

Wednesday, October 18, 2006

cheap stealer, that's me.

Heh heh, its been a while, no? I've got good excuses. Trying to plan when and where and how to have my wedding (a week after I graduate medical school, in the church where my parents got married, reception in a lovely garden...), trying and succeeding to apply to residency programs (interviews scheduled at 9/10 places that I applied to!), trying to shine like a star during my BUSY but AMAZING month with the Family Practice Hospitalist service. Turns out Family Medicine inpatient floors are WAY better than regular Medicine floors, or at least at my hospital they are!!Anyhow, I've been busy, but knitting. I'll do pictures later, but now I feel compelled to steal from Sarah, one of my maids-to-be and someone that I wish were closer to tell me how to do this whole wedding thing...Anyway, I always loved these things when they were emails, and couldn't resist sending them on.

1. FIRST NAME? Mia
2. WERE YOU NAMED AFTER ANYONE? Mia means "mine" in Italian (and Spanish, but my parents didn't know that), and my dad is Italian. I was NOT named after Mia Farrow.
3. WHEN DID YOU LAST CRY? Uh...Saturday when I realized I had bounced my rent check. I hate being stupid and irresponsible!
4. DO YOU LIKE YOUR HANDWRITING? When I try it is pretty neat and legible, which is more than I can say for most doctors, and I'm determined to keep it that way, so yes. I do like my handwriting.
5. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE LUNCHMEAT? I like Tofurkey deli slices. Yes, that is tofu that tastes a bit like turkey, but really is good just because it makes a more filling and tasty sandwich. Tofurkey is the best of the veggie deli meat brands, the others tend to be slimy and not too flavorful. I also highly recommend Tofurkey for Christmas and Thanksgiving. It is SOOO good.
6. IF YOU WERE ANOTHER PERSON WOULD YOU BE FRIENDS WITH YOU? I hope so. Some of my friends are a lot like me, so I THINK so.
7. DO YOU HAVE A JOURNAL? No. I have some old ones, but sometimes I find them and rip up the stupid pages. I know that is counterproductive to keeping one in the first place, but that's the way I am. Sometimes the past embarrasses me.
8. DO YOU STILL HAVE YOUR TONSILS? Yeah. Despite having so much strep that I eventually got rheumatic fever in first grade, I do indeed have my tonsils.
9. WOULD YOU BUNGEE JUMP? No. I have a gut crushing fear of jumping from high places, and would be paralyzed with fear. Also, I have a bad neck/upper back from a run-in with a canoe and I don't need it to bother me any more than it already does.
10. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE CEREAL? I go through cereal phases. But if nutritional value were not an issue, I would have to say Golden Grahams, although I NEVER eat it because it is JUNK.
11. DO YOU UNTIE YOUR SHOES WHEN YOU TAKE THEM OFF? Most of the shoes I wear daily (Dansko clogs) don't have laces. But sneaker and running shoes...nope, I just slide them off. Unlike Sarah, I have silly little feet.
12. DO YOU THINK YOU ARE STRONG? In some ways yes. Like in the hospital doing medicine things. But in some ways I'm a big wimp, just ask my fiancée.
13. WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE ICE CREAM FLAVOR? Ice cream I don't eat. But sorbet, I do. And favorite flavor? Ben and Jerry's Chocolate, or Emack and Bolio's Passionfruit. Also, in Italy they are kind enough to have soy gelato, and that I'll take in any flavor. Chocolate, pistachio, hazelnut...hmmm. I need soy gelato.
14. SHOE SIZE? 7.5.
15. RED OR PINK? Pink looks better on me, although for years I HATED it. Now I like it.
16. WHAT IS THE LEAST FAVORITE THING ABOUT YOURSELF? Although overall I'm organized, I occasionally royally screw up (see the part above about bounced checks), and although I keep the kitchen in our house clean, I tend to be a bit of a clutter bug in other areas of the house (my desk...).
17. WHO DO YOU MISS THE MOST? Right now, planning my wedding, I wish so much that my Nana was going to be there. She would have danced the Irish jig. I also really miss my college friends, you know who you are, because we were like PB&J for 4 years, and now I hardly see them, and there are some things that only they understand.
18. DO YOU WANT EVERYONE TO SEND THIS BACK TO YOU? Eh. I want to see it on more blogs...
19. WHAT COLOR PANTS, SHIRT AND SHOES ARE YOU WEARING? Shoes: Dansko "Cordovan" color-a reddish maroon. Shirt: white with pink stitching down front button placket. Pants: Grey with white and pink pinstripes.
20. LAST THING YOU ATE? An apple.
21. WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO RIGHT NOW? Disco Inferno by 50 Cent. I have a strange fondness for bad hip-hop.
22. IF YOU WERE A CRAYON, WHAT COLOR WOULD YOU BE? A green one, not too yellow-green, more blue green.

23. FAVORITE SMELL? Garlic in olive oil on the stove, Christmas dinner smells, wool with lanolin, Cape Cod beaches, my fiancé after he gets out of the shower, ginger.
24. WHO WAS THE LAST PERSON YOU TALKED TO ON THE PHONE? My dad.
25. THE FIRST THING YOU NOTICE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU ARE ATTRACTED TO? Eyes. Eyes. Eyes.
26. DO YOU LIKE THE PERSON you stole THIS from? I adore Sarah. I miss Sarah.
27. FAVORITE DRINK? Water, Odwalla Limeade, apple cider, recently Red Rose Tea.
28. FAVORITE SPORT? To watch: Baseball and then football, and college basketball but only if it is Indiana or UMass. To play: field hockey on a crisp fall day.
29. EYE COLOR? Blue.
30. HAT SIZE? Huge. I don't know mine, but it is huge. Huge.
31. DO YOU WEAR CONTACTS? Yes.
32. FAVORITE FOOD? Tofu, black beans, guacamole, my mom's stuffing, crusty bread, potato anything, brussels sprouts, broccoli, asparagus. Scallion pancakes. Pancakes. Chocolate soy milk from Trader Joe's. Can't choose just one. I love food.
33. SCARY MOVIES OR HAPPY ENDINGS? I personally like happy endings, and a good romantic movie always gets me teary eyed. However, my honey likes the scary movies, and I have to say that watching them with him is pretty fun, because he will simultaneously be very snuggly and protective, but also try to scare the crap out of me by startling me. Never gets old.
34. SENSE OR SENSIBILITY? I'm Elinor too, like Sarah.
35. SUMMER OR WINTER? Both please. I do hate when it is super hot and humid in the summer, unless I'm near the ocean, in which case I'm in heaven. Winter is fun, although this year I'm guessing that my 40 minute commute will make life less fun than usual...36. HUGS OR KISSES? Hmm. Hugs from friends, kisses from my fiancé. But I like his hugs a whole lot, too.
37. FAVORITE DESSERT? A nice fruit sorbet, or a piece of good chocolate.
38. WHO IS MOST LIKELY TO RESPOND? Oh, let's skip these next two. It doesn't matter.
39. LEAST LIKELY TO RESPOND?
40. WHAT BOOKS ARE YOU READING? The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair. A book on EKG interpretations.
41. WHAT'S ON YOUR MOUSE Pad? I had one from my mom that was a vase from Taipei. She got it while in Taiwan at a conference in her honor.
42. WHAT DID YOU WATCH LAST NIGHT ON TV? Last night was laundry night. TONIGHT we will watch Jericho, which we don't much like but are kinda hooked on, and LOST, which we adore and can't live without.
43. FAVORITE SOUNDS? Baby noises. The voices of my family. The click of the needles. Regular heart beats! When dogs "talk" to you. A fan at night to sleep with. Church bells around Christmas time. Christmas songs around Christmas time. When I make my fiancé REALLY laugh. Waves. Thunder. Running water. Guinea pig squeaks.
44. ROLLING STONES OR BEATLES? Beatles.
45. THE FURTHEST YOU'VE BEEN FROM HOME? Italy. Junior year.
46. WHAT'S YOUR SPECIAL TALENT? Knitting? Cooking random stuff that somehow turns out good? I don't know.
47. WHERE WERE YOU BORN? Chicago, Illinois. My poor little mom was in labor with me for 36 freaking hours.
48. WHO SENT THIS TO YOU? Sarahkins.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 18:30

Sunday, July 23, 2006

A Scanner Sadly...

So who out there has heard of the movie "A Scanner Darkly?" I went to see it on Friday night with my boyfriend and his friends, and I found that it was one of the most profoundly depressing movies I've ever seen. The rest of the group thought it was funny, and I think that most of it was SUPPOSED to be funny. But I'm on of those people who experiences movies (and books, too I guess) in a very personalized way. I internalize too much instead of just taking it at face value. Like the book Bridges of Madison County, which I will forever hate because of a bad association with an ex. Or, the movie The English Patient, which I hate deeply because of more bad associations with a different ex. Sarahkins remembers how much I hate that one, I think! Add a new one to my liste, but this one I don't hate, I just don't want it to exist. A Scanner Darkly is a movie about drug addiction in the future. The movie focuses on a group of friends and their use of the drug "Substance D," which has the unfortunate effect of destroying your brain when you use too heavily. Maybe if I were not currently doing an elective in which on a daily basis I interact with Worcester's most down-and-out heroin users, I would have thought the movie was funny. Maybe if I didn't see real people who lose their houses, their wives, their jobs, their lives because of addiction, I would have liked the scene in the movie where they are all high and can't figure out how many gears are on their new bike. Is it 6 gears plus 3 equals 9? ha ha ha. It was a funny scene, but it made me want to cry. Maybe if I didn't pretty strongly believe in the power of methadone and suboxone (the new and improved pill form of methadone), I would have thought the ending twist of the movie (I won't give it away) was interesting and compelling. Instead, I found it annoying and again, depressing. So if you go see this movie, take a step back from the gut reaction to laugh at the antics of people who are high, and to get caught up in the witty dialogues. Just think about what it would be like to LIVE that movie. The pictures, by the way, are of where my yarn stash and sewing machine now live. The bookcase needs a little work...

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 22:18

Blog Export: Minicia, <http://minicia.bluegarter.org/>

Tuesday, April 11. 2006

PS.

I should have put somewhere in that last post that my boyfriend does NOT agree in any way with the ways animals are treated by the meat industry. He's also always been REALLY supportive of my veganish-ism, and when his family takes us out to dinner he always checks the menu before to make sure I'll be able to eat something. Someone sent me a comment and said that he was wrong about rights being only a human construction. I'm not going to outline the details of our discussion, and besides, he's the philosophy major, not me. But I have to say that I agree with my BF on this one. I believe that humans ought to treat animals well because it is the correct thing to do. Anyway. Here is something I'm working on very sporadically, and this picture was taken before I ripped it out and started over on size 2 instead of size 1. But these are the Northern Lights Mittens, in my own interpretation of the colors. Green, more green, purples and some red. I haven't gotten too far on the new version because I've not had much time for knitting this past week. Tonight I will, and will have to decide what to work on. I am a bit obsessed with colorwork right now.

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Ramblings at 06:39

Blog Export: Minicia, <http://minicia.bluegarter.org/>

Tuesday, April 4, 2006

That's gonna be awesome

On Wednesday, at two minutes and three seconds after 1:00 in the morning, the time and date will be 01:02:03 04/05/06. Weird. I almost want to set my alarm to wake up.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 07:16

Tuesday, February 21, 2006

Allergies

Here is the inside of my recently completed Lopi sweater. I REALLY like the way it looks on the inside, almost better than the outside! I'm just so proud of my stranding work. I think I'll design a sweater that is intentional inside-out Fair Isle...Psych sucks somewhat less than before. This week I'm with the doc that I'll be with for the next 5 weeks, and he is very nice and friendly. However, the patients all still make me want to cry, so that has not improved. I had a funny conversation with my boyfriend last night, as I was describing visiting my parents. They are "babysitting" my cousins' guinea pig, who is very cute, but who causes me great allergic reactions after about 3 minutes of holding him. My boyfriend and I have been talking about the "future" a lot, but we often have funny ways of thinking about it. Case in point: Me: Yeah, so I was really allergic to the guinea pig, I almost had an asthma attack! BF: Oh no! What happens if you are allergic to dogs? How are we going to have a dog? If you are really allergic, we couldn't have a dog. That would be really bad, I think it would be all over between us! Me: Oh, that's nice. Look, I'm NOT allergic to dogs, and I don't think that I'll become allergic. But what if I did? It would be a deal breaker if I was allergic to dogs? BF: Think of it this way, what if I suddenly became allergic to children?

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 19:21

Wednesday, January 4, 2006

Resolved: Exercise more, buy less yarn

Here are my two cute cousins and my uncle Rob (check out his band Boston Blackthorne here and on iTunes!) playing their instruments for us on Christmas day. I adore my family. I adore my boyfriend. Together, they made me so joyful and thankful during this holiday. I had a wonderful vacation, during which I did really nothing except buy yarn and open presents! I also started feeling a little stressed out about my stash, and about my lack of personal exercise motivation. I thought a lot about my goals for this year, and realized that they are analogous. I'm on a food diet and a yarn diet. I need to exercise more and knit more, which should make me happy! Category 1: FITNESS. Before I started surgery, I was really good about exercising. I wasn't about to run any marathons or win any fittest student awards, but I was in decent shape. Then, surgery hit me like a brick, and I was lucky if I worked out for 30 minutes a week. During OB I was no better, and just a tiny bit better during Pediatrics. Now for 6 weeks I have to report for duty around 9 am. Over Christmas break, I worked out almost every day, and I hope to continue this trend. I'd like to eat a bit better, lose some weight and become toned again. I plan to get up at 6 am and go to the sucky but free school exercise room--hopefully the smelly dude who sometimes is there will still be sleeping! :o)Category 2: STASH REDUCTION. Seriously, the stash is getting out of control. I knitted a truly heroic number of holiday knits, and somehow managed to give them away without pictures. One mistake rib scarf for my grandfather, a "lacey" pattern scarf for my great-aunt, a ziz-zag scarf from Modular Knits with matching mittens for my sister, Fleece Artist "Favourite Mittens" for my mom, some mittens for my grandmother...you get the idea. It was insane, but all presents were finished more or less in time for the big day. Since then I've made lots of progress on my Eris, and have started two new projects. Rosedale United: This pattern and yarn is ADDICTIVE! What you see there is about 1 full day worth of knitting. Most of this was knitted yesterday during a full day of lectures called "Interclerkship." Some more was done today in between orientations for Family Medicine. I forgot how much I LOVE Noro Kureyon. This is color number 162, and even though I can see the ball of yarn and tell which color is coming next, I keep on wanting to knit MORE and more and see what the sweater will look like! I'm almost done with the body and will move to the sleeves soon...Knitting this makes me think about that crazy sweater from Interweave Web patterns knit with Kureyon. Of course, I can't make it until I use up WAY more stash...but I do have the color picked out...maybe. Lace Leaf Pullover: From Teva Durham's book, also from Interweave Summer 2005. Ever since I saw this sweater I knew I had to have it. I found the yarn for it at WEBS, it is one of their new lines-Valley Yarns Shelburne. The picture does not do justice to the yarn or pattern, both are lovely. I've finished the lower part of the body and almost both sleeves. Hey, at this rate, I'll have room in my stash in NO TIME.

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Ramblings at 20:15

Blog Export: Minicia, <http://minicia.bluegarter.org/>

Monday, December 12, 2005

Yay surprises!

Today I came home from school later because I'd been in the library working on some research for a report I have to give tomorrow. I noticed that my bedroom light was on, and thought that I'd stupidly left it on, which is something I NEVER do. I'm all about conservation. But when I opened the door, I found my boyfriend was there, sitting at my desk! For those of you lucky enough to live in close proximity to your loved one, this may not seem so exciting, but for ME, this was about the best thing to happen in several weeks! It totally made up for the boyfriend-less football watching! It totally made my week! Thanks sweetie! In other news, I may have found the world's worst sweaters! This site is actually nice because they have knitting graph paper, but OH MY GOD, the sweaters: Sweaterscapes!

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 20:50

Tuesday, November 29, 2005

Sex Grafede Club

This Thanksgiving something HILARIOUS happened. We found my little brother's diary from when he was 7 years old. Many of the things he wrote in that diary were shockingly intelligent for a little guy, and all of the things that he wrote made me, my sister, my mom and my two cousins laugh so hard that we cried. One of our favorites was the "crush meter" that he drew on a page to compare Lauren and Whitney. Whitney got 50 out of 50, but Lauren only got 35 out of 50. When he was in first grade, he was in a "gang" called Cheetah. Their rival gang? You guessed it, the Sex Grafede Club (are you getting the 7 year old spelling of the word graffiti?). So of course, when we went out to the bars in Amherst and there were nametags from the ARHS Class of '95 10 year reunion, we made our own name tags that said "Sex Grafede Club Reunion 2005." My brother got one that just said Cheetah. Interestingly enough, Whitney was at the bar, and we really wanted my brother to tell her what all the hilarity was about, but he chickened out. In this picture, the tall dude with the beard is my brother, and the girl to the left of me is my sister. Yes, she has black curly hair and doesn't look much like me, but every now and then some stranger will tell us that they can tell we are sisters. I guess our mannerisms are similar, and so are our smiles. My cousins and I went to WEBS, where Noro Kureyon was on sale for \$6 a skein, so I got enough to make myself a Rosedale United sweater. The colorway (164) is new, I think, and is mostly greens and blues with some brown, yellow, grey and black thrown in for fun. Also purchased were some holiday knitting yarns, for which I can not show pics just yet. I'm also cooking up something for my BF's mom's birthday in a funkily dyed alpaca, but it needs to be done and blocked before I can show pictures!

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 20:33

Friday, November 11, 2005

Veteran's Day

When I think of Veteran's Day, I think of my Papa and Nana. Here they are in younger years. My Nana died last year on October 13th, and after being married to her for 61 years, you can imagine that Papa gets lonely. Last year my Papa came over to my parent's house when my brother and I were home. My brother got on the computer and looked up Papa's regiment and found a website by a very angry man. This guy had written about his bad experiences in the war. Usually, Papa does not talk about the war at all. He had a tough time of it, he got shot and got trench foot and had all sorts of heroic adventures that involved carrying people on his back through French forests. But that night at my parent's house he started remembering all sorts of things that had happened to him because of some of the stories that the website showed. One was our favorite, which really shows that Papa had a charmed life. He was in training, still in the States, and it was a dark, cold, rainy night. His A company and B company were supposed to get in a raft and cross a raging river. Papa remembers seeing logs and lots of debris in this flooded river, and getting into the raft feeling much trepidation. Then, the commanders changed their minds and wanted B company in the raft instead, so A company got out, and B company got sent off. The raft flipped over, and the poor guys were weighed down with all their gear, and I think 22 out of 23 drowned!! Papa stood on the banks with the rest of the guys, they could hear the screams but couldn't see a thing in the dark storm. They could not help. These are the stories that my kind grandfather had never told us. When one of his children could have gone to Vietnam, he enrolled them in college instead, and had a serious argument with my Nana's brother about War and the benefits or lack thereof. Maybe Papa doesn't wear peace signs, but I know that he does not believe that war is good for this country and this country's children. My grandparents amaze me. They had such a wonderful life, full of so many blessings, eleven (!!) children, 29 grandchildren, 61 years of happy marriage...If my Papa had gotten in that raft, I would not be here today. Even though Papa is now 92, he's SO sharp, he remembers so many things about all of the grandchildren--did I mention that there are 29 of us?!! Thanks Papa, Happy Veteran's day! I'll try to work for peace for you.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 16:18

Sunday, September 11. 2005

Warning: cutest baby EVER!!!

This weekend was GREAT. Great weather, great hike up a tough mountain, plus time spent with this little munchkin man. He is my boyfriend's cousin's baby, and he does many hilariously adorable baby things. When he laughs, he wrinkles up his nose in a very funny way that makes me laugh, and then he laughs again and...yeah, lots of laughing happens. Also, he can crawl like a normal baby, but instead he chooses to do an inchworm kind of crawling on his belly that just makes me want to kidnap him forever. It is SO cute. Plus, although he is only 8 months old, he is almost ready to walk, and if you hold his hands he will walk, only a bit crooked like a drunken sailor (also extremely cute). Someday I'll have one of my own...I'm almost done with my damn secret sock pal socks, and I have learned that I HATE knitting for a deadline!! Next post I will outline my fall line-up for projects! Oh the excitement.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 19:51

Monday, August 1, 2005

And the seasons, they go round and round

Sarah has meme'd me, "What are 5 things I miss about childhood"1. Family vacation on Cape Cod. I have a HUGE family, and most of the best memories I have from when I was young are of them and me, spending endless hours in tidepools looking at snails, making sandcastles, climbing on rocks and having big happy dinners where the kids got to eat on the porch. Afterwards, my musical uncles would play their guitars and fiddles and we would all run around and dance. And there were fireflies, and baby cousins galore. What more, really, can anyone ask for? 2. That terrifically excited, almost nauseous feeling I used to get when I REALLY believed in Santa. I would lie, painfully alert, for a long time, convinced that I could hear sleigh bells and hooves. Then, I was awake early on Christmas morning, trying to wait until the parentally approved hour of 6am to run down and tear into my presents. All the while with butterflies galore. 3. Like Sarah, I also miss falling asleep in the car, or faking it, and getting the royal treatment from my dad: carried up to bed and tucked in. 4. Drinking cold water from the hose in my backyard in Indiana and being totally certain that it was the most healthful and clean water I could possibly drink. 5. Playing Ouija board and scaring the crap out of myself and my friends at many and various sleep over parties. The worst is when you pop that plastic thing out of the middle, put a pencil in it, and have your grandfather's ghost write you letters. Man, that will put a damper on your night's rest!

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 23:43

The Golden Weekend

In Surgery land, there is something mystical called the "Golden weekend." This is when the stars of the on-call-every-fourth-night schedule align themselves perfectly, and you are on call on Thursday night (which means, now that they fixed the rules here, that you get to go home and go to bed on Friday morning), you have the weekend days off, and then you are on call on Monday. The GOLDEN weekend, people! Can you feel it?? Do you realize that this is the first time in 5 weeks that I have not needed to be here at 5am on at least one weekend day??!! Of course, it being Monday night, I'm back here again...due to go to the OR at some point. I napped on Friday, drove to Boston to pick up my guy at work, where we loaded his new toy into my car. We got some dinner, watched some baseball, and set up the toy. I want one!! It is awesome. The next day we woke up early and headed downtown to the Long Wharf, to catch a ferry to the Boston Harbor Islands--George's Island in particular. You all should TOTALLY go there, but bring a flashlight. It has a huge cool old Civil War fort on it, with all sorts of scary, pitch dark tunnels, rooms and passages that of course, my boyfriend insisted on exploring, hiding in, and scaring me with. We had a blast!! Then, we went out to a very romantic dinner at Les Zygomates. Mmmmmmm. Delicious, and not too much of a bank-breaker, because my bf had a gift certificate! Sunday we actually SLEPT IN! I awoke feeling refreshed! We hung around the house, watched some more baseball, got bagels from my favorite place, etc. Then of course this morning I had to get up at 3:45am. My own fault for staying in Boston an extra night, but I'm a sucker for my boyfriend's extreme cuteness. Plus, I actually...started my Sockapaltwoza socks, friggin' finally.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 23:21

Saturday, July 2, 2005

He means the spinning that involves MUSIC!

So the other night my roommate and I went to see my brother DJ at a little bar in Worcester. It was funny because I overheard him telling someone that he was spinning, and my first thought was, "Hey, I didn't know you liked making your own yarn..." Then I realized the error of my ways, but it gave me a chuckle. He is a good DJ, blending the obscure songs together with cheesy favorites that make you smile. We have just completed two boring days of orientation that is supposed to prepare us for next year. Instead of telling us the really important things like what we will be actually DOING, it was a lot of "wash your hands" and "don't talk about patients in open areas of the hospital." We've heard it all before for the most part, and although I know its important, it is hard to be too attentive. On Tuesday, I am going to the specific orientation for Surgery, and I'll find out who will be on my team, where I'm going first, and what services I'm on. YIKES. Rumors are flying and everyone is a little jazzed up with nerves. Right now, I'm off to Washington, DC for my cousin's wedding! This will be my 3rd in I think 5 weeks. Hope you all have a great 4th of July!

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 08:32

Tuesday, June 28, 2005

Spin me a lazy day

Well, the wake and funeral for my roommate's brother were pretty tough to take, but I have to say that the priests did a wonderful job. The family is pretty religious, and they are well known in their church community. The priest who gave the homily talked about how things like this make no sense at all, and we can't understand. I'm a Catholic by birth, and often am incredibly frustrated by the ways of the church, but this time they really got it right. I was also very impressed by the support from our classmates, so many of them were off cavorting and having fun, and made their way to the wake or funeral. I know that when the family thinks back, they will be comforted by the outpouring of love for their special son. The rest of my mini vacation has consisted of me being really lazy and crafty, all at once. I bought a drop spindle and some "domestic wool top" at WEBS. Here is my first two ply yarn. Pretty pathetic-my drafting skills leave much to be desired, but I'm feeling like I might be catching on. I wish I had a magic spinning friend, like Kristen or Laurie to help me out, but I'm about to plunge into the wild world of my surgical rotations, and I'm not sure how much time I'll have for things like this. Anyway, tomorrow I'll set the twist and maybe dye this stuff in some Kool Aid. I think I might stop at WEBS on my way back to WOOTown and get some more stuff to spin! :o) Yeah, I'm hooked. Also, for those of you who are interested, here is a little slide show that I quickly put together of Sarah's wedding and the short trip to the Olympic National Park. I'm leaving out the cute pics of me and my man, because I'm not sure he wants his photo on this page! I guess I could blur out his cute face...anyway, Sarah looks like an angel! Finally, I've been sewing a bit again, and I made a cool bag for...my knitting. What else? I found a great fabric store in Northampton, Valley Fabrics, and now I want to make a quilt. I made one once, in a fit of inspiration, but the finishing and sewing were not as neat as they could have been. Maybe I'll get some library books about quilting or something. Make no mistake about it, folks, for types like me, everything is clearly better in Western Mass!!! My guy told me, after hearing about my grand and craft-laden plans, that I'm a "premature grandma." I was initially annoyed, but then he turned it into a really funny song, and it's hard to be annoyed by his songs. He makes up really great ones about everything from movies he saw on TV to weird dudes who make sandwiches and have a "coke nail." That one is actually one of my favorites!

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 20:20

Thursday, June 23, 2005

Hold tight to the ones you love

Sarah's wedding was marvelous. The weather in the notoriously rainy Pacific Northwest cooperated beautifully, and we had sunny warm weather for the ceremony and party afterwards. I'll post some pics once I sort through them all. Sarah looked like an angel in her dress, plus she was all lit up with love for her groom! We saw a pod of Orcas complete with babies swim by on the wedding and rehearsal days, which was really great. When Sarah and Adam were dancing I was so happy, because you can tell how well they suit one another. Adam's speech about why he loved Sarah was so cute, it also made me cry a little bit! But in a good way! The camping trip afterwards was great, the Olympic National Park has so many cool things, we really felt that we could have spent about a week of exploring, but duties at home call. We had great weather for that part of the journey as well, with sunny skies even for our hike in the Hoh Rain Forest. Sadly, while on the trip, I got some very bad news that my roommate's brother died suddenly on Sunday. He was so young, and it was very, very unexpected. I knew him well enough to be sad for my own sake, but my biggest concern is my roommate right now. She and her family are being very strong at the moment, but I'm sure things will get tougher once it all sinks in and the visitors have moved on. I hate seeing someone that I like so much feel so bad and really not being able to do a thing to help her out. I'm hoping that I can be there as a friend and just someone to talk to as time goes on. So my advice to you all is tell everyone around you how much you love them, because you really never know.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 10:35

Wednesday, May 11, 2005

Sister Island Project

Since I don't have any finished knitting to show yet, and since I'm procrastinating, I'm going to plug an organization that deserves your love and support. This past summer I had the opportunity to travel to the Dominican Republic and live with a family in the remote village of Cruz Verde. While I was there I worked with an amazing grass-roots organization called Sister Island Project. Their goals are simple: give the people of Cruz Verde and the 6 surrounding villages hope for the future. In terms of comforts of daily, developed nation countries, these people have *nothing*. I mean that very, very literally. Electricity is sporadic at best. When the power goes, so does the "running" water, and water is carried from a town well for showering and cooking, and is not great for drinking. You can see Jennifer and Jessica, who called out to us every day as we walked by, asking that we take "Una foto, por favor!" They are taking their bath. Jobs in the area are non-existent and most of the men and women travel 3 hours on horrible roads every Monday to work for the week in Santo Domingo. Teenagers walk 3 hours each way to attend secondary school, but they had to walk at night, which got too dangerous for the girls. The children play baseball in the afternoons, dreaming of making it to the big leagues in the States like their heroes, Manny Ramirez and David Ortiz, among others. Victoria and Peter started SIP with the goal of building a learning center for the area, to act as a community space and to provide vocational training for the region. Eventually, they hope to develop microindustries that can support families in the area without forcing the parents to travel. Here I am at the construction site with my buddy, Tito. Tito is a very smart construction worker, who has never been formally trained, but instinctively knew how to lay bricks and mix cement to make our building strong. We worked in the ridiculous sun, humidity and sudden torrential rain storms for 4 weeks, doing manual labor that I didn't know I was capable of. More on SIP later, I'm off to stalk the Harlot. Please, if you have the \$\$ or inclination, consider making a donation to SIP. The money you give them really does benefit the community directly, I've seen it.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 17:09

Monday, May 9, 2005

copycat cop out

this is the edited for correctness version of this post. Turns out I can't subtract 10 from my age and figure out what that means...10 years ago:I was 16.I was a junior sophomore in high school!! I was probably still mourning the loss of the high school love of my life dating the high-school love of my life, who today is one of my best friends. I spent the summer babysitting for a crazy little dude on a cross-country train trip with my family. 5 years ago:I was 21.I was finishing my junior year abroad in Rome, Italy. I LOVED it. I was trying to extricate myself from an extremely unhealthy college romance that had dragged on for many moons. As soon as I got home, I finally cut the cord, and it felt great! I spent the summer doing research on microtubules in a lab in my hometown, where I ate lots of burritos. 3 years ago:I was 23.I was working in a research lab in Boston, living in a city for the first time in my life. I was dating the man I'm still dating today, and wildly in love with him, as I still am today!! I was on the verge of becoming totally obsessed with knitting. 1 year ago:I was 25.I was finishing my first year of medical school, thank goodness.I was getting ready to travel to the Dominican Republic to live in a remote village for a month, and then go on a great vacation trip with my boyfriend. I realized how much I had liked Boston, and how I didn't like Woo-town much at all. Today:I am 26.I am almost done with what has been the toughest year (in many ways) that I think I've ever had!! I can't wait for June 15th at about 6pm, I'll be done with the boards and heading to Sarah's wedding with my guy. I can't wait for July 5th, when I start my clinical rotations as a third year.

This is my lazy post for post-exam day. Stole it from Kelly.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 11:05

Thursday, May 5, 2005

At least its not the area's finest smack...

That is what I tell myself that while I am buying more yarn than God would ever need. I know myself pretty well, and I have one hell of an addictive personality. So I stay away from things like cigarettes because I've tried one and liked it, and never want to smoke! I stay away from any kinds of harder drugs (click on "read further" to see my diatribe against politics messing with preventive health care) because I know that I'd be sucked in. I drink in extreme moderation. But when it comes to yarn, I have no restraint! Shown here in the photo are my newest friends, gotten from those devils at knitpixie. Missa will be the death of me. She seems to be able to read my mind, although we do not know each other. She seems to visit me in my sleep and look deep into my secret yarny wantings. Those are 2 skeins of Lorna's Laces Shepherd Sock in the colorway "Bittersweet," a tangy combination of pinks, purples and some yellow/orange. Delicious. And then we have 3 skeins of Southwest Trading Co. Bamboo yarn, and a free pattern. Don't worry, I have not forgotten those rockin' 70's socks, the first one is almost done. Would have finished sooner but we've been having some real crap classes lately, and I've been skipping class to study. Oh how rebellious that sounds! "Yeah, I totally didn't go to class today. I hung out in my study carrel instead!" Rad. Read on below if you are interested in clean needles...

Did you all know that the city in which I go to school is famous for its excellent heroin? Yes, here in the Woo-town we have the best heroin in the country, supposedly. So good that when docs and other social service workers who work with the homeless and injection drug using populations meet newcomers, they warn them to be very sparing in the amounts of heroin that they use, because the stuff here is better than anywhere, and it is easy to accidentally overdose. Sadly, my city also does not have a needle exchange program. In Woo-town, 57% of people who are infected with HIV/AIDS got that way from sharing needles. In Boston and Cambridge, which both have needle exchange programs, the rates of new HIV infection from injection drug use are in the 18% range. The cost of supplying an addict with a year of clean needles is about \$52. The cost of a year's worth of first-line (least expensive) antiretroviral meds is about \$15,000. Do the freaking math, people! When a group of socially minded doctors and others who work with the homeless in Woo-town came up with a great, comprehensive plan to institute a needle exchange program, the city politicians told them that it was useless to even talk about it ever again, and that it would never happen. I'm a firm believer in harm reduction as a medical care theory. When I'm a doc, if I have a patient who has high blood pressure, I'll give him or her some meds to reduce the chance that they'll have a heart attack. I think of clean needles, handed out with counseling, assistance in entering detox and education, fall under the same damn category as diuretics.

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Ramblings at 18:06

Thursday, April 28, 2005

That 70's Sock!

Here is a relatively unexciting picture of my sock progress. I realized that my sock colors are also pretty 70's, and I think they'd go great with my wacky sweater! Today in class I worked the heel, did the heel turning (my first) and then during a review session for Microbiology (not one of my favorite topics), I picked up the stitches for the gusset. Today was a frustrating day, school is getting pretty old at this point, I'm ready to be done. So I came home feeling beat and in need of some awesome diversions. I was hoping for a relaxing episode of the OC, and instead I got GWB's stupid White House press conference. I made use of the time by knitting, but finally had to leave when I realized there would be no Ryan, Seth, Summer and Marissa to ease my pain. Is it just me, or does our president seem to slur his speech? He's also a complete loser, and I got even more frustrated watching him talk. The rhetoric of this administration really bums me out. Its hard to listen to a rich, silver-spoon in the mouth person talking about hard working Americans. I'm sure he doesn't know people who work three jobs just to put food on the table, and doesn't really care about their problems.

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Ramblings at 21:22

Sunday, April 10, 2005

She Kept the House and Worked in Wool

In college I was a Classics and Biochemistry double major. Yeah, I'm a dork. I wanted the biochem to get me into medical school, and the Classics because I love the history and culture of ancient Greece and Rome. My total obsession with Roman views on life and death started with a first-year seminar entitled "Roman Death" at Bowdoin. Good times. The graveyards and houses of the dead from that time are unbelievably cool. This picture is of Gaius Cestius' tomb, a huge pyramid, which still stands in the middle of downtown Rome! He was a poor baker who made it rich and wanted to show off. Because I'm a woman, I've always been very interested in women's lives and place in their society. Makes sense that I'm an obsessive knitter AND that I want to be an OB/GYN or a family doc that mostly cares for women and their kids. Women in the ancient world are hard to figure out. The only real records we have of their lives are those written about them by the men who knew them-fathers, husbands, etc. We rarely hear their voices, but the information we have about them is truly fascinating, as are the contrasts and similarities between the descriptions in letters and the descriptions on funeral stones. This contrast became the subject of my senior thesis ('She kept the house and worked in wool': the commemoration of women in Roman inscriptions and literature).

One of the most glowing recollections is about my hero, Minicia Marcella, the daughter of Fundanus Marcellus. She became known because Pliny the Younger wrote a letter about her death, you can read it [here](#). The cool thing about Minicia is that we also have her funeral stone, something that didn't usually happen. Her inscription reads simply: "To the gods of the dead. The tomb of Minicia Marcella, daughter of Fundanus. She lived 12 years, 11 months, 7 days." This sounds like a different girl from the one her father's friend spoke so glowingly about. The Romans are weird like that. Anyway, I made this blog about her because she sounds pretty inspiring on paper. I need some drive and inspiration to get me through the next few months of board studying, finals and beginning my new life as a third year med student!! Some of the inscriptions are written like poems that the family wanted to leave for eternity. Check this one out, I love it as well: Friend, I have not much to say; stop and read it. This tomb, which is not fair, is for a fair woman. Her parents gave her the name Claudia. She loved her husband in her heart. She bore two sons, one of whom she left on earth, the other beneath it. She was pleasant to talk with, and she walked with grace. She kept the house and worked in wool. That is all. You may go. How great is it that back then, wool work was a sure sign of a good woman! This book is so fun and full of wonderful information about women's lives back then: WLGR

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 15:00