



Medicine and Kindness... A Glorious Concurrence?

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Opinion

Hustle and bustle are the themes of everyday life of a medical student; and mine was not any different from the norm. On a hot and humid day in August, driving to my class, I lorry laden with a wrath crashed on to my mini at a crossing blinding my vision as air sacks tugged me in. I neither heard the shattering of glass nor the screeches of those menacing tyres. My head exploded in pain as I passed out, a moment of painless pleasant sleep of an unborn child in her mother's womb. I woke up with a sudden rush of adrenaline, fear and panic engulfed me as I hopelessly sat trapped in my car while paramedics performed their acts they knew too well. I passed out again.

I faintly remember being carried on a stretcher, being moved toward the emergency department. Upon gaining consciousness, I found myself inside the van; the bright lights hurt my eyes. Too weak to move, least to enquire about anything, I lay motionless although my mind raced against the odds to make sense of what just had just unfolded. I could see that somebody was administering intravenous fluids. I felt tired, confused and often delirious; the monstrous lorry, shattering of glass and the moment of crash played and replayed as I rolled into episodes of shivering bundle.

The ambulance doctors had convinced me to go to the emergency because they suspected that my condition was going to get worse, but I was dubious, since I felt relatively ok after a while and the cost of staying in the hospital had terrified me. I just couldn't afford the bills.

My doctor was very attentive and passionate. While she was tracing the risks, I was going to be there, without medical care, I was a little afraid to be honest, but what was I supposed to do? I lived far from my parents, and I didn't have insurance nor cash. I refused her offer. As a medical student, I knew that I had a choice, but unconsciously, I was still frightened of the consequences.

My doctor was determined, however, and she did not give up on me.

After her new interrogations and polls, I finally gave in and explained my dilemma to her. I told her I couldn't bear the cost of the treatment. Upon my disbelief, she made a few calls and asked me to relax, because she had found a perfect solution to my problem, and then she ordered some fluid for me. After one hour my test results returned positive for Indirect Fluorescent Antibody (IFA) and Gastric Parietal Cell Antibodies (GPC A) thus, confirming the immunological tests of PA. I was given an injection of B12, and asked to use many supplements, as the

deficiency of B12 had led to an inadequate supply of my red blood cells, resulting in the symptoms I had previously presented.

I was overwhelmed by my doctor's deed. As I am on my way to finish my medical school, her simple kindness dazzled me, since I can now understand the importance of empathy in medicine. Although the textbook teaches us how to treat a patient and formulate treatment plans with complex flow diagrams, the reality is slightly different. Patients are also human, and deserve respect and consideration.

I may have received better services inside the hospital room, but my finances restricted me, so I received the best treatment as a human being with the help of my doctor, who did the best for me, kindly.

As I contemplate the entire situation, I wonder if medicine really teaches us the fundamental essence of being a human. My parents, who walk the way of humanity following the principles of Hippocrates, had always encouraged me to become an honest doctor. Then comes a hero in her white coat and a stethoscope, who saved me by making the right decision at the right time, with her principles, I can really say that the future of practising medicine, centres around the ethical treatment. For, it is only through this act that mankind can sustain, in a better society, that provides health care for everyone and not just on the telly.

This event has been an eye-opener- It helped me to become a better doctor and fortified me to love medicine by helping others, while following the trails set out by my parents and my wonderful doctor.