

“Your child does not have Hirschsprung’s disease. We ran multiple tests, which came out negative. His colostomy will be reversed, and You will be discharged soon “the main surgeon in charge of me said. That was probably the happiest I have seen my mother, because that meant my six months stay in the hospital, accompanied by several surgeries, had come to an end. And from that moment it dawned on me how powerful the mere words of a doctor can be. If a doctor says you are sick, you believe him or her, and if they say otherwise, you can hardly doubt them. I was amazed at this fact as a child, and wondered how doctors know about all these different diseases, their symptoms, and how to treat many of them.

A couple years passed and now I am on the path to be the same persona, in a “white robe”, that made me taken aback by his therapeutic prowess. In the beginning of this medical school journey, I had so many questions, so many doubts, some of which are still very much present: “how I’m I to know everything? “what if I am only good theoretically?”, “ Will I be able to succeed on my own?” , “ What if I become a quack at the end?”. Being the type of human with anxiety, I did not really handle all the pressure well for a long while (I am still on the verge of getting my footing to be honest). I was sad forty percent of the time, angry thirty percent of the time because of my test scores, and the remaining thirty percent was being shared between being happy or being confused in class.

There were days I gave up on finishing up what I was meant to read, and days when I just read the texts but forgot to understand what my mind was scanning in the Ganong’s textbook. I would find myself recalling facts, but simultaneously not knowing whether those facts were from anatomy, physiology, or biochemistry- I was mixing up the little “stuff” I knew. Nine out of ten days I would feel intimidated by my mates who knew every single tiny detail about the “pollicis” and “digitorum” muscles at their fingertips- medical pun intended. I had all these spine-chilling doubts flowing through me with little or no consolation, but then I came across something that made my cerebrum whisper to me “Everything will make sense in the end”- it was the Hippocratic Oath.

Now entering my third year, I came across the old and modern version of the oath online, and I am really glad I did. It revealed to me a soothing point of view through which I see medicine now. The particular part of the oath highlighted in my mind is “ I will not be ashamed to say I know not nor will I fail to call in my colleagues when the skills of another are needed for a patient’s recovery” ,and it made me realize that even after my six years of studying medicine, I can not solve everything on my own, and I will have to rely on those around me, and to me I feel that is what would make me the best doctor I can be, realizing my limits and putting my pride and shame to save a life. I still have a couple years to go, and worrying about a future that is still in its germinal stage. Reading the oath has made me seen This career path beyond just good grades, exciting medical terms, or even the mainstream idea of making money. I now see deeper and comprehend better that I am here to learn to serve humanity- “I will remember that there is art to medicine as well as science, and that warmth, sympathy, and understanding may outweigh the surgeon’s knife or the chemist drug”.

What are my next steps in this journey of mine? Well now that I have found comfort in the dictions of the Hippocratic oath, I will be more open to receive help from classmates when I need that extra explanation on how many ATPs are generated from the Krebs cycle, and be willing to put in my all, rest when I need to, and kick off again when I feel refreshed. I have to take a day at a time, I mean, studying

medicine must have been more difficult for those before me due to the lack of technology then, so I will keep moving with the words of the Hippocratic oath in my heart.

I do not believe I am just an average medical student. Everybody has their story, what makes it special is how you tell it, and not necessarily the events that actually took place. This is the beginning of my story on how I become the doctor telling the boy on the sick bed that he is healthy enough to go home, and then my mere words would mean a lot to him.