

The Hopkins Med LiveWell Newsletter

Welcome to the third issue of The Hopkins Med LiveWell Newsletter! We hope to build a tradition of wellness at Johns Hopkins, and this publication attempts to capture the energy and enthusiasm of students so that we can all collaborate to change the wellness culture as part of our professional developmental responsibility to care for ourselves so that we can care for others. We thank you for taking time to read through this issue, and we invite you to participate actively in the future by sharing with us about your wellness activities and events and by submitting written and artistic pieces to publish—this is a standing invitation to submit expressions of all types! Also, if you'd like to communicate about wellness on a regular basis with your colleagues, please join the LiveWell listserv as a tool for posting questions, sharing articles, and facilitating conversations about wellness topics: <https://lists.johnshopkins.edu/sympa/info/livewell> + Join the #SWI Facebook Group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/studentwellnessinitiative/>

1. OCTOBER LIVEWELL CALENDAR:

- Please send planned activities and events to: HopkinsLiveWell@gmail.com
- Access the Online Calendar here: <http://goo.gl/i5aWYe> (screen shot below)

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu
28 Dance 10 Basketball 11 Football 4:30p Yoga	29	30 6p Hopkins Runners!	Oct 1 5p LIVEWELL WORKSHOP - Self	2
5 Dance 10 Basketball 11 Football 4:30p Yoga	6	7 6p Hopkins Runners!	8	9
12 Dance 10 Basketball 11 Football 4:30p Yoga	13	14 6p Hopkins Runners!	15	16 1p LIVEWELL CONTINUED...
19 Dance 10 Basketball 11 Football 4:30p Yoga	20	21 6p Hopkins Runners!	22	23
26 Dance 10 Basketball 11 Football 4:30p Yoga	27	28 6p Hopkins Runners!	29	30

2. ROUNDING THE DOME:

- News and notes from around The Hopkins Med campus!

At 9 AM on September 15th, ERAS opened the portal for submissions of residency applications to residency programs. Fourth year medical students across the country eagerly endured the long loading times in an effort to finally click arguably the most anticipated 'submit' button of their lives. And at approximately 2 PM on September 15th, ERAS completely shut down because the servers crashed in a truly unforeseeable and completely unavoidable manner.

At 9 AM on September 16th, ERAS re-opened the portal for submissions of residency applications to residency programs. Despite the "minor" hiccup the day before, everything went smoothly, and students were able to submit their ERAS applications with no problems. The administrators of ERAS even sent an email to all Residency Program Directors, advising them to consider September 16th as the official "first day" of the application submission cycle. Thus concluding an episode of what will surely be a memorable start to the Graduating Class of 2015's applicant cycle.

On behalf of the Student Wellness Initiative (#SWI), the Communications and Outreach Committee would like to extend our sincerest of congratulations to Med15 for reaching this milestone. We wish you all the best of luck on what will surely be a successful interview trail.

Godspeed Med15!

A Place to Talk: This is a confidential peer support program that is designed to act as a resource for students who want to talk about anything from academic stress to more serious mental health concerns. We have been trained as peer listeners and have office hours every week in AMEB 236 (in the suite to the right as you face the bathrooms on the second floor). You are welcome to come alone or with a friend and to chat about anything on your mind.

→ Our office hours are:

Monday 3-5pm (Wynne)

Wednesday 1-2pm and 3:30-4:30pm (Sam)

→ Email us at wcallon1@jhmi.edu or sroman6@jhmi.edu if you would like to meet but cannot make the office hours.

LiveWell Workshops: The events are open to all students; they cover various wellness topics.

Here are the dates of upcoming events:

October 1 – Making "Me Time" in Medical School, 6-7 PM in AMEB 402

→ [Register Here](#) !!!

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/1b3dgsZomqFqvYHKZQbtPNCtWZHILIvKh40AwtIOpx_E/viewform

→ Special thanks to those helping out with pre-workshop workouts!

(Running: Jess Moore, Biking: Cody Cichowirz & Tracy Yang, Yoga: Fiona Gispen, & Basketball: David Lee)

→ Remember to sign up! ALL LEVELS OF ABILITY ARE WELCOME!

November 13 – Risky Behaviors
December 10 or 11 – Doubt
January 12 (week of) – Relationships

SOURCE Baltimore Week (Oct 6 - 11): A slate of awesome community-based events including panel discussions, community speakers, Friday Happy Hour and culminating in the Tri-School Day of Service, where 6-8 community partner sites will host volunteers on Sat, October 11th.

SOURCE Community Connection Consultant: SOURCE is recruiting interested students to assist community-based organizations (CBOs). Those involved will be a source of information/help for our CBOs. Students may help with data analysis and interpretation, surveying, research, writing/revising grants, curriculum design and teaching health topics, etc. The Connection is an internationally recognized program, having won the Program of the Year in April 2008 from ACPA College Student Educator International, Commission for Student Involvement. Additionally, in 2009, The Connection won the "Best In Class" award for humanitarianism and community service through the Jenzabar Foundation.

HERBS: HERBS has launched its composting efforts. Bins (with sealable, odor control lids) will be available in the colleges with instructions for what can be added. These will be emptied regularly into the (new!) large outdoor compost tumbler. Also, students are invited to come pick the remaining tomatoes, cucumbers, banana peppers, eggplant, and (of course) herbs, as our summer growing season comes to a close. Keep your eyes out for our fall crop of carrots, arugula, radishes, beets, and lettuce!

→ Students can also sign up to help water the garden here:

<https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/cc?key=0Akaw0EThv8dDNtZVluWEw0SC11Z1ZhcVM3dFhuYWc&usp=sharing>

3. BE MORE PART OF B'MORE:

- Information about community events and happenings in Baltimore!
 - o *B'More Interested:* <http://www.bmoreinterested.com>
 - Free concerts, yoga classes, and other festivals and events, including Farmers Markets (please see calendars on Web site for details).
 - o *Mount Vernon Place Conservatory:* <http://mvpconservancy.org>
 - Free yoga classes on Saturday mornings at 8:30 AM in East Mount Vernon Place Square.
 - Free outdoor concerts on Wednesdays and other interesting cultural events (please see calendar on Web site for more information).
 - o *Yoga at the Inner Harbor:* <http://www.charmcityyoga.com/yoga-at-the-inner-harbor/>
 - Free yoga classes on Sunday mornings at 8:00 AM in West Shore Park.
 - o *November Project:* <http://november-project.com/baltimore-md/>

- Free morning workouts on Wednesdays in Federal Hill and on Fridays in Patterson Park (please see Web site for details about exact times).
- *Center Stage*: <https://www.centerstage.org/BoxOffice/PurchaseGoPass.aspx>
 - Inspiring, entertaining, high-quality theater at a fraction of the cost!

4. EXPRESSING WELLNESS:

- Student publications of all types to express personal wellness! We warmly welcome anonymous submissions as well.
 - Please submit poems, essays, reflections, drawings/art, photos, and other creative pieces to HopkinsLiveWell@gmail.com by October 26th for publication in the next edition of *The Hopkins Med LiveWell Newsletter*.
 - Categories to consider:
 - Recipe of the Month
 - Faculty Insights
 - Wellness Tips
 - Reflections
 - Poetry
 - Essays
 - Art
 - Photography
 - Literary, non-original
 - Anonymous “Thank You” notes

Reflections

“Advice to a First Year Medical Student”

By Anonymous, MSIV

I just started my fifth year of medical school. Recently, I met a first year student who asked me for pieces of advice that I could give him as he embarks on the medical school experience. I was surprised when I did not hesitate with my answer: Despite all the hard work you will put into school and your future career, the relationships that you have with your family, friends, and peers will be the most special memories you have during this time. Don't forget to prioritize these people. I wish it hadn't taken me so long to figure that out.

“What Does Wellness Mean to Me?”

By Sam Roman, MSII

We talk a lot about keeping ourselves well, but really, what is "wellness"? According to Wikipedia, it could be referring to a variety of things, including alternative medicine, the state of being healthy and disease-free, or a high-end brand of dog and cat food. I personally like this definition from the UC Davis Counseling Center website - "Wellness is more than being free from illness, it is a dynamic process of change and growth. Wellness is an active process of becoming aware of and making choices toward a healthy and fulfilling life."

As medical students, we know we should keep ourselves "healthy". To most, if not all, of us, being healthy usually refers to eating lots of fruits and vegetables, drinking enough water, avoiding things like drugs and alcohol, and attempting to get to the gym every once in a while. Wellness is so often translated into physical health that many of us, myself included, forget about or otherwise neglect the remaining areas of wellness (actually, there are 7 dimensions of wellness - emotional, environmental, intellectual, occupational, physical, social and spiritual).

In thinking about what wellness means to me, I reflect on my junior year in undergrad when I had a very full, challenging academic schedule, a part-time job for 20 hours per week, several extracurricular leadership positions, and the MCAT looming ahead. I'm sure many of you have had similar experiences. Being that busy leaves little to no time for oneself, and slowly, inevitably sleep suffers, social interactions suffer, physical health suffers - in short, many if not all of the areas of wellness are negatively impacted. And while we may be able to keep up some semblance of a normal external façade, internally, we may not be well at all.

For me, wellness is a constant, ongoing battle to prioritize my mental and physical health needs. It took a gap year and a lot of reflection to realize that my stress, anxiety, and unhappiness were largely my own doing. I did not prioritize my physical health. I did not prioritize my mental health. Many times, I prioritized the wellbeing of others without realizing the hypocrisy and irony of my actions. However, I think that realization was empowering. I started making time for myself - setting aside time to exercise or to actually cook a healthy meal or to sit and read something interesting and not required for a class. If I am having a stressful day, I will take the night off to relax.

Work, especially in medicine, is never done. There will always be more. We will never be able to read everything, know everything, or do everything. Realizing and truly accepting that has helped to give me perspective and allowed me to begin improving my own self-care by prioritizing myself, as selfish as that may feel at times. We are all diving head first into this crazy world of medicine to help patients who are sick, injured, and in pain. So to me, wellness is a never-ending process of caring for myself so I can ultimately best care for my future patients.

Poetry

“Redirection”

By Maxine Norcross, MSIII

Heading east on 40,
Eyelids heavy with morning fog,
Flashing arrows narrow the possibilities,
I'm cut off again.

Green light, restart,
Expanding limits of momentum,
Familiar stoops a friendly reminder,

I've been here before.

Looking ahead,
Skyline warmed by streams of gold,
Lavender shadows, delicate pinks opening,
In this moment –
I'm heading east.

"Where's my Brain?"
By Brent Pottenger, MSIV

I can't figure this out.
But surely you can help:
I've lost my brain,
And I'd love to know where it's hiding out.

Is it in my head?
That's certainly long been said.
Is it in my heart?
I can definitely feel it play a part.

Or is it buried deeply within, underneath my viscera and skin?
The 'gut brain', they say, is a powerful thing.

They say these types of things more and more these days.
They being scientists, I have to say.

Whether 'heart brain' or 'head brain', it seems like everything constitutes my brain.

Neurons exciting, firing, and sensitizing throughout all parts,
Composing a multifractal concert, of course. A concerto of sorts.

Leaving me wondering where this line in the sand, if ever, stops moving.

Because all things have a say.
And if the brain does all the thinking,
All that information processing,
Then I cannot rule out that Mr. Pinky Toe
Has something to say when it comes to good ol' reasoning.

It's all so terribly confusing, this neuroscience of choosing.
So I'll leave it to you to answer with some amusing.

I've lost my brain;
But where it is, I cannot say.

Essays

“On Biking (Learning Swerve)” by Adela Wu, MSII

I always say the same thing for any icebreaker game. While other people have swam with sharks or have Gwyneth Paltrow as a relative three times removed or have broken a world record for solving Rubik’s cubes, I say that I don’t know how to ride a bike. It always gets me some slightly shocked and sympathetic sighs. Someone will probably ask me, “What have you been doing with your childhood?!” Clearly not riding bikes, let me tell you.

My parents bought me a tricycle, but I guess teaching me how to ride a bike wasn’t as important as teaching me how to swim (I’m from California, after all) or how to play the piano (I suppose I can make an Asian joke here). I vaguely remember trying the tricycle when I was a toddler, but I grew up and older without ridding myself of the third wheel. My younger sister is the same as well. However, she is starting college on a campus that would take her twenty minutes to walk from her dorm to her nearest class. I guess it is a testament to her scholarly dedication that ‘being able to make it to lecture on time’ is the reason that she gave to my mom for enrolling in a biking class that our family friend recommended. I decided to take it as well. It was time for me to make this a milestone and reclaim my childhood, but, really, I wasn’t about to let my little sister show me up.

My sister and I stood in front of our foldable bikes provided by the Pro Bikes company, and we watched our classmates arrive one by one at this sweltering Macy’s parking lot for our class. Yvonne and Tiffany were our friendly teachers, and they made sure to learn each of our names and to ask us why we were interested in learning how to bike. Paulina, a brunette with a perfect ponytail who looked like she powerwalked in yogilates pants every weekend morning, just moved from New York and didn’t want to miss out on the Southern California lifestyle from not knowing how to bike. Joyce, a petite middle-aged blonde woman in cargo shorts, said she wanted to bike to Burning Man. But, most of our responses were the same—we simply never learned how.

Yvonne and Tiffany smiled and reassured us all that ‘one in 10 adults don’t know how to bike, so no need to feel alone!’

We started with sitting on our bikes, leaning from side to side, and testing the feel of the brakes on the handlebars. We moved on to ‘walking’ our bikes to the opposite end of the parking lot and making clockwise and counterclockwise circles. It was when we were encouraged to lift our feet off the ground that some of our comrades began struggling. Tony asked Yvonne a lot of questions about how to balance himself. Paulina and Tiffany adjusted her bike seat five times. The rest of us made our ways back and forth with relative ease. Because the parking lot had a slight downhill on one side and barring lone cars searching for parking spaces, I was able to glide down that entire stretch with feet in the air. I felt excited and ready for the next phase of actual pedaling.

Though, here would be a good time to make a disclaimer. I’m not and never have been a naturally athletic person. I’ve tried basketball in middle school P.E., and while I was decent at dribbling, the only time I remember catching the basketball was with my face. At my high school, I ran cross country and track, because sports were unfortunately required of everyone,

and I had figured that running necessitated the least amount of whole-body coordination and flying projectiles.

The first couple of tries with the pedals were awful, jerking, wobbling, teetering, just plain awful, and I started getting this dreadful thought that I could probably never learn to bike at my age, at this rate, ever. People told me before that ‘you can’t be afraid of falling, you have to fall at least once before you really learn.’ I didn’t want to fall on asphalt. People had reassured me that ‘once I learn how, I won’t ever forget because of muscle memory.’ I was afraid the only memory my muscles would have at this point was of all my failed attempts to go forward and swerving completely to the opposite side because I couldn’t find the other pedal.

I looked around me, and I saw Joyce making turns at the other end of the lot like a natural. Another girl, Erica, zipped past me. My sister was moving, albeit stiffly at a snail’s pace, and my mom was telling her to try pedaling faster. Then, I saw Paulina take a spill when she accidentally moved too close to Yvonne. Over there, Tony was still walking his bike. I guess he still hadn’t found his balance either.

I biked with my sister a few more times over my weeklong stay at home. We traded her new bicycle between us and circled our block, with one person running ahead to give warnings about cars rounding the bend. We replaced our swims and trips to the local park with practicing bicycling on the street. Frankly, I was amazed at the balance, control, and physics that allowed two thin rubber wheels to carry me down the length of my street in one minute, the mechanics that translated the slight motions of my muscles and legs to the gears and spokes to move me. Somehow, along the way, something fell into the right place. Something clicked like that moment when I was first able to complete a run-through of a new piano piece after practicing for hours or that moment when I was finally able to hold a decent conversation in Spanish after learning the language for four years. I can’t say I really bike yet, but at least I can say I know how to bike now. Though, I guess this means I have to figure out a new icebreaker fact about myself.

Literary, non-original

“Why Do Doctors Commit Suicide” in *The New York Times*

<http://www.nytimes.com/2014/09/05/opinion/why-do-doctors-commit-suicide.html>

The Irregular Heartbeat

By Wuroh Timbo, MSIV

Your source for what’s going on in The Hopkins Med student body.

NOTE: This is meant to be satirical (similar to The Onion); all quotes and events may in fact be exaggerated, fabricated, or simply just plain wrong.

“Med Student Saves the Day at Local Park”

As medical students, we all too often feel comfortable playing the “I’m just a med student” card when put in a position where we are requested to make a decision. And with good reason— we are *just* med students. But what is really telling of an aspiring physician’s development (or even a physician’s development) is how they respond in moments of crisis when there is no senior figure to fall back on. One second year medical student (who has chosen anonymity for this piece) found him/herself in just that situation over the weekend.

“I was out taking a nice walk around Patterson Park,” the student recalls, “I probably should have been studying for Pulmonology— but I hear the Pulm test is really easy so I wasn’t sweating it***. After some time, I saw a group of people huddled over what looked to be a person on the ground. It wasn’t long before more people were running to the group. So I decided to go see what was happening.”

It was those great instincts that brought the student into the fray and set him/her up to be the hero of the day. It turns out that one unlucky Baltimore resident had fainted.

“I heard someone yell, ‘I don’t feel a pulse!’ And in that instant my mind phase-shifted. I immediately thought back to my BLS training from first year. And then I realized I forgot it all. So I knew I had to improvise.”

Great instincts, quick thinker; this second year is already developing into a fine physician.

“So I reached into my pocket for my phone, and I called 911.”

The EMTs were at the scene within minutes. They successfully resuscitated the patient and transferred him to The Johns Hopkins Hospital Emergency Department. Thanks to this sharp young medical student, the patient would continue to receive appropriate treatment and live to see another day.

“I wouldn’t really call myself a hero,” the student responds when asked about all of the praise he/she has since received, “Really, I just saw someone in need and used the knowledge and tools I’ve been given so far in medical school to respond to the best of my ability.”

Many onlookers at the scene were impressed by what they saw with this student. One witness was particularly surprised to hear the stranger who saved the day was only a medical student: “Just judging by his/her composure and poise during the whole event, I would have sworn he/she was a physician. But then I learned this student went to Johns Hopkins, and it all made sense.”

It seems this student’s skill set is limitless, “When the gentleman regained consciousness, I was ready to ask him his sexual history and what his hobbies were. I was practicing asking those questions a ton in my Longitudinal Clerkship, so I felt comfortable doing it then. Unfortunately, the EMTs rushed him into the hospital, so I was unable to get a good idea as to what the cause of this episode was. Hopefully the ER docs were able to ask him.”

When asked to make a comment on the issue, one of the Hopkins Med Deans, issued a statement:

Here at Hopkins, we pride ourselves on the quality of the students at the institution. This exceptional student’s efforts reflect wonderfully on the student body, and we are proud of him/her for how he/she handled this crisis situation.

This writer does not profess to be a predictor of the future, but it would not be a long shot to say this budding physician’s future patients are in tremendous, dare I say gifted, hands. If I ever feel light-headed or short-of-breath in a park, I hope our paths cross.

Prior to the arrival of the EMTs, an individual was noted to be giving the unconscious patient what looked to be chest compressions. This person was unavailable for comment.

***The Pulmonology exam is **HARD.**