

Wednesday, August 31, 2005

WTF, looters?

Last night I was talking to my boyfriend about the looting in New Orleans. I tried to keep faith in humanity, to say that maybe these were people who really had nothing else and needed that stuff they were taking. He was skeptical. He said there is a difference between stealing a TV and stealing food and water for your family. Turns out he was right. This morning I was listening to the radio and they were telling a story about police in New Orleans who are trying to stop some of the looting in the jewelery district. First of all, these people are clearly not going to eat the jewelery, right? The newscaster described how the looters are really organized, and have people on top of the buildings SNIPING at any cops that try to enter the area! That's right, they are shooting anyone in uniform. At this point, I'd let them have the damn jewelery and keep the poor New Orleans cops safe!! What a mess. I wish there were something more tangible that I could do, but for now a \$\$ donation will have to suffice.

Posted by Mia at 17:22

Tuesday, August 30, 2005

Med Students UNITE!

Look what I got in the mail from Kristen, that lovely Med Student Who Knits!! A really cute knitting bag that was made by her, in my favorite color-GREEN. Also, some perfect Regia "Mini Ringel Color" sock yarn in shades of green and blue. I assume Mini Ringel means little stripes or something, because based on the picture on the label, these balls will make socks with cute baby stripes on them. AND, as if that all weren't great enough, there is a really cool tape measure that clicks on the way out and has a retracting button on top, and a little crochet hook that I know will come in handy for sock knitting in the future. I LOVE it all, thank you Kristen!! I know how busy you are, and the color combo is really too perfect. Might need to bump that Regia up in the line of "Socks to be made" that I've got all organized in my head. I've never used Regia before, and I'm very excited. Now I need to put on my thinking cap to figure out a final awesome gift for my secret pal and also a present for Kristen in return. I've got some ideas already, and will try to execute them soon. And if anyone is reading from New Orleans, hang in there! :o(

Posted by Mia in Knitting at 20:39

Monday, August 29, 2005

What IS my destiny?

So, vascular surgery is over, and I'm actually sad about it. They really liked me a lot, and on Sunday after morning rounds, one of the attendings called me into his office. He started out by telling me that I did a great job, and then he told me that surgery is my destiny, and that I'm so good at it that not doing it would deprive the world of my surgical skills. On the one hand, this is a really wonderful thing to hear from someone who is clearly very quick to judge students. Hearing that I'm smart and hard working and talented is always really wonderful, and I'm glad that my work and studying have paid off. I went to my boyfriend's house later that day, and told him about what the doctor had said. He thinks it is great that they liked me so much too, but he asked me, "Are you sure THAT is your destiny? What about other things?" He's referring to the fact that I'm the kind of person who has always known that I want to get married and have children. I would like those things to happen sooner rather than later, I want to be young enough to really enjoy my kiddos, and although I'm sure child care will be a part of my life, I want to be around enough to watch my babies grow. I thought it was funny that my boyfriend, who hates thinking about babies and weddings, was the one reminding me of this! I DO like surgery, perhaps vascular in particular because the patients have very complex medical histories that need to be taken into consideration when planning for major operations. But do I LOVE surgery enough for it to be my life--more so than family? During our conversation, the attending mentioned another female surgeon at our school who I really like. She's tough but fair, is great at teaching med students, and really nice to her patients. She is 42 and just had her kids, by IVF. This is not how I dream of my future. I'm trying to keep my options open, and I have many other rotations to come. We'll see...In sock pal news, I've been scrambling to catch up after not knitting for the first 6 weeks of my clerkship. I made it this far:And then realized that I was totally delusional, and that the sock would only fit a midget. OOPS! Frogged that one and started again with this, one size up on the needles (2 instead of 1):Gotta stay focused on this, I can't ask for an extension, can I??

Posted by Mia in Medical School at 19:54

Monday, August 22, 2005

A terrible night, a day saved by presents.

Here I was thinking Vascular Surgery was going to be all tough. Well, it IS tough--get there at 4:30 am, don't leave until 8:30 most nights, stay post-call and do 5 hours of surgery. I've only been really yelled at once by the big head honcho, but everything he said was true, and now I don't do those things as much. Plus, I've learned SO much about being a better presenter of my patients, knowing many things about them and being definite with my "Plan" for that particular day of hospital life. I almost think that the two main docs LIKE me!! I'm interested and hard working, and they appreciate that. Still, at the end of next weekend I'm switching to anesthesia, which is like a mini-vacation of kindness and relative abundance of sleep! Last night, though, was awful. I was on call, and things were moving along smoothly, until my friend and I got emergency "get your asses down here" kinds of pages from the resident on call. There were 5 simultaneous traumas coming in to the ER. A drunk driver smashed into a family of drove them off the road, where their car rolled twice. The mom and dad were in the main trauma bay, the kids were okay enough to be in the pediatric ER, which is kinder and less scary than the trauma bay. The driver was also there in the trauma bay, so we were running three traumas at once! I've never seen so much organized chaos, and so many people. The drunk driver was pretty much just fine, the dad was not so bad, but the mom not so much. The thing about trauma is that you don't have time to feel stressed or upset or angry or grossed out. You just do whatever the trauma chief tells you--in my case I was in charge of recording the physical exam for the drunk--they yell out things rapid fire about his eyes, ears, spine, legs, and I write them all down. It is a good job for med students because it is hugely important, but doesn't require us to know exactly how to manage a bleeding head wound, for example. I was fine with all of this until I started to realize what was going on: the dude I was working on was the one who caused all of this chaos!! One of the chief residents, John, put me in charge of getting him to X-ray and then to the CT scanner. While he was getting some x-rays, I looked down the hall and saw the two kiddos sitting in one of the hospital crib things. The poor things were hanging on to the toys they give you for dear life, with vacant expressions in their eyes. Then their aunt and uncle came, which perked them up a bit, but they were still very focused on where mommy and daddy were. For the FIRST TIME yet during this clerkship I almost lost it. I really thought I was going to cry. My friend came over to ask if my patient was done in X-ray, and I looked at him and said, "I don't care!" I wanted to leave the patient in the middle of the hall and walk away. Of course, I didn't, but this morning after 1.5 hours of uncomfortable rest, I still couldn't get that feeling out of my head. Thank goodness then, for packages in the mail! My SP is the coolest! It all came wrapped in green tissue paper: Barbara Walker's "Treasury of Knitting Patterns," a big yummy bar of dark chocolate, some sour Altoids, a pretty card with a very nice note, and two bracelets from Working Assets and The One. Oh, and a really lovely lacey knitted bookmark that I think she made herself-IN GREEN! Oh the abundance of goodness, and how it soothes my sorrowed soul. Thanks SP, you ROCK! Then some stuff from Knit Pixie. I've not bought yarn for about a month, and had a yearning the other day. Some was on sale! And I think I had a hunch that I'd need some yarn love.

Posted by Mia in Medical School at 14:42

Wednesday, August 10, 2005

Chop, chop

Finally, a summer 'do to match the summer heat! I'm happy with my new haircut, my last one was more than one year ago, before I left for the Dominican Republic! So my hair, which is unruly under the best circumstances, was quite long. I'm really hair-style challenged, so I never do anything with it. Anyway, here it is, fresh from the blow-dryer at the salon. I wish I knew how to blow dry it myself, but I don't even own a blow dryer, and in reality, I don't have the patience. But it looks bouncy and summery and cute right now! Also, have you checked out the new pattern by Jenna, my hero? Eris. I'm already working on it, even though I have really not done much for the socks for my pal...I have to knit what I'm inspired by, right?? I'll confess, I like it so much that I think about it during surgeries! I'm using Cascade 220 in a nice grey-blue color that I had in my stash. Pictures will arrive when there is real progress. The design of this sweater is pretty interesting, with the collar being knitted first as two strips, then you pick up stitches around the collar and do a raglan sweater from there on down. I love Jenna's cables, they are the best around, and her instructions are so clear and helpful...I can't wait to get further into this one. Next week I start the most feared subspecialty surgery rotation at our school: Vascular. So far, almost all the surgeons have either been really nice, or just kind of ignored me. Either one is fine, I prefer being taught during a surgery, but I'll take ignoring over active aggression any day. The two vascular surgeons bring active aggression to the table (literally...) every day. They have been known to smack students' hands, squirt you with patients' blood on purpose, and generally make life miserable. Plus, no days off for 14 days in a row! I guess we do get weekend afternoons off, if we are not on call, but still. I'll see the inside of that hospital every day for 2 weeks. I'm ready for them. I've learned so much about how to work with the team and get things done in the past 6 weeks. I say, bring it on!

Posted by Mia in Knitting at 15:20

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. MMMMMM. 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