

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



HEAL

October Newsletter

Humanism
Evolving through
Arts and
Literature

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Editors:

Katie Love
Eva Bellon
Ann Sheddan
Alicia Evans
Kim Hoang
Lisa Cunningham
José E Rodríguez MD
Benjamin Kaplan MD, MPH



Here
Sarah Mike MPH,
Class of 2012

Photograph by
Alex Barabas,
Class of 2014

6 am sun shines orange on the cotton fields. This town sleeps as I drive toward destiny, as I make one last trip to the middle of nowhere to hone my skills on life's grindstone.

Here among this tall grass, these barefooted children, the slow as molasses home town life, I am found.

Tears are falling and I am barely breathing while I realize what I am and how perfectly I fit into this space that was carved for me.

Here among the thorns of disbelief my fate has found me, and oh the joy of my one true calling.

Coloring Outside the Lines

Andrew Calzadilla, Class of 2013



I am not a good painter. Never have been, never will. I was the kid in the third grade that made a C in art. It wasn't just that I couldn't draw or didn't have talent. I was even having problems with simple tasks such as staying in the lines and realizing that green doesn't match with purple. It was comical how bad my artwork was. My family had a tradition of putting up important or interesting facts on the refrigerator. In an act of boldness, I placed one of my "drawings" from art class on the refrigerator. The image stayed up for one evening but was mysteriously removed. I hadn't even made it up on the fridge of my own house!

Fast forward to the summer of 2010.

I was faced with a challenge. I was in the midst of a Medical Mission trip to Ecuador with my medical school. Thus far the trip had been a great success. I was practicing my broken Spanish with moderate success. The food was cheap plus we were learning a lot about the culture and the health care. We ventured far from the metropolis that is Quito into one of the most rustic areas of the country called Santo Domingo. It was here that I was faced with the request of painting a mural for the students of the Julio Jaramillo School. I hadn't actually drawn or painted anything since grade school, and

even those paintings were not anything to write home about. But, I knew that this was something that was going to be worthwhile and memorable. Instead of taking on this event as only a medical school student/American Yankee project, we felt we should incorporate the students of the school. At first only a handful of younger students were out helping us draw and paint. By the end of the afternoon, we had about thirty students outside assisting and placing their hand prints on the wall. It gave the painting a unique wholeness that would not have been there had we, the medical students painted alone. Everyone served a purpose. Some people mixed paint well, some drew well from pictures. Some students only provided height and the ability to paint the highest point on the wall. But we all worked together, even with a language barrier, to make a wonderful painting that should last for years and years. I had to overcome my personal battles with art class and realized why we took those classes as students. It's not the quality of the art that is important. What's important are the emotions the art evokes in the viewer. And the smiles on the children's faces were enough to tell me that I had finally earned my A in art class. Well maybe an A minus, but who's counting?



FSU COM Mural in Ecuador

Lucky

Anonymous



Lucky for you this poetry is therapeutic,
Like classical music.
It calms the soul, slows the rage,
Sharpens the senses
That you've made dull
Digging deep into my soul.
Displaced and broken pieces
Shattered remnants of happy memories.
Too small to reunite,
To jagged to hold.

Lucky for you these words flow freely
And cool my soul like Hawaiian breezes.
Poetry, I need it!
It's my seduction during a dry spell.
Water for raging fires
It quenches my thirst.
And when I'm tired
It rocks me to sleep.



Brings me peace and demands loyalty.
Reigns supreme above conversation
Wielding a sword through my anger,
And keeps you safe from physical danger.

Lucky for you, I don't verbally spew these ven-
omous words
Letting you know just how disgusted I am with
your existence.
Distance...Is really what we need.
These words are my AK and I tote them every-
day.
Fully loaded.
Explosive.
More powerful than dynamite.
So try me again and I might
Verbally unleash this hideous beast.
More poisonous than a snake.
Rocking harder than an earthquake.
Lucky for you,
I chose poetry.



Photography by José E Rodríguez MD

Photography by Christopher Leadem Ph.D.

Understanding

Eric Heppner
Class of 2014

Sweet Sophia, Wisdom's daughter,
sometimes stays with me.
And I can stand, a man complete,
in her pleasant company.
Yet, she is as capricious
as the water in the sea
And wont to let me wander
In Lethe's agony.



Making a Difference

HEAL asked the faculty at the FSUCOM to give their thoughts on making a difference. An overwhelming number of responses were received as evidence of the passion our faculty have for making a difference. A few of the responses are highlighted here, the book will contain those that space constraints did not allow.



Making a difference:

“Is having the ability to significantly improve someone’s quality of life by utilizing your God given talents and refining them through your diligence and compassion.”

Edward J Rossario, M.D.

“Is standing by my patients as their advocate in a world of confusing and sometimes contradictory health choices.”

Martin Derrrow, M.D.

“Does not come just from doing your job well. It comes from extraordinary effort to care for others and to care about them. At the end of the day, you can reflect that a small part of the world is a better place because of how you gave of yourself.

Alan Forbes, MD, Ph.D.

“Is seeing a smile replace tears, seeing hope in eyes that were filled with despair, seeing peace where there was frustration and pain.”

Ruth Dyal, M.D.

“Is spending a few extra minutes with a patient to listen to their story. The dialogue may be unnecessary for their care, but it is huge in building trust and rapport.”

Deanna Springer, M.D.

“Is preparing others to carry on, once I am gone.”

Elena Reyes, Ph.D.

Photography by
Michael Dender,
Class of 2014



A Letter of Gratitude

Saritha Tirumalasetty,
Class of 2015



Dear Donor,

When first meeting you that Friday on the 4th of June, our unit had no idea what this summer had in store. While slowly removing the blanket to reveal your features, you reminded many of us of those close to us. Then the realness of the situation hit. In your selflessness, you willingly donated yourself to the education of future generations. And for your contribution, we are truly grateful.

We thank you for teaching us. You can rest assured that we definitely learned a lot this summer. But apart from anatomy, you gave us so much more. You helped us meet our first friends and bond with classmates. You promoted our group discussion and team work. And, in some ways, you helped us overcome fears; fears of dissecting the body, of learning overwhelming knowledge, and of being wrong. Our team has grown in intellect and heart. And for that growth, we thank you.

Sincerely,

Your Unit 1 Dissection Group

Photography by
Michael Dender,
Class of 2014



To Submit to HEAL email:

Katie Love: kml10e@med.fsu.edu

Eva Bellon: ejb04d@med.fsu.edu

Dr. Jose Rodriguez: jose.rodriquez@med.fsu.edu

Thank you and we look forward to your
excellent submissions.