



Journeys

THE SIENA COLLEGE / ALBANY MEDICAL COLLEGE PROGRAM

Spring 2018

Program Update—Ed LaRow '59, Ph.D.



There is an alarming shift away from Primary Care on the national level. This trend has been duplicated in the specialties selected by our graduates. In the first five program classes 81 percent of our graduates entered primary care. In the past five years, it dropped to 53 percent. Has the trend reversed? A look at the specialties selected by our most recent MD's would indicate that this may have reversed as all seven graduates will be entering Primary Care. Is this just an anomaly or a real trend...only time will tell? (Residency placement for the class of AMC 2018 is given below.)

Dr. N Michael Murphy has given his Love, Loss and Forgiveness Workshop to all students currently enrolled in the program. Many of our graduates have taken this worthwhile workshop. We are extremely grateful to have this internationally acclaimed author and physician spend time with our students. The last two workshops were given in early April. There was an added poignancy to these last workshops since Dr. Murphy is in the end stages of his own battle with cancer. Thank you, Michael, for all you have done for our students. This past year, the preparation for the Summer of Service and placement has been assumed by the Office of International Programs. Br. Brian Balanger handled the placements and Br. Ed Coughlin, our president, prepared them for

their summer by teaching a seminar entitled "Franciscan Service and Advocacy." Our students are extremely well prepared for this year's Summer of Service. My last involvement was helping with airfares and insurance. This will be assumed by Br. Brian and his staff next year.

The search for my replacement should be concluded by May 1st. We have had five strong candidates interview for the job and I am confident that the philosophy of the program will be preserved and improved upon. I have directed the program since its inception and I will miss my interaction with the students and graduates of the program. My retirement will be a difficult transition for me...keep in touch. God Bless you all and thank you for your friendship.

AMC Class of 2018 Residency Matches

Lindsay Teardo—**Pediatrics**, New York University

Linda Paniszyn—**Internal Medicine**, Boston University

Molly McGuiggan—**Pediatrics**, Albany Medical Center

Kelly Moquin—**Psychiatry/Family Medicine**, University of California, Davis

Lori Tantlinger—**Internal Medicine**, Walter Reed

Meghan Yi—**Family Medicine**, Albany Medical Center

Brittany Taylor—**Internal Medicine and Pediatrics**, Albany Medical Center

My Summer in Nepal

By Katherine Lipinski '18

As the plane landed in Kolkata, I knew my time in the 'City of Joy' would not be what I had expected. After my classmates and I got to the Motherhouse after a rather scary "taxi" ride, we relaxed after our two day journey and met up with our other Siena classmates who had already been in India a few weeks before we arrived. The strong volunteer community, the work we



did, and attending daily 6 am mass and evening adoration really grounded me, put things into perspective, and helped calm and tune out the hectic and boisterous scenes of Kolkata. The poverty in some areas, especially the slums by the train tracks, shocked me. In some ways, what I had pictured was worse, but in other ways, I didn't realize just how small some living spaces were. What surprised me the most was how happy some of the people in these areas were, especially the smiling mothers and children that would greet us as we walked by. It was also hard to see how the wealth gaps within the different areas of Kolkata existed. Just a few minutes walking from the slums of the train tracks was a Westernized mall with its fancy interior and expensive stores.

My assigned morning shift was Daya Dan, a house for mentally and physically disabled children between the ages of around 4- 25. It was first at Daya Dan that I learned to open

my heart to love and care more. I became close with most of the children, the massies, and the sisters in charge of the girls floor. Soon, they knew and remembered my name. I tried to love all the kids as much as I could. Tasks ranged from singing nursery rhymes, helping those that couldn't walk on their own walk, making their beds, doing the laundry, and feeding the kids that couldn't feed themselves.

Despite the disabilities the children had, they were so precious, loving, and smart in their own way. I even had the opportunity to volunteer at the dispensary at Daya Dan, where I helped clean and wrap wounds, distribute medicine, and check- in patients.

For my afternoon shift, I went to Kalighat- Mother Teresa's home of the elderly, destitute, and dying. It was definitely challenging for me. On my first day, those two hours seemed like an eternity. I was not prepared for what I saw. The women were quietly sitting in their seats around the tables waiting for their food. The massies immediately told me to massage powder on the womens' necks and backs. After I was finished, I was running around getting "pani" (water) for all the women and taking them to the "toilet." We also had time to talk to the women. After feeding and putting them back to bed, my exhausting two hour shift was finally over. On our way home, my fellow volunteers and I asked each other about our first day at Kalighat. I no longer wanted to work there. However, one of the volunteers was shocked that I would want to switch after just my first day, and convinced me to give it more of a shot. Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into a month. I soon realized that I cared for these women

deeply and was very happy to work there.

Saying goodbye was so hard for me, which prompted me to extend my SOS by two weeks. I gave the people I served my heart and my dedication. I tried to provide them what they needed and can only hope they saw and felt that- whether that be in the clean clothes they wore, the freshly made beds they slept in, the extra runs around the park at their request (despite being exhausted and sweaty), the "helicopter" rides, or the plenty of hugs and kisses I gave. They also showed me love back through their smiles, hugs and kisses, and simply knowing my name. But in the end, I know I took more from them than they took from me. They taught me to be more patient and humble, love unconditionally, listen, and communicate better.



On my last day, as the children, the massies, the sisters, and the other volunteers at Daya Dan sang to me, I let my emotions take over. My heart broke at the reality of having to leave them after two months. I wasn't going to be able to see or hear Rosemary say "tickle, tickle," Leema giggle in her adorable, nasally way, Nisha and Mithali always asking me about Fatima, Priyanka asking for helicopter rides, and Angel's adorable smile. As we were taking pictures, some of the girls told me, "don't cry, come back." Taking those words, I hope to make it back to the City of Joy sometime.

Seminar: Love, Loss and Forgiveness



Minors

Psychology—56	Creative Arts—8
Spanish—55	French—4
Philosophy—49	Classics—3
Health Studies—33	Political Science—2
English—16	Multicultural Studies—2
Religious Studies—16	Peace Studies—1
History—12	Medieval Studies—1
Sociology/Social Work—12	Global Studies—1
Franciscan Service/ Advocacy—10	Marketing and Management—1
Italian—2	Economics—2
Health Services Admin—1	

Study Abroad

Italy—34	Japan—2
Spain—28	Austria—7
England—16	Chile—1
Australia—11	China—1
Ireland—7	Czech Republic—1
Ecuador—9	New Zealand—1
India—6	Poland—1
France—6	Russia—1
Denmark—7	Switzerland—1
Scotland—4	Uganda—1
Kenya—3	Hungary—2
Semester at Sea—3	Germany—4
Greece—4	Netherlands—1
Tanzania—1	Korea—1

Sarah Goh: Summer Service Trip to Haiti

The horizon stretched between green and pink, sealing Haitian nature and the world's setting sun together. Wind carried children's laughter with sounds from the river lazily turning below us. "Bèl anpil," I would try to describe in broken Creole, gesturing to the mountains wrapping around us. Very beautiful. Little Woodneiby's on my shoulders, and all the other local children were chasing after us. Older students and friends were still hiking up the beaten path to the top of the hill where we stood, a chatter of excited Creole and English.



St. Gabriel's high school was just down the street. Founded by Pierre-Louis Joizil and supported by the non-profit, Friends of Fontaine, St. Gabriel's is now the top school for students in Fontaine. With its well, garden, and solar panels, St. Gabriel's is able to not just provide education, but

to be a strong resource in the community. Siena College sends a group of students down to St. Gabriel's annually and this January, I was extremely fortunate to join.

Just a week in Fontaine has brought understanding to why so



many people come back from these trips with life-changing mindsets. A week forced us to look past the stereotype the world has placed on third world countries. Though poverty has a huge impact on communities like

Fontaine, it is in no way the sole identity of them. A week taught me friendship, love, and happiness in a community that is usually overlooked as another poor town. We can see the empowering work Pierre is doing, through the school and the opportunities it brings, to give students a chance out of the stereotype. His work is truly inspirational and something more people should believe in. I want to be a part of something that impacts, that cherishes community and hope, and that's what St. Gabriel's has a chance

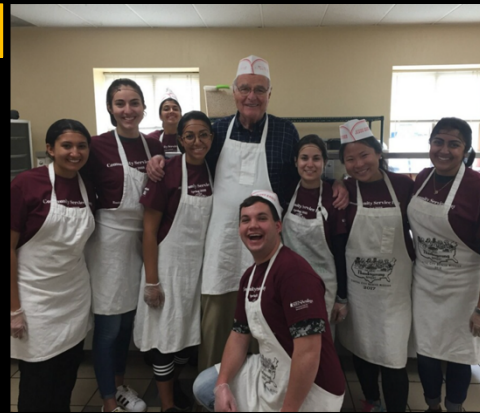
of doing and actually is doing, impacting and changing so many young lives.

There's something very powerful in seeing the world stripped to simplicity. The state of content that we exhaust ourselves in finding seems immediately discovered in Fontaine. Overlooking the mountains and trees and breathing it all in, I understood why people dedicate their lives to communities like Fontaine. They fall in love with the people and their culture and see the real injustice of the imbalance in society.

There shouldn't be a first or third world. To first-hand experience this community with these overwhelming emotions genuinely changed my life and expanded my worldview. I hope and encourage everyone to not just participate in service like this, but to truly engage in the work being done and the powerful relationships created. "Map retounen nan yon ti tan ankò," I promised, watching the pink sun disappear into green. I'll be back soon.



Sophomores in Honduras



Memories



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