



HEAL

Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature

The HEAL Mission

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

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

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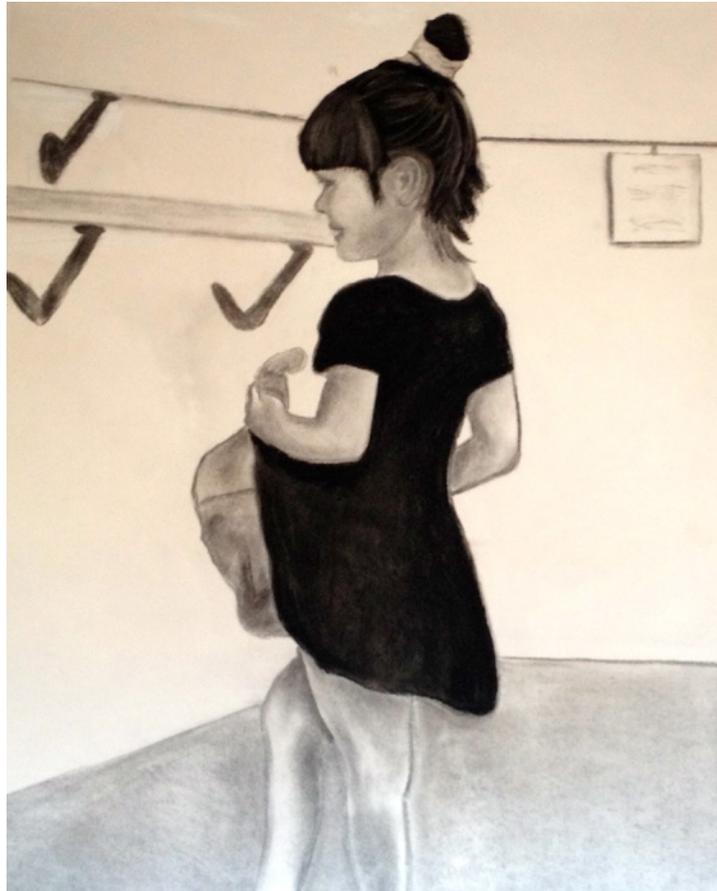
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Ma

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

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Coming Match Day: HEAL Vol 6!



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 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



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

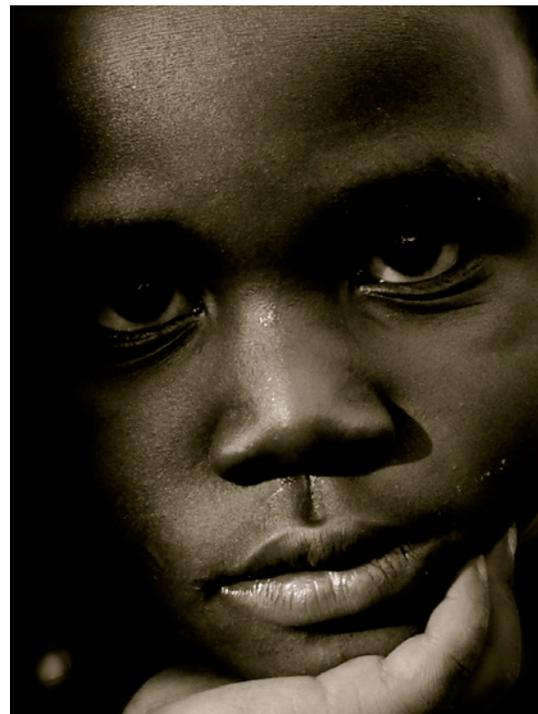
The week before we left for Immokalee, all I can remember is stress. Stress about outlining. Stress about brief writing. Stress about trying to make moot court or law review. I was exhausted, burnt out, and living solely in my own selfish, law school bubble. I started law school because I wanted to make 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



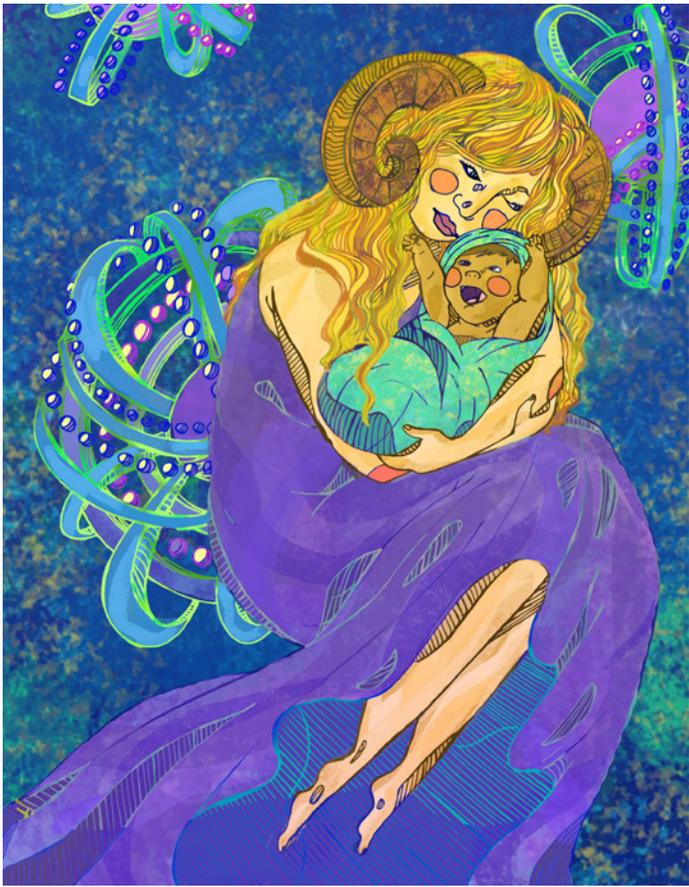
HEAL
Danielle Guinan, Class of 2017



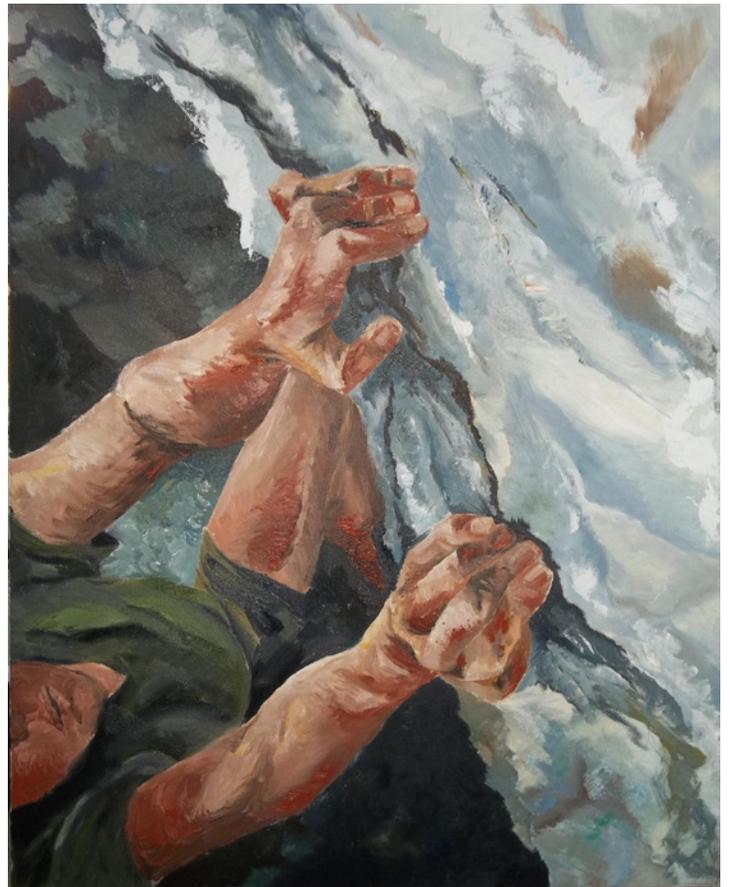
A Dog and His Boy
Rhonda Collins
Assistant Director, Department of Clinical Sciences



Dew Drops
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Silver Lining

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Glass Rainbows
Tiffany McNabb



Impact
Michael Muszynski, MD, FAAP



Serenity
Zachary Field, Class of 2018



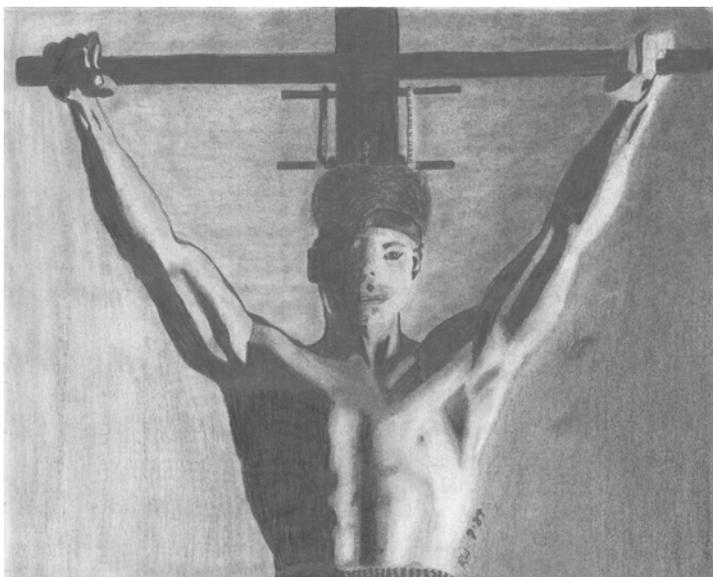
Wishing for Spring
Lisa Gardner



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.