

# Golden Globes

By Jordan Rogers

I love watching awards shows. Gaudy outfits, millionaires, mindless entertainment: what more could a person want? My life consists of none of the aforementioned things and all of us like to leave the realms of reality every once in awhile.

No, my life is not an awards show. There are deadlines, truckloads of information, disgruntled professors, even a few token neurotic colleagues. Anxiety, an old friend of mine, enjoys paying me regular visits. I even find it lying in bed with me when tossing and turning for fifteen minutes somehow turns into all night. Yes, my life is very real.

Funny, but this reality is all I have ever wanted or dreamed of doing. Don't get me wrong, on those sleepless nights I sometimes let my mind wander to what other people my age are doing with their lives right now. Making money? Going out to eat? Coming home at five and being done for the day? Having a social life? I can assure you they are not up until eleven on any given night pouring over "The Proper Technique of the Prostate Exam." At least for their sake I hope not. Yet, I wouldn't be anywhere else in the world. Why? Because no one can help my patients the way I will be able to. And it would be a tragedy to leave the people who are meant to be in my care up to someone else. No amount of sleepless night will hold me back from the care I can give someone

someday. At some point I will save someone's life. And they will be very glad I hung in there.

I can compare medical school, then, to my Golden Globe. Since it is the pinnacle of my hard work, and it took a

struggle to get here, it is a fitting analogy. Even after winning the award, there is always work ahead. Yet, acceptance into medical school was the universe giving me a pat on the back and saying, "Yes you can. You are working hard enough. Keep going." The universe and the Screen Actors Guild, same difference, right?

We don't get to make acceptance speeches after getting in to medical school, but we should. At least, I know I didn't get here alone. I can't thank a producer or co-star, but I can thank one very important woman. My mom made my dream reachable. Even if the universe wasn't going to say it, my mom over and over said "Yes you can. You are working hard enough. Keep going." Not everyone has a biggest fan. I do.

So I will keep going even when it seems like I have

nothing left. I will trudge onward even when I can barely move. My dream is coming true right before my eyes. I doubted myself so many times, and now I have the ability to make something that was only a fantasy my reality. Screen Actors Guild, you can keep your flashy trophy.

I'll take the M.D.



Sculpture By Jen Miller  
"I Wore a Red Dress"