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2018 Edition XI
Brody School of Medicine
Art & Literary Magazine

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2018 Edition XI

The *Heart of Medicine*

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Cover: "Windblown"

Leonard Trujillo, PhD, OTR/L, FAOT

2" Brasswood, Oil Stains 12x14

Editors' Note

One night, the midnight's frost shook me awake, and I thought to myself in shock, "is it winter already?" Where did the time go? I realized that for the past year and a half, I have been missing some important things. I didn't join my family for holidays, the number of times I contacted my old friends has decreased, and I did not feel the new year coming. Amidst busy days, I let the time fly by without my notice. As people in the healthcare field, we tend to forget the various facets of our lives: we as parents, as children, as spouses, and as friends. Each of us play diverse roles, have many faces, and encounter many events that make us who we are. However, it is so easy for us to get absorbed into our hectic lives that we tend to forget the different faces and moments that have molded us to become the unique people we are today. We hope that this theme and this magazine allows you to reflect on the impactful memories and people of your life.

– Seohyun Cho, MS3, Co-editor in Chief

– Amy Luna Rangel, MS3, Co-editor in Chief

*"Time is not measured by clocks
but by moments"* - unknown

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Online version link: <http://www.ecu.edu/cs-dhs/typecast/past.cfm>



“Ready to Bolt”

Leonard Trujillo, PhD, OTR/L, FAOT
1” Cottonwood 16x10

“Dreaming by the River”

Leonard Trujillo, PhD, OTR/L, FAOT
2 1/2” Butternut Wood 24x18



“Dreaming by the River”

Spring



"Serenity" - Nelly Bellamy, MS4, *Photography*

It Is Time

Does it always go on?
Or is it always being lost?
Can it be found?
Can it pay the cost?
Can it stop and stay?
Can it rest or break?
Or does it continue always?

What tricks can it do?
Does it ever come back?
Can that even be done?
Is it knowledge we lack?
It's undiscovered
Yet known by all,
Always going on
Endless circles on the wall.
Its measure is infinity
Making it stronger,
Giving it power and strength
So it can last even longer.
It never runs out
But you can't get it back,
It always seems to be
It is 'it' that you lack.

It's lost all the time
Rarely being found,
But when it shows up
It's different and bound.
Staying a secret
Slyly doing more harm.
Not playing fair
Silently striking with no alarm.
Affecting every living thing
Just look around,
There is not one thing
That it has not found.
Nothing can escape,
Nothing can hide,
It is everywhere
So everything will abide.

Constantly changing
Everything in its path,
But it seems to show love
Through its brutal wrath.
Though it does kill all
It also helps heal hurt,
Though it ages people

It first nourishes through dirt.
It gives us a limit
Yet it gets to go on forever,
We say it rushes us
But hurry it would never.
You may call it selfish,
And I'd have to agree.
But at least it doesn't rush you,
It just lets you be.
It is blamed for so much
And while it may deserve the fault,
It continues for good reason
Not needing to halt.
For with it we die
But without it we do not exist,
Your 'it' is running out
And it is 'it' I will miss.

By Holly Pittard, MS2



“Spring Air” - Nelly Bellamy, MS4, *Photography*

Summer



"Across the River and Into the Woods" - Elena Pak, MS, Department of Physiology, *Oil on Canvas*

It's Not All Sunshine

I said to the sun, "What have you seen since last we met?"

"I have seen sleeping worlds
awake to rise
to yawn their mouths
to rub their eyes.
Weary ones I saw in bed
awake to walk their daily tread.
Some are glad, others grumpy.
Eat hot eggs, oatmeal lumpy,
and get in cars – to work all day
'til I, the sun, did pass away.

I saw a friend give aid to another.
I saw a man keep watch for his brother.
A baby cuddled, coddled, cries;
but Mother's there to wipe his eyes.
Tenderly she spooned him food
then walked him through the neighborhood.
A man came home for lunch to kiss
his wife and let her know he missed
her.

Sisters laugh; children play.
How I love to give them day!
A man surprised! A couple wed:
how glad they are to go to bed.
They see the world without a care;
many more days they hope to share.

Down the street from them, I pass
a man who sits and holds a glass
up to the passing passerby
though no one meets his begging eye.
As if to look is same as give!
If that were true, this world would live
rich.

One passerby who saw the man
did slip some paper in his can.
A caring man, I thought to think,
but watched him walk up to a sink
and take his own glass there to fill
and drink it with a box of pills.
I do not know if I shall see
that man again; I think that he
is gone.

But as the sun, I must move on.

Past flashing lights and howling sounds,
past watery depths and sandy grounds,
around around around around
the world I go and see:
The man next door who hit his wife.
The boy who watched him, filled with strife.
The murderer who stalked a street;
I tried to turn him back with heat.
I did not see how far he got,
I left him in a parking lot.

I saw a child, sick and thin.
I saw her watch the goats; and when
her mother called for her 'come in'
no supper did she get – a hen
she had last week, I think, but then
that was a long time past; and kin
ate that bird, too; they all looked thin.

At least that child had a mother!
There is no time to speak of others
I saw as time and I went by.
I watched them hurt and grow and cry.
I count them as I pass and stare,
to check next trip if they're still there.

A few green slips would save this man;
a second chance for her; a plan;
a house; a home; some food to eat
to get that child on his feet.
To treat these wounds? Just medicine.
And love to lift a heart again.

I watch the world as I pass by,
I see the people live and die.
I wonder where they go from there?
Some think they know; some do not care.
It happens fast – the end, I mean.
What happens after really seems
important.

I saw a man give aid to his brother.
I saw a man as he murdered another.
A baby cuddled, coddled, cries.
Another baby cries and dies.
Some families gobbled up their food
but as I viewed the neighborhood
I saw a man who for lunch wished;
who knows how many meals he'd missed?

Bad men steal; children play.
How I love to give them day!
A bomb explodes; a couple dead.
An older man makes up his bed.
How strange it is to leave them there,
how strange it is to see their cares
or lack of.

This is what I have seen since last we met.
And what of you?"

I said, "I slept."

By Robin Harrison, MS3



“Goodbye Summer” - Elena Pak, MS, Department of Physiology, *Oil on Canvas*

Process

Time, Distance, Displacement

Some of it in study rooms, some of it in power points,
some of it in a formaldehyde encircled space
All painting masterpieces on boards which mourn
when dry erased

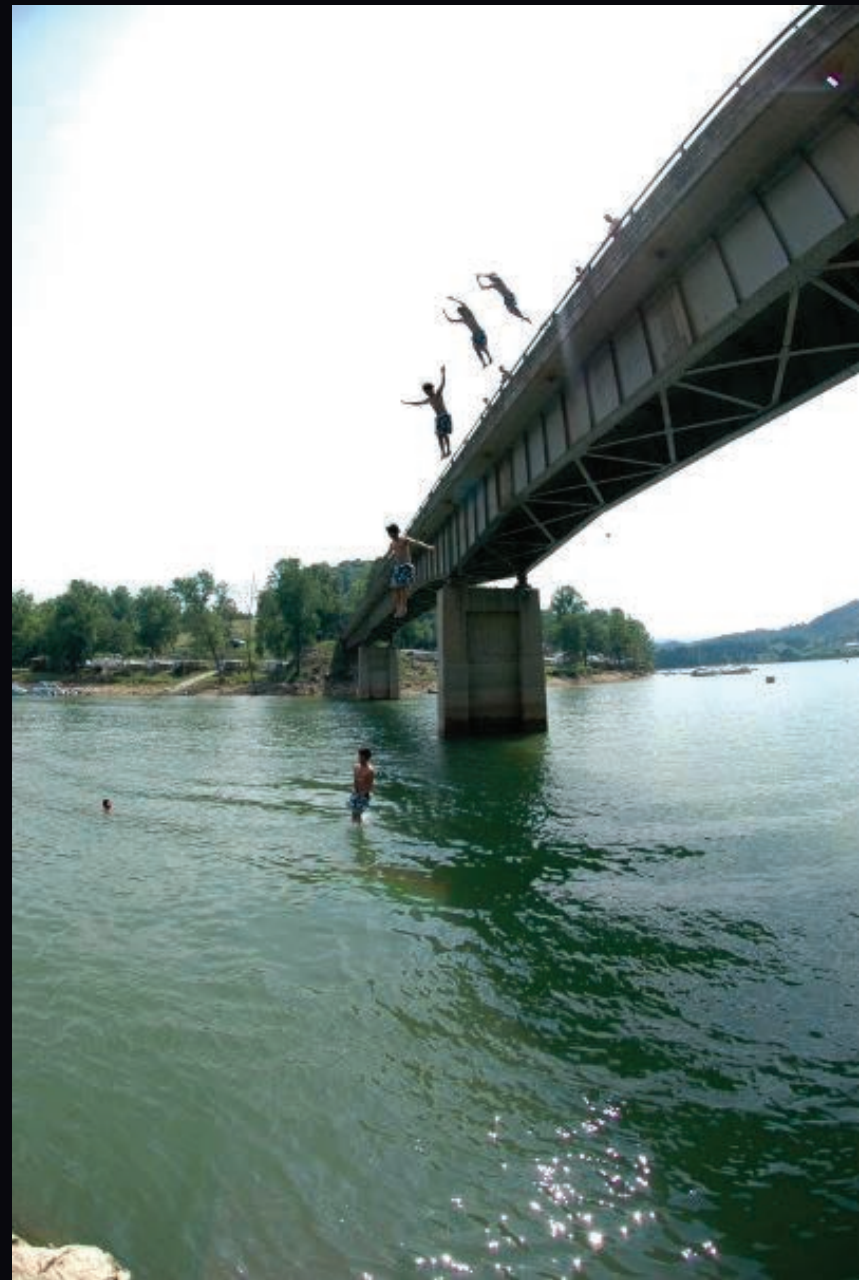
Bodies, Minds, Souls

“I remember! To Zanzibar By Motor Car!
Those are the facial nerve branches which innervate
muscles of facial expression!”

White Coat, Stethoscope, Great Hope

After an amused moment of Doctored grace
“Well then, never forget that it allows your patient to
smile and kiss the sunshine on their face”

By Bryan Morales, MS3



“Jump” - Lee Stanley, MS4, Edited time lapse photography

Time

Time as we know of has many definitions and complex theories. It is in moments for some, while it is in relation to space for the other. It is in measures for some while it is an illusion to the rest. The beauty of time lies not only in its universal nature, complexity and mystery but its power to shape and create value. We all are bestowed with time once we enter the cycle of birth and death.

Albert Einstein once said “The only reason for time is so that everything doesn’t happen at once.”

Most of us unconsciously use time to measure not only our days, months and years, but also to define our own selves. From the time of birth, we are in this race to chase time with checklists in our minds some set by society and some set by ourselves. It is surprising how we manage to brand our actions into achievements and failures in relation to time.

As a physician, I find myself having a unique opportunity to be an observer during the dynamics

of my day that has opened new perspectives to understand what time really is. Like a time traveler if you ask me!

Having a list of patients in my hand and walking into patients rooms, I encounter people, questions, situations, conversations, decisions all in relation to time. While a patient leaves hospital thanking for the care he received during his stay, he says “I was worried about my job, Time is Money you see!” Another patient is waiting to go for his surgery and his wife whispers “We had postponed this surgery for such a long time, but I’m glad the right time has arrived.” In the ED there is a trauma code and you hear about the tragic deaths from a motor vehicle accident due to bad timing of events on the freeway, while there is a patient with chest pain who makes it on time to the hospital and undergoes a life saving procedure. The Patient’s son says “Time was precious and we could not afford to lose even a second.” While we cruise through the birthing unit admiring the newborns and parents experiencing the

best time of their lives, I hear the grandparents say “It was a difficult pregnancy but the 9 months of hope and prayers are rewarded.” A patient undergoing rehabilitation after a stroke, tells me that time is a healer. Our next stop is the most difficult one where I am asked to estimate the time remaining for my critically ill patient losing her battle. The daughter asks “Is it days? weeks? or do you think mom can make it to her grandson’s graduation? It is her one last wish..”

So what really is time? Is it just ok to use it as a task manager, scheduler, right start for a good day, indefinite flow of actions and events into past present and future, a measure for life, death and aging.

Well it is beyond all these. Time is the essence of Existence, It adds value to Life, Death and to all we know. Time can manifest into Happiness and memories, Teacher and lesson, Goal and destination, Hope and despair, Power and fear, Illusion and Reality.

Time is a role definer too, if

you look closely. It lets you be an excellent juggler helping you play various roles simultaneously in your life. You multitask as a Parent, sibling, friend, professional, spouse and so on all together in real time.

When I asked this question to my 4 year old. He says he loves play time as it makes him happy and definitely does not like time out!

Just google time and you will find yourself measuring the seconds, computing programs, understanding philosophy, questioning the creation and the creator, learning quantum physics and trying to decode the theory of relativity!

Time is the reflection of eternal truth that change is inevitable and it is how we live the moment that makes living timeless.

I think it is time that makes us understand everything is Human and Divine at the same time!

By Sowmya Nagaraj, MD

Fall



Waiting

I don't know
if I'd rather be the one
counting the minutes on a turbulent plane
or counting the minutes in a silent terminal.

You bring me flowers every time,
even though I say You don't have to.
For the first time in Your life, You want to.
I wear them in my hair all weekend.

I bless every minute
that brings me closer to You.

By Kelley E. Haven, MD

Winter



“Down Time” - Grace Smith, CFS Administrative Support Specialist, *Photography*

Sunrise

Sunset



“Fleeting Sunset Over the NC Coast” - Christopher Thomas, MS4, *Photography*



“Sunset Reflection”

Cherly Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN

Photography

Sunset over the river and reflected on the library

“Time to reflect can be as fleeting as the reflection of sunset, as beautiful and as impossible to consider.”



"Time in Umeå"

Cherly Elhammoumi, MSN, RN, CCRN

Photography

Time in Umeå, Sweden, 2:30 PM November 3, 2017



"Fleeting Sunset Over the Bogue Sound" - Christopher Thomas, MS4, Photography

Tangled Time

I'm not the type to cry at funerals
but I felt the grief.
I'm not the type to frequent churches
but I felt the presence.

Barber's Adagio for Strings
simplified for church organ
penetrated mourners
vanquished smiles of reunion.

Shafts of sunlight
through stained glass windows
colored white washed walls.
Passing clouds shadowed sun
flares of brilliance
enhanced by absence.

Prognosis rapidly changed
years, months, days.
A last minute flight
to see her one last time
though speech was babble
and recognition dubious.
Changing planes the word came.
Her time is up, This trip in vain.

The poignant eulogy
of the bereaved caregiver
lost purpose
sea of grief.
She beside him silent
box of ashes
covered by linen
embroidered with cross
smoked with incense.

He, atheist or agnostic
he would not declare.
She, never missed communion
until distraught and embarrassed
when taking bread and wine
confused her decaying brain.

He took her to church faithfully
bored by it all until
he led her to bread and wine
and she led him to body and blood.

By William Meggs, MD, PhD, FACMT, FACEP

The First Time

No idea what I am getting into
A funny little feeling
Mind-body separation
And simultaneous fusion
I don't know if I have ever been this happy

Difficult to put into words
I feel... whole
As though some part of my existence
Newly discovered
Allowing me to truly know myself

My mind is racing, yet unbelievably focused
No concept of time
Not sure if these feelings are real
I can sense the energy
Intensity that is almost tangible

Old familiarities experienced in a new light
The world seems brighter
Sounds are clearer
A song I know the words to
But hearing it for the first time

I feel one with the universe
Am I able to retain all that I have learned?
Will I remember that what was holding me back
Was of no consequence in the grand scheme?
Will I remember this feeling?

I have changed
For the better

The Last Time

I know what I am doing
But I was wrong
It started out ok
But that funny little feeling
Turned into something else

Difficult to put into words
I feel... empty
As though in a nightmare
Where my humanity is being destroyed
Chipped away piece by piece

My mind in a prison of fear
My body is confused, sick
Each second an hour
Each hour a lifetime
When will this end?

A shade being cast on the bright past
The world is filled with terror
Sounds are harsh, yet muted
A song I wish I did not know
Never want to hear it again

I feel broken, disconnected
I would not wish this pain on anyone
Am I able to forget?
Will I hold onto this new set of fears?
Will this follow me forever?

I have changed
For the worse

This is a *part* of me

By Lee Stanley, MS4



“From North Carolina to California” - Christopher Thomas, MS4, Photography

Perspectives



Perspective

Oh little patch of blue
you remind me that the sky,
though clouded o'er and gray,
conceals infinity.

That though I cannot see
what lies beyond I know
is vast, with room for me –
is possibility.

By Robin Harrison, MS3

"If My Time Was Space"
Amy Rangel, MS3, *Acrylic Painting*

"The Early Years" - Amy Rangel, MS3, Acrylic Painting



Moments of Caring

Midnight is a time to sleep;

But, neither one of us was at the moment.

You, a mother of a new born baby who had just had open heart surgery, were sitting in a dark room where your new born was lying in a hospital crib.

I, your nurse that night, was making my rounds to make sure that your baby was doing well.

Upon entering your room, I saw you sitting in a couch by a window and staring at the night sky.

When I asked whether you needed any help, you said 'No';

But, your body gestured differently.

So, I stayed.

When I gently sat beside you and showed you that I was willing to listen, you looked at me for a moment and started to let your guard down.

We started to talk about your day.

Thus, you talked and I listened.

Time passed;

But neither of us had realized it.

In medicine, time – long or short – is not measured by clock, but by relativities of moments.

During a time of life saving, seconds could be too long.

But, in our moment of caring, your heart-felt sentiments mesmerized the passage of time.

Having a baby was expected to be a blissful moment;

But yours was filled with un-expectancy and urgency.

From the moment of your child's diagnosis of a heart defect, your whole world has changed.

Since then, you've been on an emotional roller-coaster and do not know how to get off.

I would like to tell you that you are not alone on the ride because we are here with you.

We'll show you how to operate the roller-coaster and use it to help you see far.

We are healthcare providers who are the makers and creators of Moments of Caring.

By Holly Wei, PhD, RN, CPN

Five O'clock Traffic

There is pain on her face.
I'm just walking on the busy sidewalk,
I don't know her.
She isn't dying, hopefully not.

Her blue name-tag says 'Amy,'
It's five o'clock,
She must be walking back from work.
Her hair is in a bun,

And her left shoe has a hole,
Right at the top where her big toe shows
through.
She looks like she needs a cane,
But she cannot be any older than thirty.
I do not think it is urgent,
But there is pain.
She is walking slowly,
With a slight limp,
Her left leg is hurt.
What am I supposed to do?
Does she want help?
Does she need help?
Can I even help her?
She doesn't look up,
Or ask for assistance,
She's focused on the ground.
She seems determined,
She'll probably be alright.
Maybe the pain is not related to her leg,
Does she need to talk about something?
I want to ask,
But it's not my business,
She is probably fine...
Emotionally, physically, mentally.
She may not want any attention drawn to her.
At the corner of 5th avenue,
She goes left, I go right.
Now she is gone.
I should have asked.
There was pain on Amy's face,
And I did nothing.



"Before I Die"

Nelly Bellamy, MS4

Photography

By Holly Pittard, MS2

“The Golden Hour” - Gabriel Gaweda, MS3, Photography



The Golden Hour is a term coined by R Adams Cowley, MD after his experiences as a military surgeon in World War II, which highlights the importance of receiving medical care within 60 minutes following a life-threatening traumatic event. Although criticized for its lack of scientific evidence, the term's philosophy was extensively incorporated into military medevac doctrine and became highly applauded for its success during the Vietnam conflict as casualty survival rates significantly improved. The introduction of helicopters in medevac operations further increased the likelihood of casualties receiving treatment within the Golden Hour. The Golden Hour and the use of medevac helicopters is now a universally accepted and applied concept, which continues to save lives every day in military operations abroad and right here at Vidant Medical Center.



Flying the Breeze

Listen to Alex Murashov's *Flying the Breeze*

Scan to hear music by
Alexander K. Murashov, MD, PhD
Produced with Logic Pro X

