



Verónica Andrade  
Jaramillo M.D.

# My Best Friend

Cathaley Nobles

Hey girl, or hey boy,  
That was the standard greeting  
Depending on your gender,  
No matter your age.

He couldn't read, couldn't write;  
He was a sheer mathematician.  
He may have not always remembered your name;  
He never forgot your face, where he knew you from,  
or whose son or daughter you were.  
He never forgot dates that bills were due,  
He never missed a doctor appointment,  
And he never, ever forgot how much money you owed him.

He no longer drove, but owned four vehicles.  
We went everywhere together, mostly to Publix.  
He stopped eating meat years ago, before my time;  
We made a grape and banana run every other day.  
We always took the same route, drove past the same sights,  
repeated the same words at the same spots. For example: I have a bad habit  
of not coming to a complete stop at stop signs. He would say "Read that  
sign." I would say "S-T-O-P," and he would just say, "Well, then."

A couple of years ago he had a pacemaker implanted.  
Every 6 months he had follow-ups at the health center in Quincy.  
I drove the usual 45 mph, the usual route in the usual time.  
The nurses fussed over the 5'5", 128-pound patient.

Once I followed him to the back as he shuffled along in his bedroom slippers.  
When I came to, his heart specialist was beating me in my chest and a bunch  
of people stood over me, including my best friend. Well, as he would say,  
"To make a long story short," I had had a heart attack.

He died in January 2011.  
He would have been 100-years-old in August 2011.  
He was not religious, but he lived the way God wanted!

He and I had countless adventures—some larger than others—but each day  
with him was a gift from God. I miss my best Friend.



Verónica Andrade Jaramillo M.D.

## Doctor

By Stacey Farren

It is amazing how you see so many of us patients,  
backgrounds none alike;

You stop your world for us; with such careful strife;  
These walls in which we meet—are the barest of them all

But with your knowledge they feel golden and flourish;  
like a mountain is tall

You listen, you search, you take us all in—  
you accumulate and answer, that helps our healing begin

No you're not God—but God did choose you—  
to use your mind and body to help others get through

The days must get long, the hours too—  
but for our good fortune you do what you do.

So thank you, for I am only one patient; one voice you see  
But you met me in my worst condition ... You believed in me.

Each time I arrive here; I remember where I've been  
So Doctor, thank you for caring within.

## Shaken

By Tiffany Vollmer M.D.

You blonde haired, blue-eyed angel baby—  
Where are your doll eyes?  
And the rest of your blue iris, shaded in  
Large dark unresponsive pupils—  
Like an eclipse hiding blue sky forever.

Blink, twitch, move your small finger.  
I wait for something more than the  
Machine that moves air through you—  
And for a moment, or two,  
I have no breath.

Your impassive face is peaceful,  
My heart is taken—  
That which you no longer need  
Will go on to save the lives of other babies  
All because you were shaken.