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Silver Linings



Silver Linings

An Arts and Literary Journal

ISSUE TWO, VOLUME ONE

2023-24

Reading Hospital - Tower Health

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FRONT COVER

POOLE FORGE COVERED BRIDGE

The Poole Forge Covered Bridge was built and opened in 1859,
and is located in the beautiful Poole Forge Park in Narvon, Eastern Lancaster County.

The image was taken with an infrared camera. Infrared photography allows infrared light to pass through the camera , but blocks all or most of the visible light spectrum . This often creates unique color rendering, such as green vegetation appearing white, and blue skies often having a dark appearance, as seen in the image.

Ivan Bub, MD

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Reflections on the Name “Silver Linings”



Caitlyn Moss, MD

These past few years may have felt like nothing but a bad situation - an unprecedented pandemic, watching patients die in numbers most of us have never experienced before, lost jobs and political unrest. Many of us have felt a constant state of dread or anxiety and some of our colleagues even left the field. However, there have been some positive outcomes. Technology allowed us to communicate with friends, family, and colleagues instantaneously. The opportunity to work from home has allowed some people to spend more time with their loved ones and many have formed deeper connections than ever before.

We have witnessed the development of new pharmacologic interventions at record speed; several people have expressed a new-found appreciation for healthcare workers and hopefully, we all have found a new appreciation for ourselves as human beings.

In naming this journal, we initially sought a name that would connect our readers to the people of Reading and its industrial history. Reading is most famously known for the Reading Railroad, thanks to Monopoly, but it also has a history rich in industries, including textiles, clothing, and much more.

While the name Silver Linings may not suggest a direct reference to the industries, we felt it was appropriate, as it spoke to the potential for finding the good in difficult situations. This theme is relevant, whether we are referring to the resilience of the historical figures that lived in this region, our current situation as we emerge from the pandemic, or the hidden gems that lie within the stories that will be shared in this journal.

Our relationships with people are truly our most valuable assets and we are deeply grateful for all the hardworking people in our community. The opportunity to appreciate and support each other in new ways has truly been a silver lining in these challenging times.

Caitlyn Moss, MD, for the editorial team
Director of Continuing Medical Education, Department of Medicine
Director of Curricular Development, Internal Medicine Residency
Reading Hospital - Tower Health
Assistant Professor of Medicine, Drexel University College of Medicine

From the Editor



Taking art and medicine to the streets

It is a great pleasure to introduce you to the second issue of Silver Linings! There is an incredible amount of artistic talent in our community and our goal is to provide an outlet for students, staff and faculty alike to share their talents with each other and the community at large.

I recently had the privilege of participating in a tour of West Reading's "Mural Corridor," now known as Dean's way, in memory of Dean Rohrbach, whose vision helped to create it. The murals can be found along a three-block stretch of Cherry Street, between South Fourth Avenue and South Seventh Avenue. In Dean's words, the public display of art (as shown on pages 7-8 and 28-29), adds vitality and liveliness to the West Reading community.

Just as our local artists have taken their art to the streets, some of our local physicians have also taken medicine to

the streets through Tower Health's Street Medicine program. In a poem titled *"The Pool of Other People's Problems,"* Dr. Anthony Donato reflects on some of his experiences, reminding us that the process of contemplating the struggles of our patients can improve our own self-awareness. In *"Not Watching the Clock,"* Dr. Van Vliet reminds us that we, as humans, are more than the sum of our vital signs and performance metrics.

There's even more! With her unique take on basic organic chemistry principles, medical student Josette Graves gives us a new appreciation for the subject matter in her poem titled *"The Sister Bond."*

Dr. Peter Schwartz gives us a glimpse into the future, describing what healthcare may look like in the year 2063. His write-up is a wake-up call and a reminder of the need for us to take a proactive role as more and more technological advances are introduced into healthcare.

Whether you are part of our medical community or not, *Silver Linings* has something for you! We hope you enjoy this issue and that you will be inspired to explore your own creativity!

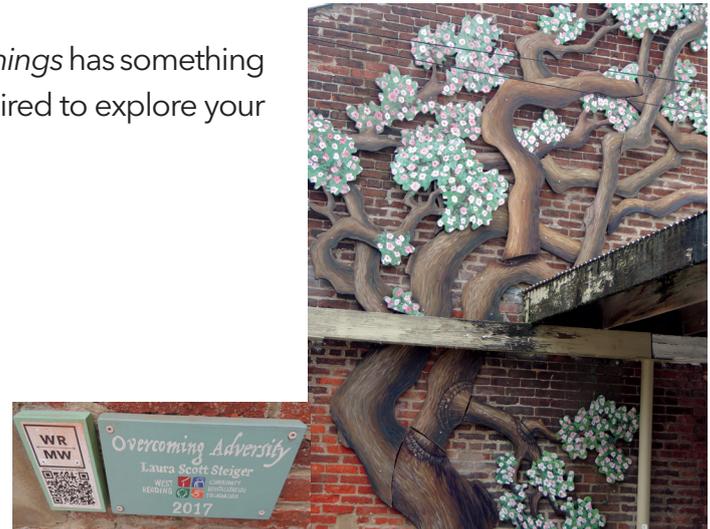
On behalf of the editorial team,

Olapeju Simoyan, MD, MPH, BDS, FAAFP, FASAM, FAMWA

Editor in Chief

Professor, Dept. of Psychiatry,

Drexel University College of Medicine



Street Art



Dean's Way – West Reading, PA

June 21, 2063

Peter A. Schwartz, MD



0654 AM

I awoke with pain in my right lower abdomen and a feeling of nausea. I remembered from my surgical residency in 2023 that those could be symptoms of appendicitis. I was pleased with how easy the recall came, 18 years into retirement. Looking at my bedside monitor, I noticed that my temperature and pulse were both elevated. I entered my symptoms into my health computer, answering successive questions that were elicited by my previous answers. After considering my genetic screen and my past medical, surgical, and social history, my AI Health Care Provider (AI HCP) used my implanted device to perform a complete blood count and basic metabolic screen. It then directed me to perform a CT scan using the app that had been installed in my computer about 10 years prior. About 30 seconds later, the AI HCP informed me that I had an 89.7 % chance of having acute appendicitis and recommended an appendectomy. After reading an informed consent document that was three pages long, a metaverse consultant asked if I had any questions. After all my questions had been answered to my satisfaction, I consented to the procedure.

0745 AM

It is already almost 0800 and I must hurry to the surgical suite at the former Reading Hospital for my 0925 appendectomy. I understand that it will be performed by a robot controlled by Mr. G.I. Expert. He is a Pittsburgh gentleman who, based on his computer game skills, was selected for exclusive training in robotic appendectomies. He is much more affordable than I was when I did appendectomies. I was given the option of a two-minute session to meet him on Zoom Plus if I so desired.

Likely or unlikely?

I began practice in 1973, without a cell phone or a computer. I promised I would never get a cell phone, which at the time represented an unconscionable invasion of my privacy. I now find my cell phone an indispensable bodily appendage. Computers arrived in the late 1980s, and within two years, my eldest son told me, *"Dad. You are amazing; I never thought you would learn how to use a computer."* Now I cannot function without the constant use of both my computer and my hand-held device that doubles as phone and computer. Please consider a few inferences from these anecdotes:

1. People imagine a future with only minor changes from the present. Most do not vision very far ahead even though future developments might greatly affect their livelihood and lifestyle.
2. The speed of technological change is logarithmic. In the past, we were held back by the limitations of the human mind. With machine-based learning, the ability of the computer to learn from its current knowledge, its successes and errors, the speed of development may be unfathomable!
3. Only those with vivid fantasy elements in their brains can imagine what the somewhat distant future may encompass.

Augmented Intelligence is HERE NOW! It is currently impacting health care and is likely to rapidly develop a pervasive influence. More than 70% of physicians are currently employed by hospitals, large for-profit groups, venture capitalists and industry.

That number is likely to continue to grow. It will be the employers, not the physicians, who will control the development and implementation of AI.

Closing thoughts

- Did physicians control or even exert recognizable influence in the development and implementation of the electronic medical record?
- Was clinical care improved as much as it could have been? Did it improve at all?
- Did you see a physician mentioned in the above anecdote?

If we believe physicians should be essential in the development of health care AI, we **MUST** create a cadre of physicians who fantasize, study, and anticipate the potential uses and abuses of AI medicine. Then we **MUST** create a pathway that allows the incorporation of their collective knowledge in the development and implementation of health care AI.

The impending alternative will, once again, be a dramatic change in health care, based on economics, with the potential for more pervasive damage to the patient-physician relationship and clinical outcomes. Our patients will suffer! We will suffer! Irreparably!

The future of the patient-physician relationship and health care is at stake. Will AI improve health care or be its demise?

Peter A. Schwartz, M.D.

Chair Emeritus, Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology

Reading Hospital - Tower Health System

The Tones of Death in Training

Nishtha Gupta

Medical Student, Class of 2024

Drexel University College of Medicine

Steady, the pitter-patter of my heart
follows that of the machine.

Beep, beep, beep, beeeeep.

This time, there is no silencing the
painful sound of a death.

How funny, is it not- that death can
be so quiet, yet so loud?

As children, you begin understanding
the concept of death.

You picture how it feels, how it hurts,
what it's like once you're gone.

(where do you go?)

You don't yet know the *sound*. How painful is it?

In the span of a minute, someone
who was once there, no longer is.

A breathing, thinking person came into the hospital.

Did they know they wouldn't leave?

A team of doctors is gathered in the room.

Educated, ambitious, fatigued.

We all watch as the life passes from the patient.

Wasn't it our responsibility to make sure
that they get better?

How did they get worse?

The first death is the hardest.

You ask yourself- why weren't you enough?

You later learn that for some,
not enough is in your control.

With time, death becomes part of the job.
Robotic, monotonous, "it was their time".
It's a responsibility- to declare the death.
You rarely realize when the grief you
tamper down suffocates you.

Training for a calling, to save lives,
makes life intensely beautiful.
You answer the call, time and time again,
with enthusiasm.
(*Hello? This is your physician speaking.*)
How many times can you hang up
before the line goes dead?

You finally see that the job you chose -
the field of wonder- is one of intimate
human connections.

For communicating, for working, for serving.
But most importantly, *for support.*
The coffee brought to you at 3am, the
light smile from a stranger who helped
you with a case, the nurse who helped
you recall the names of family members,
the hugs from colleagues who *know.*
How can death, something so final,
bring so much love?

Travelogue

Stacy Chou

Medical Student, Class of 2026

Drexel University

College of Medicine,





Bright Eyes

Courtney Eng

Medical Student, Class of 2024

Drexel University

College of Medicine

Not My Mother's Physician

Josette Graves, MS

Medical Student, Class of 2025

Drexel University College of Medicine at Tower Health

I gripped the bedsheets taut
And prayed that your soul would remain in
our living room.
The wisps of blonde hair swayed with each
effortful breath.
Your left hand placed near mine,
Ringless and puffy.
Through tears, I saw a distorted room with dark
stretched-out figures looming.
Somewhere, a priest gave the last rites.
God forbade your stay.
My sister and I kissed your cheek goodbye.
She was 10. I was 13.

I gently pulled the bedsheets up
To reveal bilateral lower extremity pitting edema.

Exasperated, she has dyspnea and orthopnea.
Unlikely a deep venous thrombosis.
Could this be from chemo? No, she didn't have chemo.
She's hypertensive.
Likely congestive heart failure.
"I am sorry to hear you are dealing with this.
We are going to get you back on your feet
as soon as possible," I said.

"Thank you," she replied.
Those were the last words you said to me
after I spoon-fed you yogurt.
You couldn't talk anymore after that.
These words will not be her last.



Red Vortex

Fernando U. Garcia, MD
Chair,
Department of Pathology
Reading Hospital

Unpared Pair of Pears

Kelly Brenan, MD
Surgical Pathologist
Dept. of Pathology
Reading Hospital



The Sister Bond

Josette Graves, MS

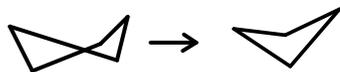
Medical Student, Class of 2025

Drexel University College of Medicine at Tower Health

Five carbons exist in a ring,
but not in a plane.

They are bonded and contused
with some angle strain.

One is taken away,
Four carbons remain.



Four carbons exist in a ring,
but not in a plane.

They are bonded and contused
to avoid angle strain.

Without the fifth to balance,
they are in much pain.

One is taken away,
Three carbons remain.



Three carbons exist in a ring
and cannot deviate from the
plane.

They are bonded and must
accept each other's strain.

One is taken away,

Two carbons remain.



Two carbons do not exist in a
ring, nor a singular plane.

They are bonded and refuse to
be strained.

So they bond,



And bond,



And bond again,



For the ones that were taken
away.

The distance between the
carbons decreases.

They are sisters:

An impossible bond
to break.



Spring Flowers

Maggie Vacchiano

Medical Student, Class of 2025

Drexel University College of Medicine at Tower Health

The morning frost leaves, and the sun's warmth fills the morning air
The trees begin to breathe again and let out their sighs.
Relieved that they have the warmth to sprout again
A bit of hope is regained in the tree's life,
Always there but needing a bit of encouragement.

As I look down I see the patient,
The third time this week I have talked to her
And every time I see the relief that comes
When I sit down and listen
When I assure her she is in good care
When I see her son sitting in the corner
and ask him if he needs anything
When I give her a warm blanket

All this time
I realize that the sun warms us all
Giving us each room to breathe and sprout our spring flowers.

Golden Hour in Vico Equense

Ashini Patel

Medical Student, Class of 2026

Drexel University College of Medicine



A Breath

Lana Al Doori

Medical Student, Class of 2026

Drexel University College of Medicine

A physiological mechanism that is vital for keeping our organs alive. Innate at its core. Within seconds of being born, a baby takes its first breath without ever being taught how to breathe. Yet, we sometimes struggle to breathe. When stress piles up and life becomes overwhelming, the very innate act of breathing becomes not so effortless. With this illustration, I hope to shed light on the importance of mental health and wellbeing especially for medical students, physicians, and all those in the healthcare field.



Eucharist

Haleh Van Vliet, MD, FACEP

Emergency Medicine Physician, Pottstown Hospital
Montgomery County Street Medicine Medical Director
Tower Health Medical Group

It is hard to define
like the mechanism of g
r
a
v
ity

life unfolds while we grasp at It
the truth resting quietly
unrecognized

we sit at the event horizon
torn apart by false phenomenon
blind to the peace that surrounds us
to the marriage of light and dark
to the moment which
ling e r s

HERE.

still and silent

It calls out offering a tender embrace

did you know?

the cosmos reside in our cells

in Holy Communion with the Soul.



Juvenile Eastern Screech Owl

Patti Geiss, CPhT
Pharmacy Department
Pottstown Hospital
Tower Health



Icon Lost

Mary B. Geisler
Clerkship Coordinator
Reading Hospital



Common Buckeye Butterfly

Patti Geiss, CPhT
Pharmacy Department
Pottstown Hospital
Tower Health

Street Art



Dean's Way – West Reading, PA

The Physician

Aparna Daley, MBChB

Allergist/Immunologist

Tulleyview Allergy, P.C., Wyomissing, PA

A table full of coffee cups,
office strewn with paper trail...
Mind on fire, heart ablaze,
searching for the holy grail.
Brow furrowed, eyebrows arched,
fingers typing just as fast,
digging deeper into the mind -
seeking answers from the past.
Finally, a sigh, a pause;
he scrawls across the yellowed page.

The bearer of malady now
a bird freed from the ghastly cage
Therein lies a wish, a cure,
the answer to a silent prayer.
A single script - the sole portrait
of Divine wisdom and human care.
Half is God's work and half his,
bloomed from hopeful seed.
A blessing upon the doer...
A blessing upon the deed.



Mary Shea Kelly-Buckley, MD
Family Medicine Resident, PGY-1
University of Rochester

Jo Kelly, MD, Reading Pediatrics

Who do you see?

Jo Kelly, MD

Pediatrician, Reading Pediatrics

She comes in many forms
of fluidity

he is neither feminine nor
masculine

what color is her skin?

What colors do you see
when you
look at him?

We all see the variety of colors
many skins walk around

covering the same insides

why do we sort

how do we sort when there
is no category

who are they?

What color are they?

It's says nothing about
Who they are inside

Only how the world
will treat them

can we see all in one?
Each one

continuous connection

what happens inside us
when there is no face?
Are they like us or different?

Kevin

Douglas L. Zeeger, Jr.

Distribution Clerk

Department Storeroom

Reading Hospital



The Price of Birth

Thayjas Patil

Medical Student, Class of 2024

Drexel University College of Medicine

In the face of daunting fears to bear,
A mother's choice, scarce and rare,
To bring forth life, a heavy fare,
Amidst the gloom, an unforgiving snare.

A birthing place, with cost so high,
A mother's voice, a helpless cry,
Injustice rules, none can deny,
A crushing weight, to amplify.

New life's arrival, a price to pay,
A mother's pain, in a bleak display,
A system that favors those at bay,
A future unknown, a grim dismay.

Not Watching the Clock

Haleh Van Vliet, MD, FACEP

Emergency Medicine Physician, Pottstown Hospital
Montgomery County Street Medicine Medical Director
Tower Health Medical Group

Here we both sit.

You are more than the sum of your vital signs.

I am more than the sum of my performance metrics.

I pull up close to the railing of your bed and we both cry.

You with the knowledge of a growing mass.

Me with the knowledge of my limited capacities to heal.

But we ultimately both smile.

Because you know the value of the life you have lived.

And me?

Because I had the privilege of being a tiny speckle in your story.



Long Walk to the Market

Brett Hartkopp

System Director of Clinical Quality,
Quality Department

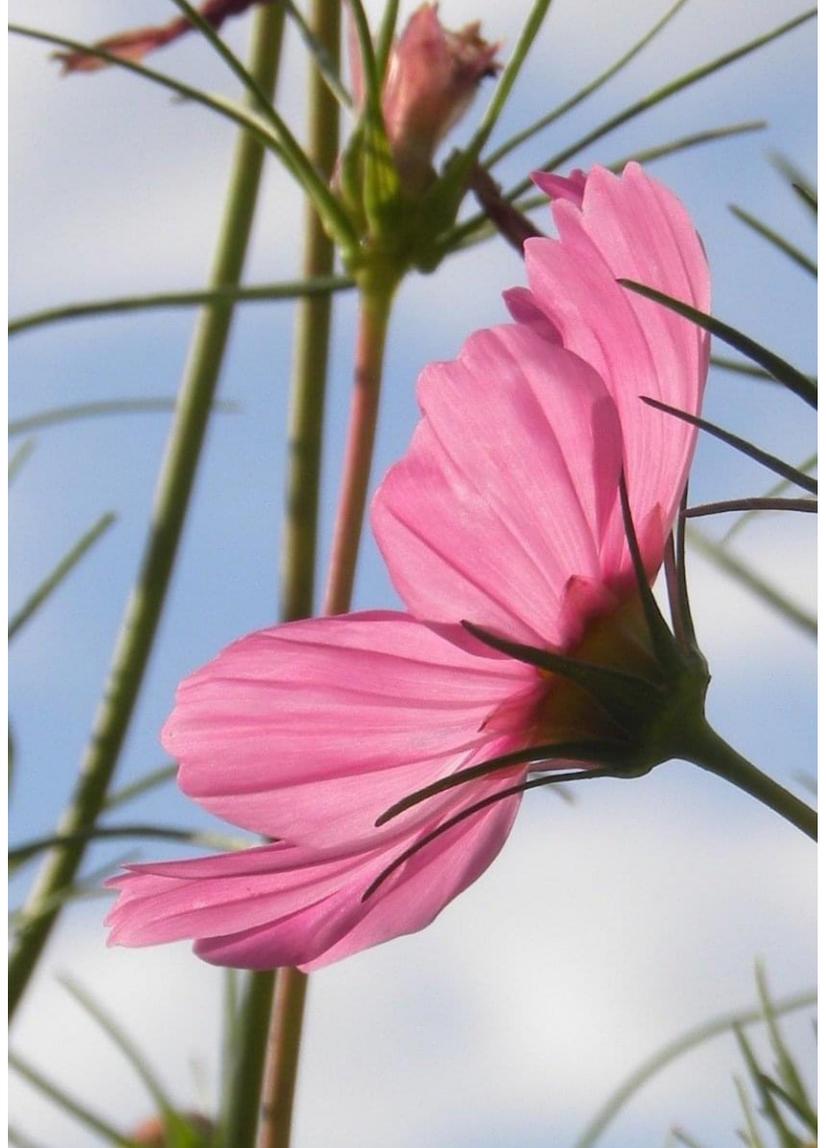
Vilnius Lithuania

Cosmos

Tara Puszczkowski, BSN, RN

Oncology Nurse

Reading Hospital





Majestic

Brett Hartkopp

System Director of Clinical Quality,
Quality Department

Grand Tetons



Angel Wings

Rudy Lauletta

Staff Photographer

St. Christopher's Hospital for Children

Rotate

Aisha Bosula

Medical Student, Class of 2024

Drexel University College of Medicine

As a medical student, I had one major plan in mind,
To train at one hospital, learn everything well and always grind.
But I lost the all year lottery and thus had to move every four weeks
My disappointment and anxiety were hitting their all time peaks.

I longed for the comfort of familiarity,
To settle in one home, have a sense of clarity,
But as I traveled from hospital to hospital,
I found a silver lining, a chance to influenced it all.

Each new environment and teacher evolved my perspective,
After working with patients from Philadelphia to Easton,
I became reflective.
Though the cities were only 80 miles apart, providers
have to adjust,
To adapt to different demographics, workflows, and
repeatedly build trust.

I appreciated the value of shifting between places,
teams, and paces

One becomes more patient, efficient, and
experienced with diverse cases
So now I understand the growth that comes with
consistent change,
Through these various rotations, I could naturally
expand my range.

Learning a new electronic health record system does not deter me
Finding my way across an unknown hospital isn't scary
A difficult team member or a computer that's very slow
I will work well with them, that much I know.

I've learned to be flexible and focused in each new scene,
To embrace the change and find the beauty in-between
I may have lost the lottery but I become stronger and more adept
And won the advantage of becoming a person with skills to
redirect.

For learning does not have to be just in one location,
It's more about the student's inherent journey and unwavering
dedication.
Working in each hospital taught me something new
And to be a better student and future doctor, it was my
breakthrough.



Peaceful sunset on the Schuylkill

Julie Grant, RN

Patient Experience Coordinator, Phoenixville Hospital

Upper Schuylkill Valley Park

December 6, 2020, 5:00 pm

I am a huge fan of downtown Phoenixville! It is such a great place to meet friends, have a great meal, enjoy a glass of chardonnay, and do a bit of shopping. And that is exactly what I had been doing on this day. I had been having such a relaxing, wonderful day! I realized as I was driving home, the sky was beautiful, the light from the setting sun was perfect. The temperature that day had been warm for December but with the sun setting, it had turned just that bit of early winter cool. I just wasn't quite ready to let this day end! Just then, I was driving past the park, and I was drawn to drive down to the dock on the river. Standing on the dock by myself, watching the setting sun in the cool evening, I felt an overwhelming peace settle in. My life was good, all is well, and everything is going to be fine! (And I got this beautiful picture).



Unity

Tracy Whiskeyman

Certified Professional Coder,
The Reading Hospital
SurgiCenter at Spring Ridge

Despite the pandemic, there is still the opportunity to laugh and smile



Stef Kubitz
Interventional Radiologic
Technologist

Photographer: **Joseph Gaul**,
Interventional Radiologic
Technologist,
Reading Hospital



Mary Beth Spang
System Director of Cardiovascular
Interventional Radiology



Dr. Christoph Pohl
Interventional Radiologist



Dr. David Sacks
Interventional Radiologist

Blood Vessels and Hemodynamics

Annika Eveland, MD

Physical Medicine & Rehabilitation Resident

Reading Hospital- Tower Health

Somewhere in the farmland of Nebraska
a car leisurely races down the road,
the wind spitting small bugs all over the windshield.
At Wendy's, mulleted men sleevelessly talk guns
and women with hyphenated names accompany their children
to the bathroom. Just as the voice box exists
to prevent food from entering the lungs,
sound is always secondary to function.
You sit behind the wheel in the living room,
the mosquito-like noise of the engine mockingly extensive,
yet lacking the ability to convert energy
into useful forms. You race your car around cones
in the parking lot. As a local hero, could you consider cornfields
covered in wind turbines, harnessing
blood towards the heart?



Spring Has Sprung

Rudy Lauletta

Staff Photographer

St. Christopher's Hospital for Children

Keeping an Eye Out

Rudy Lauletta

Staff Photographer

St. Christopher's Hospital for Children



What It Means To Be A Nurse

Nancy Perez, LPN

Tower Health Medical Group Urogynecology and Pelvic Health

It means being tired all the time.

Not just from the work, but from giving so much of your heart to others.

It means being frustrated.

Not from taking care of patients but from wanting to give more.

It means not using the bathroom.

Not from being busy but because your patient needs you and you want to be there. (*OK ...sometimes it's because you were busy*).

It means laughing at what others may think is not so funny. You learn it's better than crying.

It means reevaluating your bad day. It may not have been as bad as the person in the bed's.

It means being proud of who you are; most importantly it means being there.

It's being there for the good times and the bad. It's being that smiling face even when inside you're not.

It's being the hope that most everyone needs. It's giving a part of yourself that you didn't even know you had.

Spring Planting

John Symborski

Certified Pharmacy Technician (CPht)

Pottstown Hospital, Tower Health

Spring Planting depicts rice cultivation at this time of year, an essential food source for many of the world's people.





Wednesday April 12th, 2023: Smile

Mark B. Woodland, MS, MD

Chair & Professor OB/GYN, Reading Hospital/Tower Health
Drexel University College of Medicine

Covid, coverup!

Two and a half years of masks.

Today, masks off, not forgotten!

COVID 19 hit the United States and the pandemic was called in March of 2020. Mask up now! For over two years we covered our faces, protected our breathing, and hid our facial expressions. We did not visually share our joy, fear, dissatisfaction, or sadness through those emoji looks we often put forth. Instead, we were masked. On Monday, April 10th, President Biden announced the end of the pandemic and pandemic precautions including mandatory masking.

May we always remember what we learned over these millennial pandemic years including that masks are a personal and public safety device that when used appropriately protected us and others. They were a tool in the success of conquering the public and private COVID pandemic and allowed us to live. Yet, let us not discard them, but put them to judicious use as we move forward and anticipate the next event.

Masks off, but not forgotten!

Act Together

Cheri Burkert

Tower Behavioral Health
ACT team

We are united as one with a mission to try to save those
without a voice
We give compassion and support recognizing that many do
not have a choice
The people that we serve are often stigmatized with shame
But it is not their fault that a mental diagnosis is to blame
They may not have the coping skills to get through all the
strife
Many of them were never given a second chance in life
They fight through their addiction and sometimes they lose
their home
But the ACT team will make sure that they are never feeling
alone
Sometimes we go above and beyond because we truly care
We give them our support
We let them know we will be there
It is not always easy to see the life they live

So, we keep on trying and we give, and we give, and we give.
It is not important what obstacles we may find
There is not any person who is not worth our time
When we lose someone, it hits us in the heart
But we need to remember we did a good part
We help them feel worthy and hold their head up high
We tell them they will never know until they try
We teach them how to be strong
We tell them that they all belong
We do not label them or turn and walk away
Because together we are the ACT team -Strong and united
we will stay!!

• • •

ACT stands for Assertive Community Treatment team.
We offer an intensive and highly integrated approach
for community mental health service. ACT teams serve
individuals who have been diagnosed with serious forms
of mental illness. ACT offer treatment, rehabilitation,
and community integration. We serve over 60 patients.
We provide therapy, peer support, case managers, and
psychiatric care.

A Mother's Loss

A sonnet by Nicole Nagy, DO

Hospitalist, Pottstown Hospital

At last she looks upon my face so drawn
My words had finally seeped inside her ears
Lips of white and brows of such forlorn
They cast their way into her darkest fears

Tears come first, then questions just as fast
A guttural scream from somewhere down below
She knows there'll be no future, just the past
I've seen it all before and so I know

I take her to the room he lies so still
Machines still purr to fill the empty void
His eyes once bright now just a vacant sill
A corpse in bloom where once there was a boy

I touch her hand and then I move aside
A mother's loss, his fate by suicide



Serenity

Rev. Chera Wertz, M.Div, MSW

Chaplain

Department of Spiritual Care

Reading Hospital

Malaria

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The mosquito, the tiniest of all creatures you might find! In particular, the female Anopheles mosquito, so minuscule yet can cause so much damage . It is not the mosquito itself that is lethal, rather the parasite the mosquito carries (Plasmodium). The parasite causes malaria. Malaria accounts for over 600,000 mortalities annually(1). The World Health Organization estimates that about 240 million cases of malaria occur each year, and a child is affected every two minutes (2).

In October 2021, a malaria vaccine was endorsed by the World Health Organization for “broad use” in children (3).

1. World Malaria Report 2021. Geneva: World Health Organization; 2021.

2. World Malaria Report 2016. World Health Organization ; 2016.

3. Malaria vaccine: WHO position paper -.

March 2022: <https://www.who.int/publications/i/item/who-wer9709-61%E2%80%93380>. Accessed 17 July 2023.

Malaria

I feel the heat
I feel the sweat dripping
Body hot, lips dry
I'm sure I'm sick
I must fight back
Oh Malaria!
Female anopheles
You must feel like a queen
But I got Mefloquine
You must feel like you won
But I got Atovaquone
You must feel clever
But that time is over.





Promenade

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Medium: charcoal

Respiration

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I.
Breathless in humble reverence -
as when first taking in the breadth of
Caravaggio's portrayals
in suppressed reds, browns, and
pallored grays
(and so similar now the drama
cast in incandescent hospital
illumination) -
we enter within this expiring,
your waning time.

The threshold crossed that frames
so poignant a tableau,
you in the throes of mortal gasp
and family's frozen breath
as though scared to
inspire, and take those precious few
inhalations from you.

II.
Once again, you respire as before.
Relatives gathered recognize that
breath
(that life),
now must see it slow
- thick rattle slacking -
and pause.
Pause or cease? -
that tortured question from all,
etched on faces anxiously leaning in.
Your answer only:
violaceous lace about the knees,
nails colored blue,
and sunken sclera gray.

III.
A stiff inhalation
first by you, then family.
Breathing again, in rhythm so
unpredictable -
air pulled in deep,
but just briefly.
Family jerking back in
reflexive whiplash,

disconcerted at the seeming
resuscitation.
The torment is theirs in that breath,
a physical ache to prelude
one that never leaves
and ties down their future inspirations.

IV.
The chest stiffening, now still:
a leaving transpiring.
We stand at the door, framed,
present in spirit, silent to not disturb
family.
They, tense, frozen, models in
this rough canvas,
so caught up in the waiting
they do not recognize the
final expiration, until...

a minute's passing
and then taut faces look to us
(knowing they are alone now)
quietly asking
if they can resume their own
respiration.



Bahr's Mill in Infrared

Ivan Bub, MD

Dr. Bub is a retired family physician with a love for all types of photography .

Infrared photography is a technique of taking pictures in the infrared spectrum of light. The infrared spectrum is invisible to the human eye. Infrared photography works by using a filter that blocks visible light and only allows infrared light to pass through. The camera sensor then captures this light and converts it into an image. Because infrared light behaves differently than visible light, it can create interesting effects in the resulting image, such as making green foliage appear white and creating a dreamy, ethereal look. The colors in the infrared photos can be adjusted further in post processing with color swapping to achieve interesting effects, as was done in these photographs.

The Pool of Other People's Problems

Anthony A. Donato, MD, MHPE, MACP

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Professor of Medicine, Drexel University College of Medicine

Master, American College of Physicians

Reading Hospital - Tower Health

I curl my toes
On pool's edge
Greeted by a rancid smell.

No prior swim
Informs the next
Yet I steel myself for impending shock.

I hold my breath
And take the plunge
Surfacing for air when overwhelmed.

Hidden obstacles
In murky depths
I find people, problems, hopelessly
entwined.

Some grip tight
Others fight back
Some we help while others succumb.

When it's over
I towel off

But beneath my skin their problems
linger.

"Why swim there?"
I ask the reflection
At water's edge of my own pool.

Because in their struggle
I see me
And in my pool, my water clears.

Dr. Donato is a hospitalist who volunteers his free time as a street medicine physician. He is often asked why he finds this work valuable, given how complex and hopeless the problems can seem, and he wrote this to express why the work is difficult but personally meaningful.

Silver Linings

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We are deeply grateful to the Reading Hospital Foundation for providing the funding for this publication.

Street art photographs courtesy of Dr. Olapeju Simoyan.



