salvador
  - 4-6

- **Comfort**
  Eva Bellon

- **On Earthly Adventures**
  Sharon Winters, M.D.

- **Rosa Parks**
  Samuel Williams
  - 6

- **Chances and Changes**
  Katie Relihan
  - 6

**Editors:**
Katie Love
Ann Sheddan
Alicia Evans
Eva Bellon
Meredith McDonough
José E. Rodriguez, M.D.
Benjamin Kaplan, M.D.

Florida State University
College of Medicine
1115 West Call Street
Tallahassee, FL 32306

**HEAL**
February 2011

**TEARS**
Sharon Winters, M.D.

Tears - salty, irritation, flowing, cleansing

Associated with Weeping, sorrow, grief.
- A broken heart, a prophetic knowledge.
- Falling Tears - destruction, rejection.
- Tears of empathy, of sympathy, of compassion
- Tears - self-centered or God-centered.
- Tears - caring, loving, devotion
- Tears - loss, suffering, rebellion
- Tears - move us towards action:
  - hope, satisfaction, restoration
  - Rejoice!

**Empathirises**
Colored Pencil
Monica Chatwal, Class of 2013

**Love**
Carol Warren,
Circulations

Love is a connection---------between two people
- Silver cord shimmering with heart fire
- Lighting the dark of a life alone

**Two souls entwined**
Making one heart
Promising peace and joy

- Come to me with your love
- Tie my heart to yours
- Fill me with light
- For you
- Glow
how do i love thee?...
allow me to count the ways,
one......... two........ three
hundred and sixty-five days
i sit adjacent from my thoughts.
thoughts of you and i
sitting closer, in love....
so i can trace it when we walk
i got...
places for us to talk,
if you feel like conversating.
and even though "conversate"
is not a word...
when i'm with you,
that's all i hear: not a word,
just silence.
and possibly the sound of
me tapping on your door,
bringing you.... the
bluest of violets...
and the reddest of roses,
with cards attached that say
just how much i love you
because how i love you
is brilliant...
and without reasoning,
or excuses....
it just happens.
a sudden occurrence, like...
listening to soft music,
on the calmest of evenings,
and just clapping...
no words,
no................. significant
gestures, just us both
being involved...
trying to appreciate our true value.
us.... investing time into
each other.... until what we have
appreciates, and accrues value
and interests-
my.... interests.... are compounded,
when i put my interests
in you.
and this is more than me
telling sky and moon
how much i love you.... this is
me, submerging all my affection,
and sensible senses
in you.

i'm so convinced that what we have
is lovely...
that i've filled out our
census, then moved
all unguided emotions
towards directions
opposite of our divinity.
this.... idea, poetic fragment,
scattered throughout time
and a motionless infinity...
has become affiliated with my all;
so, i give you my life---
all things peaceful,
and all that's left....
all that's me, and
all that's configured within
the confines of all my depth-
because how i love you,
is beyond numbers...
outside of time.... and far
from breath.
thus... even when this life....
escapes our paths.... i shall but
love you better...
after death.

---

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature

“how do I love thee?...”
(Inspired by love and the 43rd Sonnet of Elizabeth Browning)

Jimmy Moss, M.D.

Photograph by Eva Bellon, Class of 2013
Dear Lover….
I apologize for neglecting to tell you that you are the inspiration behind the sun rise each morning
Gently encouraging it to set sweetly at night
Leaving for me a trail of hues to illuminate my path back to you
It seems this seed of love has grown slowly
Carefully
Contemplating which season to blossom
Only to retreat again into the solitude of the soil’s womb
Leaving fragrant petals for us to cherish until it blooms again
Our passive encounters of divine origins
Led us blindly down two pebble trails that merged into one path
We named it Love
In honor of those who blazed the trail before
Bequeathing clues secretly hidden beneath each pebble
Encircling our names into the barks of trees
My hand guided by yours
It seems….

That again I neglected to tell you that your touch excites my heart to beat
Faster then slower
Simultaneously
I withdraw instinctively
But you patiently guide your fingers through mine
Drawing me near
Eyes interlocked…all doubts disappear
I forget to breathe
You inflate my lungs for me
As we float down this path that many have partaken
Declaring our destiny
Etching our names into history
As two people who unknowingly
Ascended into the land of purity
Choosing to live amongst the stars with those
Who were blessed to find true love

Photography by Eva Bellon, Class of 2013
Fire on the Beach
Eric Heppner, Class of 2014

How you relight this fire of mine
from long dead ashes in a pit of sand.
The darkness gone in a conflagration divine,
when thoughts of you that defy command.
This beacon light guides ships to harbor
and draws home part of me long lost.
This fire to me is the stone marker
of when life became worth its cost.
The flames dance to the unheard song.
The ember recites an ancient verse.
With perfect tongue I would not sing along
but let flame weave its heavenly curse.
We sit by this fire and stare at the sea,
And just for this moment endure eternity.

Feathers
Camilo Fernandez-Salvador, Class of 2014
So if we have a desire to climb a mountain or sail a sea and we give up our home and family and friends to pursue our adventure saying to ourselves, “If I don’t go now, I may never go and I want to go,” what is the action to us. For if we believe in the resurrection and in eternity, then it doesn’t matter if we go now or not for it will be there for us to do or it will not be important to do; and if we don’t believe in the resurrection, then whether we do it or not, we will die and it won’t matter then if dead is dead.....And if we don’t believe in the resurrection, then why are we here on earth. If we are only here by chance, then nothing matters, not us or those we “love,” or those we hate or the things we have unless we believe that because we are here by chance, we should make the most of the pleasures we find in our treasures, as we can take none with us when we die. So, grace and peace to us who believe. And faith, hope and love are our past, present and future.
Rosa Parks
Samuel Williams

The year was December 1st 1955
And the south was divided by segregation
The civil rights movement was very much alive
And it was in need of some vigorous stimulation

The momentous event occurred in Montgomery Alabama
And no one could imagine its true magnitude
Of one little lady who was caught up in a system
That was both wicked and rude

Rosa parks was as tired as tired can be
She was hurting from her head to her feet
Yet she would change our nation's history
For refusing to give up her bus seat

For refusing she was put in a cell
Fingerprinted and put in jail
Still those who gathered to pay her bail
Knew she had rung the right alarm bell

Rosa parks didn't want confrontation
All she wanted was some old fashioned respect
But when she got the nation's attention
She stood firm and stuck out her neck

The civil rights movement would last much longer
But Rosa's stance helped broaden the fight
Thanks to one little tired lady
Who sat down because she knew she was right.

Hey Daddo,
I just talked to you yesterday
...you said I love you Katez
...you said you were going to get two stents placed today
...you said there were not going to be any complications
...you said you would be done by 10 AM and would not have to stay
...you said you would quit smoking and change your ways
Now
...I am looking at you
...I am asking myself why
...I am wondering if you will be there in the future, will you be there next week or even tomorrow
...I detest you for telling Mom, Michael and I to let you die
You are undergoing quadruple bypass surgery at 59, oxygen saturation of 93%, and ejection fraction of 37%
...what am I to think if not the worst?
...you made it out of surgery and are in a medical coma
...you don’t look the way I remember you one bit
...you should have quit smoking earlier, you should have changed, it is all your fault
Why?
...am I crying
...am I this upset
...am I this angry
...can I not keep myself together
...am I so glad you are still alive and I can see your smile
...do medical miracles happen
...did I forget to say I love you and thanks for being my Daddo before you went in for surgery?
Did I tell you how much I love you and wanted to thank you for being in my life?

Chances and Changes
Katie Relihan, Class of 2013

How to Submit to HEAL
Interested in adding your art, photography, writing, poem, or other artistic expression to this collaboration?

EMAIL
Katie Love: kml10e@med.fsu.edu
Eva Bellon: ejb04d@med.fsu.edu
Dr. José Rodriguez: jose.rodriguez@med.fsu.edu

Please note, pieces selected for the HEAL newsletter may be reprinted in our annual book publication. Revision of artistic works to fill space allotment are at the discretion of the editorial staff.