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TUFTS
UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Class of 2004



**Tufts University
School of Medicine**

145 Harrison Avenue

Boston, MA

02111

Welcome to Boston!

Boston Skyline

(right) Boston is the capital city of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is scenically located on the Boston Harbor, at the mouth of the Charles River.



New England Medical Center

(below) Located in the heart of Chinatown and the Theater District, NEMC serves as the clinical 'mothership' for Tufts medical students.



George Washington Statue

(above) First housed in Boston's Public Garden, this statue of our first President reminds us of the city's rich patriotic history.

Swan Boats

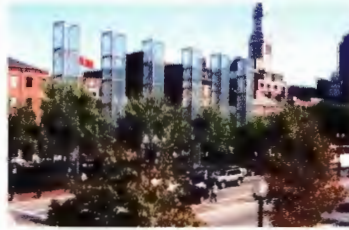
(right) Located next to the Boston Common is the Public Garden. It is the first botanical garden in the country and is known for its beautiful plantings as well as the swan boats pictured here.





Boston Public Library

(left) Boston is the home to the first public library, built in 1653. Today the public library is located in the center of the city just north of Copley Square.



Holocaust Memorial

(left) The six glass pillars represent the six million Jews killed in the Holocaust. Quincy Market and Fanueil Hall are located just behind.

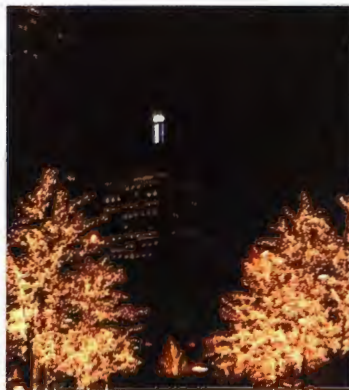
Fenway Park

(center) Built in 1912, Fenway Park is the oldest major league baseball park in existence. Its first opening day took place on April 20th, 1912. The Red Sox defeated the New York Highlanders, known today as the New York Yankees.



(above) The John Hancock tower is one of the tallest buildings in Boston. Together with the Prudential Center it dominates the skyline of Back Bay.

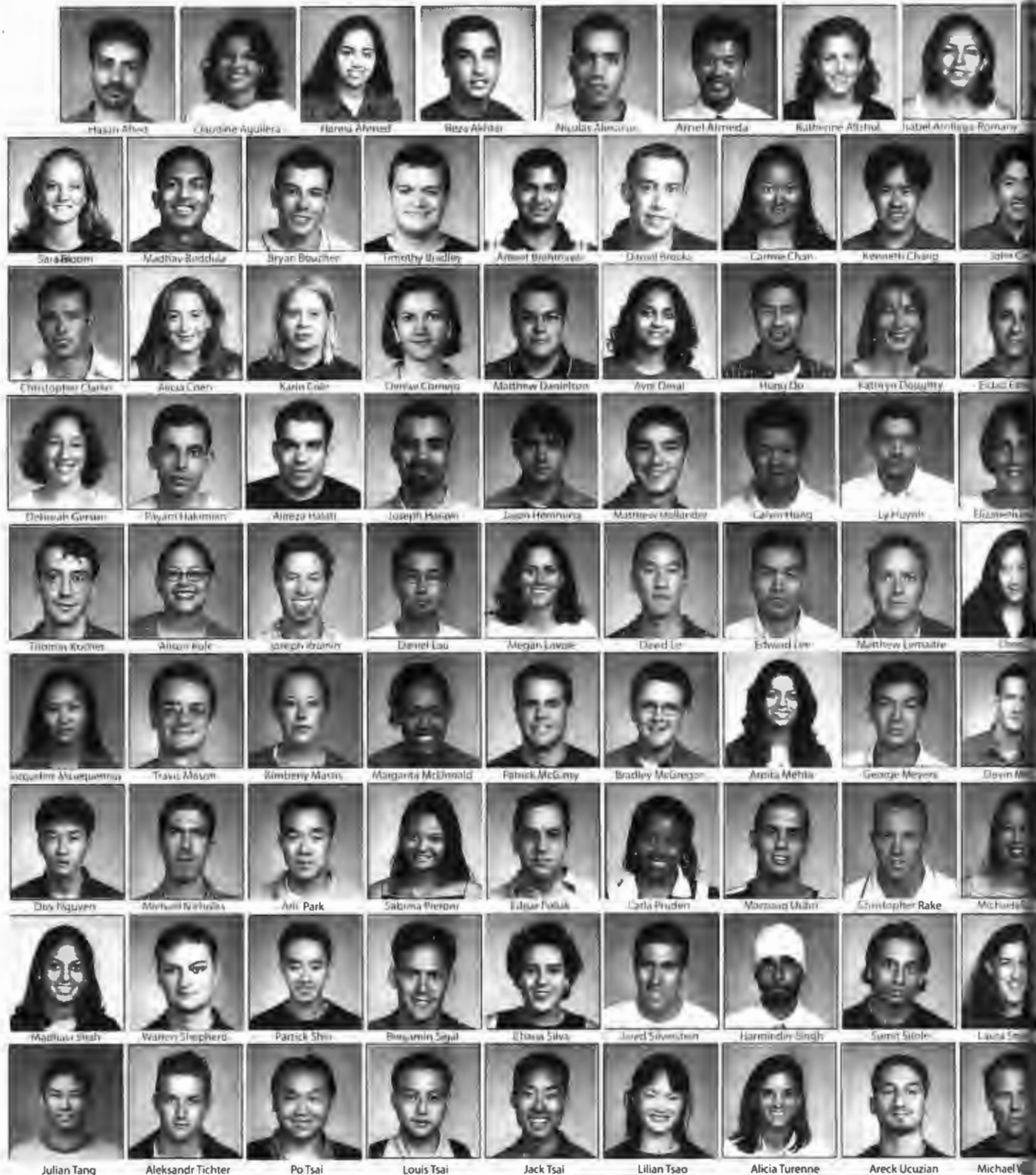
(left) The old John Hancock tower's weather beacon. Steady blue, clear view; Flashing blue, clouds are due, Steady red, rain ahead; Flashing red snow instead, or today's Sox game is cancelled.



(far left) Boston skyline at night, as seen from across the Charles River.



While we have been medical students at Tufts, Boston, Massachusetts has been our home. We will always remember the humid summers, the cold and dark winters, and the outrageous cost of living. We will never forget the places we ate, the places we drank, and the places we studied. Most of all, we will forever cherish the times we shared together in this great city.



TUFTS UNIVERSITY SCHOOL



Martin Baggenio, Russell Baker, Nisha Basu, Nemi Berry, Caroline Besolander, Nahid Bhatia, Nisha Bhatt, Gary Borchard



Raul Chen, Jason Christoff, Christopher Chinn, Kara Christoff, Edward Choi, Eleri Choi, Alison Christie, Jesse Chuang, Richard Church



Adam Clarke, Kayo Entsch, Ray Fero, Sean Fitzsimons, Dora Fu, Anjali Ganda, Janel Ganda, Anthony Garcia, Jennifer Garcia



Johann Jeon, Jennifer James, Boris Kapoor, Adrienne Kassis, Mayyan Keshet, Sarah Kim, Lynn Kim, Seung Won Kim, Salma Krimy



Yuneng Li, Jocelyn Liao, Binh Lieu, Mira Lim, Lucas Liu, Jane Louise, Jessica Mandeville, Cynthia Manning, Virendra Marwaha



Erica Minic, Meghan Motta, Tim Motta, Elizabeth Molina-Gruz, Sharon Nager, Christopher Moran, Priya Nampoothi, Andrew Natorson, Aaron Nelson



Sunil Rao, Andrew Reiter, Lauren Rosenzweig, Lauren Roth, Lee Rubin, Nari Sabeti, Steven Schmidt, Carisa Schneider, Zev Schuman



Britt Soderberg, David Solondz, Lisa Soperford, Philip Stein, Andrew Stephen, Matthew Strouch, Jennifer Marie Suga, Angie Sung, Jill Swartz



Reth Vemulapalli, Maxwell Vergo, Nitun Verma, Bryan Vo, Essi Vulli, Caroline Wachtler, Emily Wasco, Dana Watanabe, Jane Weinman



Wright, Grant Yastup, Sandy Yip, Hui Zhao

MEDICINE & Class of 2004

White Coat Ceremony



Connective Issue

A full two years after the last late night intravenous caffeine drip was D/C'd, we, the staph of The Connective Issue, are now able to reflect back on our efforts to chronicle the four year odyssey of the M'04 class. From our first awkward baby steps into the Sackler lobby during orientation to our more poised steps onto stage for graduation, our stable of gifted writers, editors, and artists was always there, ready to showcase the M'04 class every step of the way. And, now, thanks to the gracious yearbook staff, we're able to share some of those articles once again - this time on the printed page (that whole Internet thing likely being nothing but a fad).

We're all proud grandparents now. TCI is in its third generation, currently being ably helmed by the M'06 class. From the start, harkening back to the days of our inaugural staff meeting in Sackler 306 (surely to be marked by future historians with some commemorative plaque), we always intended The Issue to be an outlet for students, faculty, staff, family, alumni, and prospective students alike - a forum run entirely by current medical students. Hopefully along the way we were able to lift much of the cloak shrouding the medical education system, giving students - us - an outlet to express our fears and our foibles, the laughs and the helplessness that permeate our journey - to let everyone know we weren't in this alone.

Over 150 students in all, including 56 [let me check on that number] M'04's, wrote original pieces for us, with equal dollops of introspection and humor, including such varied fare as "Celibacy and the City" by Adrienne Kassis, "Latin Is For Lovers - Of Anatomy, That Is" by Karin Cole, and "Where's Walid?: The Man Behind C7" by Matt Strouch. One of our class presidents, an aspiring surgeon, wrote about how failing gross anatomy transformed his outlook on life. A second year wrote about the paralyzing fear of performing his first pelvic exam. A third-year wrote about observing a 9-year old girl's VSD repair as news of the attack on the World Trade Center filtered into the OR. A fourth year wrote about the first time a patient of hers died. From an M'59 writing about orientation in 1956, to prospective students writing about their earnest desire to get into medical school, to the wisdom of Dr. Rufo and Dr. Merk, so many contributed to soon-to-be True Hollywood Story! of The Connective Issue.

We're proud of what we're leaving behind to the school - a forum that helps to foster a stronger sense of community among students, faculty, alumni, and deans at Tufts. We hope you enjoy some of the articles that we thought best epitomized the adventure that was medical school.

- Gary Blanchard, M'04, Matt LeMaitre, MD/MALD '04

First and Second Year...





From Sackler to Sharewood, Salsa lessons to Phlebotomy lessons -- and getting more sleep than we ever would again.

Halloween









Tufts Meds Annual Gala





Gala





Class Vs. Sitting on A\$\$-It takes All Kinds by:

Karin Cole and Gary Blanchard, respectively

The Bifurcation of the Abdominal Aorta is at L4, not L5.

First of all, let's get one thing straight: I'm not talking about review sessions here, people. When I say "class," I mean class. I mean, genuine, bonafide, accept-no-substitutes class. I mean prop-my-eyelids-up-with-a-toothpick, kick-me-if-I-start-snoring class. I mean I'm-paying-how-much-for-the-privilege-of-being-bombarded-with-larger-than-life-photos-of-ambiguous-genitalia-all-morning class. Anyone can show up once or twice a week for an hour-long stroll down memory lane with Dr. Rabson or Dr. Kneeland, but to regularly attend actual class-well, that just requires a higher caliber of medical student. It requires a student with a real sense of commitment: commitment to showing up every day, commitment to bringing along the relevant syllabi, commitment to waiting out those excruciating half-hour breaks, resisting the temptation to sneak off to the library for some solo studying (mind you, the commitment to learning is optional). Let me be the first to warn you, my friends: class is not for the faint-of-heart.

Now, I'm sure that at this point, my fellow class-attendees, my brothers-and-sisters-in-arms, are thinking "Right on! Give us your most gruesome example of serosanguinous nipple discharge! Project the gonococcal urethritis ten stories tall! You don't scare us! We've been doing this for two f***ing YEARS." And, of course, the remaining, truant 80% of the class is thinking "Maybe you guys should consider sleeping in one of these days. Or at least cut back on the caffeine." But we will stand strong in our self-imposed attendance policy because, as the Sackler B posse will verify, attending class is a character-building experience. Sure-it may not be the best preparation possible for the boards, or the wards, or even the test at the end of the block. But where else are you going to learn how to power through that 8:37 a.m. narcoleptic episode, that 10:23 a.m. parasthesia of your gluteal region, or that 12:17 p.m. bout with hypoglycemia?

We will attend class faithfully to the bitter, bitter end, and we will emerge stronger for it. So go ahead-enjoy your freedom, your late mornings, your super-efficient study sessions. We don't begrudge you a single minute. And if you should ever wonder how things are going down in the trenches, you know where to find us. Unless we're in Posner. Man, do I hate Posner.



Which End of the Stethoscope Goes in My Ears?

I am in my tighty whities. A tub of mint chocolate chip rocks tenuously on my amorphous belly. I've already crumpled and battered the morning newspaper back into its original pulp. I am engrossed in the 10 a.m. "SportsCenter". My main morning chores consist of scooping up the lost chocolate chips from the black hole that is my belly button.

Somewhere, amid the madness that is chocolate-covered lint, class is going on. "Sackler B" has become, if not an afterthought, then certainly an abstract thought. And it's not just me. Unconfirmed reports from the front had a mere 11 people in attendance at an 8 a.m. pathology class this week - out of a class of 158-ish (and dropping), mind you. Clearly, I'm winning people over to my personal crusade - seducing my classmates to indulge in the joie de vivre that is watching Golden Girls re-runs on "Lifetime".

Welcome to my life. This is certainly not how I envisioned medical school two years ago; it's a hell of a lot more fun! I go outside and play when I want. I roll out of bed when I want. I shower when I want. And, yes, I study for the boards when I want.

Somewhere, Alicia Turenne, Britt Soderberg, and other strong-willed women are shaking their heads about all this - the class-going, that is, not the sinful lack of showering (hopefully).

No, no one has ever gotten the full bang for his 38,000 bucks lounging about in his tighty whities. Obviously they're right. I'm missing out on award-winning lecturers and genius clinicians and people who read right out of my red syllabi. I'm aware of all this. Yet, somehow, my conscience isn't weighing me down any more than my belly. I've accepted all this, because I came to realize long ago that academic performance, board scores, sanity, circadian rhythms, and, yes, even the ability to become a good doctor, are never directly proportional to class attendance.

Sure, it's harder to teach yourself medicine sometimes, to successfully circumnavigate the "Vague Familiarity" stage in studying, when terms like "focal nodular membranous glomerulosclerosis" are more enigmatic than English - but, in the end, when I hear the first soulful chords of "Thank You For Being a Friend", I know my Golden Girls lifestyle is well worth it. And, besides, I'm conserving all my early-morning energies for July 1, when I actually need to be someplace on time every day.

I'll never have it this good again. And you, too, could have it this good. Join me. You have no idea about the powers of the Dark Side.



End-of-Year Cruise: May 2001



Hanging Out at Home





Celibacy and the City

by Adrienne Kassis

As my final quarter of college wore on, my itch to flee Los Angeles grew by the day. The weekdays had become an endless trudge down Bruin Walk, late for class again, but not really caring. The weekends were a blur of Maloney's, Taco Bell, studying, and watching Ferris Bueller's Day Off or The Breakfast Club on USA, buried in the couch. Every day, I did the same things in the same places with the same people who I'd seen for the last four years. Admittedly, I shed plenty of tears saying goodbye to my best friends, but for the most part I couldn't wait to escape UCLA and the Animal House mentality that enveloped the campus like a fog.

After emerging with a black eye and a few broken ribs from the excruciating admissions process for medical school, I was sure of one thing. Most of the people who survived the pounding were most likely intelligent, charming, motivated, culturally aware (and preferably trilingual), diligent, funny, well-traveled, well-researched, well-published, well-rounded, and, well, nearly perfect. I wasn't quite sure how I'd managed to tiptoe past the admissions board at Tufts, but it no longer mattered. Not only did I look forward to the incredible new friends I'd make, but I had also convinced myself (thanks in part to the lively imaginations of friends from home) that soon after my move here, I'd lock eyes with my future husband (perhaps some dashing, General Hospital-type resident?). And of course, it'd be a pass-the-Kleenex, Peter-Gabriel-in-the-background, Say Anything kind of romance.

Little did I know that so many of my classmates would be married, engaged, or living with someone. I'd also never considered that in-class romances maybe weren't always the best idea anyway. Even worse, I never realized how hard it would be to meet someone who wasn't a med student. I figured, well, maybe I'd bump into some guy named "Lance" or "Chip" from a Harvard MBA program? A neighbor stopping by to borrow some sugar? The guy behind me in line at Dunkin' Donuts?

Although a few couples have formed within the med school circle, it seems that most students at TUSM have vowed to never date within class. "Too much drama." "Too high-school." "Too much stress." Besides, something like 65% of our class walked into the first day of orientation already involved in a serious relationship. Recently a classmate jokingly suggested that the M '04 singles stage a "Temptation Island" remake within Sackler A. As entertaining as this sounds, it might cause some tension in our small-group work. Perhaps "Gilligan Island" would be a smarter option.

So it didn't take me long to figure out that finding that perfect guy in my class probably wouldn't happen. The two main reasons? The limited number of singles and the sad, suffocating truth that every M '04 is doing the same thing in the same place at least five days a week, eight hours a day. Well, I could always meet someone outside of school, right? It'd be nice to have different experiences to talk about ... plus I'd have a built-in Physical Diagnosis victim to practice on. Well ... it sounded good at the time.

I've been here since August and can say at this point that I am not friends with, let alone seeing romantically, one person who doesn't attend TUSM. Scary? Certainly. The isolation can get to be a little suffocating; at times I am eerily reminded of my two-week bout with chicken pox as a kid, I wasn't allowed to leave my room for days on end in order to avoid contaminating my brothers (mom's orders).

The friends I've made here are amazing, just as I had predicted before school even started, but wouldn't it be nice to spend some time with someone who doesn't know what finger C7 innervates? Someone who doesn't search the Chinatown streets while walking to Pho for a pedestrian with a Trendelenberg gait? Please, give me anyone whose hands don't smell of formaldehyde, who's never heard of the Cultured Kitchen, who can't demonstrate the waiter's tip position!!! My desperation is mounting by the day.

I was curious if my classmates felt equally isolated from normal society. So I asked 30 M'04s who didn't previously live in Boston to quantify the number of non-medical relationships they have. I found out I was not alone: Sixteen out of 30 polled are as devoid of normal human companionship as I am. (And all found to be equally discouraged). Those who do speak to "outsiders" usually know them because they had the good fortune to answer a random roommate ad. Even if we non-Bostonians got together and pooled our resources, we would only have 0.93 non-Tufts friends apiece. As Dr. Kneeland would quickly point out, the statistics aren't exactly in our favor.

I have this disturbing feeling that our isolation is partially self-imposed. As much as I say I desire companionship with a person who leads a completely different life, we tend to stick together as a class. When presented with the opportunity to mix, we are somehow unable. Case in point? The medical/dental mixer a few months ago. We arrived with good intentions, but somehow most of us didn't meet one dental student. This is not because M'04s are a bunch of Anti-Dentites. Our social chairs did try valiantly to introduce the meds to the dents. But once the "Hi, nice to meet you"s were uttered, conversation stalled. We don't know about gingivitis, they don't know about pneumothorax. What else could we possibly discuss?

Of course, I exaggerate. Our class is composed of people who've led incredible lives and probably have more to discuss than your average person (or at least we did before school started). But, logistically, do we even have time to manage school and relationships? I truly admire my classmates who are successfully juggling this semester's course load with a husband/wife/boyfriend/girlfriend who isn't a student here as well. When I think about my days, it seems as though I don't even have enough time for myself or my friends, let alone time to work at a relationship. If I were seeing someone, who would I end up spending more time with, him or my cadaver?

Something to ponder.

Out on the Town









Wedding Bells...And a Few Engagement Rings

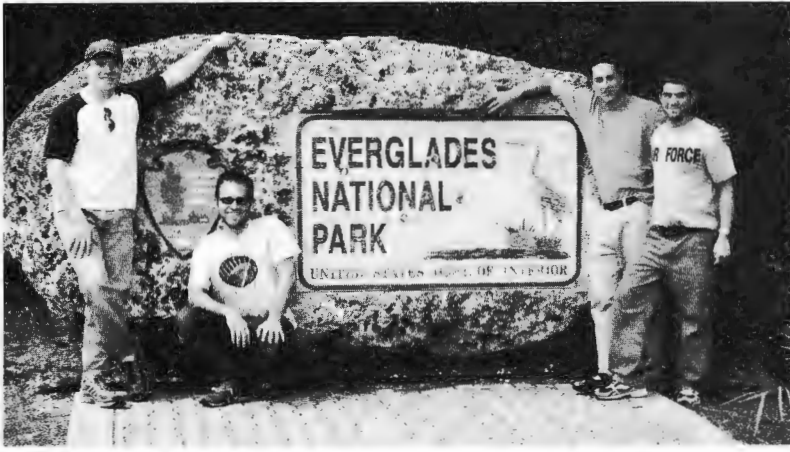


Stepping Outside of Sackler: Near...





...And Far





Out of Africa

by Lloyd Williams, MD/PhD '04

Awakened by the ghostly screeching of an owl, I stood motionless, my blood frozen, as I remembered Theresa's stories about the tokolosh, a fish-headed spirit that people conjure up to walk the night. Lying back, listening with the heightened hearing adrenaline provides, I can hear the rhythmic rise and fall of women's voices, coming from the hospital's men's ward. Even the women's grief imbues the morning with music that keeps the steady, slow pace of the Zambian winter. After a simple breakfast of toast and a 200 step commute, I find myself taking a wide berth around the sidewalk to avoid disturbing the women sitting together around a bereaved widow sprawled in the dust, sobbing. The other women are sort of singing and sort of crying, but not touching the wife as we in America do.

The bed next to the nurse's station is always reserved for the most critical patient. This morning, like many others since the advent of HIV, that bed is draped with sheets over feet and head. Today is different, because I have watched Fred unconscious for four days in that bed, gasping horrifically for each breath. Standing beside him in past evenings, I struggled also, willing him to breathe, expecting each to be the last. Last night his breathing had been

exacerbated because nurses took the only respirator, which he had been using for several days, to pediatrics for another patient. From the moment Fred arrived, I have not witnessed a moment where there was not at least one person beside his bed, holding his hand. Fred is about 30, like most of the AIDS-related-complex patients at Macha Mission Hospital in Zambia. They lie on plastic beds, two feet from the next emaciated patient — their parents are squeezed between the beds by day and sleeping on the concrete under the beds by night.

Every day someone with an AIDS-related disease dies here and my anger at its unfairness is rarely far from the surface, but almost never expressed. With whom should I be angry? Even if drug companies sold HIV medications at ten dollars a month, instead of ten thousand, many could not afford them. Besides, no one has the resources to monitor CD4+ counts, viral load, or any of the other important tests for evaluating treatment. What good is it to be angry with patients for their lifestyle or with the disease itself?

Two days before, I delivered a baby into the early morning cold. Watching that baby enter the world, I don't know who was more surprised by the process of birth — the child, or me. I was shaking so much from the juxtaposition of grandeur and simplicity entailed in childbirth that I could barely dress her. She was holding my finger and seeming to say, 'The world is hard, but I am strong.' Hours later, I thought about how HIV infects one in three adults in

Zambia and my excitement was blunted by the question, did this mother have HIV? - would her child?

Last night, before delivering the baby, I went to the hospital to help with Fred, the patient with AIDS-related-complex. Although I left the house with good intentions, when I arrived at the men's ward, I was too apprehensive about doing the wrong thing or not knowing what to say. So, instead, I helped the nurse a bit and left for the women's ward. There a woman needed an IV, and so I tried twice to insert it. She patiently sat through my first experience inserting an IV. Although I got the needle into the vein easily both times, I never managed to insert the catheter correctly. The nurse finally ended up doing it for me.

Then, with my confidence built to new lows, I went back to the male ward and stood there for a bit in the emotional safety of the nurse's station. Fred's mother slept on the concrete floor under his bed, while Fred's father still sat beside the bed holding his son's hand. My conscience wouldn't allow me to leave without saying something, so I went in and asked, "Are you his father?"

He answered, "Yes."

"Do you speak English?"

"A bit."

"I'm very sorry for your son. I hope he gets better. I am praying for him."

"Oh."

I squeezed his shoulder, got up, and walked away. I opened the door and entered the night thinking how cruel this disease is that strips children from their parents and leaves fathers and mothers listening to the gasping breaths of their grown children. It can be hard to show compassion even when you feel compassion. Why is the fear of reaching out so great that even when I summoned the courage, I was unable to do anything but speak some trite, cliché line and hurry away? I remembered watching Lisa and Theresa, the students from Canada, comfort patients through their gentle words and touch. I cursed my embarrassment and weakness.

Walking down the hall to the women's ward first brings the smell of infection, followed by the smell of toilets, then the smell of gasoline solvents in the floor wax, and the smell of the ubiquitous red dust. In the fifth bed on the left was a woman with about 70 percent of her body burned. Her husband spends about 20 hours a day taking care of her. It is amazing - though it shouldn't be - to see the devotion of her family. Today, she is lying in a pool of diarrhea, covered with pus, smelling like rotting flesh. Even her face is missing most of its skin; much of her body is recognizable as human only by its shape. Her family surrounds her, praying. After a moment, they stop to ask me, "Doctor, when can we bathe her next?" It is hard to look at her much less smell her. Her husband cleans her at least once per day and is always there with a presence that is so obviously loving, it moves me every time I walk into the ward.

The morning I first saw her was when she arrived at what might loosely be called the emergency room. She was probably a pretty, young woman before her burns. The pain must have been extreme. We hoped that the burns were only second degree because we didn't have resources for that much skin grafting. At that time, her skin was just peeling off in huge sheets. Where it wasn't, there were big blisters (one as large as my hand) on her blackened skin. It was even difficult to tell what color her skin should have been. Apparently, she received her burns from a brush fire. The most horrible part was watching her breathing slow to about five breaths per minute. She would just lie still as if she was dead and then take a deep, labored, shaky breath and lie still again. I was afraid she might die that day. Here she is after two weeks, though, and I am starting to hope that the care from the hospital staff and her family will allow her to recover. I walked outside and found a spot to sit for a moment on my way to the operating theatre. There for a moment I thought about what it would be like to be either the burned woman or her husband.

Setting my feelings aside for a later moment, I start to read the chart for a teenage girl with a tropical ulcer. Today is another day without electricity or running water, so this girl's case will be a bit more difficult. However, tropical ulcer debridement is one of the most common procedures I do here, so it should be okay with just light from the window. (At the very least, it will be better than the emergency cesarean section one surgeon did last week with me doing both the anesthesia and holding a flashlight so he could see.) In this girl's case, the tropical ulcer is an infected hole, up to several inches across, in the lower leg that can extend as deep as the muscle or even bone. After anesthesia, one scrapes away all the necrotic, foul-smelling tissue leaving a profusely bleeding wound that can be bandaged and skin grafted later to complete the healing process. Tropical ulcer debridement is not for the queasy, but I have to admit a certain sense of satisfaction watching the dead and infected tissue drop away into the basin, exposing the living tissue that can begin to heal. As I bandage her leg, I anticipate my last task of the day: follow-up on a cataract surgery.

A week ago, a woman was led to the hospital, unable to see my hand in front of her face or even a light shining directly into her eyes. After 10 years of total blindness, the surgeon replaced her opaque lens with an artificial one. She had been wearing an eye patch for a week, unable to see. I stopped at her bed in the women's ward and told her we were going to remove the patch and would like her to describe what she sees. All the 40 or so patients and family members in the women's ward listened in anticipation. As I removed the patch, she opened her eyes, and through excited tears, exclaimed, "Makua," meaning "white person." The whole ward erupted with laughter. She continued to clap her hands together saying, "Windows — light — the sun — look, its my daughter walking toward me." I went home that night filled with the joy of being a small part of her healing, laughing that she might always remember me whose only role was to take the patch off, rather than the surgeon who she never saw.

Three days later, the woman with burns died. I think I expected the world to stop when she died. It seems so unfair that her husband and family who have been working and praying day and night don't get the respect of the world taking a moment away from its business to mourn. Knowing they spoke little English, I couldn't say more than the words everyone here knows, "I'm sorry." If that didn't convey the message, I hope the tears in my eyes did. I feel so useless sometimes. Could I have done more? Would it have made a difference if we hadn't run out of silvadene?

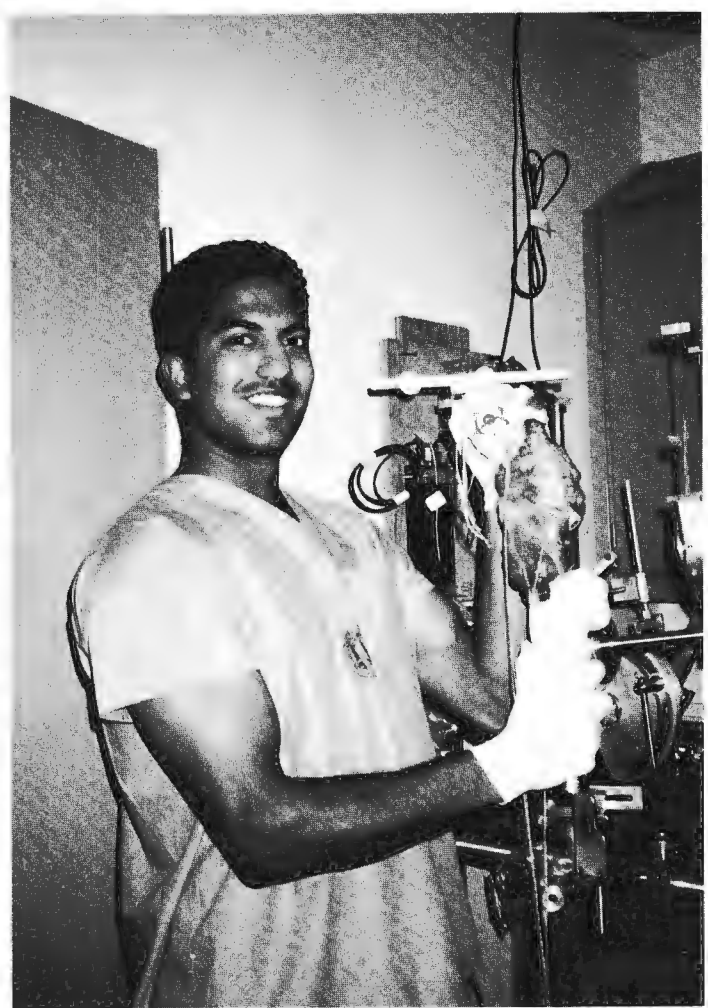
People told me she wouldn't have lived more than three days more anyway, so I shouldn't worry so much. I am reminded of talking with a woman who had been traveling to visit her father in the hospital. She arrived one day before he died and they were able to put to rest conflict that had plagued them for years. He died peacefully in her arms and she left saddened, but grateful for that last day. Now tell me that three days doesn't make a difference.

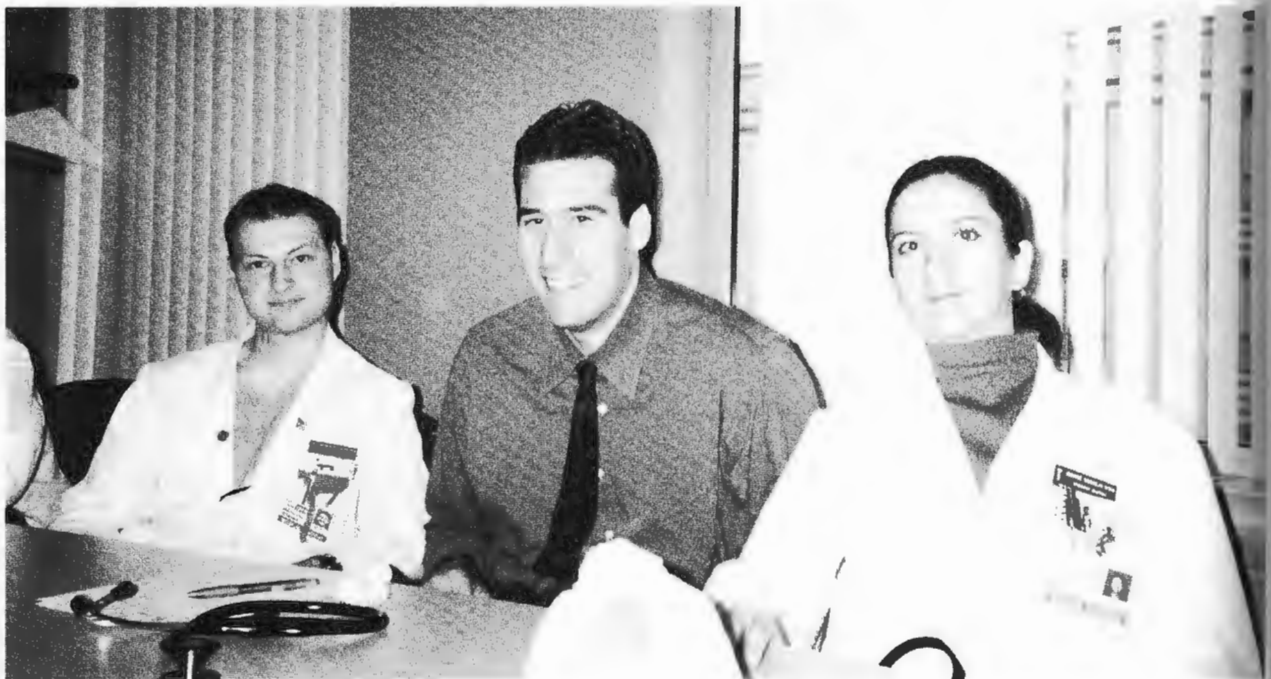
In a way, our studies are a measure of how much we care about other people. It is harder now, faces like Fred's are only in my memory and not before my eyes motivating me every day. But I often look at the picture of my friend Hope (right) sitting proudly beside the mud house he built for his mother and siblings and I read the words he wrote as I left. "It would seem childish to call you dear but I think there is no other way to express myself. It would seem foolish to call you brother, but I feel like doing so, after all we are brothers in Christ. Missing you is like flying a kite so high that you can't see it, but you still feel the tug of the string." Now that distance and time separate me from Africa by so far, I know exactly what he meant.



Venturing Onto the Wards







...For No Reason Here's Apu

by Gary Blanchard

Not even Bart Simpson's first day of kindergarten was this scarring. (Bart added an extra clap to B-I-N-G-O, prompting his teacher to declare him "not college material".) On the first day of my surgery rotation - and a mere 27 hours into my third year - my teacher branded me a "F'cking F'ck up." To my face. In front of the other residents. With spit flying everywhere.

I didn't know whether to cry or curse. So I just stood there, and apologized.

I could see it now, etched indelibly in my permanent record, written in the blood of third year medical students past - "Gary Blanchard, F'cking F'ck Up - Not House Officer Material."

For the rest of the day (yes, you quickly discover that some "days" in surgery push 40 hours ... we called those weekdays), I found sanctuary in a darkened O.R. 7, crouched in the corner, replaying all the witty rejoinders and wry retorts I wished I had shot back - most of them centering around the irrefutable logic of "But, but - it's my first day!" For good measure, I could've even added, "A\$\$hole!" Yeah, that'd show him.

It was 8:30 a.m. on July 4th, and I hadn't even finished Day One of my 12-week surgery rotation. The closest thing to fireworks I saw was a 32-year-old guy who held onto a Roman candle for a sparkle too long. I longed for the safety net of exams and classes not requiring my attendance. It was at that point that I marveled how Lahey Clinic's darkened O.R. resembled the sterile bathroom in *Full Metal Jacket* where Gomer Pyle blew his brains out.

That was my cue to leave.

My crime against humanity earlier that morning? My junior resident, dubbed, under my breath, as "Resident Evil," asked me at 5:31 a.m. on my first day of third year to pre-round on three surgical patients (rough translation: check their vitals, do a focused physical, update their progress after surgery). I completed two of the three. On zero hours of sleep. I thought I did a serviceable job.

But it was at 5:58 a.m. that Resident Evil, a hulking farm boy from Nebraska, wasn't interested in hearing about the ordeal of my first day - about how, at 4:12 a.m., I admit it!, I wasn't positive about the exact course of the female urethra while threading a catheter into the bladder of a 67-year-old female car accident victim; that, at 5:10 a.m., I didn't know what floor I was standing on, let alone how pancreatic cancer near the tip of the spleen presents; and that I didn't know how to read a patient's chart, how to read the nurse's chart, or even the last name of one of the patients I was supposed to check on - let alone how to present a patient on morning rounds to his satisfaction. He didn't care that everything was so damned unfamiliar.

Instead, Resident Evil violently grabbed me by the shoulder, got right up in my face, all Bill Parcells-like, and hissed, "Is this rotation a f'cking joke to you? Am I a f'cking joke to you, Gary? You f'cking f'ck up! Don't you dare make me look bad again!"

<cue Marge and Homer on the piano>

Bart was feel-ing mighty blue.

It's a shame what school can do.

Those were the days!

Surgery is hell. The hours are inhumane, your feet become one giant callus, and the chief residents force the med students to play Russian roulette against each other in North Vietnamese-style prisoner-of-war floating barges. It's the only time in your four years of medical school when you'll likely have to set your alarm to go off before 4 a.m. Consistently. But, through it all, there's one constant: the guy or gal with you in that foxhole.

Sunil, Meghna, Hui, Marie, Avni, and I. The Lahey Six. Over the course of 12 weeks, we all shared that foxhole at Lahey Clinic (usually bunkering in the call room, which can easily fit six sleep-deprived medical students). We consoled, we freaked out, we bickered, we made fun of Sunil, we hugged, and we fantasized making out with in the call room (whoops, I've said too much). There were even a few times when we talked about, you know, surgery. My Lahey siblings-in-arms were the ones to see me all excited the first time I got to hold the camera during a gall bladder removal surgery, and they were the ones who saw me yell at Hui for making me hold the camera when I didn't want to see my 17th lap chole. Your highest high and lowest low are on display when confronting the most extreme of conditions.

"I noticed that surgery started off as me against the residents/attendings," Marie said. But by the end, it was more like us -

the "Lahey 6" - versus them. We became more of a superhero team, like the Justice League or something. I don't know if I could have survived without you guys, too." Rivadeneira. "Maaaa-hesh <dreamy sigh>". The Big H. 2261. "Sips to clears, Gary!" It's our own surgery vernacular, and no one else will ever be fully privy to it.

I'll always think of you all fondly. Of Giggly Megs (Rowlf) taking out gall bladders, and taking out intruders to the call room with an elbow drop from the top bunk. Of Avni roaming the halls, and backstabbing me to Dr. Shah. Of Marie sharing a bed with me, and how we conceived (of) our future pediatrics practice. Of Hui, oh, Hui, and our shrink sessions. Of Sunil, uh, forgetting to give me his key to the call room.

Things got better in surgery. With few exceptions, everyone at Lahey - attendings, residents, and nurses - was very understanding and helpful. I realized my place was most definitely in the pre-op area, where I could talk to the patients about their fears, their families, their embarrassing childhood stories, before they underwent surgery - without having to do anything requiring a semblance of dexterity. What I liked was walking the manic lady, who would either fake chest pain or tell me she had a "pulmonary em-beel-ass" to get my attention, through the halls every day to help ward off a blood clot in her legs. Watching Dr. Roberts literally disembowel this lady on a gurney, carving her colon in two, while I retracted, and retracted, and then changed hands to retract, before applying pressure to her anus with a "proctoscope," only to briefly stop to retract, wasn't nearly as exciting for me. (Although stripping and "fishing" for those varicose veins was pretty cool, dad! Dr. Welch.)

The Lahey Six had a reunion on the Common a couple weeks back. We reminisced about a lot things from our time in the trenches - the bowel prep, the "missing" trauma pager, the mustard gas - but, most surprising of all, I even found myself a little nostalgic for Resident Evil.

Because while Bart could only find his niche in kindergarten by standing up to Principal Skinner, making armpit noises while saying "booger" and "doody" (to a chorus of cheers from Nelson, Ralph, and the boy who ate worms), I was only able to realize what was expected of me on the wards, and how abruptly I needed to alter my lifestyle, from Resident Evil. I could have done without the threats of violence, but I know now I wouldn't have been able to do well in surgery without him.

In the end, though, it's not about the residents, the pimping, or the 108-hour work weeks - it's about your fellow students. No third year should have to go through surgery without their a Lahey Six to call their own.



Class of 2004





To my family...

It's hard to express how valuable you are to me. Thank you for all your love and support, you are the reason I am here.

To my friends...

As difficult as times may have been during these past four years, I could always count on you. You mean more to me than you may already know.



Looks like I graduated to the Big Leagues. I can't believe I made it through.

Thank you, God, Caroline, Mom & Dad, Ate Audrey, Kuya Mark, Daniel, Timothy, Uncle Tony, Nikki, long-time friends: Mark, Chris, Duke, & Neil; new Boston friends: Aric, Laura (the introduction that changed my life), 604, 602, Waterford friends, Ski Trip friends, Tufts brothers and sisters I bled with; all Irvine friends, the families of X-mas: Apostol, Gomez, & Peña; Household of Faith Church, all friends far and near, all relatives distant or dear, and a special thanks to those that took time to see me on 5/23/04. **Your Love and Support have been my Guide.**



Amel Abundo
MD 2004





**Mom, you're in
my heart, you're
in my soul – I
love you**

**This is
dedicated
to my
family and
friends**

I love you

Thank you

Dad & Laura,
thank you for
your unyielding
love and support;
I could not have
done it without
you.

Thank you
Lindsey!



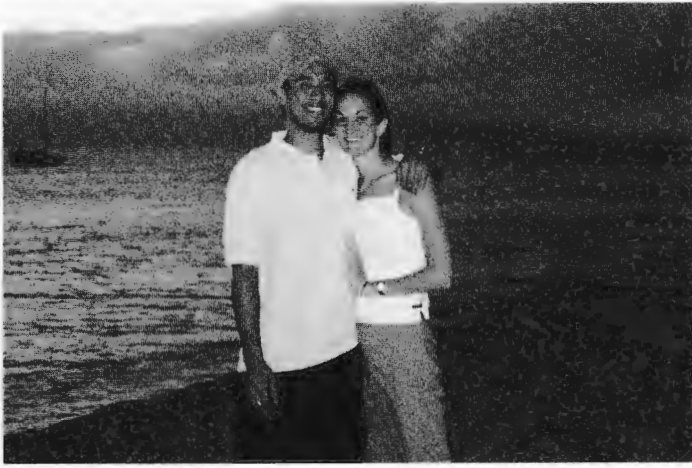
Katherine Altshul



*To my family, Ian, Lee, and Chuck;
I couldn't have done it without your
unending support.*

*Thank you Allison, Denise, Nisha, and
Kate for the laughter, the good times, and
the marathon study sessions.*

- Nisha Basu



Mom, Jeff and JJ
+ my wonderful friends

Thanks for all your support +
all the good times!

Congratulations Mofy!

♡ Caroline



How many times I almost lost my way,
About to leave the maze of frustration,
Never able to see the end,
Losing my sight of the vision.
But you taught me over these years,
This road, no matter whither, leads to joy.



I would not make it here
without the light of your love,
Each maze leads to a garden when I have you.

To my family, who supported me through this, thank you. -Nisha Bhatt



Thank
You.....



SARA
BLOOM

... TO BRITT + DEB, FOR YOUR
WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP.

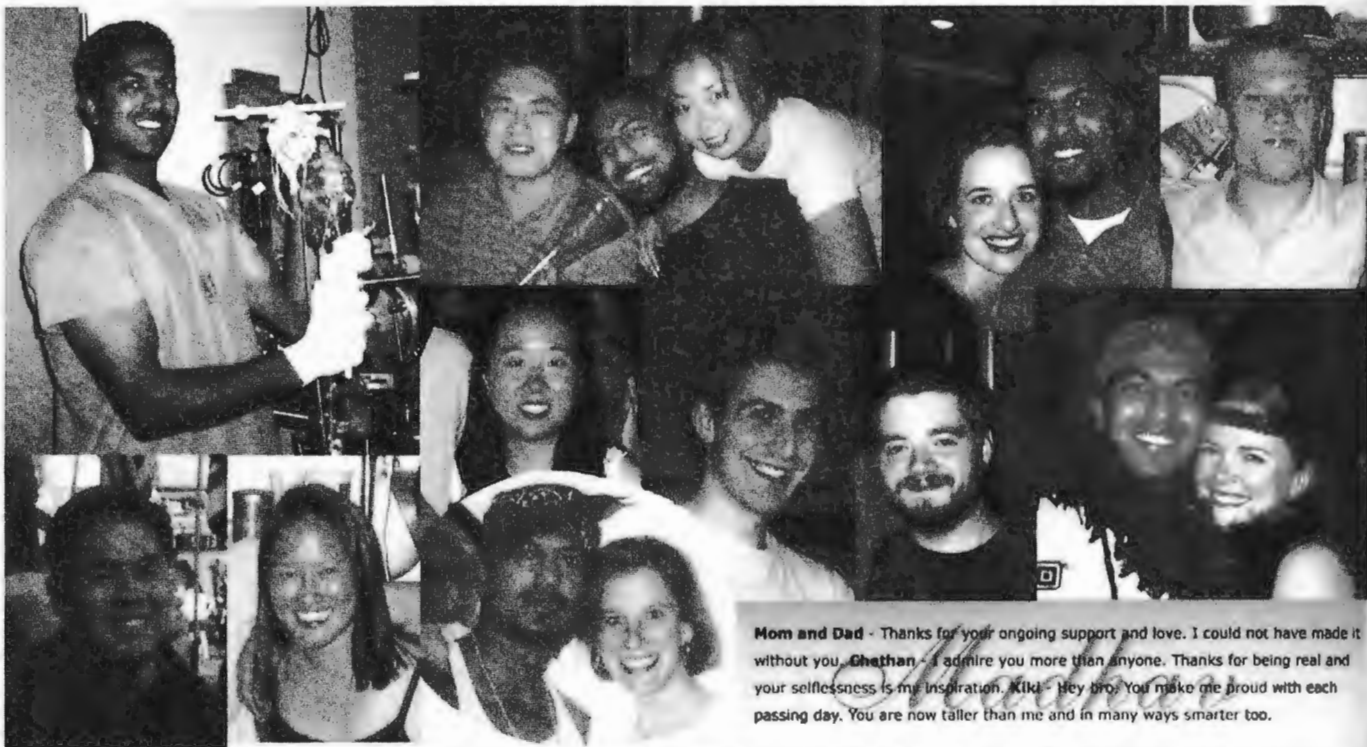
THANK YOU...

... TO ELDAD,
FOR ALWAYS BEING
THERE FOR ME.

... TO DAVE, FOR
MAKING ME LAUGH.

... TO MY FAMILY,
FOR YOUR ENDLESS
LOVE + SUPPORT.

GOOD LUCK
M'04s!



Mom and Dad - Thanks for your ongoing support and love. I could not have made it without you. **Ghethan** - I admire you more than anyone. Thanks for being real and your selflessness is my inspiration. **Kiki** - Hey bro, you make me proud with each passing day. You are now taller than me and in many ways smarter too.

Adrienne - What up Bruin buddy. Physiology baby. 1st year Interviewing, lucky me. your apt. parties, mine were better. Gala limo, how did that happen. Let's kick this coast and get back to the bedside, the Westside. Surg at Winchester -> another CCY gone wrong, hurry up please Dr, let me do this anastomosis. **Andrew** - Can you say Seattle, try Washington, how about Head Start? Mr. Friendly, best storyteller. Lahey medicine. How do you thrust your jaw forward like that. Stop making me laugh. B-ball - pound it into the bull down low, you were our secret weapon, truly impressive. Do I get a H₂O polo lesson? **Annie** - My very favorite transfer. MIT nerd. Not really. Ideas for what to do - call Annie, the East Coast wizard. Spot Pond, fireworks at the Esplanade - the best. My crazy stories - you're very patient. Beacon Hill - did we really live there? **Phylicia** - now this is nice. Dr. Campbell - just call him Dad. **Carmie** - 1st year - MPH, talking trash, hockey. Watch my hip check. official Nalgene power. Man, can u drink! Where's Madhav? Where's Carmie?...we hung out a lot, then you left me here, but left Susan too, missing you. How did you do it all anyways. See you in D.C. or at graduation. **Dave** - Shave that beard! Nature boy. Apple-picking in the rain. 20 pounds. Why so quiet? Nice guy, better roommate. Party time at Myzic. 10th Floor. Boston skyline, turn off the lights, hit the music, burning shots, SHOOT IT! Outkast's only. GERD. Seinfeld or Simpsons? Keep shooting Dave, lefty swish. Magic shoots down a Bird. Dinner time - fried rice or turkey chili? **Jen** - UCLA representing. You at BU. Me at Tufts. Lost without you. Thanks for hangin' with me at parties, dinners, Freedom Trail, Aquarium. Your sweet cake for my b-day. Bad luck with the fellas. You're too cute for them anyways. So glad you were here. Did you have to leave? **Jill** - hey scandalous, no more nicknames please. Halloween '02 at Pravda, watch out! Lahey Med tough times, you were tougher. ok, East coast ain't sooo bad. **Marché**, my 1st time. Try a martini. My bro is NOT Kinky. Thanks for your support and talks. **Jim** - West coast bros...mount up. You da man, holding your own. Fo' shizzle my nizzle. Snow baby! More hot sauce please. She likes you dude, hook it up. Come on one more set, push it! Fun times in Boston and beyond. Plunge in the Charles. Get a cell phone. Stop working so hard. Late nights at Chau Chow City. Can u help with my computer, maybe in the O.R. Cameraman, party animal, B-day surprise @ Cheesecake...next time. **Matt** - My welcome to Boston. Intro to Sam Adams. East Boston ghetto fabulous. 181 Maverick St. nice decor, eh. The Indian Boy is going to kill Sue. "let me tell you something." U of I vs UCLA - who are you kidding? U can't hang. Nice passes in b-ball, smooth as silk from 3-land, get up and dunk. Italian Express - chix piccata to die for. Is her name really Sox? Wedding on the down-low. Congrats homey.

Bryan Boucher

I would like to thank everyone that has been so supportive of me throughout all of my years of schooling - my parents, my wife, and family.



Lee Rubin & me - New Year's 2001



My wife Amber & I



Make the most of yourself. . . for that is all there is of you. -Ralph Waldo Emerson



Elizabeth Buchbinder



To the class of 2004, you are an impressive group of people not only for your intelligence, but also for your integrity, compassion, and humor. I feel proud and fortunate to have spent these four years learning together.

To the members of my MD/MPH class, thank you so much for sharing your ideas and dreams. It gives me great hope to know that you will be out there working to make a difference.

Thank you my family for giving me unbounded patience, freedom, and love. Thank you my friends for teaching me about medicine, life, and the appropriate administration of tequila shots.

Thank you Danilo, amor mio, for being the man of my dreams, and for finding me at last. Even when far away, you are with me in everything I do.

My love to all.

Allison Christie





I would like to thank my wife, family and friends for all their love and support over the last four years.

I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me. The life I live in the body, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.

Galatians 2:20





Karin L. Cole*

Noted for: Striking fear into the hearts of Cambridge Jail inmates ("Is she an albino or something?"). **Best Memories:** Sackler A, Sackler B, Addiction Medicine, student lounge refrigerator odor, Physical Diagnosis II ("What is your chief complaint?"). **Crazy About:** ABP, rectal exams, delivering the placenta. **Pet Peeve:** molecular biology, slow elevators, Deaver retractors, patients who want to know "if you've ever done this before." **Secret Ambition:** to do away with the inconvenient and unnecessary ban on food in the OR. **Favorite Pastime:** taking out staples. **Favorite Quote:** "These are OR scrubs." "Oh ARE they?" -Rushmore. **Secret Idol:** Dr. Nick Riviera. **Will:** To the M'05's and M'06's, I leave a pair of EKG calipers which, via repeated self-evaluation of palmar two-point discrimination, has kept me awake in countless morning reports. To the TUSM faculty, I leave the assurance that I didn't forget everything you taught me until *after* I took Step 1.

*That's "Dr. Cole" to you



GRACIAS:

- *Papá y Mamá (Ricardo y Elsa)*
- *Hermanitas (Elsa, Carolina, Marissa)*
- *Roommates*
- *Lifelong friends*
- *Professors*
- *Classmates*
- *Everyone I have interacted with*



Ricardo y Elsa



Elsa



Carolina y Jose

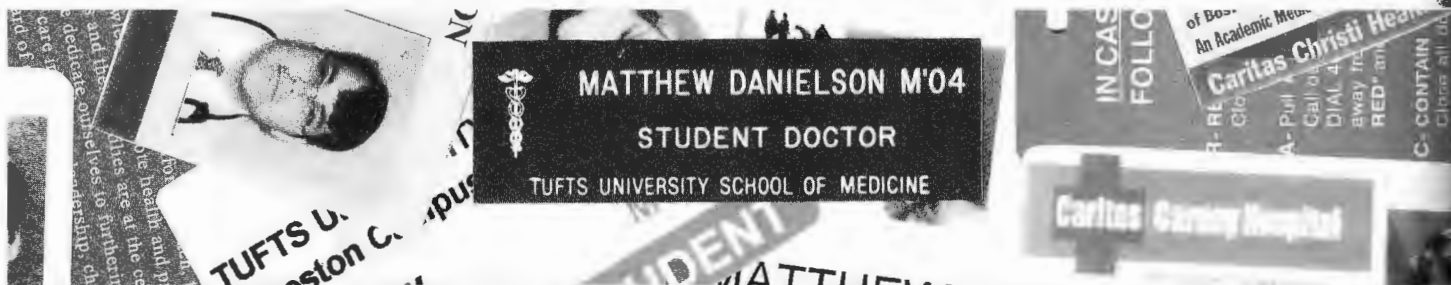


William y Marissa

*I was blessed with the
opportunity to attend Tufts...*

*All of you made it possible
for me to make it through.*

—Denise Cornejo



**Many thanks go out to family and friends,
whose support and encouragement made this dream a reality.**

**And to my beautiful wife Stefani,
thank you for your unconditional love and sacrifice.
May our continuing success allow us to better serve others.**

I Love You All,

Dr. Matthew Danielson M.D.



Kate@doughty MD.com

A faithful friend is the medicine of life.
- Eccl. 4:10



Special thanks to Chris and my family for being so supportive, through my many career changes. I have finally found something that I love.
Meredith



Eldad
Elnekave





Thanks...

- to my parents, for their support and encouragement for 27 years straight!

- to Dave, for his love and inspiration.



- and to my friends, for making these 4 years more fun!

Michaela Farber

MOM, DAD, AND MIKE -

THANK YOU FOR ALL OF YOUR SUPPORT OVER THE PAST FOUR YEARS. NOT ONLY WERE YOU THERE FOR ME IN THE TOUGH TIMES, BUT YOU WERE ALSO THERE FOR SOME SPECIAL MOMENTS.

I LOVE YOU.

SEAN



To the 2 most selfless and hard-working people I know, the greatest success in my life has been the chance to be your daughter. Thank you for the endless loving support!

Kiran,
The past 4 years have been good for us!

"Friendship is one soul dwelling in 2 bodies". No one can make me laugh like u. ILY. I admire you & Thank you.



Ang: true friendship survives! Keep smiling!
Nishi: Jersey girl. Thank for keepin NYC alive in B.
Akshat: Don't know how I could have done it without you! Thanks for always listening with your ears & heart.

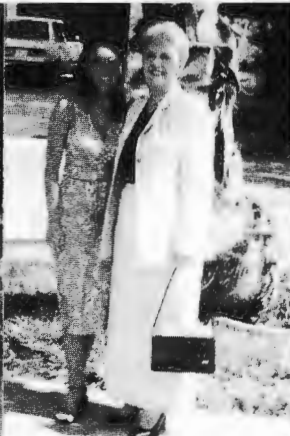
* The actual calling on people, at all times and under all conditions, the coming to grips with the intimate conditions of their lives, when they were being born, when they were dying, watching them die, watching them get well when they were ill, has always absorbed me." *

- William Carlos Williams



Papi

Hace cuatro años, cuando me gradue de Michigan nunca me había imaginado que no estuvieras aquí para celebrar a tu "doctorcita." Me alivia pensar que tu siempre estaras en mi corazón. Gracias por esforzarte tanto para darme todo lo que e necesitado y mas. Te prometo que tratare de empear cada dia con la misma sonrisa que tu le ofrecias a todos. Te extraño mucho.



Mami

Al fin! Este dia nunca habia llegado sin tu apoyo, paciencia, y amor sin condiciones. Aunque no lo diga mucho, me siento muy afortunada de llamarte Mama. Siempre recuerda que tu eres mi heroe.



Adrienne and Lou

Without you I could have never gotten through the Fall of 2002.

Adri

In my eyes you are the true essence of the word "doctor." I am in awe of your ability to give without receiving. I thank God each and every day for bringing you into my life. I can honestly say that my medical school years would not have been as tolerable/memorable without your friendship.

Lou

Thank you for holding me when I needed to cry but more importantly, for teaching me to smile again. Who would have thought that your laugh would become so contagious. Even with your "ridiculous" ways, please know that I feel a better person today because I know you.



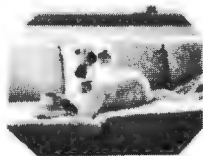
My Family

Pedri, Lisv, Kevin, Luly, Lele, and Normi- I have always felt your presence standing behind me through the years. Thank you for believing in me, for reminding me how far I have come, and for encouraging me every step of the way.

My Friends

Megan, Jen, Sabrina, Loren, Meredith, Lee, Reza, Sasha, Kent, Meghna- You have all touched my life in one way or another during the past 4 years. Thank you for the memories.

Jennifer Garcia
TUSM Class of 2004



To my Family and Friends,

*Thank you for always believing in me.
Your love and support made this possible,
Mom and Dad, I would not be here without you!*

All my love,

Dana



Deborah Gerson

***THANK YOU SO MUCH TO MY
HUSBAND DAVE, MY PARENTS,
FRIENDS AND THE TUFTS STAFF
AND FACULTY FOR ALL OF YOUR
SUPPORT AND LOVE.***

LOVE, DEBORAH



This game is in the refrigerator
The door is closed
The lights are out
The egg's are coolin'
The butter's getting hard
And the Jell-O's jigglin'!

CHICK HEARN: 1916-2002

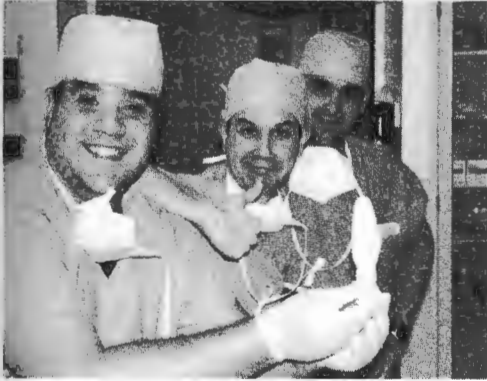
THANK YOU
MOM, DAD, SHEEVA



To the people who provided
me with support, love,
laughs, and advice to get me
where I am today.
Thank you,
Joseph Harawi



*Come what come may,
Time and the hours run
throughout the roughest day
-Macbeth*



Thanks Mom and Dad



Galapagos 2009

~ Shirley Huang ~

*To Mom and Dad,
Thanks for your love*

*To Lisa,
Thanks for listening*

*To Bernard,
Thanks for believing in me*



*To Uncle Chai,
Thanks for the support.*

*To my friends,
Thanks for the laughs.*

*To my mentors,
Thanks for guiding me.*



*To my husband, mother, family, mentor and friends,
Thank you for all the love and support you have given me.*

Katie Huber





~~~~~  
 Mom and Dad-  
 You have made me  
 the person I am  
 today! Thank you  
 for all you've done  
 for me - for teaching  
 me so much - for  
 your unending love  
 and support. I love  
 you both so much -  
 you're my best  
 friends.



~~~~~  
 Sir - even though you are back
 in Cali, you're still close to my
 heart! So many memories &
 more to come.

Jenn - my Boston BFF. You make
 me loco but I love you for it.
 My life wouldn't be the
 same without you.

To the rest of the girls: Sab,
 the gar, Liquid H., P-Ro, Megan,
 Jen & my new additions Kimi-
 Possible and Kayexalake - and
 the boys Pez, Ricardo, Smash,
 and the West Coast Crew - I
 have met some amazing friends
 these last 4 yrs. Thank You - I Love You
 -apk.



I couldn't have
 Done it without
 You...

Love,



Maayan Keshet



"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
 -J.B. Massieu, Letter to the Abbé Sicard

Dear Family and Friends,
 My heart will always remember.

Ly N Huynh

abraham jeon

*The life so short,
 the craft so long to learn.*

-Hippocrates



Humble words of gratitude,
 lest I should boast:

*To my dear family, the source of strength,
 support, and love that have made these 4 years
 possible and my life a living blessing. To my
 close friends—far and near, old and new—for
 always believing in me, even to this day.*



"school's out
 memories past,
 don't ever doubt
 our friendship
 will last..."



Some last words:
 PRANEETH, don't forget to
 turn off the gas; DRUCE, take
 Step II early; JAIPAL, time for a
 new hobby—a PhD perhaps?
 SEX WON KIM, hope you find
 that special "church girl" one
 day; JULIAN, don't ever stop
 playing video games; LEWIS,
 remember: EtOH = Jekyll &
 Hyde; PATRICK, stop moving!

Lyan Kim M'04.



"In everyone's life, at some time, our inner fire goes out. It is then burst into flame by an encounter with another human being. We should all be thankful for those people who rekindle the inner spirit"
- Albert Schweitzer

Thank you, my dear family & friends for your love and support...



*Javier,
Thank you for your continuous unconditional love and support throughout the last four years. Your strength gave me the determination to persevere and fulfill my dreams. I love you.
-Sahar*





Thank you
for giving
me the opportunity
to follow my
dreams.

Love, Tom

We miss you
Grandma!



With love and laughter
everything is possible!

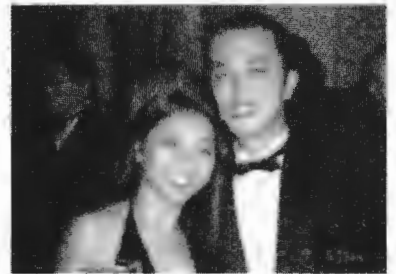
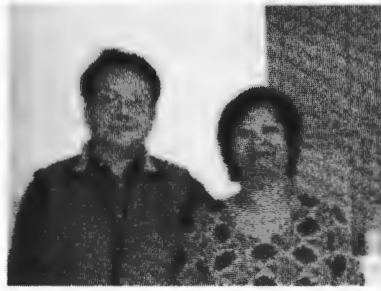
Thank you to my family,
my friends, and Tom.

Megan ☺
♥ Life is short,
eat dessert first.



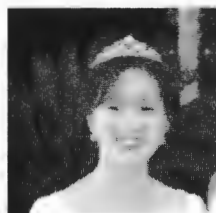
You
GO
GIRL





*Thank you for being there for me during the tough times
and believing in me when I lost faith. I could not have
done it without your support and strength.*

*Love,
Pikki*





Jane Louie

Thanks to a class that works hard at everything, especially to entertain! Thanks to my parents for their endless support. Thanks to David for feeding me for the past four years and for generally being the best husband ever. Best of luck to you all M04's!



WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A DOCTOR?!?!



JOCELYN ANN LIEB

THEY
DID!!



I JUST WANT TO THANK MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS FOR ALL THEIR SUPPORT OVER THESE PAST FOUR YEARS. ALSO, I'M GLAD I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET SUCH AWESOME PEOPLE HERE AT TUFTS! I'LL MISS YOU ALL!



Congratulations
&
Good Luck
M'04s!



Thanks
Mom &
Dad!!



CYNTHIA MANNING

DEAR GRANDDADDY-

You will ALWAYS be my hero & my inspiration. This picture has been with me through all 4 years, & will always be with me as a reminder of the man who keeps me focused on my dreams. I love you.



Boston Marathon 2004

THANK YOU
Constantino-
one of my
GREATEST
supporters!



Long Distance
Running -
one of my greatest
passions. My time
to reflect & relax



To my husband, Gary
Thank you for your endless love, support and self-sacrifice.
Without you, none of this would have been possible!



To my sister Meaghan,
You love and care for
Liam as if he were your very own-
I'm forever indebted to you.



Susan Clinton Martin



To my sweet Liam James...
I love you right up to the moon...and back!
Love, Mommy





*To Mom, Dad, and Bryan,
Words can't express how much your love
and support have meant to me during the
past four years ~ you were always there for me
through the worst and best of times.
I couldn't have done it without you! Thank-you.
Love, Kimberly*

*And thanks to all of my friends, both old and
new... The best parts about the past four years
were the friendships I've made at TUSM and
having people to share in this crazy whirlwind
of an experience (to say the least).... laughter
truly is the best medicine (yeah, I know it's
corny.) Thanks guys!*

***We finally did it!! (I still can't believe it.)
Congratulations and GOOD LUCK to the M-04s!!
I wish you the best!***





Mom, Dad, Kristen, Scott,
Thanks for everything!

Grandma and Grandpa,
Hope you are proud.

Congratulations!



I Love you all
so very much!



Mi Familia

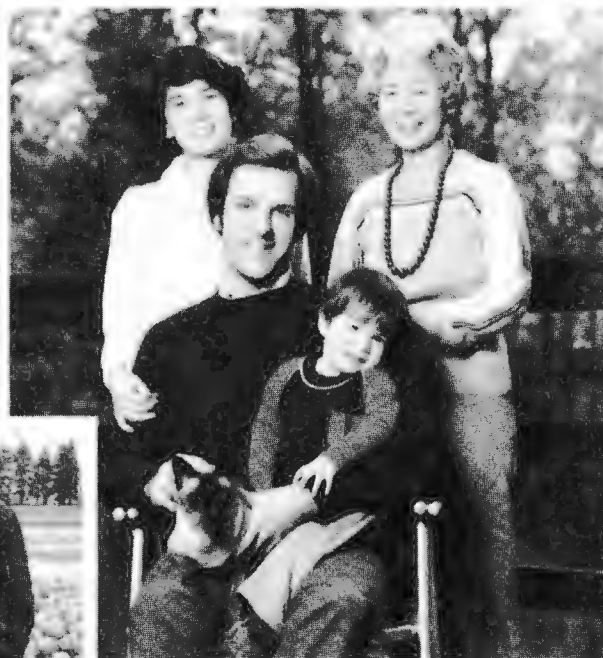
THANK YOU FOR
THE LOVE, THE
SUPPORT, AND
THE JOY YOU
SEE ON MY FACE

¡Te amo!
Mi Amor

Mi Vida

This guy thanks you
for making this possible





Mom & Dad,
Thank you for
helping me to get
here. I love you
both.

Yonchan

おばあさん、
やっと卒業が近
きました。小さい時から
色々行ってくれて本当に
ありがとう。 四ちゃん

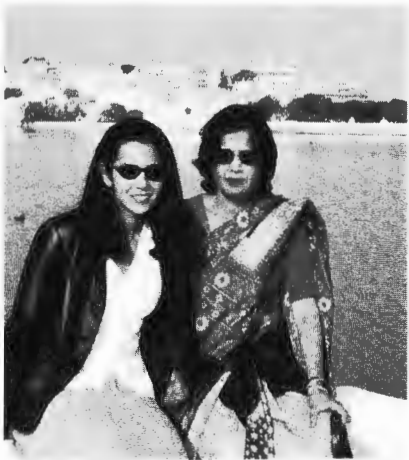


GO ARMY!

Alicia Minns

Thank you to my family and friends for all your love and support. I could not have done it without you.





One can be so lucky
to have three role models . . .
I love you Mom, Dad, and Palash!



Meghna Misra



Thanks Kim, Mom, Dad + Jeff
for all the love and support
and for keeping me sane
all these years!





One can be so lucky
to have three role models . . .
I love you Mom, Dad, and Palash!

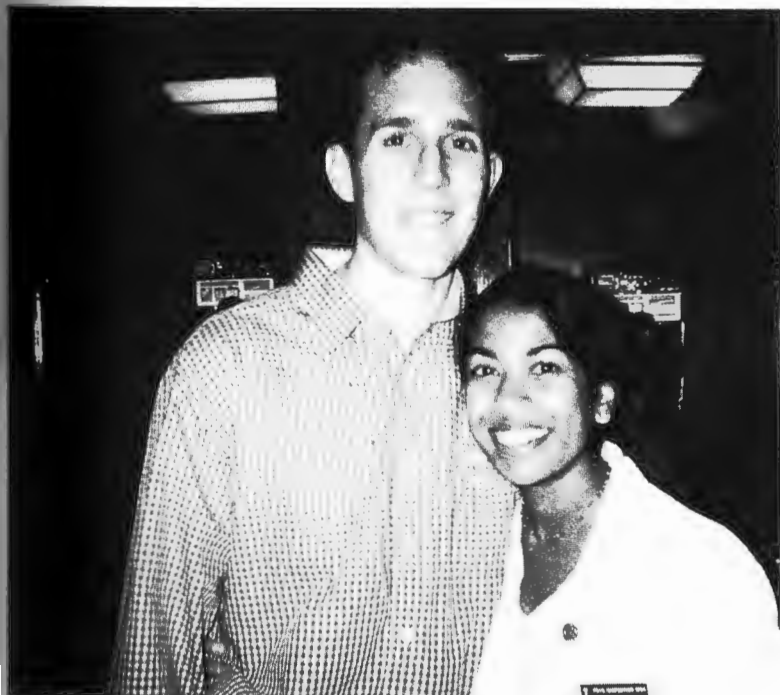


Meghna Misra



Thanks Kim, Mom, Dad + Jeff
for all the love and support
and for keeping me sane
all these years!





Priya
Nampoothiri



I would like to thank my family and friends for all their support and guidance. Good luck and congratulations to all my classmates. I wish you all the best.

- Mike Nicholas



Thank you for your love, your support, your smiles and your encouragement.



Thank you all for the great times, love & support!

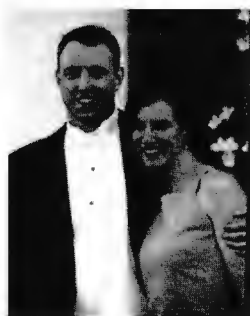
Sabrina Pieroni







Christopher
Rake



Press on: nothing in the world can take the place of perseverance. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. -Calvin Coolidge

Dear Kerry,

Nothing can express how much I appreciate your love, friendship and general silliness. Without you the world is simply not as fun to explore. From the Cascades to Acadia we've shared so many adventures and met so many new friends. I remain in awe of your ability to meet each day as the single nicest person I've ever met...this after years in Boston! You're a role model not only to your students, but also to me. I love you...

Classmates: Thanks to all of you...for the Halloween, superbowl, New Years parties. The weddings...Napa, Florida, Belize and Guatemala! For those who made it out to Seattle! For those who didn't...Come visit out West...we'll have the skis and packs ready.....



Mom and Dad,

Thank you for everything! My entire life I never had to look outside my family for examples of kindness and generosity. You taught me how to respect the world I live in by learning about and preserving its incredible diversity. Preserving environmental and cultural uniqueness are now values I will incorporate into my career. I love you both.

Jess,

You are very special. Seriously, you are. I appreciate your career advice and look forward to referring my patients to you. You have a true gift in your ability to listen to clients and facilitate unimaginable change in their lives. I simply wait watching, hoping to catch a glimpse of your inevitable evolution into a role model for your entire discipline. Congratulations!

Thanks for making these four years so amazing --
I never thought I'd have this much fun!
I also want to give a shout-out to Mom, Dad,
Mandy & Glen -- here comes the newest Dr. Roth! ☺
- Loren



Blood, Sweat and Tears...

It's been four long years!

**Without your love and support,
I would not have made it here.**

Thank you for everything!





Lee Eric Rubin, M.D.
TUSM Class of 2004

.....
These four short years have been blessed by the transcendental inspiration of true romance; I have been enlightened simultaneously by my study of medicine and by my courtship with you, Jamie, for you are a woman who epitomizes beauty, love, and kindness. I humbly thank my two muses for shaping the form and course of my life. - LR
.....

"Beautiful are the things we see; more beautiful is what we know, but far greatest are the things we do not know."
- Nicolaus Steno: Lecture on the Anatomy of the Brain, 1665

"All the better educated and inquiring physicians discuss the philosophy of nature and derive their principles from it, and the most gifted philosophers almost always in the end lead up to the principles of medicine." - Aristotle

"Live as if you were to die tomorrow.
Learn as if you were to live forever." - Ghandi



Thanks Mom, Dad, & Am-D for a wonderful 4 years. Love you all.

Nari Sabeti





Mom, Dad, Sara, Amy, and friends it is all your love and support that has helped me get to this point. Thank you.

-Adam

Thanks to my family and friends for helping me through the past four years. It was times like North Carolina, Vegas, and Martha's Vineyard that kept me going!



**Carisa
Schneider**



madhavi shah

I would like to thank my family and friends
for helping me through the last few years.



remember yesterday

appreciate today

approach tomorrow with optimism...

“Not all who wander are lost.” -J.R.R. Tolkien-

***Goodbye everyone! Best wishes wherever this life's
journey takes you.***

Patrick Shin

Jared Silverstein

"Don't give up, Don't ever give up."
- Jim Valvano

"When you dream, anything is possible."
- The Pete Maravich Story

To all the MOY's - I wish each and everyone of you the best in all your future endeavors, and may you all have everything you could ever dream of.



To Jill -
I am so grateful to have met you, you have my heart, and I love you very much!



Shana - truly man's best friend. I love you.



Mom + Dad! The greatest influences of my life, and my best friends in the entire world. I am grateful to have you as my parents, and I love you with all my heart!

"The triumvirate", s/p boards @ Fire + Ice.
To Sean + Phil - Thanks for the great memories. I'm sure we'll have many more in the future. I love you guys!

SINGH

MASSACHUSETTS AVE

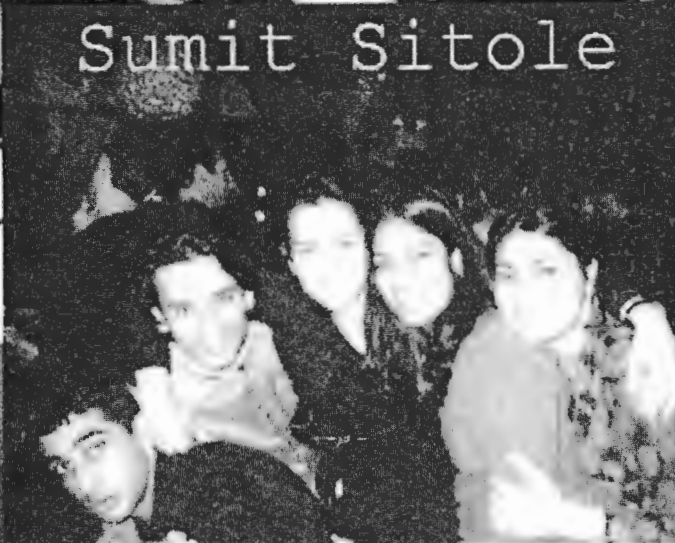
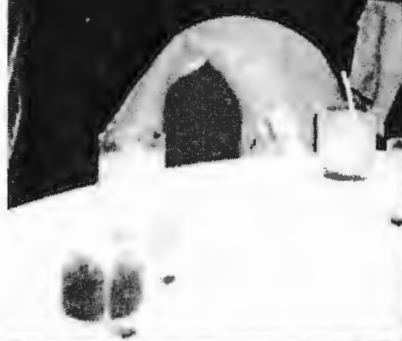
EXIT TO CAMDEN S



To friends & family.....

THANK YOU!

HARMINDER



Laura Kate Snyderman



Mom, Dad and Alex:
Thank you so much for all of your support these last 4
years, let alone my entire life. I love you very very much.

BRITT L. SODERBERG



Thank you to Deborah, Sara,
Dave, Jane, Alicia, and Ashley.

Thanks to Mom and Dad.



To Rachel, Stephanie,
and Amy for their
constant support.

I love you Ryan.



To the class of M'04: from the 4 quadrants of SK-
A & B, recording the diets of pregnant vegans,
and anatomy spreadsheets, to 100 question
MCQ exams with options A-N, misguided
physical exams, and occasional not so big
"big-H" moments

~ CONGRATULATIONS ~
&
~ GOOD LUCK ~

To my family, friends, professors, and mentors who have made the past 4 years possible, and guided me on my
journey of becoming a doctor

~ THANK YOU ~

- *David K. Solondz*

Philip Stein



*To Those of You Who Have
Supported Me...*



A Sincere Thank You!



Thank You to my mom and dad, brother ken, boyfriend shawn, and friends that have supported me through my time in medical school. Special thanks to my grandma, who was there for me, while fighting her own battle with cancer. I love you all!

J. Marie Suga



I would like to thank my husband, Ross, and my mom and dad for all their support. Best of luck to everyone in our class.

- Ashley Kricun Summer



THANK YOU MOM, DAD, LINDA AND AUSTIN FOR
RAISING ME AND PROVIDING ME WITH THE
OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEND MEDICAL SCHOOL.

ALSO, SPECIAL THANKS TO MY FRIENDS, FAMILY,
COLLEAGUES AND COWORKERS WHO
SUPPORTED ME AND ENCOURAGED ME
THROUGHOUT THE WAY. THANKS! I COULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU GUYS!

CHEERS!

ANGIE SUNG
CLASS OF 2004

Jill Erin Swartz



By sowing
the seeds of our dreams
today,
we are investing in
our tomorrows.
The key is to enjoy each
and every stage in the process.
Seed by seed, we are planting
a beautiful garden.





Dear Mom & Dad,

Thank you for surrounding me with such unconditional love & support.

It is the knowledge of that love, & confidence in that support that's enabled me to pursue my dreams without fear or hesitation.

I don't know what I would do without you both.

I love you everything.





Tufts education:

\$ 160,000

Living in Boston:

\$ 52,000

Becoming a physician:

Priceless



**Thanks for all
the memories!
-Louis**

Med school
started
out
right

The
White Coat

The
Whole
Gang

Mom & Dad

Off
to
Minnesota!

Thanks
to my family
for your love
& support



Thank you,
to my family
and
to my wife,
Laura.

Good luck
to all!



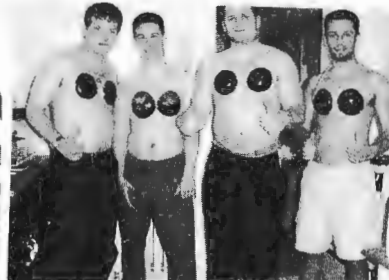
URMEN UPADHYAY



“VERY OFTEN THE ESSENTIAL IS WEIGHTLESS.
 HERE THE ESSENTIAL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MERELY A SMILE.
 A SMILE IS OFTEN THE MOST ESSENTIAL THING.
 ONE IS REPAID BY A SMILE.
 ONE IS REWARDED BY A SMILE.
 ONE IS ANIMATED BY A SMILE.”

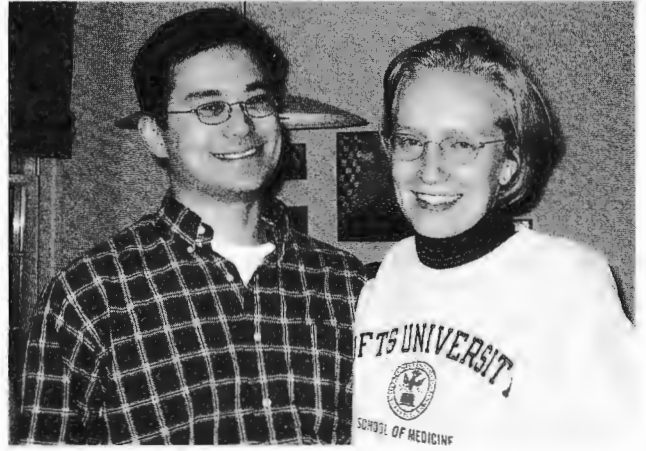
-WARTIME WRITINGS 1939-1944

*To those of you who supported me, laughed with me,
 loved me, and listened to me for these last four
 memorable years of my life--- Here's the Biggest Smile I Got!!!*



Essi Maaria Vulli

*Thank you to my
family and friends
for all the love and
support.*



Family = Success



We did it! Thanks to everyone in the class, especially Carisa, Caroline, Jocelyn, Karyn, Grant, Ed and Jessica, good friends help keep you sane and smiling. Thanks Mom, Dad and Matt, I love you all so much and you're always there when I need you. And to Dan, I really couldn't have done this without you, I can't wait until Boston to New York car trips are no longer needed!



Emily Wasco

Dana Tomie Watanabe



Jane Weinman



Dan
co-survivor &
friend
1998



Anita!

Brigitte Huber's Lab



mudfuds gone wild!



Love You, Macareni



Theresa A. Willett

miss you, PAPA300



World's Cutest Niece
Sarah



MKC³
personal
science
trainer



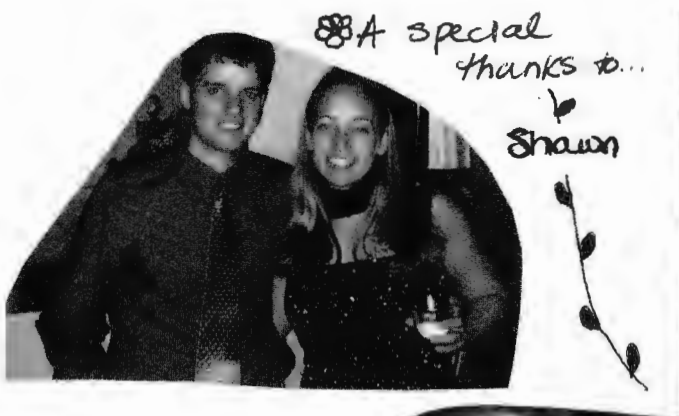
M'00 / Sackler '02 / M'04

8 years! Whew!

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of
foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the
epoch of incredulity..." -Charles Dickens

Helena Zohan





A special thanks to...
Shawn



Jennifer Wight



Family Friends



To Megan:
Thanks for all
your love &
support. Love
you always.



To C, G, C, E, E, J, J:
Sands Inn. Not too
Shabby!

To Ed & Jason!
VEGAS
BABY!



Things that I have learned in medical school:
 Despite Erickson,
 identity vs. role confusion occurs at any age
 Coffee is best with thirteen packs of sugar and 1/3
 cup of cream
 Given the right circumstances, vending machines
 have gourmet dinners
 Three alarms may not be enough
 Sleeping while upright is not a difficult matter
 And sleepwalking is not limited to the sleep cycle
 Most importantly, it is not possible to survive
 medical school without family and friends . . .
 without classmates
 See how much smarter I've become?

The mushy (ier?) part:
 There are too many for me to thank.
 Too many for me to squeeze onto this half page ~
 (especially those of you whose support has help
 me make it this far . . . you know who you are)
 I thank you all.
 Our memories will be forever engraved in my heart
 I wish you all the best in your careers, and
 especially, in life . . .

~Always, Sandy

서이원
 유치원
 국민학교
 영등포 국민학교
 분래국민학교
 Middle School
 West Intermediate
 Wilmington High
 Johns Hopkins
 TWFTS

소꿉장난 친구들
 문래동 친구들
 High School Friends
 College Friends
 교회 친구들

M'040S #1
 WATERFORD PEP

아빠, 엄마, 지현, 승욱 ~ 사랑하는
 하나님
 구세군 한인교회
 가족 ♡

1.5
 YNCA

고맘스 나라
 LOVE YOU ALL

계속 지켜봐주세요!
 ~ZYXSTER



M'04

"what a long strange trip
it's been."
- Robert
Hunter

Hui* Zhao

Thank you all !!



Thanks to everyone that helped me along the way: family, classmates, instructors, administration.
The time really flew by and it seems like orientation just ended.
Andrew Stephen



Tomer Avraham

Med Student Version M' 04.5



Thanks:
Mom & Dad
Back Row Slackers
Pratt St. Crew
All the M '04s
VVG



Congratulations everyone!
Good luck with your future careers,
And with some luck, I'll be joining
You in the real world soon...Vaneeta

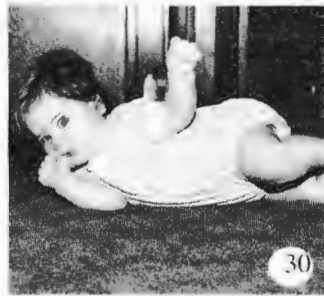
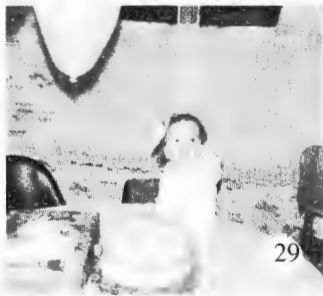


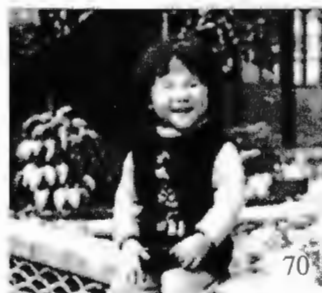
Sunana Sohi



OB/GYN Recall: Who was delivered by a Third Year?









1. Adrienne Kassis
2. Bryan Vo
3. Sean Fitzsimmons
4. Alicia Turenne
5. Lynn Kim
6. Sumit Sitole
7. Kathryn Huber
8. Po Tsai
9. Andrew Richter
10. Megan Lavoie
11. Tom Kocher
12. Brad McGregor
13. Madhav Boddula
14. Richard Church
15. Jackie Masequesmay
16. Patrick Shin
17. Calvin Hung
18. Angie Sung
19. Elizabeth Buchbinder
20. Areck Ucuzian
21. Jocelyn Lieb
22. Carisa Schneider
23. Loren Roth
24. Emily Wasco
25. Sara Bloom
26. Bryan Boucher
27. Cynthia Manning
28. Jill Swartz
29. Kathryn Doughty
30. Jessica Mandeville
31. Maayan Keshet
32. Lee Rubin
33. Denise Cornejo
34. Carla Pruden
35. Shirley Huang
36. Nari Sabeti
37. Anjali Ganda
38. Patrick McGinty
39. Jaime Rosenzweig
40. Jennifer Marie Suga
41. Jared Silverstein
42. Matthew Strouch
43. Katherine Altshul
44. Sandy Yip
45. Druce Fu
46. Meredith Douglass
47. Tomer Avraham
48. Ashley Kricun Summer
49. Adam Saltzman
50. Gary Blanchard
51. Meghna Misra
52. David Solondz
53. Kimberly Mastis
54. Joseph Harawi
55. Essi Vulli
56. Louis Tsai
57. Marzouq Qubti
58. Jennifer Wright
59. Laura Snyder
60. Sabrina Pieroni
61. Christopher Chinn
62. Karin Cole
63. Ellen Choi
64. Bryan Vo
65. Jason Hemming
66. Harminder Singh
67. Alireza Halati
68. Mike Nicholas
69. Madhavi Shah
70. Hui Zhao
71. Matthew LeMaitre
72. ?
73. Hui Zhao
74. Deborah Gerson
75. Sunana Sohi

Congratulations to the Class of 2004!

May you look back on this book in the years to come with fond memories.

Enjoy!

>From your 2004 yearbook editors,

Adrienne Kassis
Jennifer Garcia

Special thanks to the following contributors; without their help the book would not be here:

Gary Blanchard
Laura Snyderman
Sabrina Pieroni
Lloyd Williams
Karin Cole

And a big thank-you to all M'04s who handed over their most precious photos.
We promise you'll get them back!

Good Luck to All!

