

Fall 2022

## Volume 6

Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/bestill>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Fine Arts Commons](#), [Medical Humanities Commons](#), and the [Photography Commons](#)

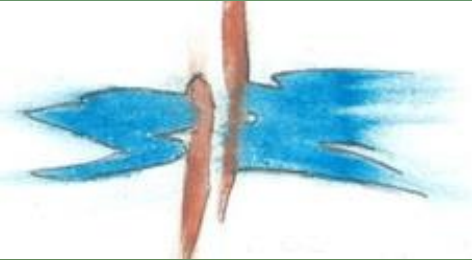
---

### Recommended Citation

Nova Southeastern University (2022) "Volume 6," *be Still*: Vol. 6, Article 1.

Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/bestill/vol6/iss1/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the College of Osteopathic Medicine at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in *be Still* by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).



be Still

— a Journal of the Medical Humanities —

**CONFLICT**

Vol. 6, 2022 , Fall 2022

Webster defines chaos as “an utter state of confusion”. There is a secondary definition of chaos, however, that sees chaos as “the formless matter supposed to have existed before the creation of the universe.” If one accepts chaos as the matter that was always there - before it formed into life as we know it - then one must recognize that chaos is the fodder of opportunity.

In this edition of “*be Still*” it is not hard to recognize how the unknown, the unformed, the chaos can always be the harbinger of something special. In my article contained herein about working ground zero on 9-11, there was probably no greater chaos in our recent American history than 9-11; however, on that day, I led a team of health care providers who came together and found order amidst the smoke and the fires and the chaos, and began the course back to healing and the hope of things meant to be.

Embrace chaos. It is the precursor to something special that is about to happen. It is movement of the universe.

INTRODUCTION FROM THE DEAN

ELAINE M. WALLACE, D.O., M.S.,M.S.,M.S.,M.S.

PROFESSOR, NEUROMUSCULOSKELETAL MEDICINE, SPORTS MEDICINE

*Conflict offers immense opportunities for understanding—ourselves and others. Consider that there is often a “silver lining” that appears after the storm, although in the heat of the moment, we may lose heart.*

*When we are open to the possibility to learn from another’s point of view and lived experience, we often discover that we can be purposely and positively changed.*

*This issue explores the philosophies of conflict/chaos through art, poetry, and prose.*

# CONFLICT/CHAOS

*FROM THE EDITOR,  
DR. JANET ROSEMAN-HALSBAND*

Three white diagonal lines of varying lengths and slopes are positioned on the right side of the page, extending from the middle towards the bottom right corner.

On the morning of September 11, I had just attended a lecture on osteopathic treatment techniques and was making my way to the Journal Club in the Health Professions Division cafeteria. As I pulled open the cafeteria doors, my heart immediately sank. Huddled around the television were over 100 students. Instantly, I knew something seriously tragic had happened even before I saw the screen. Only once before in my academic career had I seen this type of student gathering—on the day the space shuttle Challenger exploded in 1986.

I soon learned that two planes had crashed into the twin towers of the World Trade Center. I watched along with my colleagues and students, mesmerized as CNN broadcast the surreal footage over and over, and was stunned with horror as the mighty towers fell. Like many Americans, I called home immediately, needing to assure myself that my loved ones were safe, especially my parents, who live within 15 miles of the tragedy. Within the hour, TV commentators reported that a third plane had crashed into Camp David, which is located approximately 30 miles from my farm in Maryland. It was clear to me that I needed to be there with my loved ones, in the land of my roots.

# HELL ON EARTH: A TRIP TO GROUND ZERO

**AUTHOR:** *DEAN ELAINE WALLACE*, D.O., M.S., M.S., M.S.

*M.S.,*

Within minutes, I had rescheduled my patients and was in my car driving homeward with \$28 and a credit card in my scrubs pocket. I did not even take the time to go to my Florida home to change. I drove all afternoon and evening and into the next day. Listening to the car radio, I was able to judge the seriousness of the tragedy when not once through the entire evening was any news story on any channel repeated. As I drove through Georgia, I learned the report of the Camp David bombing was false and that it was the Pentagon that had been hit. This report offered no solace, as the Pentagon is 30 miles in the opposite direction from my Maryland home.

Throughout the night, people I encountered at gas stations and restaurants moved about their jobs in a stunned, perfunctory silence with eyes and ears glued to televisions and radios. These were the movements of people in shock; I had seen them before. It was not until the next morning, somewhere along the North Carolina border, that people began to register the significance of the tragedy. I started hearing words of anger and grief, and American flags began to wave across the countryside. Seventeen hours after I began my journey, there was a particularly deep comfort I felt as I rolled into the hills of Appalachia. It was a profound relief to my heart to see for myself that my loved ones were indeed safe.

By Friday, I was driving toward New Jersey to check on my parents. I had driven that familiar stretch of road, from shore to Route 3, many times during my youth. All New Jerseyans know that outside of Newark, across from Manhattan, smoke stacks of manufacturing companies dot the landscape. They are almost an industrially comforting sight, but this time my stomach dropped as I realized that these were not the familiar smoke clouds of industry. This time the billows were New York itself on fire. My family was at church when I arrived, praying just as so many Americans were nationwide. But by that evening I was able to assure myself that they, too, were safe and that those closest to my heart had been spared.

As the weekend approached, my attention turned to the Big Apple. I had grown up in the shadow of the New York skyline, and like so many, I had a compulsion to help in some way—any way. Mayor Rudolph Giuliani was asking volunteers to stay at home, and all physician hotlines to New York City pleaded the same. Nonetheless, I made my way into the city, overwhelmed by my need to help. For two days, I stood in long lines to fill out forms to volunteer my services. I learned that the lists of health care volunteers were seven pages long, and each day, accompanied by words of gratitude, I was graciously turned away.

Unable to assist, my parents and I made our way to Canal Street in lower Manhattan to see the devastation for ourselves. We walked past rows of ambulances and dump trucks ready to be called into action. We passed cars covered with ash and buildings and windows and facades blown away. We walked past corners plastered with posters of the faces of the missing and children's notes of thanks to the rescuers. We passed women weeping on street corners, and we cheered along with other concerned spectators as rescuers and firemen returned to safe ground. We stood transfixed as the fires flared up from the buildings of Ground Zero and watched as streams of water poured onto that seven-story wreckage of steel and steam, morbidly glistening like a modern American work of art in the morning sun. We were close enough to feel the heat.





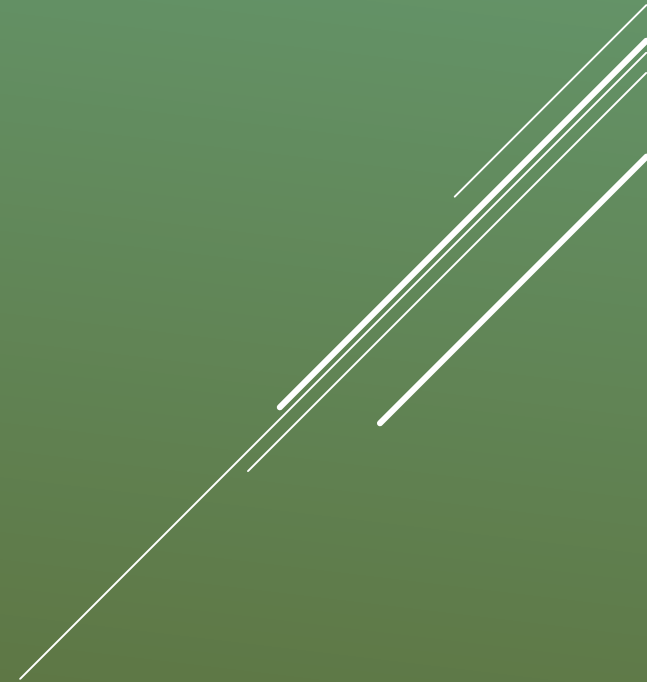
On Monday morning, I returned to New York before sunrise and managed to be placed in charge of a medical aide unit, jumping the long lists of other physician volunteers, simply because I was there and was persistent. Throughout the morning, I tended to rescuers and firemen who were returning from Ground Zero. My assigned paramedic and I washed the irritated eyes of firemen, tended to crush injuries of workers, set broken fingers, and coated the second-degree burns of firemen who immediately donned their work gloves and returned to Ground Zero. We also provided counsel and comfort along the way as the men and women of FEMA, the FBI, the EPA, the National Guard, and the NYPD—accompanied by their bomb-sniffing dogs—all did their own jobs around us. Just beyond the police barricade, a new line of volunteers stretched down the street and snaked around the block.

By midafternoon, a disaster coordinator informed the crew I was working with what we would be the next group to go to Ground Zero. We were instructed to watch for the white bus with American flags on it that would transport us to the site. We all began to prepare. The firefighters pulled on their fire suits. I donned my boots and kneepads. I tied tape and scissors to my belt loops and filled my fanny pack with medical supplies. I fitted my hard hat, and replaced the organic filters of my respirator with asbestos ones. However, it was at the moment when I watched myself writing my social security number on my forearm with a magic marker that the personal enormity of the situation hit me. This was a war zone, and I was in the midst of it.

And so into the hot afternoon we waited, this volunteer crew comprising myself, a nurse from Massachusetts, a paramedic from Virginia and one from upstate New York, as well as firefighters from New Jersey, Sacramento, Chicago, West Virginia and Canada. As the New York sun beat down unmercifully, I prepared myself for what I might see at Ground Zero, taking on the “doctor demeanor” that all ER physicians know well. I said a prayer of thanks for parents who had raised me to understand service, and the unity of family that had pulled me home without a second's hesitation. I gave thanks for the profession that taught me the skills to be where I was. I was thankful for the colleagues and students I work with every day who daily prepare themselves for similar lives of service. I thanked God for my gifts, for protecting those I loved, and for the great nation I was privileged to live in.

We never did get to Ground Zero that day. Later that afternoon, a policeman returning from the scene came to tell us that no additional volunteers were likely to be called into service, due to the increasing number of rats at Ground Zero that had begun to eat at the wreckage and bite the volunteers. By sunset, we had disrobed and disbanded. We said our good-byes with heartfelt embraces, understanding we would not likely ever see one another again, and in some way hoping that was indeed true.

We knew we had not had the opportunity to lift the buckets of debris and the girders of steel or the burning fragments of concrete. But we went away knowing we had perhaps done the greatest and most difficult work of all. We had lifted the hearts and spirits of New Yorkers—and of many Americans. We had played a pivotal role in the defiance of evil and terrorism on U.S. soil, and we had lent a hand to the renewal of the human spirit of goodness. We were, that day, the voices of the character of America.



Conflict always had a negative connotation in my mind. In the past, I've always been one to avoid conflict. I did whatever I could to avoid it. Because of my aversion to conflict, I have had to compromise my time and my efforts in numerous situations. I've held my tongue to prevent problems, but sometimes, this would lead to even more problems. This has affected me all my life, whether it's a friend who said something I wasn't fond of or a waitress that messed up my order. I never said anything simply to avoid conflict. Last year, I decided this would come to an end. I promised myself that I would speak up for myself and use conflict as a *positive outlet* to better the situation around me. Embracing conflict instead of running from it has changed my life forever.

In my opinion, I believe that conflict can be a *positive word*. The key is to remain calm, respectful, and to listen. I've learned that if both parties do those three things, conflict can truly be used to solve problems instead of causing them. Through this process, I saw my confidence build and my voice get stronger. It made me happier to know that if I had an issue, I could definitely solve it.

I have used conflict many times in medicine to empathize with patients and to understand where they are coming from, instead of just dismissing their beliefs. This has helped me connect with patients and to really get to know them on a more personal level. Although this has come with many disagreements, in the end, boundaries and lines are not crossed and mutual respect is maintained.

*ON CONFLICT BY*

**BRENDEN HUYNH**

**Brenden Huynh** is a third-year medical student at KPCOM. He is also an Ensign in the United States Navy under the Health Professions Scholarship Program and is interested in psychiatry. He is a life-long Brooklyn/NJ Nets fan and loves spending time with his dog Azula.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**BRENDEN HUYNH**



**CONFLUENCY**  
BY ARTIST VANIA ARBOLEDA



The **power of conflict** leads to resolution, personal healing, and revelatory insights.

As a kid, I was taught to voice my opinion in an educated, effective, and efficient way. However, when my ideas were different from those of my peers or society, and many disagreed, I was rejected, ignored, or muted. As I grew up, I noticed that thinking out of the box was a positive feature, especially when debating ideas with friends, family, and colleagues.

Respecting our differences and disagreements is a crucial part of a healthy society. Conflict has a negative connotation; however, having a thoughtful and productive argument is vital to creating deep connections. Today, I recognize and feel empowered when facing my problems head-on and how I learn significant insights about myself by doing so.

I painted "*Confluency*," thinking of a phrase my mother often told me: "There are many ways of saying the same thing, meaning that one can always choose to speak with kindness mainly because nothing can take the words back once said. Instead, whatever was said in the heat of the argument will come back to you in circles."

ARTIST'S STATEMENT: **VANIA ARBOLEDA**

**Vania Arboleda** is a second-year osteopathic medical student at KPCOM who was born and raised in the beautiful coastal town of Chiclayo, Peru.

"I firmly believe medicine is the art of creating new ways to heal the body and the mind."

## ABOUT THE ARTIST

Three parallel white lines of varying lengths, slanted diagonally from the bottom right towards the top right, serving as a decorative element.



Would a life without conflict be still?

What is still?

I think of still waters.

I think of an almost imperceptible gentle ocean breeze.

I think of Rodin's *The Thinker*.

And yet.

Still waters run deep.

A gentle ocean breeze is interconnected with all of nature.

That gentle breeze is influenced by and influences countless patterns of miraculous nature.

The Thinker sitting completely still in bronze is yet gazing down into the inferno of hell.

How many conflicting thoughts must be bouncing back and forth in his mind?

So what is still?

What is light?

Could we, as human observers appreciate light if there were no darkness?

Light is energy.

## LIFE OF CONFLICT

BY

YOEL CAROLINE

Light is not still.

Light is constantly moving.

Moving so fast, at the speed of light.

Is darkness still?

Does complete darkness exist?

Is complete darkness observable?

What is still?

Is a rock still?

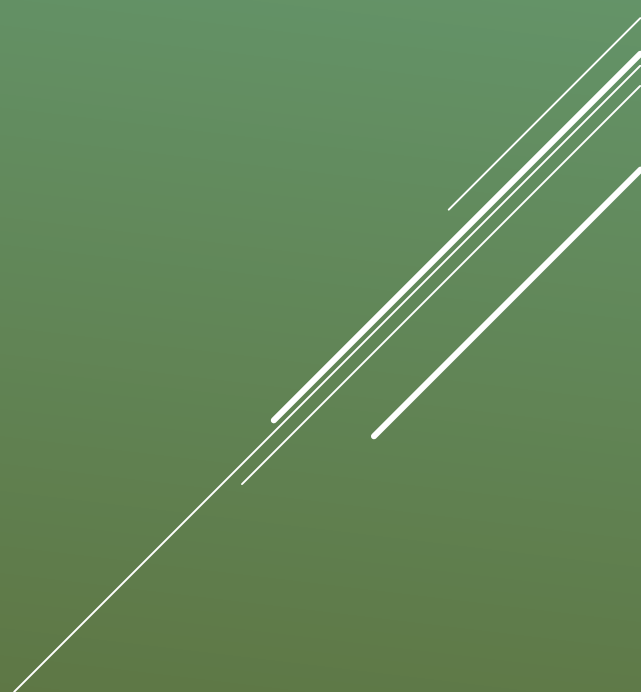
A mere century ago most would say that a rock is still.

We know now of atoms.

We know now that a rock is not still.

I know that my mind is not still.

I think that a life without conflict would be still.



And yet, that would not be life.

That would be something unimaginable beyond even death.

That would be the epitome of hopelessness.

Conflict is life.

Conflict is thinking.

Conflict is nature.

Conflict is communication.

Conflict is fertility.

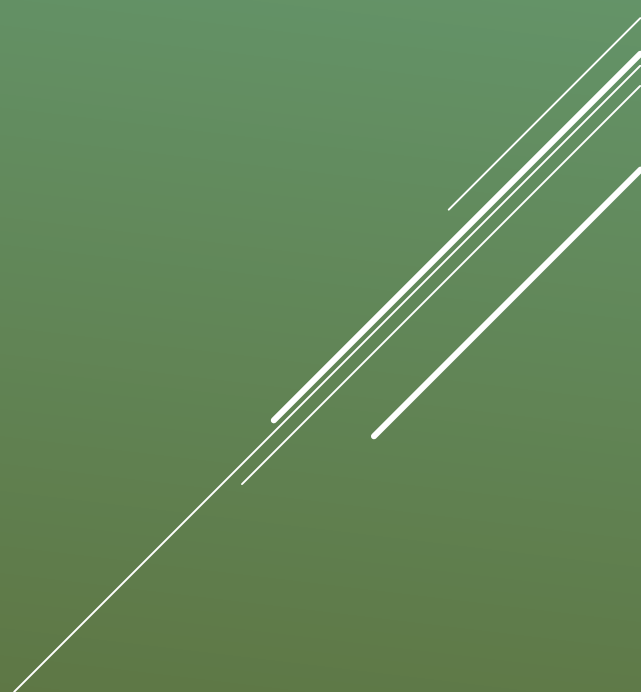
Within conflict grows love.

Only through *difference can there be unity.*

“I have been actively training to be a community rabbi since I was 18 years old and I have had the honor of serving in the South Florida community as a rabbi since 1994. I have always been aware, front and center, of the need for healthy communities and families are to be constantly striving for further integration of mental, emotional, and spiritual health.

As a student in the master's program for marriage and family therapy at NSU I have been exposed to vast amounts of new ways of thinking that have led me to appreciate further the systemic nature of families, communities and all of our universe. Possibly even more influential has been my experience integrating with the diverse student body and faculty which has led to further appreciation of my previously existing deep-rooted beliefs about unity through the celebration of diversity.”

## AUTHOR'S STATEMENT



**Rabbi Yoel** is a third-year student in the M.S. program for Couple and Family Therapy. He is a rabbi and has been involved in the Jewish and broader community in South Florida for the past 27 years.

ABOUT THE POET

**RABBI YOEL CAROLINE**

THE MIND

VS

THE BODY

POET

SARTHAK PARIKH



## The Mind


The entity of our soul.  
A series of thoughts.  
Determining character,  
personality, and existence.  
It is the consciousness that  
allows experience.  
Maturing overtime  
a mixture of rational and  
emotional thought.  
The harbor of greed and  
humility.

## The Body

The envelope of our humanity.  
Our organic appearance.  
Defining our athletic abilities.  
The physical manifestation of  
our being.  
Wrinkling with time.  
A combination of lineage and  
grace.  
The canvas for aesthetics and  
expression.  
A duality in constant conflict.

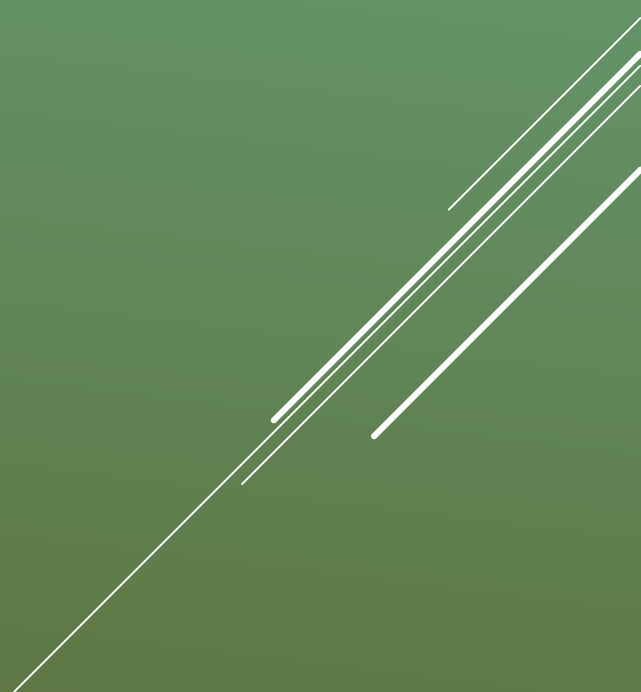
## A Perfect Balance

The mind the artist.  
The body the aesthetic.  
One without the other  
is action without passion  
dancing in unison.  
These entities coexist  
in a world uncertain.  
It is the determinate of person.

Several white lines of varying lengths and slopes are drawn across the bottom right corner of the image, creating a dynamic, abstract graphic element.

**Sarthak Parikh** is a fourth-year medical student passionate about the arts in medicine. He spends much of his time dancing and writing poetry. He is a proponent of art in medicine and encourages everyone to explore the artistic side of their personality.

## ABOUT THE POET





What comes to mind when we think about the word “conflict”? The most common way we describe it is a disagreement between two interests, opinions, or ideals. The word carries so much negative connotation that we try to avoid “conflicts” as much as possible. People internalize feelings, change the way they behave, even yield to the other side of the conflict simply because they do not want to deal with the issue at hand. As a result, we are never really truly able to grasp the personal growth and the progress society as a whole can make when dealing with conflict. However, the journey taken to achieve conflict resolution can often be more rewarding than reaching the resolution itself if approached with a positive mindset. This journey allows us to become more flexible and teaches us to learn to adapt to even the toughest situations.

It is in moments like that where the true test of character is made. Do you fold under the pressure or instead use it to forge a new path? Life tends to place the best things it can offer on the other side of fear. Life also puts the brightest things on the other side of darkness.

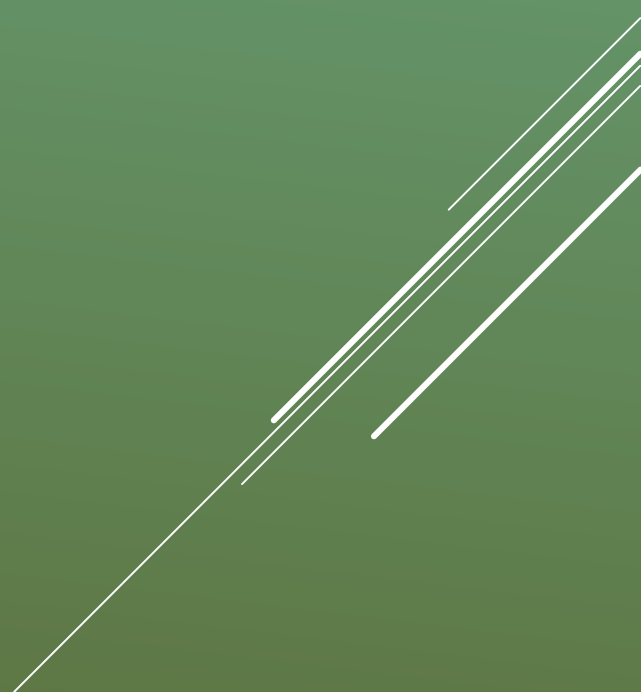
Our lives should be like a river stream, meeting small rocks, boulders, trees, and much other debris along its path. Nevertheless, we should keep flowing onward. That is because despite all the obstacles in its way, the river provides nourishment to all those it touches. Let us be that river that brightens the life of all those around us and emerge pristine as ever on the other side of conflict.

*BRIGHTNESS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF DARKNESS*

TEJAS PATEL

**Tejas Patel** is a third-year medical student at KPCOM.

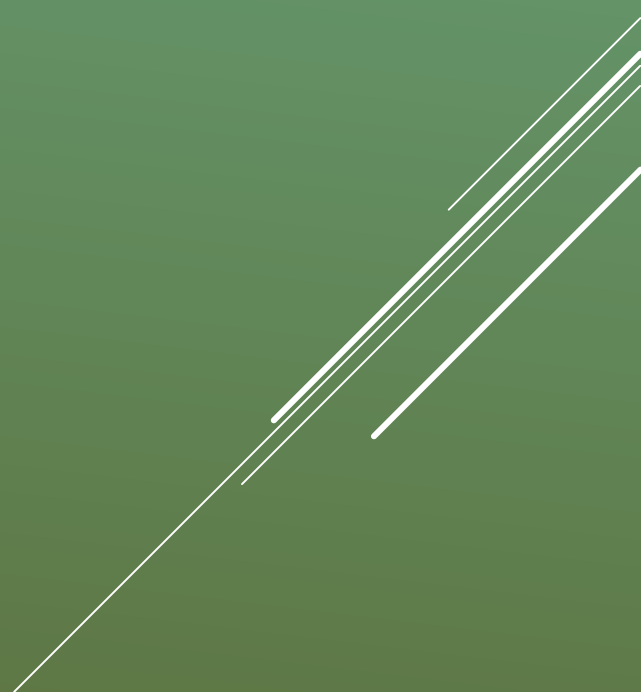
## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

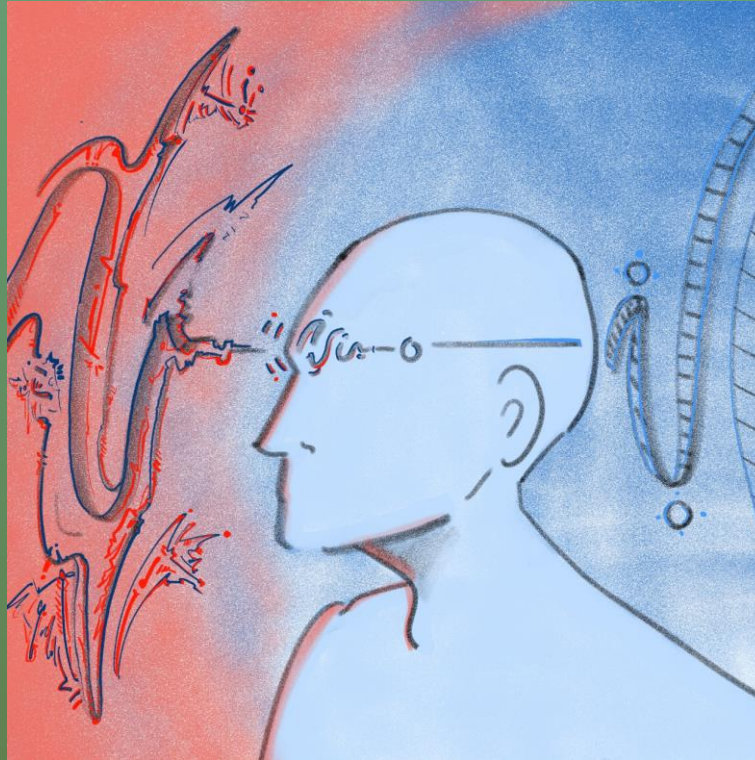


*‘In the chaos of conflict, amongst the confusion, emotion, and fear lies truth like the eye of a raging storm. Within this, one may find peace, tranquility, and the storm will follow in suit.’*

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

**MOHAMMED KHATIB**





*IN THE FACE OF CONFLICT*  
BY ARTIST MOHAMMED KHATIB

**Mohammed Khatib** is a third-year medical student at KPCOM. He fills his spare time pursuing creative endeavors, utilizing both digital and physical media for his art.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST

**Suzanne Riskin, M.D.** is an Assistant Professor of Internal Medicine and Foundational Sciences at the Clearwater campus of KPCOM. She is interested in bringing narrative medicine to the curriculum because she is inspired by the works of her students.

She received her B.A. from The University of Pennsylvania and her M.D. degree from The University of Miami, Miller School of Medicine. When she is not reviewing physiology and academic medicine, she spends her time practicing the ukulele and cooking fish with olives, onions and olive oil.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**SUZANNE RISKIN, M.D.**

## The power of conflict or Rhetoric and Poetry

The first meeting of the underground, informal medical humanities student interest group started off on the third floor, in a room with a window facing the courtyard. The study rooms were visible if you crane your neck to see them. The medical students attending this meeting are in their first year since the second year of school at the Tampa campus had not begun.

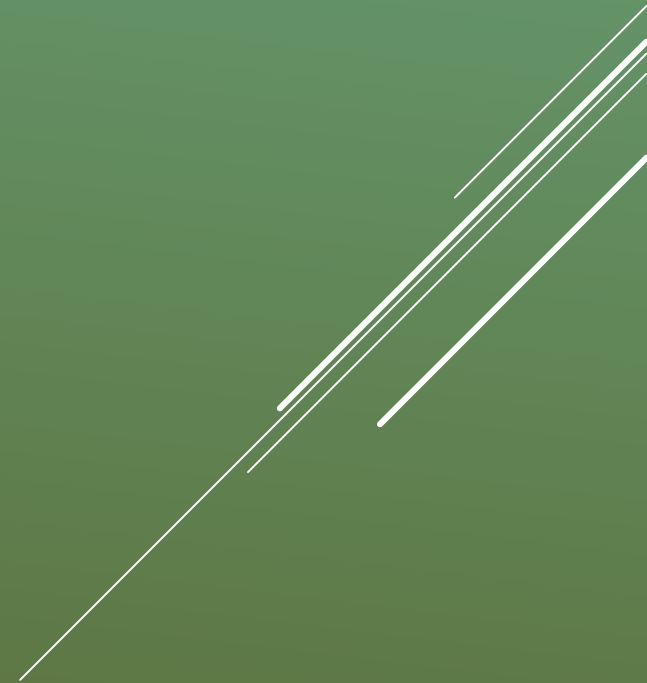
We sit around the oval long table in the sparkling new room. The computer screen against the wall links the webcam with the main campus in Davie but it's not working yet. The wireless keyboard on the table serves as the control board. The white board seems huge, is empty, and there are no markers. There is not a scuff of shoes or scratches by moved chairs on the floor.

***“WE MAKE OUT OF THE QUARREL WITH OTHERS, RHETORIC,  
BUT OF THE QUARREL WITH OURSELVES, POETRY.”***

**W. B. YEATS**

A couple dozen first year students clamor into the room and grab chairs. There are not enough seats for everyone. Standing room only is considered before they go into the room next door and borrow some chairs.

The book *On Doctoring* starts the conversation. I received the book as a first-year medical student, and it is full of stories, poems, and essays. I introduce the importance of drawings, photography, patient stories, and other expressions in the practice of becoming a physician and the importance of *art in medical education*.





Thirty minutes of free form writing begins shortly after we discuss the book. The students ooze their emotions onto iPads and papers. When they are finished, they look up. I remember that the first spoken comment from a participant was 'how refreshing it is to use the iPad for something other than talking or studying for an exam.' The entire group enthusiastically agrees. The room soon fills with their voices as they share their stories, reading them out loud.

Their stories are full of clinical observerships, family struggles, personal health scares, and racism. Their experiences fill the room as their narratives pour out from digital files and papers quickly sharing emotions as they read their works aloud.

**Brittany** wrote a piece on clinical experience and describes when a patient calls her *newbie*, and says it could be worse as he conquers stage 4 cancer. The patient conflict she experienced helped inspire her to conquer her self-doubts. The challenge/quarrel of cancer brought dialogue. Her persuasive speech of the patient landed on the pages of this medical humanities journal.

**Katherine** wrote about the struggle of a mother who watches her child overcome obstacles. She writes about the celebration of motherhood alongside the demands of a professional career.

**Mara** described feeling worthless as she observed, instead of engaged with her colleagues by not speaking up during a community rotation. She knew that her skills were limited and the medical world around her showed their lack of support.


**Dhruti** discussed her own health.

**Bryce** shared his parade celebration.

**Kristina** wrote about a child who conquered life.

**Elijah** discussed “movember.”

*I was in awe. Their raw emotions were eloquently expressed in that room. Although, external conflicts had been witnessed, internal conflicts were overcome, and their personal growth was demonstrated. Medical humanities is honest and a potent escape valve so that the practice of medicine does not eat us up.*

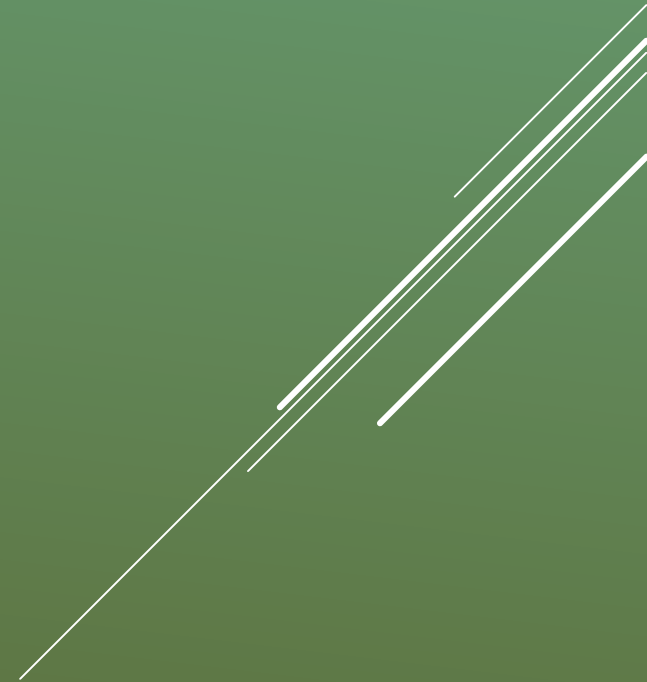
Several white lines of varying lengths and slopes are positioned in the bottom right corner of the slide, creating a modern, abstract graphic element.

Medical education emphasizes effective speaking, persuasive speech, (rhetoric) as we observe patients navigate their illness. However it is *our shared humanity* that opens opportunities to express the internal quarrel. The daily struggle of illness is a challenge. That we all know. We watch our patients' expressions—study their eyes and their fear and take note of their worry and questioning gazes even before any news is given to them.

Patients answer our questions and bring conversation to us. We often study *how to listen*, we learn *how to hear*. We study *what to ask as we learn how to* rephrase for kindness. It's easy to practice what to say until the actual day we have to say it. Then the practiced words are questioned as we ask ourselves; 'Were they enough?'. We repeat the words again over and over, just to improve the skill in the *art of being human*.

The campus building now has scuffs. The walls have been painted again. Dry erase markers can be found. White boards are filled with lists of antimicrobials and systemic pathologies. The main campus is now easily linked to the campus in Tampa via webcams.

The new first-year medical students will arrive in the fall. It will be the first year we have all four classes. I look forward to the expressions of all.



I am grateful for the opportunity to write this piece, share my thoughts and give a moment of gratitude for the grace that medical students show to others, their attending physicians, patients and most *importantly themselves*.

*Effective writing, speaking, and expression is easily born from a struggle with others. Our own internal battles emote themselves as prolific poetry.*

**Suzanne Riskin**

## AUTHOR'S STATEMENT

**Gehan “Gigi” Pendlebury** is an aspiring military dermatologist, commissioned Navy ensign (ENS), and medical student at KPCOM and serves in the United States Navy Medical Corps Reserves. As a Navy medical student, she follows her calling to serve current and past military service members with the utmost quality of care using a whole-person approach.

She obtained her bachelor’s degree in psychology with minors in public health and criminology from Rutgers. Her research background includes undergraduate research activities in public health and clinical psychology.

Currently, her research has focused on dermatopathology, operational skin disease, interventional pain management, traumatic brain injury, chronic pain, post-traumatic stress disorder among combat veterans and military service members.

She enjoys spending time outdoors with her husband and three-year-old daughter. She loves Cross-Fit and optimizing her athletic performance.

## ABOUT THE POET

Dedicated to **Amira Pendlebury**, my heart, my soul,  
my universe. *It was all for you.*

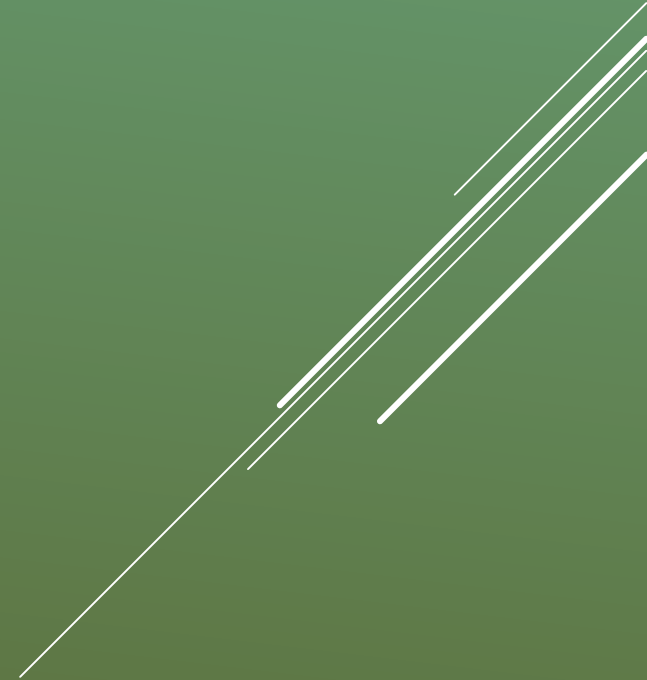
### **The Silent Load**

There's a silent load in medicine  
It ebbs and flows  
Years and years of hard work  
Full of highs and lows.



The sacrifices come in so many forms-  
being pulled away from family and my home  
Missed moments, special events, always feeling torn.

Yet, I must keep moving —  
more to learn, more to juggle.  
The mental load builds and builds.  
It often seems there's just no time to struggle.

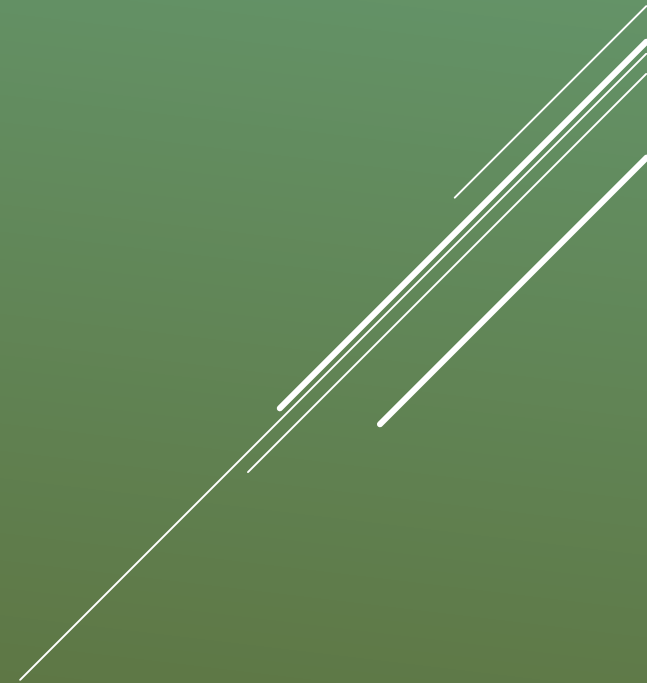


“This too shall pass,” they all say.  
My doubts creep in and I question,  
*Are these feelings appropriate, every day?*

Depleted from burn-out, I ask God  
*Wasn't this supposed to be exciting and fun?*  
M3, out of the classroom and into the hospitals  
And somehow, I just want to be done.

I want to be back home with my baby  
and soaking every moment.  
Cherishing every smile, every hug.  
There's deep anguish within – it all feels stolen.

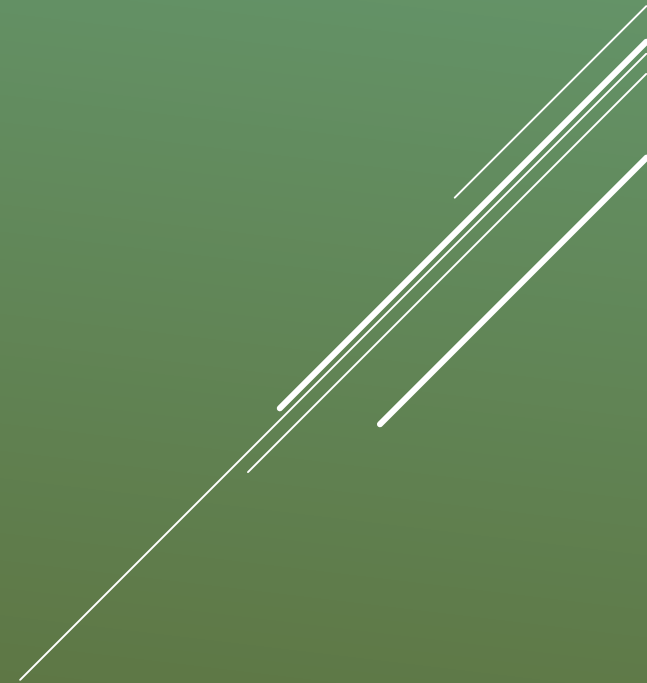
It's the melancholic joy of seeing  
Mommy friends welcome Baby #2,  
while you're out and off to the ICU.



Oh, how beautiful, Baby #3  
and I start to wonder, *Could that ever be me?*

Family support may fail – again and again .  
Medicine says, “Don’t expect them to get it.”  
Perhaps there is strength and courage  
to be found in these moments, if I let it.

Through the silent load, we must find our voice,  
Look within, dig deep, hold on.  
Stay empowered and strong – it’s all a choice.



So, for now I will take a deep breath and push onward.  
*You can do this Gigi!* I'll say, again and again.  
Remember why I went into medicine  
it's the same now, as it was then

One more time, *You can do this Gigi!*  
I'll rejuvenate, protect my peace,  
sweat it out,  
and of course, get more sleep.



I pray one day I'll look back  
on a life beautifully designed.  
Full of sacrifices and a love for medicine  
A space where I truly *shined*.





**FIGURE 1.** *"SHE'LL BE SO PROUD OF YOU," THEY SAY.*



**FIGURE 2.** *IF I COULD BUY ANYTHING, I WOULD BUY TIME.*





**FIGURE 3.** *“LOOK, I’M A PRINCESS!”*



**FIGURE 4.** *SHE IS CLOTHED IN STRENGTH AND DIGNITY, AND SHE LAUGHS WITHOUT FEAR OF THE FUTURE.*



**FIGURE 5.** AND NOW THESE THREE VIRTUES REMAIN: *FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE. BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE.*

*“This poem articulates the challenging and often misunderstood experience of being a mother in medical school. It describes a silent load that often takes a toll on mothers in medicine.*

*It describes the feeling of simultaneously being pulled in opposing directions, the pain of missing on special family moments and events. The poem offers hope and solidarity for mothers who are enduring this unique experience.”*

POET'S STATEMENT

GIGI PENDLEBURY

Several white lines of varying lengths and orientations are positioned in the bottom right corner of the slide, creating a modern, abstract graphic element.

A new patient, a 5-year-old boy, and his mother walk into a pediatrician's office to establish care. The patient has not previously received any vaccinations since the parents believe that vaccinations can cause autism and developmental delays, and they have not had access to transportation for well child visits. The patient's mother states she does not wish to get her child vaccinated. The mother is here with her child because she wishes to enroll her son in kindergarten next year and needs a physical.

The pediatrician looks at the mother and begins to list the number of reasons a child must be vaccinated, and the mother gets angry and begins to raise her voice. The pediatrician calmly continues and explains that in order for her child to receive the best care, they must be able to have hard conversations, even if she does not believe everything that is being said.

The pediatrician begins to tell a story about a previous patient who did not get vaccinated and died of sepsis due to a buccal cellulitis infection that could have been prevented with appropriate vaccination. The power of conflict is looking out for the best interest in her child, even when the mother was not particularly interested in hearing what the physician had to say.

The child did not know what was best for the future of his health, and his mother's beliefs about vaccinations could have led to a life-threatening condition for her child, had he been exposed to a dangerous virus. After the conversation, the mother saw the physician's point of view and thanked him for giving her the full knowledge on how to best protect her child and give him the best access to a successful and healthy future.

*THE POWER OF CONFLICT—A CLINICAL EXAMPLE*

BY MARA SEAT

**“A clinical experience with a hard conversation about the importance of vaccination. Tough conversations are often the most important.”**

**Mara Seat** is a third-year medical student at KPCOM studying to become a pediatrician.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Several thin, parallel white lines of varying lengths and orientations are positioned in the bottom right corner of the slide, creating a modern, abstract graphic element.

As a secret scribe I once wrote about whirlwinds that formed instant happiness.

In fact, I once opened an eagle's eye and "created" bright lights to heighten my mind.

I relieved a well-hidden fright as I closed my eyes and stood still in the middle of a desert storm.

In my "very own" mind.

My fist held a pen "up high" knowing that my ink would sing a final lullaby.

Yet, the dimmed desert stars that I "righteously" roared about sometimes brought me comfort.

*STILLNESS RECOVERS*

BY DALIAH BRYANT

The hail and ice strokes of my taunts didn't appear to  
create movement or sound.

The ink didn't hurt at all and again I closed my eyes to  
study from a book riddled in lesson.

The Book wore a cross for its cover and clearly spoke  
about many professors and physicians

And of their quiet times, while in their very own minds.

I stood still and watched the crowds of cacti steal the  
words from under my pen

At that time, I learned to "keep" still to speak from within.

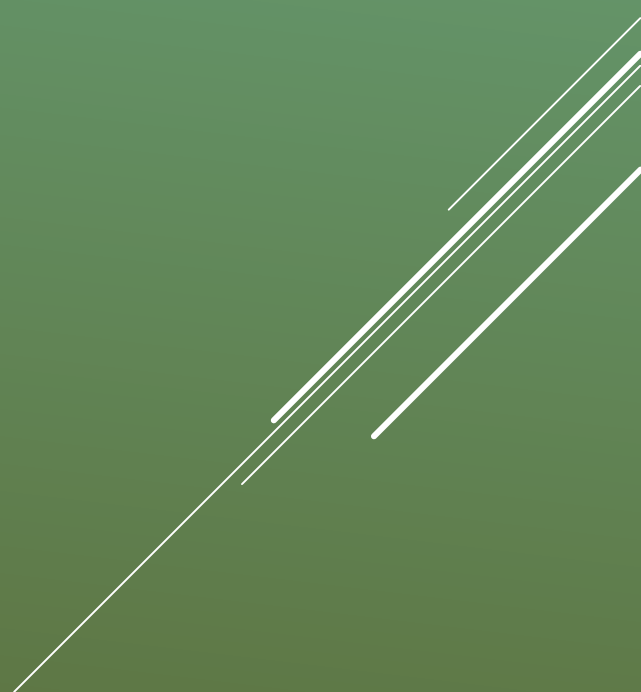
It's a nuclear blessing, an internal flame that burns without  
desires

To possess a gift to be able to feel and "know" to be aware  
to take time before you show

And like a physician's or professor's hand and mind

I stand still before I reach in

I stand still to ensure that I know the exact treatment  
before I begin.





As Stillness Recovers

A demented or mature mind that doesn't always  
decline with time.

It's shared, yet not always accepted as a genuine  
or mindful contribution that binds.

The "act" of listening and knowing

Some believe that being still is a Divine Illness  
because they don't understand

That stillness from within, is not always.

*The End*

**Daliah Bryant** is a Barry University Graduate and NSU graduate student studying for her masters degree in Medical Studies.

She currently teaches Health Occupations and loves to read short articles and poems.

Her specialty and interests are in Psychology and Trauma.

ABOUT THE POET  
DALIAH BRYANT

"Nick Vujicic is an inspirational speaker who was born on December 1982. He was born without arms and legs because of a rare disorder called phocomelia.

After enduring many childhood difficulties, Nick refused to give up finding refuge in religion. He became a motivational speaker and spreads the word of God through his works."

**POET'S STATEMENT**

**BHARGAVI MADHU**

## Nick Vujicic- The Man Who Was A Force Of Power

Born Without Limbs  
Like An Angel Without Wings  
Having The Courage To Risk It All  
Would Rather Die Than Not Try At All.

Unconquered He Stands  
Taking Pride With Well-Placed Moves And Plans  
With A Face That Was Determined And Destined.

Determined And Destined,  
He Watched The Waves Roll  
Lulling The Far Away Shore  
Knowing Life Could Offer More.  
Blessed With The Ability To Move Masses With Words  
Nick, The One Who Sought Glory.

Glory Of An Emperor  
Spirit Exceeding All The Temperatures.  
A Fire Appealing To The Majesty Of The Rising Sky  
Holding A Gaze To An Unforeseeable Future.  
An Imploring, Dreaming, Believing Conqueror  
With Eyes That Love To Eyes That Awaken.

Awaken The Spirit Of Mankind  
Distraught From The Circumstances Of Day-To-Day Life.  
Showing By Example That You Are Your Own Measure  
Whether Or Not You Treat Yourself As A Treasure.  
Overcoming Hurdles May Not Be An Easy Feat  
But He Lives To Show How To Say No To Defeat.

## About the POET: **Bhargavi Madhu**

**BHARGAVI MADHU** IS A THIRD-YEAR MEDICAL STUDENT AT KPCOM.

NICK VUJICIC WAS AN INSPIRATION AND ROLE MODEL TO HER DURING THE YEARS SHE SUFFERED FROM CHRONIC PAIN AND A DISABILITY.

The very nature of humanity is to group itself, whether by gender, race, nationality, language or profession. This is a primary way that we define ourselves. We exist primarily in relation to others around us and humans have done this since the beginning of time. But, by grouping ourselves in this way, we naturally must come to accept the existence of the “other”.

What exactly is the “other”? It is the people around us that we determine to be unlike us, those we must have little in common with, or have opposing interests to us. This “othering” has and continues to be the driving force for conflicts in the world. We decide that the “others” are wrong and that we are right, and we must impose our rights upon others. Whether that conflict is political, socioeconomic, religious or any other of the many origins of conflicts in the world, we can boil it down to insistence upon picking one way of life that is the “right way.”

When we first met each other in medical school, we had distinct identities of who we were and where that meant we fit in the world. One of us is a Ukrainian Jewish girl from Virginia and the other woman is a Syrian Muslim girl from Florida. Certainly, anyone right off the bat can point out the ways in which we are different and speculate on the conflicts that have occurred on behalf of our respective identities. While we may not have directly experienced or been responsible for these conflicts, we both feel the weight of them and undoubtedly it has shaped our lives. While these innate differences between us could have caused us to remain guarded around one another and not dissect the “otherness” we both had, we decided to take this opportunity to address our differences head-on and start a dialogue that has enriched both of our lives immensely.

**AN UNLIKELY DUO BY**  
**BOURANN HUSAINY AND LAURA GORENSHTEIN**

In fact, it is so unlikely we would have ever had the breadth and depth of conversations that we have shared if we weren't so different from each other. We have been able to discuss religion, spirituality, ethnic identity, political conflict, and discovered that we did have beliefs in common. Not all of these conversations were without tension of course, as some of these conflicts run deep and were quite personal. However, being able to share especially uncomfortable conversations that were often shrouded in "conflict" has opened both of our eyes to perspectives we have never considered. Through these conversations, we learned that our experiences were quite similar. We both grew up in towns where we faced the feelings of being different and not understood. As we shared our experiences growing up, we very quickly learned how similar we truly are. While we developed this friendship, we also quietly knew the large differences between us and how those differences have also shaped our lives.

As with most friendships, we slowly began to have more serious conversations. Some conversations ended in silence, some ended in laughter, but all ended in a mutual appreciation for our differences and a stronger sense of understanding. Through these difficult conversations, often about our religion and the geopolitical conflicts that have occurred as a result, we have truly begun to heal. We often talk about how differences lead to hate only when the idea of "otherness" is perpetuated. When those who are different take the time to learn from each other and talk, even through the difficult conversations, *true healing can begin* and conflict can become a chance to come together.



**Bourann Husainy** and **Laura Gorenshtein** are both third-year medical students at KPCOM.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

## The Power of Learning from Others

During my first week of one of my clinical rotations, I encountered an angry, frustrated patient that was planning on firing his doctor. He was the first patient of the day that I had gone in to see before my Attending, and he was upset that he had waited almost 1.5 hours to be seen. This wasn't the first time this has ever happened to him. Apparently, this was a regular experience for him and it had reached a point that he could no longer continue visiting this physician.


While the patient was recounting his story, I listened intently. I empathized with him, and I apologized for what he was going through. He said that he was "tired of people apologizing and that he just wanted his lab results so he could go home." I discussed his lab work thoroughly, making sure he completely understood what each abnormality meant. I treated him with kindness and with respect, even though I knew this would most likely be his last appointment at this office.

Through this conflict, I learned several important lessons. I learned that not everyone is going to like you, and that's okay. And while this conflict wasn't about me, it taught me that there will be plenty of times like this throughout my medical career, where I try my hardest to interact with a patient, but some patients will not be receptive.

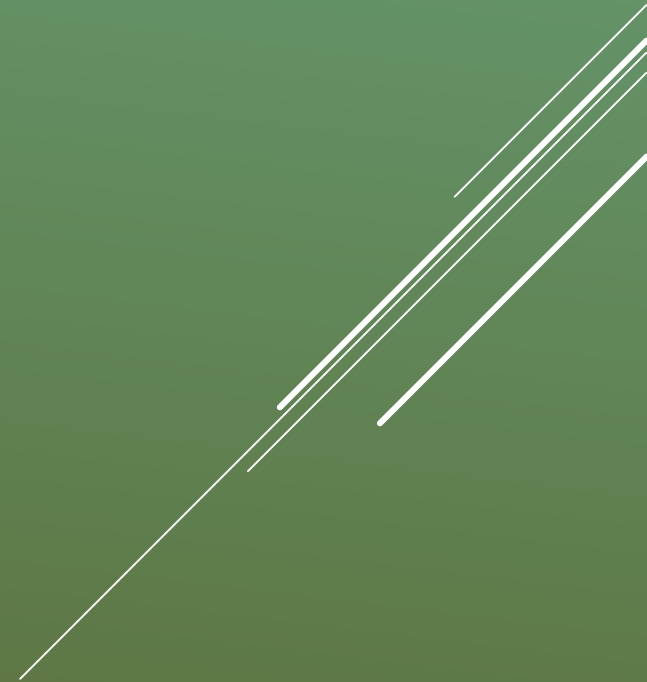
**AUTHOR:** SAMANTHA SOSTORECZ

It is crucial when you practice medicine to respect others, *no matter what*. I had witnessed what the doctor was doing with his time—a time that was meant to be for his patient. It showed a lack of respect towards another person's time. After I had presented the patient to my attending and informed him about the situation, the doctor came across as dismissive and quite rude to the patient, and he never apologized to him. I learned that it's important to respect the patient's wishes, even if that means they no longer want to come see you or take your advice. The patient deserved to be treated with graciousness.

I learned that there is great power in conflict: **the power to learn from others**. One of the most profound things we can do as humans is to push our ego and pride to the side and learn from people because it is how we grow and adapt in our ever-changing environments. There is such a great power in sharing what we know and how we feel with other people because it's a mutually beneficial experience. This conflict also pushed me to think more about boundaries. The patient had experienced being ignored many times and finally, he was setting his own personal boundaries by not allowing anyone to waste his time again. Setting good boundaries is an extremely difficult task, but it was important for this patient to stand up for himself because he was more than worthy.

Three white lines of varying lengths and slopes are positioned in the bottom right corner of the image, extending from the right edge towards the center.

Conflict does not always need to be viewed in a negative sense. It can teach you about how to deal with different situations in the future, which is a useful tool. With the right mindset, we can all learn from our mistakes and constantly try to better ourselves for all our days to come.



**Samantha Sostorecz** is a third-year medical student at KPCOM. She is from Easton, Pennsylvania and obtained her bachelor's degree from the University of Pittsburgh. She is currently interested in pursuing a career as a family medicine physician. She has a special interest in women's health and wound care and hopes to incorporate them into her future practice. Samantha is also the owner and creator of Life in Scrubs Blog, which can be viewed at [www.lifeinscrubsblog.com](http://www.lifeinscrubsblog.com).

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## “Sorrow Cannot Resurrect.”

“The magenta skull symbolizes life and death while the sword passing through the skull is a symbol of life’s ever-present cycle of conflicts, grief, and sorrow. The ambiguous gray of the sword is used to convey the fact that we will all encounter an incredibly vast variety of struggles throughout the course of our lives. It is also outlined with gold detailing as a play on the phrase “every cloud has a silver lining.” As the sword pierces the skull, out pours technicolor tears and blood. The bright colors represent the immense beauty and growth that we can find on the other side of our struggles as we learn to conquer them. The title of this painting urges us to not dwell in our sorrow but to move forward and grow with it.”

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

**SHARON** MATHEW



“SORROW CANNOT RESURRECT.”

Art is the means by which my soul communicates to me when I am struggling with processing whatever mental block I come across. In recent years, I have been able to learn how art can also be used as a tool to promote radical change.

Art is quite literally a way in which we can learn to shape reality by learning how to construct objects, ideas, and concepts that do not yet materially exist. In doing so, artists learn how to then transcend those techniques into our living reality.

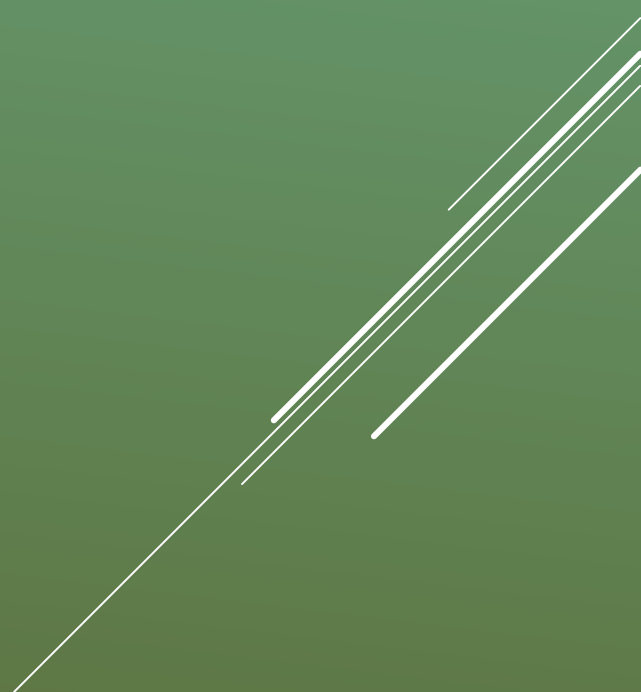
As an artist and a future physician, I aim to use these invaluable techniques to help shape a reality that is kinder to marginalized patient populations, whether that be through legislation or community leadership.

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT



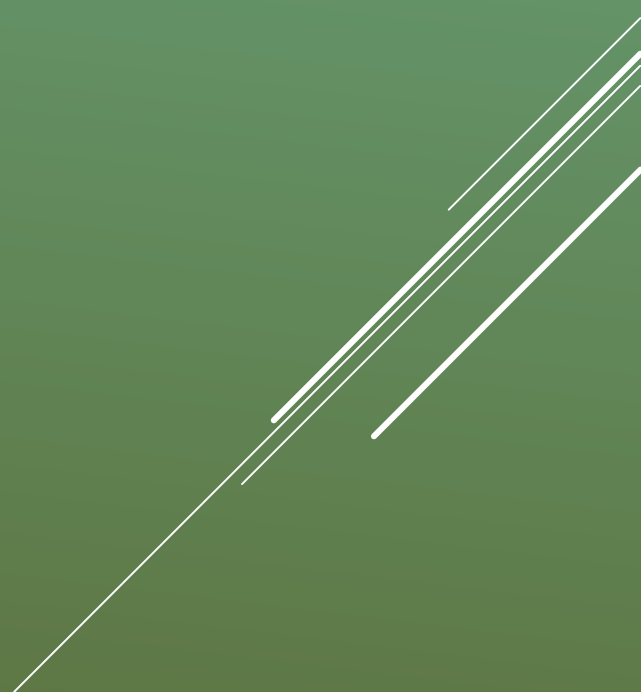
Sharon Mathew is a medical student and self-taught artist specializing in acrylics. Throughout her life, she has viewed art as a way of expressing the contents of her soul that cannot be understood through language.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST



This piece is about the author's realization  
of the power of conflict.

## AUTHOR'S STATEMENT



# Empowerment - The Fine Print Behind a Conflict

The nurse practitioner tapped my shoulder. “Our next patient is pregnant and homeless,” she whispers. We go into the room. I see the patient in agony, not speaking. The nurse practitioner listens to the fetal heart rate, and we leave. After a two-minute interaction, I am left alone wondering if the patient is alright. Minutes later, I see her sluggishly walking out of the room. To my surprise, a medical assistant catches the patient trying to leave. I rush over to help the MA carry her back to her room as she collapses. Ms. A? Can you hear us, Ms. A? She is delirious. We check her blood pressure – it is low.

“When was the last time you ate Ms. A?” we ask as she moans and points to her purse. I rummage through her purse looking for food. I hold her hand as she struggles to chew the granola bar. The MA leaves. I am left alone, unsure what to do besides provide comfort to my patient as I hide fear behind my smile. Uncertainty hides behind every hand squeeze. The provider yells through her office, “make sure you lay her on her left side.” I did. Ten minutes later the provider yells the same thing. I am annoyed. Why am I the only one attending to the patient? No one ever came.

The provider yells to inform me that the patient is free to go after her blood pressure is better. I am angry. That's it? The provider doesn't deem fit to check on her patient even once? No, eating chips is more important to her. The patient leaves and I talk to the provider. “What happened to the patient? Will she be OK?” “Nothing”, the provider responds. “These homeless women just want to have sex without thinking.” My heart drops. I knew the provider lacked compassion a bit with her patients, but this was extreme. I decide to report her to the medical director.

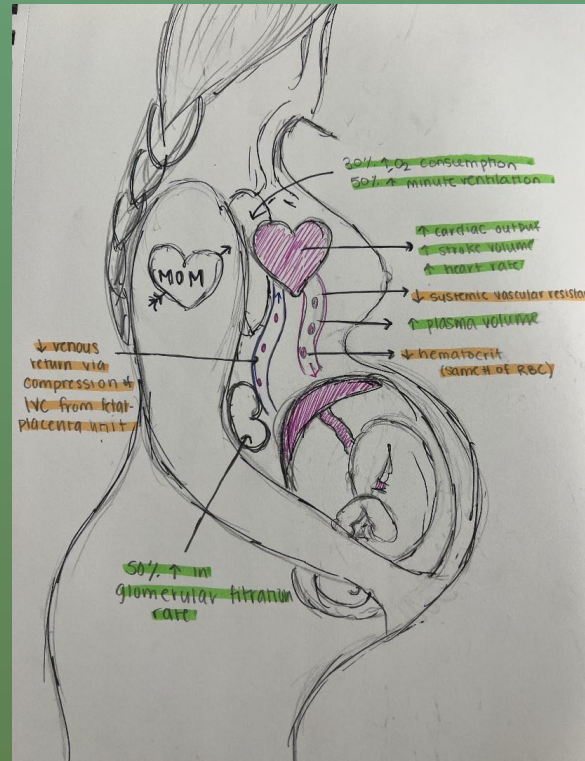
I am scared. "I'd like to report an incident but would like to keep the provider anonymous." He seems friendly at first. What he says next is something I can never forget. "I know who you are talking about. While I understand what you seemed to have seen, I can assure you she has compassion. You may have misread the situation. And you said the patient was homeless? Well, that is what happens when you drop out of school. Besides, some care, even poor-quality care, is better than no care."

I was hit with helplessness. The same helplessness that the homeless, pregnant patient must have felt. Tears start to roll down my cheeks. Me, a third-year medical student, tried my best to give a voice to a patient who did not have one. It was met with a firm dismissal. Mustering the courage to speak up against what I know is wrong, seems to have gone in vain.

Upon reflection – I carry a strengthened desire to continue to advocate and stand up for what is right. This experience empowers me. It motivates me to continue my journey through medical school. Seeing and hearing something so wrong makes me want to work even harder to make it right. Maybe one day, I might even become a medical director myself, listening to others and speaking up for those who cannot.

**Dhruti Hirani** is a third-year medical student who likes to express her experiences through writing. Currently, she is interested in helping underserved communities.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

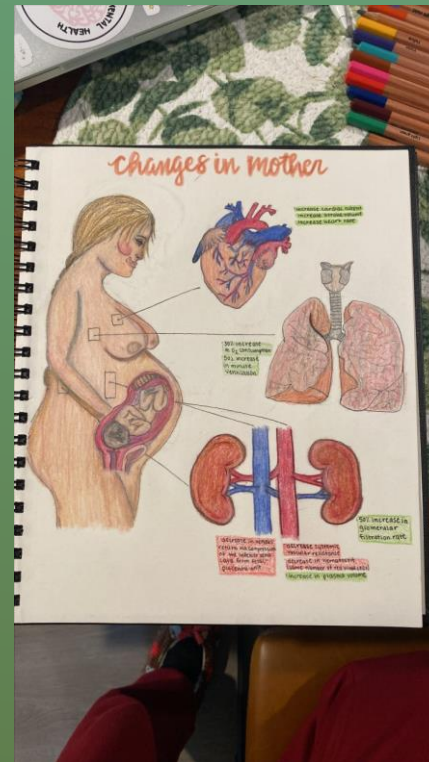


ARTIST: JAIME REISER

These images represent the sentimental aspect of motherhood while capturing the harsh reality of the changes occurring within the female body during a really crucial time. While the baby is growing, there is immense conflict and challenges the motherly body must overcome and adapt to in order to successfully carry to term and bear a child. The pressure of the growing uterus and moving baby creates ups and downs in multiple organ systems that in turn not only affect the reproductive system of a woman but every fiber of her being.

The journey of motherhood is so much bigger than the naked eye can see in an external growing form. Transcending into homeostasis, the mother's body is trying to balance through the renal, respiratory, cardiovascular, and essentially every system in both small and big ways to compensate for the increasing stress the mother's body is put under to grow a whole new human.







Jaime Reiser is from New Jersey and completed her undergraduate degree at Kent State University in Ohio before moving down to the sunshine state to partake in the CHPP program at Nova Southeastern University. She has always been passionate about art and enjoys doodling as a form of education and enjoyment. She hopes to pursue medicine as an M1 next year at KPCOM and would love to explore the field of pediatric neurology as a potential specialty.

ABOUT THE ARTIST: JAIME REISER

Three parallel white lines of varying lengths are positioned diagonally on the right side of the slide, extending from the middle towards the bottom right corner.

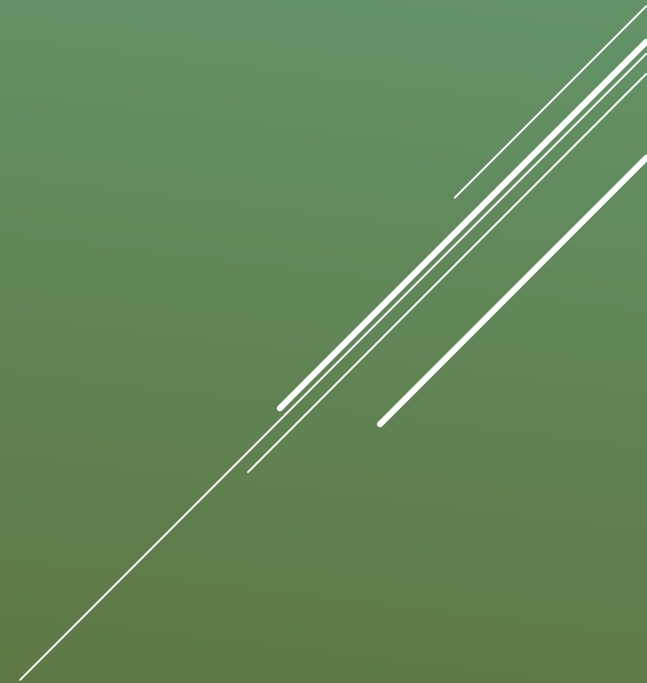
What happens when the loved ones we relied on to be there for us can no longer fulfill that role? When the burden of expectations is unexpectedly thrust upon us and we are called to rise to the occasion. Now, we find ourselves fulfilling the role of the caregiver in their stead. Maintaining our courage and pushing ourselves to be there for our loved ones, meanwhile deep down, feeling the pain and the unease of not knowing what the future holds. This creates a fundamental conflict within the psyche, an experience that manifested itself throughout medical school.

As medical students, we are trained to always remain calm, confident, and collected in order to make the most appropriate decision to best approach the situation at hand. When an individual that is sick is a loved one or caregiver, it becomes more challenging to maintain our composure. The people who once took care of us are now relying on us to be there for them. Internally, this leaves us in a state of vulnerability as we attempt to maintain our strength on the exterior.

However, the dichotomy of conflict is that while adversity may push us to the lowest of lows, this simply creates the opportunity to rise to new heights. Through our suffering we find resilience, through our tribulations we find strength, and throughout it all we find the perseverance to carry on for those we love.

Through our commonality of experience we can find friendship. Despite any situation, there are always other people who share those similar experiences and can empathize with you. With friendship you can find renewed strength within yourself to overcome what you thought wasn't possible and be an inspiration for the person that once took care of you.

## *THE STRENGTH WITHIN*



“This essay embodies the internal conflict we face as our loved ones deal with illness.”

AUTHORS BENJAMIN RIVERA AND ALEXANDER  
MACIA ARE THIRD-YEAR MEDICAL STUDENTS AT  
KPCOM.

- ▶ Listen to your thoughts, they become your decisions.
- ▶ Listen to your decisions, they become your actions.
- ▶ Listen to your actions, they become your results.
- ▶ Listen to your results, they become your character.
- ▶ Listen to your character, they become your personality.
- ▶ Listen to your personality, they become your conflicts.
- ▶ Conflicts can lead to struggles; struggles can lead to conflicts.
- ▶ Listen. Take a step back.
- ▶ Changing your thoughts will change your conflicts.

**CONFLICT WITH YOURSELF BY VESHESH PATEL**

“A poem about how your thoughts  
can influence internal conflicts  
with yourself.”

**ABOUT THE POET:** VESHESH PATEL IS A FOURTH-YEAR  
MEDICAL STUDENT AT KPCOM.

This piece reflects the conflicts  
encountered while embracing  
a healthy lifestyle.

AUTHOR'S STATEMENT  
CHASITY O'MALLEY

## *THE POWER OF CONFLICT IN HEALTHY LIVING*

They say a picture is worth 1000 words and seeing how I've physically changed in the past several years is never more apparent than in photographs. In the picture below, the left image was taken in 2019 just before I made the decision to get healthier. The right image was from February 2022, when I was still mastering the power of conflict to be healthy. These photos represent 80 pounds of conflict resolution where I made good choices to live a healthier lifestyle.



What does conflict mean to me? For many, conflict stirs up negative thoughts of war or disagreements with others. For me, conflict represents two opposing ideas, which aren't always negative. I like to think I'm working to overcome the power of conflict when I think about the challenges I've faced to live a healthy lifestyle. The number of conflicts I face related to living a healthy lifestyle in just one morning can give some insights into how challenging it has been to choose the better side of the conflicting choices.

When the alarm goes off at 4:30 am, I am faced with the conflicts between staying in bed or getting up and getting a workout in before the workday begins. Then I'm faced with the conflict of eating my breakfast that I prepared on Sunday for the week or indulging in the cinnamon rolls my son requested for breakfast. Do I pack up the items I prepared to provide myself with healthy snacks and lunch for the day or do I decide to wing it and just get what I need at work knowing that too often it is not a healthy choice.

More often than not, I choose the healthier choices. By consistently choosing the "better" options over the past 2 years, I've successfully lost 85 pounds and it's staying off. However, I know that I have to consistently manage that power of conflict to choose the healthy side more than I choose the unhealthy option.

# *THE POWER OF CONFLICT IN HEALTHY LIVING*



The power of conflict is strong, but I feel it can be used for good. Through personal conflict resolution, I managed to accomplish a huge goal of mine in running a full marathon. During those long runs of training and on race day, the conflicts would pop into my head. “You’re tired, you can’t do this, you can stop now, why are you doing this?”

Each and every time, I had to manage the conflict with positive self-talk. “Yeah, I’m tired, but I’m doing this.”


“I will do this.”

“I’ll stop when I cross the finish line.”

“I’m doing this for me to prove to myself that I can do this. I am stronger than I know and I can do this.”

These thoughts, plus a few “You got this O’Malley” were how I worked through the power of conflict to stop when it got hard or I was tired. I’m sure my neighbors thought I was a little bit strange when I vocalized these words not just in my head, but out loud at times. It takes a lot to get through 26.2 miles!

My quest to live a healthy life is not complete, and quite honestly, it will never be complete, as I strive to be better each day. The power of conflict drives me to make the right choices in each situation. These experiences with conflict have also helped me to be more empathetic with others who struggle with their personal conflicts. When faced with conflicts in my life, I try to take a positive approach and to make the best decisions I can. The practice with the conflict of to eat the cookie or the orange, and the choice to put the cookie down, helps me to shine in other daily conflict resolutions. Now, *put the cookies down! (for now).*

Three parallel white lines of varying lengths are positioned diagonally in the bottom right corner of the slide, pointing towards the top right.

**Chasity O'Malley** is an Associate Professor of Medical Education and Physiology at KPCOM. She is also a wife, a mom, and a runner. She shares her challenges with healthy living to help inspire others to keep trying to live their best lives.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

As I near the last couple of months of third-year clinical rotations in medical school, this essay represents my own reflection on the experiences this year that have shaped me.

During your third year of medical school, every month you may find yourself in a completely new environment. These were some of my thoughts that kept me grounded and helped me better integrate myself into each of these new environments.

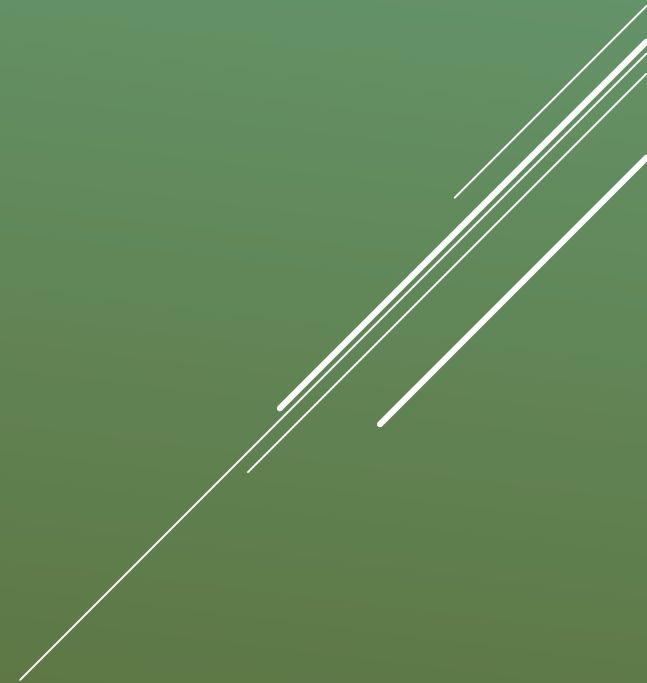
# AUTHOR'S STATEMENT

VICTORIA COUTIN

Several thin, parallel white lines of varying lengths and orientations are positioned in the bottom right corner of the slide, creating a modern, abstract graphic element.

Clinical rotations and medicine in general, are so humbling. Every single person you meet, care for, or work with, no matter how different or similar to you they are, has something valuable to teach you. Not everyone will think like you; not everyone will act like you; very rarely will people mirror your personality, but at the end of the very long day, we are all just human and trying our best. Everyone you encounter, every team you become a part of is made up of people who have had unique and specific experiences that have shaped them into the person you are interacting with today. However “good” or “bad” the interactions may seem, they are a reflection of that person and their experiences.

Don't take things personally because we are all fighting our own battles. Always remember people are taking time out of their day or experiences from their personal lives to make you better and that is worth more than we will ever really know. Likewise, every room you walk into, every patient you are assigned, every case you encounter on morning rounds, whether immediately apparent or not, has something to teach you.



- ▶ Stay humble. Listen to learn. As we learned in the last couple of years, life has no guarantees, and you could very quickly find yourself on their side of the room or on their side of the drapes.
- ▶ Listen to their concerns, their worries, their “complaints” as if you are listening to one of your loved ones. Understand why people are worried about the things they are worried about. Be human first, and medical professional second. Know your limitations. Stay humble.
- ▶ Recognize your weaknesses, work at them continuously. Stay humble. Be a team player. Stay humble.
- ▶ Go into every next phase of your life with an open mind and stay that way. Don’t let your own biases, ego, or others’ opinions interfere with your open mind and your ability to adapt and improve.
- ▶ Do all things with your heart. And most important of all, never forget where you came from and those that helped you get to where you are going.

Victoria E. Coutin is a third-year medical student at KPCOM.

She believes that writing in all of its forms is very therapeutic and continues to be a creative outlet in her world of science and medicine.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



"A Matter of Perspective" is a poem that attempts to rationalize from where the power of conflict is derived. Additionally, it offers a possible perspective about conflict that may be perceived as counterintuitive.

POET ANDREW JOSEPH



Conflict resides in daily life.

Shall I do this or do that?

It causes great strife.

It comprises three parts, each as sharp as a knife-

Physical, mental, and emotional it contains.

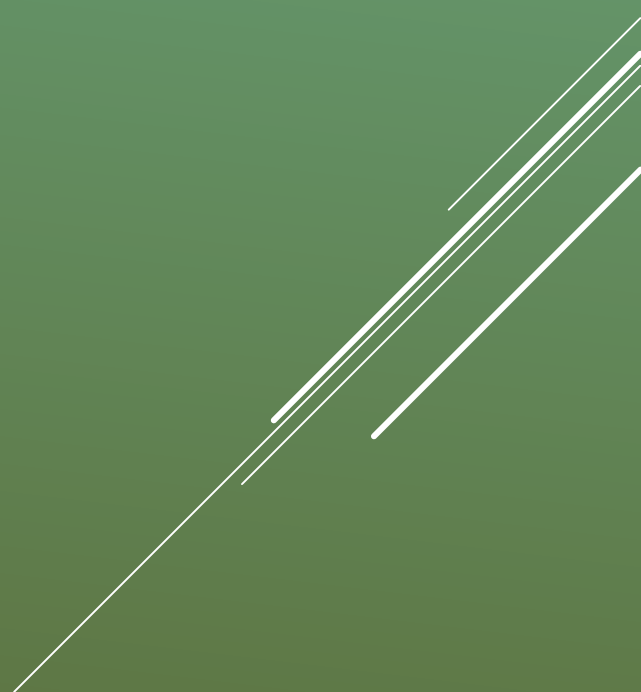
The power of conflict can be as cleansing as rain.

It lies in all of us, deep in our mind a matter of perspective  
to hide or grind.

Do I succumb to the thoughts that reside inside?

Or do I persevere and enjoy this ride?

It's a matter of choice, so let's pick a side.



Conflict's power is decided by you-

Shall it be motivating or consuming?

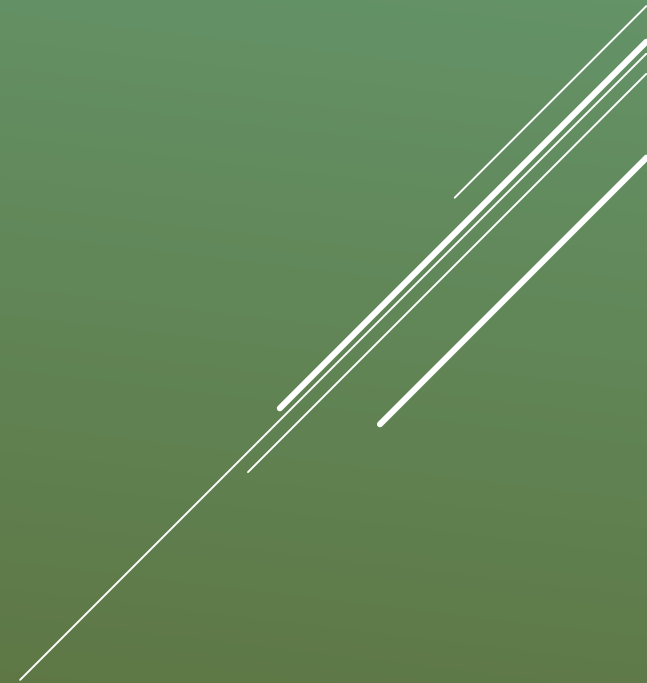
On our journey, though setbacks and obstacles abound, there is  
always beauty and joy to be found.

Despite troubles and hardships entangling life around, I have found  
peace and strength that truly surrounds.

From guitar to sports to even my studies, I have found the greatest of  
allies and best of buddies.

My village is reassuring and positive no doubt.

Truly there is nothing about which I can pout.



The power of conflict has bolstered my life.

As iron sharpens iron, endurance grows in strife.

A catalyst to my strength and my faith in God, I hope to make  
my village proud.

Welcome conflict with an open heart and the suffering will be  
temporary just at the start.

Rest assured, it will be sweet after being so tart.

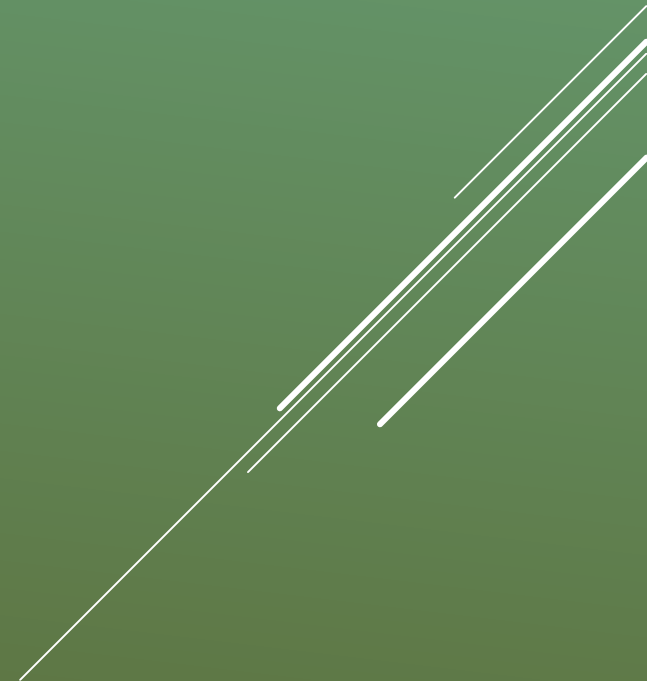
The power of conflict is a matter of perspective, so let us dive  
and be introspective.

Just like a detective, we will find the objective, and persevere  
plus endure, becoming effective.

Conflict can surround us like a vast stronghold-but my decision to  
fight on makes conflict controlled.

Power is in the mind, and peace is in the heart.

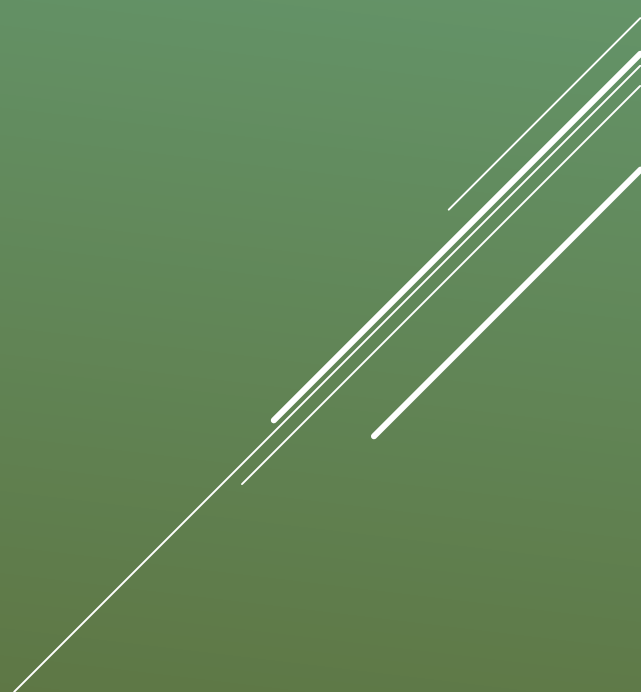
Now, let us fight together right from the start!



I humbly and sincerely thank the people who comprise my village. Thank you for always believing in me, and never giving up on me.

Without my village, I would not be here pursuing my dreams.

# POET'S STATEMENT



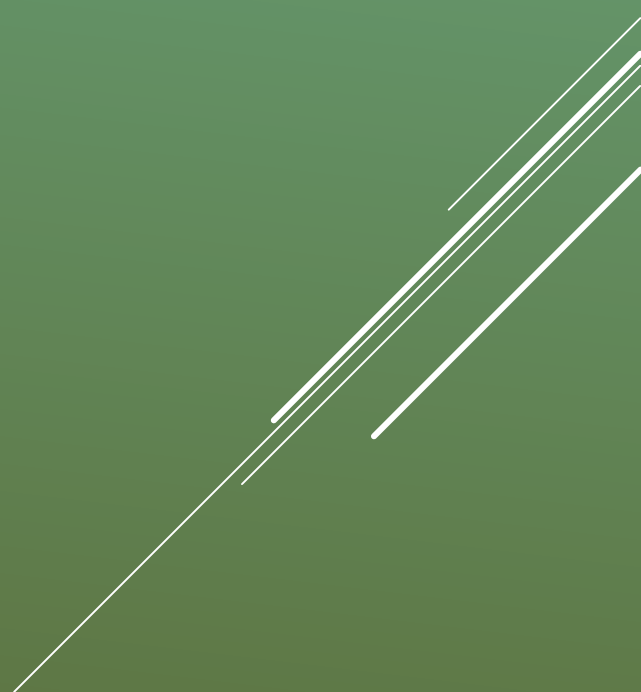
Andrew Joseph is currently a research fellow at NSU-KPCOM. He graduated from Georgia Tech with a degree in biomedical engineering and a minor in Biochemistry. He enjoys spending time with family and friends, playing guitar, driving, cooking, flying drones, and playing/watching sports.

## ABOUT THE POET

The world we live in is constantly in flux. We get to experience great days, terrible days, and everything in between. This piece is a reminder that even when you feel that the world around is causing you distress, it will pass and a place of serenity can be found.

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

ERIK PEREZ

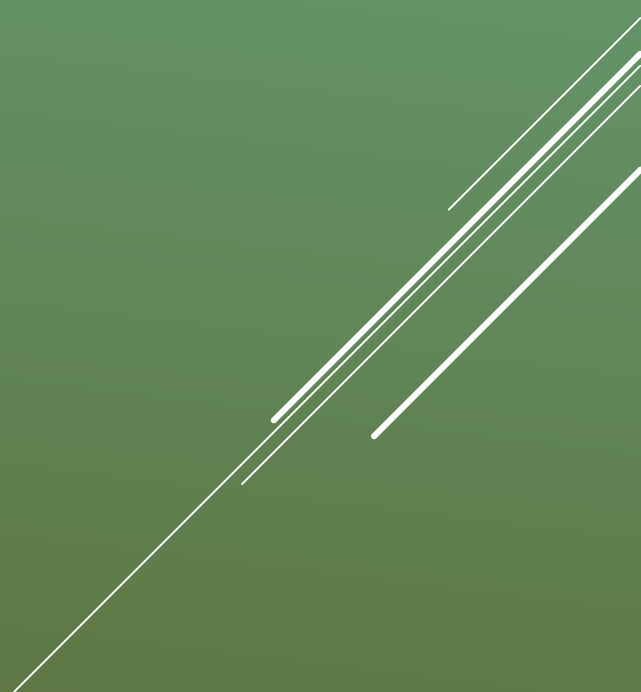




*SERENITY AMIDST A FIRESTORM*  
ERIK PEREZ

Erik Perez is a third-year medical student at KPCOM.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST





*I wrote this poem to reflect the way I believe a lot of first-year medical students feel about the internal conflict that arises within ourselves. I have doubted whether I am good enough to be where I am today and I know I am not alone in that feeling. A million people could tell you that you are good enough, but it doesn't matter unless you believe that for yourself. I think it is important to take time to reflect and remember even when it is difficult, that you can do it, and that you are worthy.*

POET'S STATEMENT

KIMBERLY KLUGLEIN

## The Battle of the First-Year Medical Student

I am at war with myself.

Can I live up to my own expectations?

Am I meant to be here?

Never am I 100% sure.

Don't think that way,

Of course, you are meant to be here.

It's what they all say.

They can't convince me.

I must believe it.

And I do.

Most days.

With every moment that passes,

Only I can prove to myself the depth of my ability.

Realize my full potential

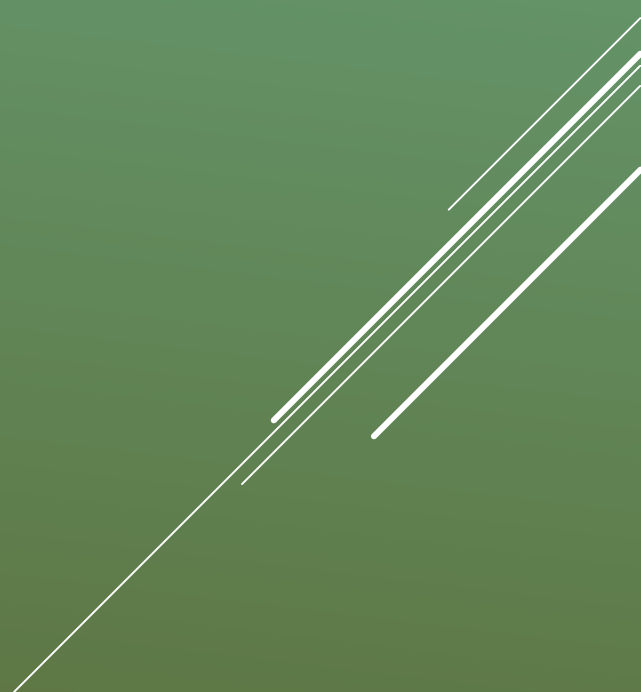
That haunts my dreams but forces me to work harder.

However, sometimes, it still takes me reading the first letter to remember that.

Yeah!

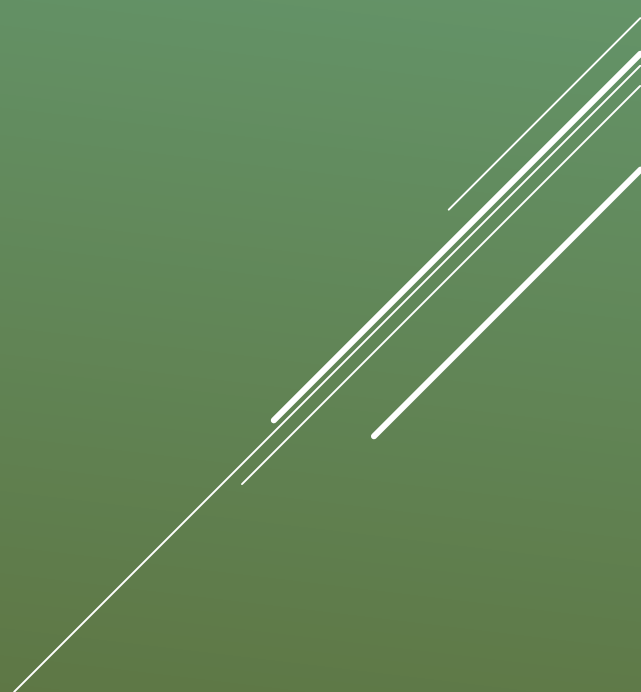
Kimberly Kluglein is a first-year medical student at KPCOM.

## ABOUT THE POET



Our minds are often in a constant state of internal conflict most especially during seasons of change. In this piece, I explore the balance of being a first-year medical student while maintaining my identity of personhood.

## AUTHOR'S STATEMENT



## Dichotomy of a ~~medical student, person,~~ person in medical school

“Maybe I should make dinner.” “Maybe I should keep snacking to save time.” “I used to love baking, why don’t I make some cookies?” “Why waste time baking when I can study?” These conflicting thoughts raced through my mind all throughout the first months of medical school. Constantly feeling like I had to choose between being a person and a medical school student. Sounds intense, I know. But it was my truth. The thoughts of calling home but while on the phone thoughts of if E.coli was a gram positive or negative bacteria. Never feeling like I was fully in one place or the other. Always a divide. My two sides always at war.

Conflict, I know brings a change whether good or bad. My change started out being bad because I felt I had to give in to one side to have peace, and the medical student side often won. Being a person lost because the guilt of failure surpassed the guilt of not talking to friends and family. It wasn’t until I realized the beauty of the tension between the two that I began to identify **as a person** in medical school. The conflict pushed me to acknowledge both sides were equally important. It was okay to schedule in breaks.

It was okay to do the things I loved like reading my Bible, meditating, journaling and cooking. I realized in doing these activities that I felt more energized to tackle memorizing a 119-slide lecture on bacteria. The conflict in me showed the value of attending to both sides and brought my attention to them. Internal conflict brings change and awareness to the opposing sides within us and with that, the power to fully embrace our true selves.

AUTHOR: **FREDA ASSUAH**

**Freda Assuah** is a first-year medical student in her second semester at KPCOM. She is also concurrently enrolled in the Master of Informatics program.

Born and raised in Accra, Ghana she moved to the United States to pursue her education when she was fifteen.

In her spare time, she enjoys reading memoirs to learn more about other people's stories and playing "no rules tennis" with friends.

She hopes to someday be a neurologist, helping patients through innovative technology.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

IMPOSTER PHENOMENON  
AND DUNNING-KRUGER  
EFFECT: LEVERAGING  
INTERNAL CONFLICTS FOR  
PROFESSIONAL GROWTH  
AND WELLNESS



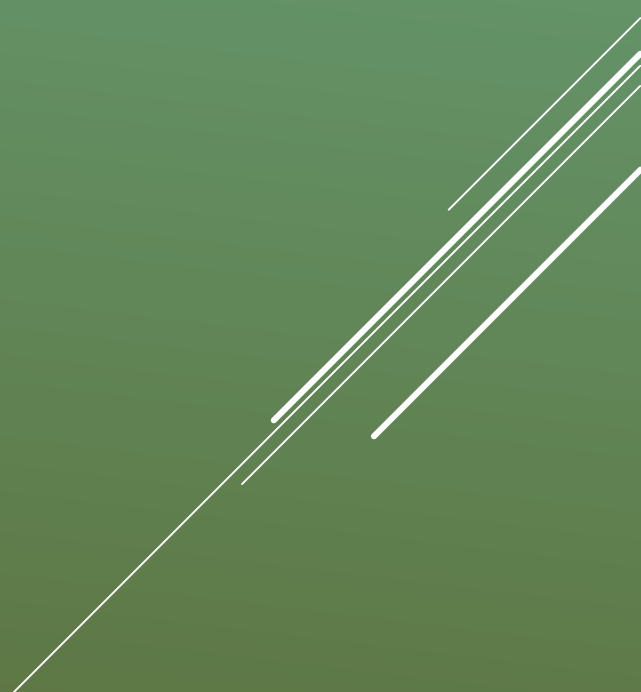
Arkene Levy, Ph.D.

Algevis Wrench, Ph.D.

Maria Padilla, M.D.

Vijay Rajput, M.D. <sup>1</sup>

# AUTHORS





# ABOUT THE AUTHORS


- ▶ **Dr. Arkene Levy** is the Director of Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion at the Dr. Kiran C Patel College of Allopathic Medicine (NSU MD), where she is also an Associate Professor of Medical Education. She currently leads several funded projects that positively impact the physical and mental health of vulnerable groups in the South Florida community.
- ▶ **Dr. Algevis Wrench** is Assistant Professor of Medical Education at NSU MD. She is an active member of the Latino Medical Association (LMSA) where she mentors the NSU MD student chapter in research and projects related to mental wellness.
- ▶ **Dr. Maria Padilla** is the Executive Associate Dean for Academic and Student Affairs at NSU MD and is a passionate advocate for integrating and supporting student wellness activities throughout the schools' curriculum.
- ▶ **Dr. Vijay Rajput** is Chair of the Department of Medical Education at NSU MD and has an extensive background in faculty and student mentorship around wellness and professional development.

*Working together as a team, we all came to realize that addressing uncomfortable topics such as imposter phenomenon is important to build resilience among faculty and students.*

## AUTHORS' STATEMENT

*This piece is a collective effort of the authors and is inspired by our love of teaching, science, medicine, and daily interactions with our peers and students. Mental wellness is a topic that is dear to all our hearts. We are all passionate about using wellness as a tool to enhance learning in the classroom, and to build trust between future health providers and patients. We came together as a team because we have all been impacted by imposter phenomenon (IP) at some point in our lives or careers, and we have learned to recognize and mitigate it as it creeps up.*

*We are passionate about sharing tools and resources that can help others to do the same. We are all immigrant faculty of color with intersectional identities that have made our journeys as medical educators both rewarding and challenging. We all interact with diverse groups of students with similar identities and backgrounds, and this has heightened our passion for addressing IP. As medical educators, we believe wellness is critical to delivering culturally competent medical care and addressing internal conflicts that negatively impact teaching and clinical skills acquisition is paramount. Our hope is that this piece stimulates curiosity and action for those with whom it resonates.*

Three parallel white lines of varying lengths and slopes are positioned in the bottom right corner of the slide, extending from the right edge towards the center.

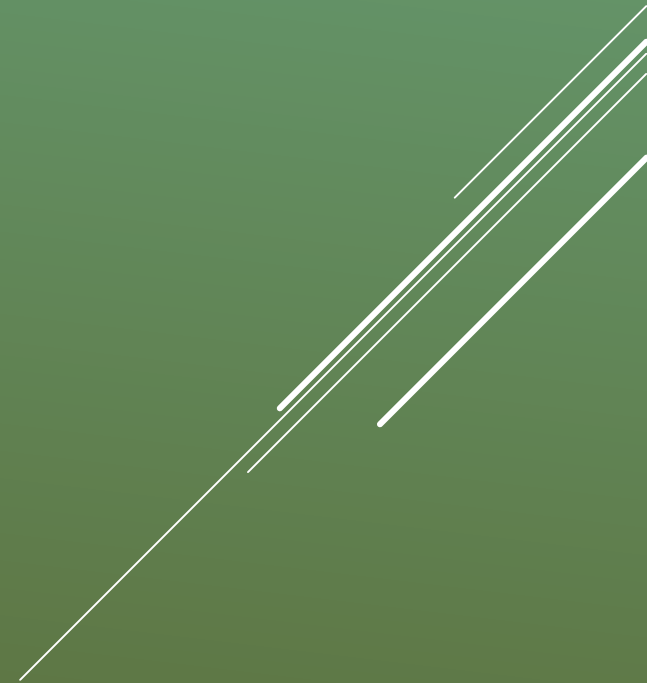
So, what really is imposter phenomenon (IP)?

IP also known as imposter syndrome or *imposterism* is a psychological state in which high achieving individuals fail to internalize their accomplishments and have persistent feelings of self-doubt and professional fraudulence, despite their successes. Individuals with IP display an inability to accurately self-assess their performance and have diminished self-confidence and fear of failure. Imposter phenomenon is quite the opposite to the *Dunning-Kruger's effect* (DKE), a specific form of illusory superiority in which people overestimate their own skills, knowledge, expertise and achievements.


Often defined as “*being ignorant of one's own ignorance*” DKE describes the scenario where less competent individuals overestimate their abilities and do not have enough insight to know that they are incompetent and fail to recognize competency in others. In other words, *they don't know what they don't know*. The truth is that we all have felt overly confident about our knowledge and skills at one point and felt unjustly like underachievers more often than not.

When we did our first session with year one medical students on IP, we were all uncomfortable and doubted whether we were equipped to really teach students about the topic. However, the two-hour session went well, and we were able to plan other sessions for more health professions students at NSU. We came to the realization that although IP and DKE appear to be opposite psychological states, they both are associated with inaccurate self-assessment of one's own abilities, and both reflect a state of inner conflict that can have negative implications in personal and professional interactions, if not addressed.

The implications of IP among medical educators and medical students are multifaceted as it negatively affects social, emotional, and psychological well-being and is linked to higher levels of stress, anxiety, depression, burnout, and poor interpersonal relationships. Similarly, DKE masks the true competencies of an individual and can be a barrier to professional development, skills acquisition and accepting constructive feedback. We believe that it is crucial to increase awareness about IP and DKE in a competitive and a demanding medical education environment. It is vital to provide vulnerable individuals with tools and there are several academic assessment tools that have been used including the Clance Impostor Phenomenon Scale, and The Cognitive Reflection Test.



Mentorship, practicing mindfulness, peer support, and institutional support are strategies that have been successfully established that can assist. Our team have used four key steps to tackle imposter syndrome. When feelings of self-doubt creep up, we ask ourselves “*What is prompting these feelings of imposterism?*” Secondly, we try to reframe our thoughts to focus on our successes and accomplishments and third to “choose” to have a positive attitude towards the situation. The last step involves making a commitment to ourselves to release negative feelings by pursuing enriching activities such as Yoga, art, physical exercise or choosing any supporting activity that makes us feel whole.

A series of four parallel white lines of varying lengths, slanted diagonally upwards from left to right, located in the bottom right corner of the slide.

Mentorship has also been shown to help individuals to become more self-aware. Metacognition is an awareness of one's thought processes and an understanding of the patterns that are behind those thoughts. Reflecting on our thinking habits is a wonderful way to improve your abilities to personal thinking patterns. Breaking the cycles of negative thought is not easy but replacing a negative thought with a positive one can help boost our self-esteem and offer personal power in our decision making.

The promotion of mental health wellness is very important to everyone and podcasts such as *A Beautiful Mindset* and *Who Am I to Talk About Impostor Syndrome* and mindfulness applications (*Ten Percent Happier*, *Calm* and *Headspace*) can help reframe your thoughts. The practice of gratitude and making a regular list of positive accomplishments also are quite helpful and very easy to do.

When our internal conflicts get in the way of living a happy and healthy and productive life, then it's not only important but necessary to dig deeper so we can all be empowered not only for professional growth but for individual growth. When we resolve our internal angst and get in touch with our talents and overcome negative self-talk we can develop our self-confidence and improve our wellness-mind, body and spirit. These strategies have certainly helped us to grow as individuals and we continue our inner work since after all, we are a work in progress!





"In the spirit of this edition's theme, I made this piece as an ode to the last two years that have felt like a decade. The piece was inspired from news articles of the global conflict that has permeated our lives day to day. The colors in the piece coincide with these events as well as some emotions that we all feel every time we get a phone notification of a new historical, traumatic event.

I included the hands from the Sistine Chapel within the painting to show that there is this idea of coming together in conflict and sending prayers, supporting each other, and being better versions of ourselves—unfortunately, it hasn't been the case. Conflict has bred conflict and I intended this to be an indication of that.

"PLEASE TURN OFF THE NEWS!", 2022

An abstract graphic consisting of several parallel white diagonal lines of varying lengths, extending from the middle right towards the bottom right corner of the image. The lines are set against a solid green background.



BY ARTIST: ORESTES HADJISTAMOULOU

Orestes Hadjistamoulou is a second-year medical student at KPCOM who loves to escape through art that is personal or created by others.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST

“I love using classic icons and themes and trying to tie them with elements of modern street art. I owe everything to my two corgis who are my muses.”

## ARTIST'S STATEMENT

The path to becoming a physician is lined with conflicts and adversity. The power of this conflict is what allows for progression through the field. It is these adverse times that help strengthen the willpower and mental fortitude required to take on the next obstacle.

When looking at the prospective medical student, the current medical student, and the future attending physician, it becomes apparent the trials and tribulations one must undergo to truly succeed in this field. The process of applying to medical school is a series of hurdles that one must overcome. Ensuring you have an adequate GPA, extracurricular, research experience, and a stellar MCAT score are all contributing factors to the success of an applicant.

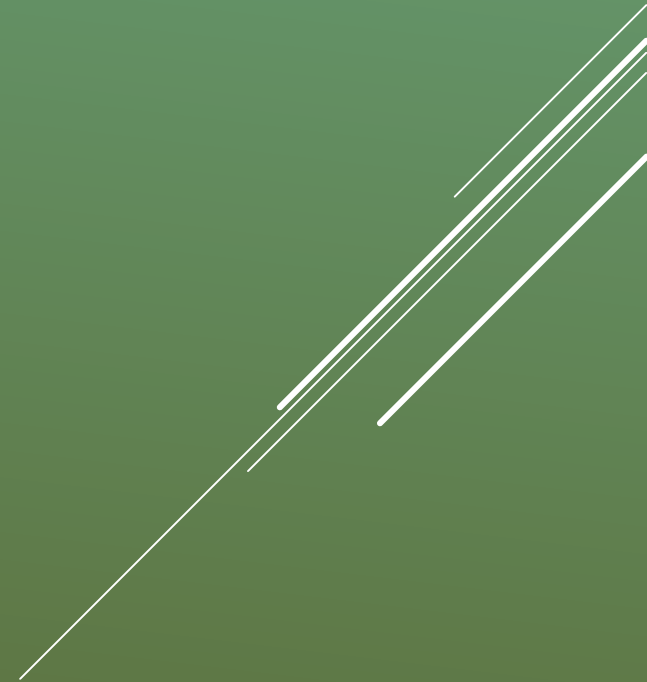
When looking back on the process, it always felt like an unbearable struggle that was extremely difficult to overcome. However, these conflicts pave the way for success in the future as they allow you to have a framework by which you can overcome adversity. Without this mental fortitude, the struggle of experiences in the future may be even more damaging.

# *THE POWER OF CONFLICT*

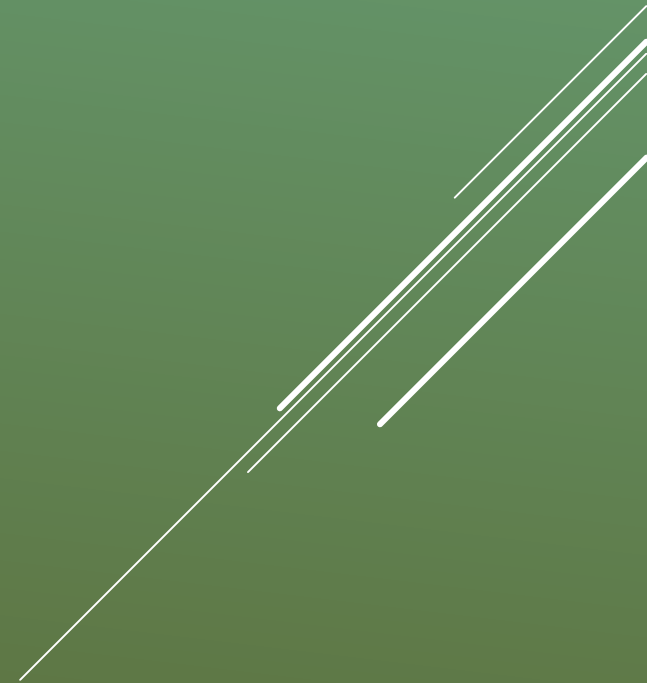
## BY RAJUR THIND

Upon gaining admission, it is easy to feel as though the conflict will end there. However, the workload and stress within medical school can, in many instances, outweigh the adversity experienced in the past. Whether it is failing an exam, a practical, or even an entire course, the mental fortitude that was established in the past may not be enough to overcome this current obstacle.

However, it is crucial to understand that, like in the past, this will help create a new foundation for which you are able to continuously progress towards the ultimate end goal. Finally, upon reaching the end goal of becoming an attending physician, many assume the conflict has ended. However, when talking with physicians, there is a barrier of previously unknown conflicts for which school does not prepare you. Whether that is dealing with hospital admission, other health care workers, or insurance companies, there are many obstacles one must overcome.

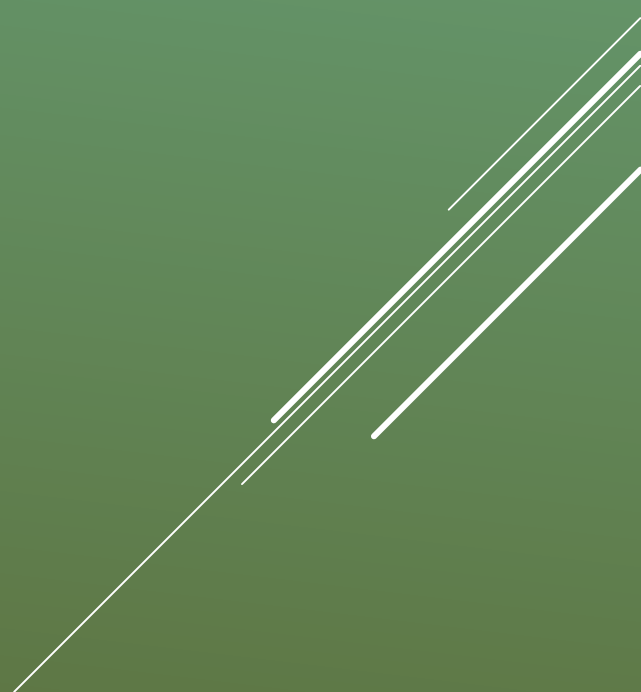


There are times when you must advocate for something that you know is in the best interest of the patient but cannot be done due to external stressors. In the past, the issues have been primary academic and mental, but now one must deal with ethical conflicts, which can be more difficult to deal with. The power to overcome these ethical dilemmas while ensuring that patient care is not sacrificed can take a lifetime to master; however, these conflicts are what create a truly exceptional attending physician—it is through the adversity that we experience from aspiring to get into medical school, enduring the hardships throughout and the continuing struggle into the workforce where we truly gain an appreciation for the power that these conflicts have had on us. However, it is always important to understand that what was once an unbearable conflict has now become a distant memory.



Rajvir Thind is a third-year medical student at KPCOM.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



# The Train of Time


GEHAN A. PENDLEBURY





# The Train of Time

When I glance at the clock  
The time stares back at me.  
I missed the train, just by a few moments.  
It's impossible to catch the train of time.  
When I glance at the clock,  
The time stares back at me. I see all the missed moments,  
Saturated with visual reminders—  
The outbox is always full: Alarms, calendar reminders, phone alerts  
Manuscripts, posters, publications.  
Residency applications, personal statements.  
*Will you please write me a letter of recommendation?*  
Audition rotations, too many days away from home.  
Exams, exams, exams.  
Boards, boards, boards.

The background is a solid green color. On the right side, there are several white lines of varying lengths and angles, creating a sense of movement or a stylized train track. The lines are arranged in a way that suggests they are receding into the distance.

The Art of Medicine.

It's a fine line: Studying, memorization.

Understanding complex pathology- diagnosing, charting, rounding.  
Physicians, the good ones, constantly walk this fine line while juggling  
altruistic humanism.

This is the sacred physician-patient relationship.

This is art of medicine.

Several thin, parallel white lines of varying lengths and orientations are positioned in the bottom right corner of the slide, creating a modern, abstract graphic element.

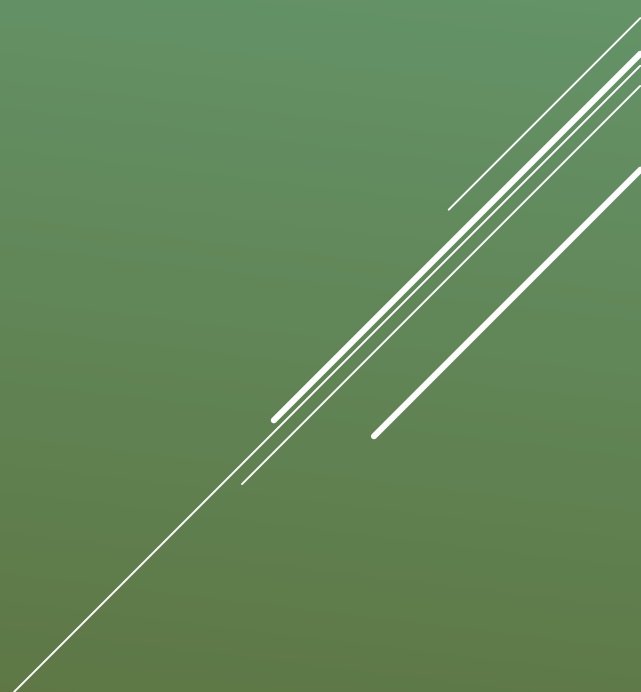
The Art of Motherhood.

It's a delicate balance—family milestones, growth spurts Celebrating beautiful chapters.

Loving, laughing, hugging.

Mothers constantly juggle this balance while striving in their careers. This is the sacred mother-child relationship.

This is the art of motherhood.



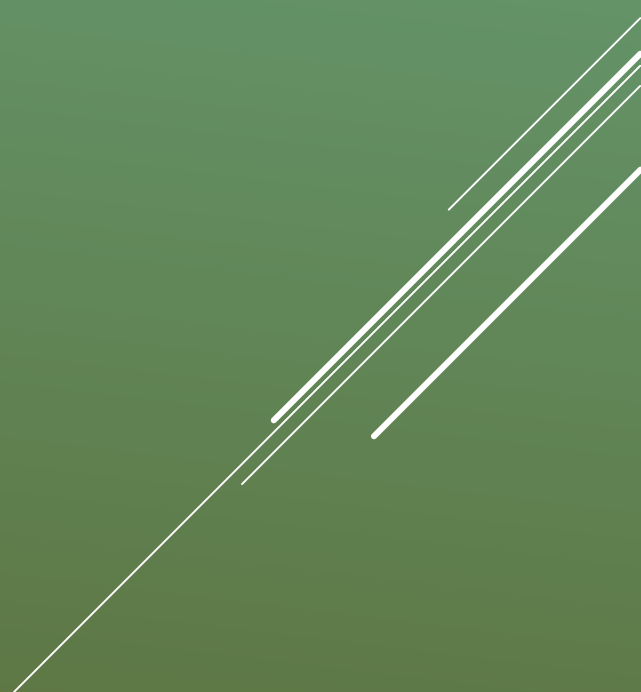
It's impossible to catch the train of time.

I'm left with doubts, sadness, guilt over missed moments intermixed with joy,  
pride, gratitude.

And guilt over missed moments.

Somehow, the mommy guilt is always there.

I wonder if she will ever know.



My husband beams with pride—

“Dr. Mommy Pendlebury”,

And I quietly wonder

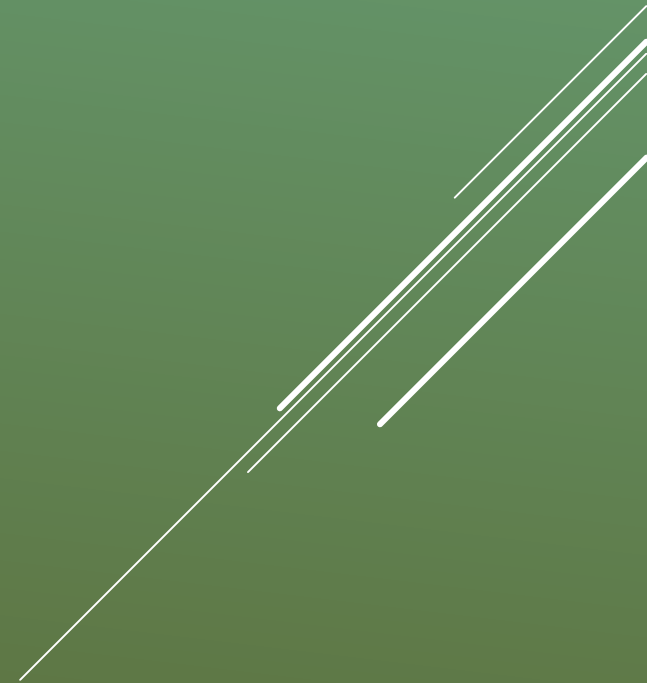
*Am I a doctor first, and mother second?*

No. No. No.

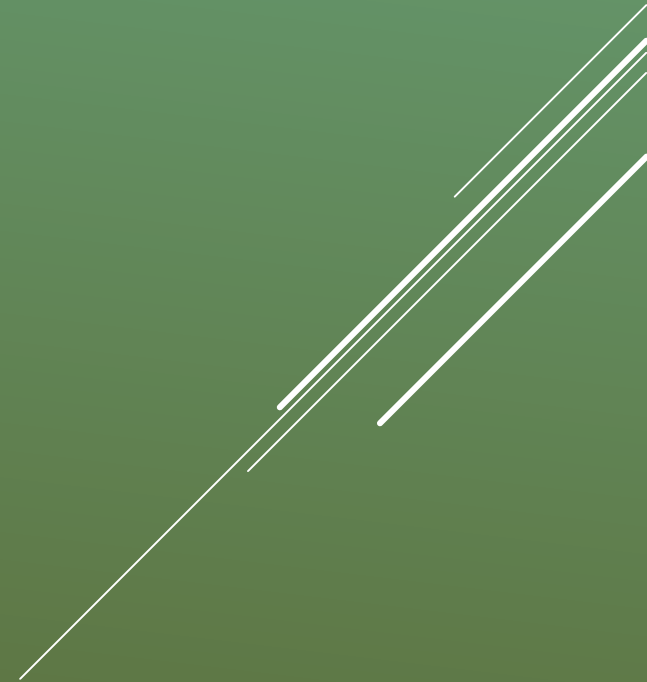
*I want to be a mother first, and a doctor second.*



The world of medicine is saturated with never-ending expectations.  
It's impossible to catch the train of time.  
These lost moments wear me thin.  
Mental fatigue is no prize to celebrate.  
The burnout and pessimism flow deep.



I crave uninterrupted space with her .  
How odd, to miss profound sleep deprivation.  
When it was just her and me, all day long.  
But will she forgive me, for the lost moments?  
The missed milestones?  
She'll be so proud of you!" -they say.



Will she forgive me, for the thousands of hours of studying?

For the endless hours of writing papers?

for studying all the diseases?

Will she forgive me for having to choose medicine?

Instead of playing with her?

*I'm so sorry, my sweet Amira.*



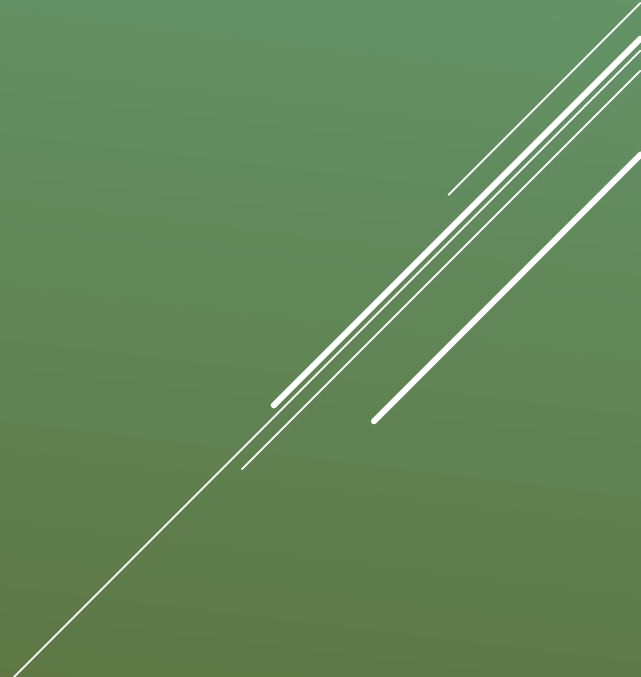


One day I will ask her

Do you forgive me?

For all that I've missed—And will miss in the future?

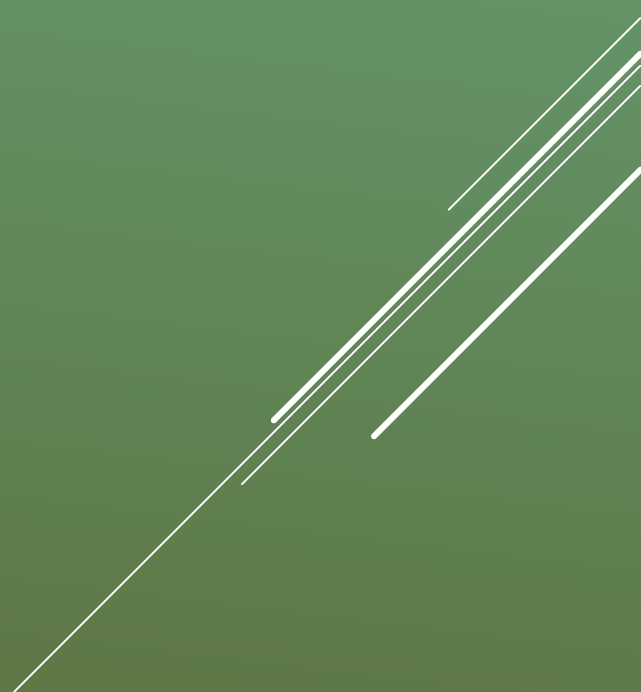
As the train of time speeds by.



“She’ll look up to you!” They say.

But deep down, I fear that she will look away.

It’s a fine line.



**Gehan “Gigi” Pendlebury** is an aspiring military dermatologist, commissioned Navy ensign (ENS), and medical student at KPCOM and serves in the United States Navy Medical Corps Reserves. As a Navy medical student, she follows her calling to serve current and past military service members with the utmost quality of care using a whole-person approach.

She obtained her bachelor’s degree in psychology with minors in public health and criminology from Rutgers. Her research background includes undergraduate research activities in public health and clinical psychology.

Currently, her research has focused on dermatopathology, operational skin disease, interventional pain management, traumatic brain injury, chronic pain, post-traumatic stress disorder among combat veterans and military service members.

She enjoys spending time outdoors with her husband and three-year-old daughter. She loves Cross-Fit and optimizing her athletic performance.

## ABOUT THE POET