He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own—Confucius. Perhaps the greatest social service that can be rendered by anybody to this country and to mankind is a to bring up a family—George Bernard Shaw. Only a life lived for others is a life worthwhile—Albert Einstein. It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself—Ralph Waldo Emerson. Too old to plant trees for my own gratification, I shall do it for my posterity—Thomas Jefferson. Every man is guilty of all the good he didn’t do—Voltaire. You cannot live a perfect day without doing something for someone who will never be able to repay you—John Wooden. Unless someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. It’s not—Dr. Seuss. It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing because you can only do little—do what you can—Sydney Smith. He who gives when he is asked has waited too long—Sunshine Magazine. If we could all hear one another’s prayers, God might be relieved of some of his burdens—Ashleigh Brilliant.
PRESIDENT’S COLUMN

Jon Steadman, M4

THIS MONTH I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT THE OLE MISS CAMPUS for the first time in my life and participate in the inauguration of Dr. Dan Jones as the new Chancellor of the University of Mississippi. I was impressed with the buildings, the grounds, and most importantly the people on campus. We travelled to Oxford on a tour bus watching The Blind Side on the way (very appropriate). While on campus I got separated from the rest of the group but did not mind the opportunity to wander around the campus, to see “The Grove,” the very impressive stadium, and the new residence halls that made me envious of the students who have the opportunity to live on campus and experience to complete college lifestyle. As time neared to head home, the bus was not where I thought it would be, and I figured that I should probably head from the music building where I last saw the bus to The Commons, where I expected most of the passengers to be. Each person that I asked for directions either offered to give me a ride (mom told me never to accept rides from strangers) or walked with me along the way. One particular staff member on campus made a 180 and walked with me for about fifteen minutes until we finally spotted the bus.

The administration has been very hard to encourage all of us to think of the University of Mississippi Medical Center as the health sciences campus for the state of Mississippi, not just an extension campus of Ole Miss. This is inspired counsel in that it seeks to create unity where competition could be destructive. However, it is hard to completely separate our campus in Jackson from the campus in Oxford. Regardless of whether we are maroon and white, black and gold, or red and blue, given my own experience wandering the Ole Miss campus, I think that we can all be proud to be associated with a campus that promotes the great southern tradition of hospitality and Stewardship.

I AM NOT ORIGINALLY FROM MISSISSIPPI and living in Mississippi was the farthest thing from my mind. Like most people who have never had the privilege of visiting this wonderful state, all I knew about Mississippi was everything shocked on television outside of my own home in the west. I have lived in Dallas, Washington D.C., and Vienna, Austria and have spent time in most major cities throughout the country. Mississippi was never on my radar screen. I had no idea what crawfish, hushpuppies, or green were. The line at our recent Crawfish Fest was so long that I settled for chicken fingers instead. I found myself waking up the last couple of nights actually craving crawfish and regretting a missed opportunity. When we first came to Mississippi, I figured that after two years we would move on. Eleven years later I find myself looking for every excuse to stay. You can imagine my excitement and relief when I matched for residency here at UMMC knowing that we have been granted another five years in the place that we love to call home.

I HAVE TRULY ENJOYED THE OPPORTUNITY that you have given me to serve you as President of the Associated Student Body. The support that I have received from the students, faculty, and staff has been tremendous. I have been overwhelmed at the sincerity and generosity of diligent students of whom so much is expected. The experiences have been irreplaceable and will be the source of many great memories to enjoy throughout my life.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU to Newton for his tremendous activities, Kristin for taking such great care of our money and bringing that feminine, dental touch to the presidency, John for keeping us organized and keeping me grounded, Jimbo and Matt for channeling the competitive spirit in us all, Jan for helping us realize that we are all multicultural.Login for mapping southern hospitality times ten-thousand, Cassandra and Mari Beth for keeping us focused on humanitarian service, Alan for taking on the dreaded housing webpage and never asking “What have you gotten me into?”, Brad for distilling the politics into something palatable for all of us, Nick for making the ASB a target of envy in the literary competition map. Miss. Virginia for always being available and being our protector, and finally Dr. Jerry Clark who takes on all of the headaches that comes with managing such a large diverse campus of students and, fortunately for all of us, really loves doing it.

THE FACT THAT I HAVE SERVED FROM MY FOUR YEARS HERE AT UMMC, your friendship is among my greatest gifts. From the bottom of my heart I would like to sincerely thank each one of you and wish you the best success and happiness.

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WEBSTER’S dictionary defines the word “SERVICE” as: 1. The work performed by one that serves. 2. At disposal for use in the contribution to the welfare of others. This month, the Hospitality Committee would like to recognize one individual on campus who embodies the definition of the word Service in all its facets—Dr. Jerry Clark. His position as Assistant Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs is merely a title that barely scrapes the surface of what he does for the students. His love for students was made evident two years ago by his one request to stay involved with students through ASB while transitioning into his current position.

Although he has many roles on campus, he is content being in the background, without recognition, as a humble steward of student affairs. Things that you might not know that he does for students include the campus wide “Dinner and a Movie” nights through the ASB, free tickets for the ballet, plays, and symphony that are available for students; and helping out with events that are sponsored by the various schools on campus by making a contribution from ASB in some way. This is just to name a few.

Dr. Clark is more than just an administrative liaison between schools; he is also our biggest fan. The office that he holds could mean a lot of different things. What Dr. Clark does so well is transform it into more than a position that deals with “students affairs.” He has made it a platform for students to have an advocate on campus. To him, it’s his job. For students on campus, it’s our voice and our support.

So we come back to this idea of service. Webster’s definition is sufficient, but not complete for Dr. Clark. Service also means having care and concern for someone else without expectation of return. You can see the care that he has for modern day campus in without applause. While he may not know all of our names, I can guarantee you that in some venue he has been a voice for you...
During the month of March, I did an away rotation in the Delta. I was home to cotton, blues music, and some of the finest restaurants the South has to offer. I ventured out to new restaurants that month and also enjoyed meeting Delta locals. One of the best restaurants I visited was Madidi in Clarksdale, Mississippi. For those of you who have yet to visit the Delta, I highly recommend taking a day or weekend trip to Clarksdale to enjoy all the city has to offer. It is home to Ground Zero Blues Club, the Delta Blues Museum, Cotton Gin Inn, and, of course, Madidi.

I visited Madidi twice during a one-month stay and plan on going there again before I leave for residency. Since the menu has such a wide variety of unique appetizers, entrées, and desserts, it took a while for me to decide on my meal. After much deliberating, I finally ordered the fried oyster and rareahi tuna as my appetizers, the Barramundi for my entrée, and the fresh fruit crumble and pumpkin cheesecake for dessert. (Nicks was there to help me eat my feast of a meal.) While I enjoyed the entire meal, my favorite was the rareahi tuna and the pumpkin cheesecake with candied pecans and blueberry sauce.

I love how Clarksdale is a bit of a breath from Jackson, but since summer is just around the corner, take advantage of any free time you may have to travel to Madidi Restaurant. You will not be disappointed and may even have the opportunity to meet Morgan Freeman while you are there.

I thank Bill Luckett (M3 gastroenterology candidate) and Madame Howell (General Manager) for answering my many questions.

Where is Madidi located?
The restaurant is located in downtown Clarksdale, MS, at 164 Delta Avenue. It is around a 2.5 hr. drive from Jackson, MS.

What are the hours of operation?
The Bar opens at 5 p.m., and dinner starts at 6 p.m., Tues.-Sat.

I heard you guys are now serving brunch. Is that true?
Yes, we now offer brunch the third Sunday of every month and on special occasions such as during the Juke Joint Festival, the Sunflower River Blues Festival, and Mother’s Day. Our brunch menu changes quarterly (except for customer favorites) and can be found on our website.

Where does the name “Madidi” come from?
(I Luckett) was up late reading National Geographic one night long before the restaurant ever opened. Madidi is actually a national park in Bolivia and was featured on the cover of the magazine. As soon as I said the name “Madidi” out loud, I knew I loved it. I liked the way it rolled off my tongue and thought it would be a great name for a restaurant. Also, Madidi National Park is unique because it spans the ecosystem and has everything in it from glaciers to tropical rainforests. I wanted my restaurant to span the culinary just like the park spans the ecosystem, and that is exactly what it does today!

When did Madidi open?
The soft opening was in November 2009, and the official opening was in January of 2009.

Is it true that Morgan Freeman is co-owner of Madidi? Absolutely!

How did you and Morgan Freeman meet?
During the mid-90s, Morgan was in the process of buying a house in the Delta and wanted some legal advice. An attorney by profession, I had the opportunity to help, and in working together, we ended up becoming very good friends.

What idea was it to open the restaurant?
Well, our initial plan was to open a blues club together. However, the building that the restaurant is now in became available prior to the building where we wanted our blues club to be. I purchased the building with the hope to open a restaurant that offered fine dining in Clarksdale. One day, while working outside on the restaurant, Morgan Freeman walked by and asked me what I was doing. I told him about my idea, and his response was, “Would you like a partner?” We agreed to open the restaurant together and both made the promise to never let that business decision affect our friendship...and it never has.

How far is Ground Zero Blues Club from the restaurant?
The Club is only blocks away and is a great place to go after eating at Madidi. The Blues Club opened only months after the official opening of our restaurant and has live music in the evenings, Wed.-Sat.

Who is the current chef of Madidi? Levi Minyard

How often does Morgan Freeman visit the restaurant?
Well, likely he has been coming 2-3 times/week. Whenever he is in town and not out working on a movie, he eats here often.

What is Morgan Freeman’s favorite dish?
He loves the fried oyster (appetizer). He also enjoys the “Duol of Lamb” and the “Seared Red Snapper.”

What is your favorite dish?
I love the rareahi tuna and the tempura soft-shell crab appetizers. I also enjoy our seabass.

Do you guys get lots of out-of-state visitors?
Yes. We have a good clientele from Jackson and Memphis, and we also see people from all over the country and, sometimes, from all over the world.

What bands/artists have performed at Madidi?
We have music every Wednesday night for 2-3 hours, on the bar side. The mainstays are “Stamstreet,” “Daddy Rich,” “Monk Hill Drew,” and “La La.”

What is the attire?
Even though we are a white tablecloth restaurant, there is NO dress code. We are trying to promote a fun and cheerful environment, not one that is loud and stuffy.

What is the atmosphere?
Visit Madidi in Clarksdale, MS.

What is the name “Madidi”?
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Who is the current chef of Madidi?
Levi Minyard

What are the price ranges? The appetizer ranges from $7-$16, entrees range from $20-$35, and desserts are all under $10. I try to keep the entrees less than $35.

Does the menu change?
It changes every 1-2 weeks.

What magazines have featured Madidi?
To name a few, we have been in Elle National Geographic, GQ, New York Times, Southern Living, Esquire, Food and Wine, Delta magazine, Conde Nast Traveler, and Bonnet Comm...and now, the MURMUR.

Do you guys host large parties (wedding, graduation)?
Yes, there is a room upstairs that can accommodate large parties for rehearsal dinners, pharmaceutical dinners, or any type of buffet or cocktail reception. If you desire an a la carte menu, then the party has to be under 12 people.

What is your favorite part of Madidi?
Owning it—I love meeting new people, and I love talking with the regulars. I also enjoy the food. I do not mean to sound pretentious, but I can honestly say that Madidi is the only fine dining restaurant in Clarksdale. Morgan and I eat here often!

Madidi has some of the best service I have ever experienced. Make sure you ask for George and Peggy.

George has been working in the restaurant for 2 years and is from Clarksdale, MS. When George is not working or in school, he is enjoying the music of the Delta.

Peggy has been with Madidi for over 2 years. She began waitressing as a second job after her husband passed away, wanting an outlet for her free time. Peggy has enjoyed waitressing at Madidi and thinks working there has helped her overcome her shyness. She will make you feel right at home during your dining experience.

Morgan has wanted Madidi to be a home to many people. He knew that he had the natural talent of making people feel welcomed and valued. Madidi became the General Manager of Madidi in May 2009 and has not regretted her decision for even a moment. She loves meeting new people and enjoying making customers feel special. She enjoys motivating staff and leading by example. Madidi is currently evolving, in large part, because of Morgan’s innovative and creative influence.

Chef Levi Minyard  a Mississippi native, is a La Cordon Bleu Honor Graduate. He joined the Madidi team as Executive Chef in January 2006. Since completing his training in French cuisine and Fine Dining, he has worked with Master French Chef Siphiwe Boulou at Heathman Restaurant and Bar in Portland, Oregon, Chef Robert Brunel at Numero 75 Restaurant in Avignon, France, and at Whistling Frog and Cafe and Bar in Catlins, New Zealand. Levi is not only an exceptional cook, but just as much as a Steak, Peggy, and George, he has the unique ability of relating to each customer that walks through the doors of Madidi.

In association with “Tell Ole Bax”  American Idol judge Randy Jackson and actor Morgan Freeman visited the MS Delta, promoting “Madidi Restaurant” program. After his humanitarian efforts, they enjoyed an evening at Madidi.

The MURMUR is University of Mississippi Medical Center publication. April 2010

www.madidires.com
Visit www.progressormississippi.com for more information  Bill Luckett

Bill Luckett and Morgan Freeman
The co-owners of Madidi

A surprise encounter with Morgan Freeman

Levi (head chef) and Madge (general manager)
Occupational Therapy ... Where?
Julie Gaines OT2

HONDURAS

Occupational therapy is all about function in areas that are important to the client. Using this philosophy in a short-term mission trip is something slightly unexpected... but can happen. I have always envied doctors, nurses, and dentists for the work that they are able to do in foreign missions. My career choice is what I love, but I never knew that it could be used in mission trips like these professions are. I discovered that there is use for this profession in missions first-hand through a recent trip to Honduras.

The trip was to consist of Bible-school and construction, but as in all medical professions, health-related needs seem to find you. Each day was a pop-test as person after person arrived on site with injuries and needs. It was a challenge, but I left with a new appreciation for the fact that I can one-day mix my career and something I enjoy quite easily. As an OT2 with one year left to go before graduating, this was a welcome bit of encouragement that this career can be used in such varied situations.

PIG: Our Annual PIG Roast
Jenna Pear, M2

The Pediatric Interest Group made certain that everyone had a little fun this April Fool’s Day. That is why the PIG officers blissfully orchestrated the Pig Roast, our annual fundraising event. The Thursday evening of the roast brought many a crowd to Sid and Moosey’s where laughter and conversation rang on the restaurant patio. The amazing pizza wasn’t the only thing that drew people to the Pig Roast. The incredible number and variety of door prizes (including a TV) brought extra fun to the gathering, and hopefully, everyone found good use of their door prize (especially the one student who drew her own name!).

The Pig Roast is a remarkable event that brings happiness, excitement, and lots of fun, and while the Pig Roast always manages to bring in a nice sum of money, the Pediatric Interest Group also coordinates other fundraising events throughout the year. One especially wonderful event is our marvelous Bake Sale where tons of yummy goodies are sold for a week and a half leading up to the Pig Roast. With the support of the entire student body, faculty, and staff who participated in all of our events, the Pediatric Interest Group was able to donate $2,000 to the Blair E. Batson Hospital for Children this year! The members of PIG love to do all they can for the sweet children of Batson, and we thank everyone for their constant support and encouragement, especially Dr. Evans and the rest of the Pediatric Department. Look forward to many good things to come from PIG in the next academic year!

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This past Spring Break, I volunteered with Hands On Disaster Response (HODR) in Haiti. HODR is a grassroots organization started by an American, David Campbell, in 2004 after the tsunami in Southeast Asia. Since then, HODR has headed up 13 other projects, both internationally and state-side, including a 5 month stint in Biloxi after Hurricane Katrina. After the 7.0 earthquake hit Haiti in January, HODR began its disaster response project on February 15th in Leogane — the epicenter of the quake.

Upon arrival, I was greeted by anyone who walked up to Port Au Prince. While plans for pickup from the airport were a little scattered, I arrived safely, walked past the semi-functional airport, and waited for my luggage in a gloriﬁed warehouse which was as hot as Hades and packed with multi-nationals ﬁghting over luggage. Outside the airport, I waited for a friend from another ﬂight to arrive, and together we began the two hour journey over bumpy roads to Leogane, passing UN and American military on our way. In Port Au Prince neighborhoods were crushed, and many homes, despite appearing stable, were abandoned for fear of aftershocks. As a consequence of this, our route was ﬂanked by “tent cities” that house the 1.3 million Haitians who are now homeless.

The HODR camp in Leogane was a former night club/community center. We had a choice to sleep in a tent or on a boat surrounded by a mosquito net. The showers and restrooms required a bucket of water, and the food was a continuous supply of rice and beans with hot sauce. But despite the modest accommodations, coming back to camp at the end of each day was so inviting.

While in Leogane, I spent 3 days cleaning rubble, 2 days at the clinic and hospital, 1 day digging trenches, and 1 day cleaning the campsite. There are three medical experiences from the clinic that made this story Murmur-worthy.

1. I pulled a tooth. The day I volunteered in the clinic, there was a full, so I decided to observe the two dentists on staff. After watching a few teeth pulled, one dentist offered to let me try. I declined, hesitated, and then accepted. Sufﬁcient to say, I now have much more respect for my dental school peers.

2. I appreciated atrial ﬁbrillation in a man’s pulse. I was asked to help take simple vital signs in triage. At ﬁrst, I thought I was feeling my own pulse in my ﬁngers, but after another volunteer felt it, I decided to ask the doctor. It was an irregularly irregular pulse! Way cool! Thank you Physiology Department!

3. I learned about IOs: Intravenous infusions. A very malnourished, dehydrated baby was brought to the hospital, and no one could ﬁnd a vein even after a cut down for an IV. The alternative was an IO, giving an IV boulus and ﬂuids through the baby’s bone marrow. In the States we have the technology to detect correct placement—not so in Haiti.

What drew me to spending my break with HODR was that they were ﬂexible in their projects, and unlike so many other volunteer organizations, they didn’t charge a volunteer fee. While money isn’t everything, it’s an important factor in whether any of us, as students, can travel. The only fee for the volunteer is transportation to and from the volunteer site. Food is covered. Admittedly, I came to HODR expecting the volunteer to all be young hippies who didn’t mind foregoing a shower and a change of clothes, but the volunteer group surprised me for the better. There were students on spring breaks from various graduate programs, a professional carpenter, a lawyer, an OB/GYN, a CCU nurse, a video game designer, and a showing of twenty-things between life choices—both from the States and abroad. This organization has a lot to offer for anyone with a little time off who wants to lend a hand to someone in need. The cost is minimal compared to other vacation hot spots, and you get to build muscle while meeting new people and learning new cultures.

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X-ray tech with Haitian baby. x-ray machine donated and run by the Japanese Red Cross.
CODE BLUE: A Katrina Physician’s Memoir

At the March Book Club meeting, third and fourth-year medical students discussed Richard Deichmann’s Code Blue: A Katrina Physician’s Memoir. Deichmann was chief of medicine at Memorial Medical Center in New Orleans, LA, when Katrina hit. The book recounts his experience of being stranded for days with the hundreds of patients whose lives he had a handful of other hospital employees desperately struggled to preserve with minimal electrical power and outside aid. Ethical issues abounded in the wake of the storm, chief among them being how to decide whom to evacuate first and, especially, what to do with Do Not Resuscitate patients. Allegations of euthanasia would later make headlines across the country and be investigated by state and local officials. Yet the ultimate impression one comes away with is amazement at all that these resilient men and women were able to accomplish in saving many lives in the face of overwhelming disaster.

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PT1s: Habitat for Humanity
Karla Kregting, PT1

Instead of Friday classes on April 9th, the PT1 and PT2 classes worked on two different Habitat for Humanity homes in Metro Jackson. The home at 605 Winter Street in the Barret Park Neighborhood was designated as the Women’s Build—a building project for women that encourages hands-on participation in the construction process. Friday was designated as the day for the site blessing and it brought out the media as well as Mrs. Sidney Harper, wife of Mississippi Congressman Harper, and Mrs. Kathy Johnson, wife of Jackson Mayor Harvey Johnson. Despite all the splinters, blisters, and sweat, the day was meaningful for all of us because it allowed us to use our many blessing to give a hand up to individuals in need.

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A LEGACY IN THE SCHOOL OF NURSING: “OH CARL”
Hieu Ho N3

Each school admires the pioneers in their field of study who have left a legacy here at The University of Mississippi Medical Center. Dr. Gunton and Dr. Hardy were remarkable professors who have established their names within The School of Medicine. But when it comes to The School of Nursing, well, let’s just say Mr. Mangum is the first thing that pops into my mind. “Carl,” as we like to call him, is an Assistant Professor here at the SON who enjoys volunteering his time as a firefighter. Soon to have his Ph.D. in August, “Carl” has already become a leader in the nursing field. Recently elected onto the Board of Directors for Mississippi Nurses Association as Vice-President, “Carl” is already receiving grants to pursue research in nursing and is hands-down the go-to man for anything nursing related. Commander of the Nurse Response Team over the Central United States, “Carl” is who Homeland Security and FEMA call when a nurse is needed. The School of Nursing appreciates what Mr. Mangum brings to the table, and I believe his career in nursing will have a legacy of its own.

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WHERE HOSPITALITY COMES NATURALLY
And the value is simply superb.
T
e the 09-10 year is quickly coming to an end. We’ve all learned a lot of what-to-do and, sometimes more importantly what-not-to-do over the past year. We probably started the year with some confidence (often quickly shot to pieces by a tough test or a difficult clinical case), but looking back, it’s pretty evident that there are things we wished we would have known going into the year—choose your faculty members wisely, don’t do surgery rotation during the summer…or football season, and always count the teeth before accessing for a root canal. We decided to ask UMC students this month…

**What advice would you give to the class below you for the upcoming year?**

**Major Al Sheeri, MD**

There will be moments when you will find yourself bored not only mentally but emotionally and physically as well. Just think of the hardest thing you have ever had to do, whether it be academic, family, health, etc., and realize you got through that just fine. Tap into that strength and know that God created YOU to be here for a reason! Embrace the opportunity! (And Moore’s book for Grats!)

**Erica du Plessis, OTS**

- Make sure you attend every UMC party posse possible or at least make sure you have fun somehow. I promise it will help keep your sanity.
- Stick to highlighters; you will understand this later.
- Don’t ever think you can watch a Law and Order marathon while cramming for a test.
- Find a good coffee you like, and stock up on it.

**Brian McCrave & Rosemary Call, PS**

I know the boards and classes are tough enough, but it can only help a student to find time to observe routine dental treatment in the clinic during the D2 year.

**Pattin Webb**

Lub Technician (Incoming D1)

First, ignore recommendations from D3s and D4s to alter your career path. Second, keep an adequate amount of shield wax on all counter tops. Last of all, you might get a little bit lingry, but keep your head up, and keep polishing…

**Gregory Winningshine, D3**

It’s always a good idea to observe in the clinics as much as possible. I would recommend underclassmen utilizing Grand Rounds to serve as a launch pad for a student’s D3 year because that experience in giving local anesthesia and observing procedures will undoubtedly be used during the student’s D2-D3 summer transition, ready or not.

**“Humanism through Human Interaction”**

Samantha Love, M2

The Arnold P. Gold Foundation invited all U.S. medical students to participate in the 2010 Humanism in Medicine Essay Contest. Sam Love, an M2 from Jackson, MS, submitted an entry.

Describe a barrier a physician might face to practicing humanistic patient care. How might this be overcome and what can be learned in the process? (Use personal experiences or observations where possible).

The greatest barrier to practicing humanistic medicine that a physician will face in his or her practice will be a human being. Sounds a little backward but it’s true. Human physicians will always struggle to treat patients humanistically because in seeing another person we expect them to be as we are, to think as we do, to react as we would. Me, you, and everyone else who at some point in time will come to the clinic with a scraped knee, a torn ligament, an inflammatory disease, or a terminal illness will present by far the biggest challenge to a humanistic medical approach just by being human. We are irreplaceable and innumerable different, each presenting our own challenge to overcome. We have different languages, education levels, skills, bodies, qualities, personalities, faces, hands, and cultures. We approach scenarios differently. We tend to our concerns differently. We understand things differently. We love differently. Expectations and ideals move us in one direction while reality and truth often pull us in the other. We are a great and beautiful college of colors and characteristics, more largely portrayed by Jackson Pollack than any portraitist. Take a quick glance at Pollack and you will see nothing but smatterings of paint and incongruous lines, but step back and see it for its whole, and you must admit that it is rather remarkable and often beautiful. A noted thinker named G.K. Chesterton once wrote, “One may understand the cosmos, but never the ego, the self is more distant than any star.” We will always be up-to-date on science, but we will never fully understand the self. Nothing will hold a physician back from a humanistic practice more than the patient whose decisions, attitudes, or directions she does not understand.

The beauty of this dilemma, however, lies in a rather obvious paradox. Humanistic medicine, although difficult because we are human beings, is only achievable because we are treating humans. Humanism is impossible without the doctor-patient relationship. Humanism’s success evolves through constant day-in and day-out interaction. It brings the learnings of life, the melding of personalities, the softening of hearts, and the sharpening of minds. Relationship creates a true organic growth that only occurs when two human beings interact and challenge each other to new heights. Nothing makes a woman more herself than a lover. Nothing builds a man like another man. In coming to lean patient after patient of the wide array of personalities that this world contains we will begin to become acquainted with life. As we begin to acquaint with life the tattered garments of preconceived notions will begin to tear away and what is left will be a more sensitive, open armed approach to medicine, or more appropriately, a humanistic medical practice. A centrifugal approach to altruism will always fail. We can never will ourselves from the inside out to like people that we don’t love. Humanistic medicine is a centrifugal endeavor. We need to surround ourselves and spread ourselves this way of the personalities of life. If we do this, we will find that we become less ourselves and more human. If we become more human, we will find that we suddenly relate better to the person who is sitting across from us. If we learn to relate and empathize and understand, then our practices will grow and help and heal and ultimately become humanistic. If this is our goal, then humans are both the obstacle and the solution.
Spring has definitely sprung! And after the harsh winter through which we all trudged, I cannot begin to explain how excited the joys of the season are. My flowers are blooming, my grass is green, and my seasonal affective disorder (not really, but almost) has resolved itself. It’s a great time to be outside, throw a party, or both!

My friends and I got together recently for a girls’ lunch to welcome one of our new fellow residents, who was in town on a house-hunting trip. We celebrated her visit with a variety of salads for lunch. Particularly, the Caprese salad was a hit and so easy (see for yourself) to prepare. I can’t wait for my garden to yield the freshest of tomatoes for this recipe.

During this time of transition of seasons, spring has been the season of other transitions for many of us, especially those of us graduating. Many are preparing to move to other towns or simply staying put, looking forward to graduation. In appreciation of my friend’s brute strength during my own recent move, I prepared dinner for him and his wife. My favorite part was dessert: the Italian Ice Cream Sundae. This, too, is so easy to make and is often a request of one of my dearest friends.

On the occasion of a friend’s birthday just this week, I tried to make the celebration special with a homemade birthday cake. Though it may have been lacking in aesthetic quality, it made up for its looks in taste! Now, I know this seems run-of-the-mill, but I tried the icing recipe included in this article for the first time. It was divine! You can enhance a cake mix with a teaspoon of almond as well for a sweet spring treat that is almost as good as Julep’s Almond Wedding Cake.

So, go enjoy this beautiful season. Celebrate spring, birthdays, and friends—new and old. And as always, happy cooking!

Caprese Salad

3 large tomatoes
8 ounces of fresh mozzarella
Balsamic vinegarette
2 Tbsp. fresh basil, chopped
Salt and pepper, to taste
Slice the tomatoes and the mozzarella each into ¼ inch slices. Arrange on a plate in a row, alternating a tomato slice with a mozzarella slice. Sprinkle with basil, salt, and dressing.

Italian Hot Fudge Sundae

12 ounces of chocolate chips
3 ounces of espresso
1 2/3 cups of heavy whipping cream
1 tsp. almond extract
3 Tbsp. confectioner’s sugar
Vanilla ice cream
Pirouette (rolled wafer) cookies for garnish (optional)

Combine 2/3 cup of the whipping cream with the espresso in a saucepan and bring to a simmer. Remove from heat and add chocolate chips until evenly blended. Meanwhile, mix the sugar and almond extract with the remaining cup of whipping cream. Scoop ice cream into bowl. Drizzle with the chocolate espresso sauce first and then add the sugar-cream mixture. Garnish with pirouette cookies if desired.

Almond Buttercream Icing

1 stick of unsalted butter, softened
3-4 Tbsp. of milk
3 cups of confectioner’s sugar
1 tsp. almond extract
Combine butter and sugar, blending with mixture at medium speed. Slowly add milk, one tablespoon at a time, until icing is the desired consistency. Add almond extract. Color with icing coloring paste.

Ruchi India

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After the introductions, paperwork, and pep talks were over, I ended my MI Orientation week with a nervous walk toward the Batson basement. I got lost more than once despite the very fun, colorful directional markings along floor and wall. Were people looking at me? Was I out of place? Were they able to see that easily that I was but an MI with no hint of clinical knowledge or even a short white coat to my name? Then, there was around the corner a familiar painting and then another. The white walls turned to color, the old people to little people. One more flight of stairs down, another turn, another painting, double doors, and I was there.

Nestled away from hustle and bustle, noise and mischief, the Children’s Cancer Clinic is located in the basement floor of the Blair E. Batson Hospital for Children. It is, without doubt, the most colorful and friendly place on the UMMC campus. Murals of jungle and aquatic life cover the walls. They are professional and eye-catching. Over the years I have enjoyed on more than one occasion overhearing either a little tike teach his dad how the jungle animals roar or a little princess, and sometimes diva, point out the most colorful fish to her mom or grandmother. In the southwest corner of the clinic, at the end of the entrance hallway, numerous tables and tiny chairs give place for games to be played, puzzles solved, and entertainment had. Volunteer in teal-green vests visit the children and know them by name. As I approached the front desk and was greeted with a smile and “Hello,” I could not help but be distracted by the office to my left. Hanging above tables stacked with cartoon Band-Aids and superhero stickers was a cardboard—no, many cardboard. Hundreds of tiny, perfectly cut school photographs were arranged in uniform fashion. There were ponytails and braids, crew cuts and bed head. Blue backgrounds, yellow backgrounds, fuscia backgrounds. At closer look I took notice that these were photographs both old and new. Some had lost their glossy finish, and a once white border had begun to fade into darker shades. For years, I would learn, this room has served as a gathering place for patients, families, and care providers. I would meet many of these young patients in clinic, on the floor, or at Camp Rainbow.

I was nervous when introduced to my first patient-friend with cancer. I met Triton on that very same day. His face was puffy from steroids and remained that way for the entire time I knew him. The first time we visited, we played computer games while he ate a complimentary Pizza Hut Personal Pan Pizza and received a chemo infusion. I teased him about girls, and he grinned. At summer camp after the MI year, we sat on the pool’s edge with yellow and orange water guns. He could not get in with his oxygen tank. During an M2 lunch break, he made up more words in Scabbile than I was expecting. I did not know there were so many two-letter words. He never graduated elementary school. I gave him a hug fifteen minutes after he left us.

I love the heart of Mississippi’s pediatric cancer effort. Like that of her mentor, Dr. Jeanette Pullen, Dr. Megasen’s name is somewhat revered in the halls of her clinic and in conversation among her colleagues. She is one of the most cheerful individuals I have ever had chance to meet. Never with a white coat and never without the most colorfully electric pair of glasses available, she knows, by memory, the name of every patient and family member who has ever walked through her doors. Her heart is as genuine as they come.

I began working with Dr. Betsy Herrington during the summer following my MI year. She took me in as part of her research team and has left her door open to me ever since. When she headed to Boston Children’s Hospital that same summer to complete a Fellowship in Pediatric Neuro-Oncology, she even arranged with her program director to have me visit and learn more of this specialized field. I am continually impressed and encouraged each time I visit with her in clinic. Both her face and heart glow with each new child she meets and helps as though these children were her own. Through her rich southern accent she brings a measure of joy to her clinics and colleagues and has warmed many a patient and parent’s troubled heart.

I owe any successes I may have had while a medical student to the collective support of wonderful people. Surely, at the top of this list are the good people I found that first week in the Batson basement. The Children’s Cancer Clinic functions more like a family than a simple team of care providers. For allowing me to use your offices and printers, eat your snacks and attend your parties, barge into clinic unannounced and casually dressed, I thank you. For pulling numerous charts and being my lifeline to the clinic (Sara Elizabeth), gathering data for projects (Dana), and teaching me about histology and microscope (the entire lab), I thank you. For fun calls when you needed a hand with Spanish (Cathy), making sure I knew about funerals of friends (LeAnne), and always helping me know what to do in clinic (Amy and Tob), I thank you. For always calling me “son” (Dr. Ky) and always calling me “Whipple” (Maggie), buying me donuts before a Greenville satellite clinic (Dr. Smith), and letting me borrow personal books and journals (April Hederman), I thank you. For getting me my first publication (Seve Majumder and Cathy Gordon) and always saying “Hello” to me in the halls (April W. and Ashley K.), I thank you. For making me a part of your family, befriending me without reservation (everyone), I thank you.

Heaven feels closer when I see and work with these little children who are sick. It is never their fault that they are at the doctor’s office or hospital. I like that about them. I choose to pursue a career in Pediatric Hematology-Oncology. That is where I want to be. That is the job I want once I have a family of my own. It will allow me the time with them I want and need. I think it is the right fit for me. The medicine will always be exciting, always changing. And there will be an element of the soul involved that I have not found in any other branch of medicine.

For children who sit at bed’s end, giggling and dancing in bare feet and little white hospital gowns, I give thanks. For a room-full of shiny bald heads, I give thanks. For my friends who have welcomed me since day one to the Children’s Cancer Clinic, I give thanks. You make a difference. You make things better. My wonderful medical school experience has in large measure been made such because of you.
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