

Friday, September 30, 2005

### **The Placenta**

Yesterday was better, I got to scrub in on a C-section and got to deliver the placenta. Now, I read Kristin's blog, and someone commented about how you don't "deliver" the placenta, you help the mom do it. Normally, I totally agree with that, but C-sections are not the most physiologic things on earth. In fact, they disrupt the benefits of birth. NOW, don't get me wrong, my mommy had me by C-section, thank GOD, so I have a deep admiration and appreciation for the women who go through this freaky procedure. But, having said all that, I do think it is fair to say that I delivered the placenta yesterday, since I stuck my whole hand inside the lady's uterus and "swept" the placenta out with my hand. Very weird, very cool. So far, I'm liking OB a lot. The one thing that really bums me out is that once the munchkins are born, I don't really get to pay a lot of attention to them. I wish I could HOLD them, they are SO freaking cute. one more thing: one of my patients is on bed rest until she delivers, which we hope is NOT soon, her baby needs to cook a little bit more. I went in yesterday afternoon and she was knitting a pink baby blanket! After rounding with the attending, I came back to help her figure out her pattern. She was picking up knitting after 20 years of not knitting, so she didn't know what YO and K2Tog means. I'm excited to see her progress today. Next entry: the Fall line up!!

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Medical School at 05:17

Wednesday, September 28, 2005

## **High Risk**

Today was the first real day of my Obstetrics and Gynecology rotation. OB/GYN is something that is high on my list of potential careers, so I am very excited about the next 6 weeks. I am starting with 2 weeks (well, more like 1.5) on High-risk obstetrics, which as I learned today, could also be called "Sadder OB." The moms and/or babies have more issues, and as a result, you don't always end up with the result that we all imagine when we think of delivering babies. Happy mom, teary eyed dad, rosy fat baby bundled up like a little burrito in the bassinete. I saw a stillborn baby today. This baby was a twin. The other was healthy, this one was known to have an abnormality that is often fatal immediately after birth. The first baby came out yelling and turned a happy baby color right away. This kiddo was angelically perfect in every way. The room feels alert and energetic when a happy, yelling, healthy baby comes into the world. There is a buzz, and even the tough attendings will coo and sigh. The vibe totally changed for the next little munchkin, a silence fell over all of the doctors, residents and med students as they pulled the much smaller twin out. The fourth year med student valiantly suctioned, and we all were silent, as if willing this tiny creature to do something to break our hush. Almost reluctantly, the attending broke the silence to talk to the mom, telling her that the things we saw on ultrasound before the baby was born were visible on the baby now. She told her that she wasn't sure about a heart beat. The mom and dad began to cry. Although they were prepared, they were hoping that their baby would live for a few hours so that they could spend some family time together. Looking back on the fetal tracings, we realized that what were seen as two baby hearts beating was just the one, and that the little, sick twin was probably not alive when the mom came to the hospital today. Was it worse for the family this way, or easier to lose something you never saw and only felt moving? Would an aggressive monitoring have caused little baby to be born alive? Would it matter? I wish I could have spent more time with them, as a fly on the wall, to see how they managed their grief at the loss of one, but joy at the health of another baby.

Posted by Mia in Medical School at 20:30

Tuesday, September 20, 2005

## **Wedding Bliss**

The funny thing about me is that I've known all my life that I want to be married and have babies. Sure, I've wanted to be a doctor since I was thirteen, but since I was born, I wanted to be a mom. This past year has seen many of my nearest and dearest friends along with one family member get married. I worried a little bit about whether I'd feel sad and jealous at their weddings, because I'm not there yet. This weekend I went to my best friend from med school's wedding. She actually doesn't go to my school anymore, but that's a long story that involves discussion about why I was miserable last year...ANYway. Her wedding weekend was so great, even though it was totally inconvenient and stressful to get there. Once I saw her, I was happy. Once I saw her put on her wedding dress, I couldn't stop smiling because she looked so beautiful! Was I jealous, you ask? NO! I was full of an overwhelming feeling of love and joy and good will towards all. She is an amazing person, her new husband is an amazing person, and I'm so freaking happy for them! The whole day was so much fun, and at the reception my boyfriend WILLINGLY DANCED with me for many, many more songs that I ever expected! Even crappy ones! He even smiled while dancing! And then offered to TAKE DANCING LESSONS! Holy crap. And he wasn't even that drunk. The bottom line is that I love weddings, even if they are not mine! I wish I had a wedding to go to every weeeeknd. Watching two people profess their love for each other reaffirms my faith in my fellow creatures. And couldn't we all use a little bit of that these days?

Posted by Mia at 19:16

Thursday, September 15, 2005

### **Pedi Surgery: Love the Kids, the parents...not so much**

I'm closing in on the home stretch with my surgery clerkship! I had my oral exam yesterday, which caused me some worry and nightmares (typical for me when I'm stressed), but was pretty straightforward. All the reading and thinking and staying up all night evaluating surgery consults in the Emergency room has paid off--I can think like a doctor now! At least for some things. I know how to make a differential diagnosis (list of what may be wrong), and what tests and studies I need to order for my patient. Of course, I'm best at the surgical cases, and I'm looking forward to learning about the same things from different perspectives. I was on call last night, which was very busy and exciting, and then this morning I went over to see a surgery on a newborn. I was tired, but it is not something you see every day. I can sleep later...right? Baby is doing well. So I'm doing Pediatric surgery right now, and it is a lot of work, just like all the other surgery rotations. I'm the only student on a service that usually has two, so I'm there extra early in the morning to write down all my little patients' vitals, med lists, etc. Here's a secret that is not so secret: I LOVE KIDS. I think they are hilarious and awesome most of the time. I'm having a lot of fun talking with these little guys in the clinic either on their way to a surgery, or recovering from a surgery. I also really like checking in on them, making sure things are fine, etc. I tend to worry about them when I'm not around, and I get really happy when they are doing well. Most of the time, their parents pick up on the fact that I'm in love with their kids. Some of the parents we see, however, are so ridiculous that it would horrify you all. Example: a kid came in to clinic after an operation last week. He was looking and feeling rotten, and we were pretty sure he had some kind of infection/abscess going on. He needed to be admitted (for serious antibiotics) and get a CT scan. When I first went into the room, his mom was really annoyed with me, and kept pointing out that he was feeling really bad. I agreed readily, and thought she was just very upset. THEN, when we told her that our plan was to admit him, take him to CT and find out what was wrong, she heaved a big old sigh and said, "You mean we have to wait around here again?!" Um, lady, your kid is SICK! You just TOLD me that! I care that he's sick! I want to fix it and make him feel BETTER! This weekend I'm off to a wedding 5 hours away! Sad thing is that I'll probably spend more time driving to it than actually with the bride, one of my best friends who is on a leave of absence from my med school. My poor boyfriend hates weddings, but he's being a real trooper and coming with me. I'm planning on sneaking in lots of study time between my bridesmaidly duties! Next week we have a big practical exam where we evaluate fake patients, then a written exam that is allegedly insanely hard. 50% is passing grade nationally. Yikes. Finally, socks are sooo close to being done. Can't wait to not be working on them. I like the yarn, I like the pattern, I like the IDEA of making them for someone else, I just don't like that I can't put them down to start something else because they are due...today!!

Posted by Mia in Knitting, Medical School at 21:58

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