Meraki
the soul, creativity or love put into something; the essence of yourself that is put into your work
WELCOME TO MERAKI

Meraki (pronunciation | mA-rak-E), now in its fourth year of publication, is a journal of collected written works from all Johns Hopkins Community Physicians (JHCP) employees. Literally translated from Greek as “labor of love,” Meraki’s goal is to provide a stage for JHCP employees to share their passions through the written word. This year, in the face of the COVID-19 pandemic, employees were invited to submit artwork of any kind: from sketches to music files.

Meraki celebrates the passions of all of us. Perhaps the following essays, poems and works of art will encourage you to take stock of your own creative pursuits and inspire you to develop and hone them.

Meraki
Published 2021 by Johns Hopkins Community Physicians
Editor – Alice Lee, M.D.

The views and opinions expressed in Meraki are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official policy or position of Johns Hopkins Community Physicians.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>INTRODUCTION … Steven Kravet, M.D., M.B.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>TRIBUTE TO HEALTH CARE WORKERS 2021 … Norman Dy, M.D. &amp; Carolyn Le, C.R.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>BROOD COVID-19… Lise Greenberg, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>MASKED … Alyssa Cook, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>THE SOUL … Svitlana Zagorodni, R.N.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>JELLO … Amanda Tellawi, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>FRANKENSTEIN … Kate Stevens, C.R.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>MAJESTIC OAK, SAVANNAH GEORGIA … Kerrian Mross, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>COVID-19 MEMORIAL … Jenel Wyatt, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>NGUVU … Melody Nangle, C.R.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>TOMORROW….PLEASE NEVER COME … Ashley Gillis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>CROCHET ITEMS … Karen Radowich, C.R.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>DRAGONFLY … Jennifer Walsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>ELEPHANT PARADE … Alice Lee, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>DIY … Linda Bame, C.R.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>SUNSET … Maura McGuire, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>CUSTOM SHOT GLASSES … Marshea Thompson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>UNCONDITIONALLY &amp; FACE … Amina Watson, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAGE</td>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>MESA VERDE . . . Lorie Cram, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>HEARTBROKEN . . . Kathryn Kloss, F.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>WATCHFUL FOX . . . Barbara Chalom, P.A.-C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>COUNTY SLIGO IRELAND . . . Vicki Kline, M.S.W., L.C.S.W.-C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>BLACKWATER REFUGE . . . Danny Lee, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>CREATIVE OUTLETS . . . Melissa Blakeman, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS . . . Mark Phillips, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>1:38 A.M., 3:07 A.M., ETC . . . Jamie Crain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>ANTELOPE CANYON . . . Jen Janus, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>FADING FREEDOMS . . . Anonymous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>QUARANTINE HOBBIES . . . Jessica Segall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>KIDDO LETTER . . . Laura Sander, M.D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>CANDLE CREATIONS . . . Denise Morris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>A TIME TO . . . Rhonda Veney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>THE BEAUTY OF NATURE . . . Erica L. Collins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>CROCHET PROJECTS . . . Maire Wray, C.R.N.P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>EQUANIMITY . . . Pamela Brooks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>SUNSET AND MOONRISE ON THE MAGOTHY RIVER . . . MICHAEL ALBERT, M.D.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

PAGE 49  WHEN IN QUARANTINE … Kim Ghersi

50  SPRING … Kelly Koay, M.D.

51  HELPING PATIENTS PRACTICE HEALTHY HABITS … Sajida Chaudry, M.D.

53  SUMMER GARDEN FUN … Janet Siddiqui, M.D.

54  RETIREMENT SONG & REFLECTION … Kimberly Turner, M.D.

56  PAINTING & POTTERY … Joyce Dietrich, M.D.

57  RIVER … Anonymous

58  Contributor Biographies
INTRODUCTION

by: steven kravet, m.d., m.b.a.

Another year has come and gone since I wrote the last introduction for Meraki. Now in its fourth year, I am proud to say that Meraki continues to be a source of joy and artistic expression for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ providers and staff.

Many of us have a yearning for creativity during hard times. In the following pages you will find that this rings true for many of our employees, who express themselves in unique and varied ways, in the shadow of the COVID-19 pandemic. Our JHCP team continues to respond to this immense challenge with dedication, selflessness and flexibility.

Within these pages lay deeply personal essays, museum-worthy artwork and beautiful photography. As you explore Meraki, I hope that you remember who these submissions came from: people on the front lines and administrative headquarters of our practices and hospitals – our very own health care heroes.

My thanks go to Dr. Alice Lee, internal and pediatric medicine provider at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in White Marsh and Meraki’s project champion and editor. I have the deepest gratitude for every person who was brave enough to share parts of themselves with us. And my thanks also goes out to you, Reader, for continuing to support this journal and your community.

Joy comes to us in many forms,
Our hope is that it always warms,
Our souls that suffer from the strife,
That follows us throughout our life.

Keep creating and sharing your meraki.

All my best,

Steven Kravet, M.D., M.B.A., F.A.C.P.
President
Johns Hopkins Community Physicians
TRIBUTE TO HEALTH CARE WORKERS 2021
produced by: norman dy, m.d.
vocals by: carolyn le, d.n.p.

Cover sung by Carolyn Le, D.N.P., and arranged by Norman Dy, M.D. Written by Andra Day and Jennifer Decilveo.
Click or tap the play button above to open the music file link. Alternatively, click here.

*AVAILABLE INTERNALLY ONLY*

Video Tribute Version ‘Rise Up’

Click or tap the play button above to watch the video tribute version. Alternatively, click here. Available internally for Johns Hopkins employees only.

Norman Dy, M.D., Office Medical Director, Direct Primary Care
Carolyn Le, D.N.P., Provider, Direct Primary Care
We tunnel towards the light.

Our eyes adjust with difficulty.

Our frantic wing flutterings produce only occasional awkward swoops.

So many bodies crawling over one another

The noise is deafening. We try to block out the sound only to realize that it is coming from within.

16 months is not 17 years.

We do not have the patience of a cicada.

And we have forgotten what we were supposed to do once we got there.

But still, we tunnel towards the light.

Illustration by Dr. Greenberg’s 6-year-old daughter, Sabina Majchrzak.
MASKED.
photograph by: alyssa cook, m.d.
THE SOUL
acrylic painting by: svitlana zagorodni, r.n.

Svitlana Zagorodni, R.N., Registered Nurse, Heart Care Bethesda
Imagine an empty swimming pool. Imagine this pool being graded, where you walk in from one side where it is extremely shallow and it deepens as you continue to the other side. This pool is so deep that by the time you reach the other side, you are feet below the top edge of the pool.

Now fill this pool up with jello. Yes, jello. Fill it to the very top, fully submerging yourself in it. Feel the weight of the viscous fluid all around you. Feel the pressure of it above you. Feel the gravity of it pulling your head, arms, legs, body down, pinning you to the pool floor below. Feel it filling your nose and mouth, suffocating you with every breath. The force of the fluid on your ears creates so much pressure, that you feel like your head could explode at any second. If you are able to, open your eyes and look at the world around you, and feel the near blindness that overtakes you. Every second is filled with agony. You cannot access a single happy memory, as the entirety of your being is fully pre-occupied with the pains of the present.

In this pool, the flavors automatically change. Some days, it has a deep grape flavor, with large pieces of fruit added to give it texture. On those days, it would not even be worth opening your eyes. Seeing would be beyond difficult, and moving would be impossible.

On some very rare days, the jello takes on a lemon flavor, yellow and transparent. On those days, you could see enough ahead of you to try to amble like an astronaut towards the shallow end. But even if you were able to get your head above jello, your breath would be overcome by the sour smelling lemon, and you would be dragged back in as the flavor around you deepened and changed yet again.

Again, you are suffocated. Again, you are trapped. Again, you are paralyzed. When your every day is like this, you cannot even create an image of a happier future to hope for in your mind.

That is how I lived my life for at least 15 years, and I had no idea I was living this type of life. Life in that pool was the only life I knew.
As a doctor, we are taught about depression, mental illness, the DSM criteria. We memorize “SIG-E-CAPS” in medical school, and we learn how to ask open ended questions to assess for these symptoms. We move onto our psychiatry rotations, and see patients with the most severe depression, schizophrenia, bipolar disorder, etc in the psychiatry unit. We memorize medications and modes of action. We take some tests and pass them...and we move on to our field of choice. We take care of mental health problems whenever we think we see them by applying some of our basic knowledge, and otherwise refer our patients to our colleagues in psychiatry.

In all of this time, I do not think a single one of us fully comprehends what having depression is truly like. I do not think most doctors know that many people who have type A personalities – i.e. us and many people like us – are actually at higher risk of having undiagnosed depression. We get away with it because we are resilient. We pull on our ‘big girl panties’ (as one of my colleagues likes to say), suck up our tears, put on a smile, and ‘fake it until we make it’ through the day.

Eventually, though, faking it does not work. Eventually, the truth has to come out. More than one of us has lost a colleague to depression somewhere on this path to being a doctor. I would bet the ones we lost were the kids who made you laugh. I bet they were the ones who seemed to be gliding through life effortlessly. I bet they were the ones who were suffering the most, but they did not even know it, until it was too late.

I did not know how mentally paralyzing depression was until I nearly lost my life to it. I nearly lost the chance to see my children grow up. I nearly did something that would have hurt all my family, my friends, for the rest of their lives. I nearly lost the chance to ever feel happiness.

I was blessed to be surrounded by people who cared enough about me to not leave my side. I work with a remarkable group of doctors, clinic and hospital nurses, medical assistants, and office staff. They
did not all know what I was going through, but they were there for me. The ones who were directly taking care of me went out of their way to make sure I received the care I needed. They also made sure to let me know that I was loved, and that my life matters.

I began taking medications. I began therapy. My family, friends, colleagues rallied around me…and I got better. For the first time in my life, I have actually felt what happiness is – without the shades of depression covering my eyes.

It is hard for people to admit they are struggling. By writing this, I am risking making my readers think I am somehow weak or incapable. In my mind, though, I know I am stronger than many. I am here amongst you, as a colleague, having made it this far despite a mentally paralyzing condition. And I know there are many of you who have struggled, or continue to struggle, like me.

I am willing to take the risk of exposing the truth about myself to everyone for the sake of helping even one soul amongst us. Please know that you are not alone. Please seek help, if you have not already. Escape the jello. Happiness does exist – and you deserve to feel it. ■
FRANKENSTEIN
charcoal, graphite pencil by: kate stevens, c.r.n.p.

Kate Stevens, C.R.N.P., Nurse Practitioner, Canton Crossing
MAJESTIC OAK, SAVANNAH GEORGIA

photograph by: kerrian mross, m.d.
This is the view of the flag placed for my favorite uncle, Floyd Mitchell, at the COVID-19 Memorial in Washington, DC. The flag stands in front of the National Museum of African-American History and Culture. Uncle Floyd was 80 years old, living in my hometown of Detroit, when he died of COVID-19 pneumonia on April 3, 2020. He was an amazing husband, father, uncle, friend and dedicated church member. He contracted COVID in March 2020, when we were all still grappling with the magnitude of the virus. His illness quickly caused respiratory failure, and then congestive heart failure, and lastly kidney failure.

This upcoming holiday season will be our second one without Uncle Floyd’s laughter and bear hugs. Like my family, over 700,000 families will miss seeing their loved one’s smile this season. We have warm memories and amazing stories to comfort us.

The virus has made clear the disparities in health care that have existed for generations. As health care professionals, it’s incumbent upon us to provide the same high-quality care to every individual no matter their gender, race, nationality, religion or sexual orientation. We can advocate for our families, patients and communities through our professional organizations and elected officials. And just as important, we can take care of ourselves and each other as we accept that COVID-19 will likely a part of our lives into the future.

I say a prayer each day for those who are ill, and those caring for the ill. I will keep Uncle Floyd’s memory in my heart, and keep his legacy of love and generosity alive in my actions.
NGUVU
acrylic painting by: melody nangle, c.r.n.p.

Nguvu: Swahili for “strength”
We both promised forever. As each day passed, we knew the end was near and yet we decided to live in each moment. To live for today. As we laughed at silly jokes and shared our best and worst memories, we were often reminded that our time was limited.

How I wish tomorrow would never come. How I wish time and space can just be paused and replayed so that I can keep you here. I’M NOT READY TO LET YOU GO!!! I shout internally. As you continue to perish, I think to myself how brave you are. You’ve been given this battle that made you weak physically, but made your spirit strong. Your hair was gone, but it didn’t define you.

The day before, I sat by your bedside, held your hand, and silently prayed that when tomorrow comes you will still be here. Our silence spoke loudly. You’d laugh at T.V. and I’d raise my head to see you smile. Tomorrow came……room 206 is now empty. To heck with breast cancer. In fact, I’m no longer fond of pink. Pink reminds me of how tomorrow has come and passed.
CROCHET ITEMS

crochet by: karen radowich, c.r.n.p.

Karen Radowich, C.R.N.P., Nurse Practitioner, Canton Crossing
DRAGONFLY

photograph by: jennifer walsh
ELEPHANT PARADE
quilting by: alice lee, m.d.

Alice Lee, M.D., Physician, White Marsh & Editor of Meraki
DIY
patio furniture & tire planter by: linda bame, c.r.n.p.
SUNSET

oil painting by: maura mcguire, m.d.
CUSTOM SHOT GLASSES

epoxy resin, molds & glitter by: marshea thompson

Marshea Thompson, Medical Office Assistant, Glen Burnie
I hope that you see…
all of who I am,
all of my past mistakes,
my triumphs and insecurities
and all of my shadows,
gritty and dark
…I hope that you see all of this,
and still love me.

I hope that you see…
that I haven’t yet learned how to dance like nobody’s watching,
or play without abandon
or leap like I know that net will appear
or love like I have never been hurt before…
and still love me.

I hope that you see…
that the world still judges me because of
  my hair,
  my face,
  my ugly cry,
  my weight,
  my weirdness,
  my queerness,
and even with all of this, I hope…
that you still love me.

I hope that you see…
that I am so human, so flawed
even on the best day,
in the best light,
in all the moments…
and still love me.
Because all of this is me.
Sometimes, apologetically.

This world is loneliness without love
And I am tired of trying to be something other than me.
The mask I wear warps reality

I was sold a promise that love would come
If I was something MORE
    or DIFFERENT
    or BETTER
    or whatever wasn’t me right now.

But all I have is now.
And I hope that you see. ■
MESA VERDE

photography by: lorie cram, m.d.

Lorie Cram, M.D., Office Medical Director, Charles County
Kathryn Kloss, F.N.P.
Heartbroken

Click or tap the play button above to open the music file link. Alternatively, click here. Available internally for Johns Hopkins employees only.
WATCHFUL FOX

paper cutting artwork by: barbara chalom, p.a.-c.
The sea is miles below where I sit on grey stone, the skeleton of a blackface sheep behind me, returned to the earth.

Breeze in tall pines is the same sound as waves crashing; it’s the same feeling, too: the rhythm, oneness.

I am never really alone.

I’m not sure I can remember anything so breathtakingly beautiful as the emerald hills with brown tufts of grass, borders of golden gorse, dots of white, bleating sheep between ancient stone walls, and the crystalline horizon of the ocean, beyond.

And I don’t know if it’s the views themselves, though spectacular, or the solitary triumph of having climbed this mountain on my own, wearing cloak of courage, leaving the fears engrained in me, lone woman, at the foot, where fallen timbers rest.

I sit now, in some majestic, barren valley whose name I do not know, and watch a tiny white butterfly perch on the smallest of dancing roadside daisies.

There is nothing I would choose to miss.
BLACKWATER REFUGE
photography by: danny lee, m.d.
CREATIVE OUTLETs

cross stitch kit & gardening

by: melissa blakeman, m.d.
PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS
photography by: mark phillips, m.d.
What if I never met you
What if my friends no longer call
What if the sky isn’t really blue
And there is no sky at all

What if the storms become stronger
What if the moon is out of sight
What if we wait a bit longer
And the timing’s never right

What if the shadows fear me
What if all these trees feel pain
What if our minds are never set free
And the fish can feel the rain

What if the birds never took flight
What if all my books go unread
What if I never began to write
And there was nothing left unsaid

What if the flowers await the frost
What if every lie is true
What if wandering does make you lost
And still, what if I never met you?
ANTELOPE CANYON
painting by: jan janus, m.d.
FADING FREEDOMS

by: anonymous

I look at you and don’t want to say, that you must now go away
But you have not done what the government wants, and now you'll feel the people's taunts
They’ll single you out, making sure you stand out, and everyone will see you
I don’t think it’s right and I feel your plight, but I must admit, there is some fright

The masks on our face, have taken the place of the human race as we knew it
What it has done, is divide us among each other, I’m not sure we’ll get through it

For independent thought will be met with fraught, from those we chose to lead us
Our freedoms were free, but now we see, that we must do, as they please

To say the words, “I have complied”, really makes me want to cry
The freedoms I’ve known are faded and gone, where’s my America, where I used to belong
Just because I may think it’s the right thing to do, doesn’t mean I would ever demand that from you
You’ll make your choices all on your own, as it should be from where freedom was born

I did it for my health and yours, and not because they taunt with war
I understood the master plan, but then they showed their real hand
They said, “You choose, and it will keep you alive”, but then, “If you don’t, we will divide”
Some are protected by natural infection, but they won’t realize that detection

The governments not telling truths to you and me, as if they want to rule, that’s how they want it to be
Once trusted words shown to be lies, and now our nations, no longer nationwide
We know the costs of do or don’t, and want to choose this on our own
And yes, I want us all to survive, but it’s your right, to maybe live or die

I want to fight for my human rights, and the freedoms I was born with
To remain free is how it should be, so will you come and stand with me

Soon, we all will have the chance, to change this nations’ current stance
Freedom is the only choice, so please make sure they hear your voice
QUARANTINE HOBBIES
acrylic paintings by: jessica segall
August 20, 2021 – September 6, 2021

Dear Kiddos,

It had been 18 months without seeing Dad’s family, and we decided to take a trip to Toronto—our first international trip and plane ride of the pandemic. Things unfortunately went very wrong. This is the story of how such a stressful time unfolded, and how it sparked in me a resolution to be better.

Life – as always – was busy leading up to the trip. Work was very busy for both me and Dad, and we each got very little sleep. We pushed through grueling weeks, knowing our vacation time was upcoming. To prepare for the trip, Dad made an Excel spreadsheet for each of our requirements before, during and after travel. Our flight was Saturday morning at 6:30am. Dad and I needed COVID screening 72 hours prior to departure. I scheduled a Wednesday PCR saliva test through occupational health, which I had never done before. Dad told me if I didn’t get the result by that Friday morning at 8am, I was to schedule a test at the testing tent at the hospital, which we know is faster.

Friday mid-morning came around. It was pouring rain from the remnants of a tropical storm passing through. We were each dropping you off, and by 9am Dad asked if I got my COVID test result by that Friday morning at 8am, I was to schedule a test at the testing tent at the hospital, which we know is faster.

Friday mid-morning came around. It was pouring rain from the remnants of a tropical storm passing through. We were each dropping you off, and by 9am Dad asked if I got my COVID test result by that Friday morning at 8am, I was to schedule a test at the testing tent at the hospital, which we know is faster.

That afternoon, my asymptomatic screening result had come back negative. Phew!

That night we had all of our packing to do and had to prepare the house for our trip. I went to bed at midnight and Dad had only slept 15 minutes when we got up at 3am to get to our flight. You both went with the flow and were wide awake at 3:30am. H was excited to get on a plane. N was stimulated by all around us. We were excited to get into the world again and visit Dad’s family!

We finally arrived to Grandma’s home around 11am. We said hello to Grandma, your Aunt and Uncle and new baby cousin (born 1 week after N!). I held our newest family member and N was passed around. N was especially giggly and happy. H recognized Grandma from FaceTime chats and ran to her. H was sweet and comfortable. We changed clothes, ate, and then N, H and I took naps. You Dad woke me up about an hour later because N was hungry.

I asked for the Wi-Fi password to turn on my phone, only to find multiple emails and texts regarding my Friday morning COVID result: POSITIVE.

My impulse was to leave, was to get out of the
house for which I had just exposed Dad’s family. All adults had been vaccinated so we weren’t socially distanced and weren’t wearing masks. I was shaking. I just couldn’t believe my test was positive.

Dad was rational. We immediately went upstairs and shut the door. We called our family in the house to tell them the news, and that we needed to come up with a plan. We made two priorities: 1) to leave the house and 2) to leave Canada.

After hours of time on the phone, we were able to figure out that in order to leave the house, we needed to file a change in our quarantine address. We also needed an approval from the federal government to release us from isolation. We booked a nearby hotel. We filed the government documents online, and I reached out to my former classmate, who happens to be the health commissioner of the county, for help. He connected us to his federal colleagues. We reached out to them, not expecting a reply until Monday the soonest.

We instructed Dad’s family not to touch any of the gifts we bought and had left for them in the corner of the room for 3 days. We told them open the windows, and clean all surfaces in the house. I felt terrible this created so much more work for Dad’s family, as they had already cleaned and prepared so much for our arrival.

We set off for the hotel. I couldn’t look Grandma or anyone in the eye; I felt disgraced by having brought COVID into their home.

Much to our surprise, several hours later we received an email from the federal officers asking us to call them to discuss our release from isolation. While I was putting you both to sleep, Dad answered many questions and had to explain how we would leave the country in a contactless way. We told them we would rent a contactless car, and they asked us to share details in the morning.

Turns out renting a car one-way across an international border isn’t so easy. Your aunts and uncles on both sides helped us research car rental companies that night. We went to sleep completely exhausted, knowing we would have to sort this out the following day.

Dad rose early to work on this. He input random dates into the Avis rental website until – a miracle – one showed a car was available from that day for a 3-day rental! The total cost came to $1400. I told Dad to book it right away! That would be much cheaper than 14 days in a hotel room, after all.

As Dad went finalize the logistics of the car rental, I spent time in the hotel with both of you. There was a lovely blue pullout couch with western lighting. I set you two up and snapped a bunch of adorable photos (see N's baby book). N is learning to sit up, and H said “don’t fall down, N, I got you.” My heart melted. I thought: “we got each other.”

We spent the day prepping for our long drive back to DC. At 9pm, we stopped at Grandma’s house to give them some additional gifts we had forgotten to leave for them, and they had some gifts for us. Auntie and Uncle gave H a purple cat pillow and blanket set. A perfect gift for a long car ride! I sat in the back seat between you both to keep you company and comforted. I think this saved us many crying sessions and tears.

We drove through the night. We were anxious leading up to the border crossing. Dad and I
prepared answers if we were questioned why we were driving back after a flight. We pulled up to the immigration officer with our hearts pounding. His mask was around his chin. We kept our masks on until he asked us to remove them to confirm our identities. I held my breath as not to expose him. No questions asked, some exchange of formalities, and our passports were returned! My goodness what relief washed over us as we entered the US! Now we just faced many hours of a grueling drive; no other hurdles to overcome between here and home.

After what felt like a treacherous journey and adventure, we were very happy to be home. H ran inside – straight to the play area – and reunited with her favorite toys. I smiled as I saw H fall back into her usual comfort. At the same time, I was overcome by a sense of sadness that this week you two were meant to be having new experiences. I grieved for the loss of such new memories not being created with family and friends, for that week – and for the prior 18 months.

Over the next couple of days, you all started showing symptoms. This felt inevitable: I wore a mask in the hotel and in the car, but I couldn’t isolate. I knew there was a high likelihood of unfortunately everyone getting sick. We prayed for mild cases. I wasn’t worried about myself or Dad given we had the vaccine. N had antibodies through breast milk. H was our biggest concern as she was fighting this with her own immune system.

We spoke with your pediatrician, and we were reassured to be connected to him in case of any signs of trouble. We also received daily calls from DC Health to check on us for the duration of our isolation. Dad loss taste and smell, developed a runny nose and was tired. N had congestion. H experienced low-grade fevers for several days.

Thankfully by the end of the week we all seemed to start getting a little better. I couldn’t get out of my head how I got sick and exposed everyone. I couldn’t believe you all got sick from me. I couldn’t believe I exposed Dad’s family. I was on edge until you all started to recover. Dad’s family was to be tested 1 week after exposure and we checked in on them daily. They didn’t report any symptoms to us. The wait was grueling. The guilt was overwhelming.

My mind was spinning with how I could have possibly gotten COVID. We do not go to bars, restaurants or parties. I go to work and am as adherent to guidelines as I possibly can. Simply put, we are making through our intense weeks in order to enjoy the weekends and our vacations together.

My mind was also spinning with the amount of people I potentially exposed during travel, in the airports and on the plane. I was of course wearing a mask but how terrible to think about the timing of my diagnosis and our plan for international travel.

We had our share of worries and resettling to fill the first week. We were in isolation through Labor
Day per DC Health. We spoke to our work. I was eligible for COVID pay for 2 weeks. I felt relieved and grateful, and also a sense of guilt for getting what seems like a reward for being sick. I realized early on that the time we had together is precious. And even though we’re ill and stuck inside, it would be a special time for our family.

The days passed. We made the best of it: we filled the pool on the deck during hot days; we colored with colored pencils, crayons and markers; we played with toys and the kitchen set; we did tummy time with N and worked on him rolling over (you’re still not doing this consistently yet, N!); we took photos and videos; we played on the bed; we played tiger and the capture game; we played on the chalkboard and the whiteboard; we played in the play kitchen; we baked a cake in the real kitchen; we played dress up; we watched the rain and summer storms from the deck. You watched TV when we all needed a break.

I was immersed in you two. I saw you grow and develop by the day. H’s stories became more vivid, as she was getting excited and the shaking her hands around telling us about the bunny rabbit (Peter Rabbit) and “the fox is coming.” N is sitting up better and better. The two of you interacting and playing is the best- H brings N toys (his ball, elephant or tiger are the current favorites). H is saying “my brother,” and H is very into when and if N is sleeping and how we need to be quiet (or not quiet). N ate avocado, peas, bananas, and carrots. Towards the end of the second week, N started saying “mama” – not to me yet, but those words are coming soon! I saw your milestones unfold. What an incredible gift to be with you both.

The whole experience was incredibly emotional. There were so many ups and downs during our trek back to the US, and in the wake of our travels and my exposure. I felt intense emotions over the last couple of weeks:

Guilt and shame. I felt guilty about getting you all sick, and having potentially exposed my colleagues; patients; plane passengers; people in the airports; and most painfully Dad’s family. I felt ashamed I am someone who would get COVID. I feel like I’m conscious about following the precautions at work and we aren’t engaged in risky behaviors. I felt like I did something wrong and I judged myself harshly for this. This fed into my guilt of having time off with you and to care for you when I feel like I did something wrong. These difficult emotions began to lift only after everyone physically started feeling better, and Dad’s family all tested negative 1 week after the exposure. Thank goodness. I don’t know how I could’ve lived with myself if someone knowingly got sick from me.

Sadness and grief. I was sad (and guilty) that I ruined the time we were to have with Dad’s family. So many memories didn’t get created. You need special time with your cousins and our extended family. This emotion was so deep that it felt like grief: I mourned the time we didn’t have together.

Fear and anxiety. For the last 18 months, the uncertainty of how to approach COVID and its precautions as the science caught up with our lived reality have been challenging. The “rules” keep changing at work and in our city/community. These past 2 weeks, I felt particularly anxious about how you would all recover, and making sure Dad’s family is ok.

Surprise and disbelief. I was shocked when I first saw my positive test result. I could not believe I had COVID. Despite wracking my brain about who I exposed and where I got this
from, I couldn’t think – and still can’t – where I could’ve contracted it. This will be forever a mystery. My shock was also a culmination of many long months about reading about the disease in the medical literature, hearing about it on the news, then knowing that I was infected. This hit me hard.

**Regret.** Although I don’t know where I got sick, I know I got sick because I wasn’t sleeping or taking care of myself. We have been saying for 18 months, “take care and stay safe”. I was being safe with the precautions, but not taking care of myself physically. I didn’t put prioritize myself and I put you all at risk. This is an extreme way to learn this lesson. I commit that I will prioritize myself and our family. I commit to saying no to unrealistic deadlines and expectations. Some things will just need to be let go.

**Relief.** I felt a weight lift from my shoulders when everyone recovered and Dad’s family shared with us their negative test results.

**Love.** Throughout this crisis, our family was the primary concern. We lived these moments together, and got through them together. Dad and I worked through the logistics and to support one another emotionally and physically, as well as you both. At one point, Grandpa asked me how your Dad was handling this and I paused to reflect on how amazing your Dad had been – he supported me from the very moment that I shared the diagnosis; he didn’t blame me or get angry about exposing you all and his family; he coordinated with his family and devised a plan for us to leave; and ultimately drove us to safety. My heart is filled with love for him and you both.

**Gratitude.** I’m grateful that we and family members are ok physically, and that we had the financial means and the social connections to safely and quickly return home. I am grateful that our circumstances led me to get that second COVID test, otherwise I would not have known the diagnosis and would have exposed many more people. I am grateful to our family and neighbors for supporting us, and for offering their help and well wishes.

This is a long entry. It was therapeutic for me to write it all out and to reflect. It is my hope that these reflections be a guidepost to you and to my future self: how we spend our time matters. Life is about much more than going through the grind between vacations. I can’t just push through the day-to-day otherwise our lives, and these early moments of your lives, will pass by. Vacations are special time for togetherness and family, but life is all the moments in between. I resolve to make the best of it, for me and for all of us.

Love,
Mom
A TIME TO...
acrylic, sharpie on canvas by: rhonda veney

Be the Best
Be Kind
Be Open
Be a Role Model
THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

photographs by: erica l. collins
CROCHET PROJECTS
by: maire wray, c.r.n.p.

Maire Wray, C.R.N.P., Nurse Practitioner, East Baltimore Medical Center
Neutral state of mind
Stable emotional health
Always, peace and calm

Pamela Brooks, Practice Administrator, Water’s Edge
SUNSET AND MOONRISE ON THE MAGOTHY RIVER

photograph by: michael albert, m.d.
WHEN IN QUARANTINE...
finger-painting by: kim ghersi

Kim Ghersi, Medical Office Assistant, White Marsh
SPRING
photography by: kelly koay, m.d.
HELPING PATIENTS PRACTICE HEALTHY HABITS

by: sajida chaudry, m.d.

Discussing what a healthier lifestyle might look like with your patient is the first step toward reaching wellness goals. Making this a reality requires hard work by both clinicians and patients. Sometimes patients have forgotten how to imagine a healthy future. Healthcare professionals can help patients by brainstorming ideas together.

I’ve found that patients often want to live healthier lives but don’t always have the tools to achieve this. One thing I’ve found invaluable is slowly changing routines and habits. Small microchanges can create significant results when done repetitively.

An excellent book on this subject is “The Power of Habit,” by Charles Duhigg. He highlights how focusing on a keystone habit can spark a chain reaction to help other good habits take hold. For example, a regular exercise routine can lead to a better diet and improved sleep.

Clinicians can suggest patients start with a small habit like listening to a favorite workout playlist to support a new exercise routine. Healthcare professionals can also recommend that patients set exercise clothes out the night before. Make the new habit easy and manageable by starting with
a 10-minute commitment to exercise. In a follow-up appointment, ask patients how they feel after exercise.

Habit stacking is another approach to build on a routine that’s already in place, like brushing teeth. One can follow this with a new habit, like taking medication right after brushing teeth. I often use habit stacking when patients tell me they forget to take their medication.

You can also work with patients to create an action plan called an implementation intention. You can focus on an activity describing where and when the activity will occur.

Finally, drawing on milestone birthdays can also help patients to envision a healthier future. Ask patients, “How do you want your health will look like at age (BLANK)?” Then discuss with patients how to reach this goal. By working together with your patients, you can help them make their health dreams a reality.

This piece originally appeared on closler.org on October 25, 2021.

CLOSLER is a free and open access medical education website with the mission of stimulating clinicians to reflect on giving excellent patient care. You can follow them on Twitter and Instagram @closler.
SUMMER GARDEN FUN
by: janet siddiqui, m.d.
Lessons Learned From 30 Years of Night Shifts on Obstetrics

As I exited Howard County General Hospital on 10/1/2021, I reflected on my amazing career of 31 years providing obstetrical services to two communities. Oh, the stories my hospital shoes could tell! Every emotion, one could imagine was palpable to me. One overwhelming emotion for me was pride. Pride that I had the patience and stamina to endure the “combat” conditions that define this specialty. The next emotion was gratitude – being “chosen” for your career is a theme that runs through medicine. I remain grateful that God chose me to be an obstetrician and am so excited for the next phase of my career as a women’s health care provider.

Here are some pearls for those contemplating or maintaining careers in obstetrics. I find these pearls to be applicable to most medical specialties.

**Patience:** Ability to patiently multi-task and maintain a good attitude is key to endure night shift work. With so many competing priorities every hour of the day, patience is key. Deep breathing, stretching or taking 2 min away from the busy unit have been invaluable to me. Patients, nursing staff and consultants deserve our patience!
Stamina: The root word for obstetrics is “obstare”, or literally “to stand beside”. As obstetricians we stand beside women in labor for 24 hours or more. During most of our shifts we manage multiple long and short labors with few breaks for rest, hydration and food. To endure these shifts for so many years, I’ve found it imperative to keep my mind, body and spirit healthy while away from the job. Spending time with those I love, prayer, exercise, healthy diet and carving out time just for myself have been rejuvenating.

Working under “combat” conditions: Being an obstetrician is tantamount to serving in a war. Some shifts are brutal, others not as bad. Gird up your team – bonding through trauma is invaluable. Getting to know members of the team, knowing the clinical strengths of nursing and physician staff will help you survive!

Sleep is for wimps?! OK…..this really isn’t a pearl, but it’s a mantra I’ve lived by to survive so long. Seriously, sleep is an important component of health. During physician night shifts short naps are important when feasible. Plan for rest and sleep when your shift ends.

Fortitude: The power of the human spirit is beyond amazing. Watching the strength of mother’s in labor is indescribable. The physical pain of labor, the overwhelming fatigue – both emotional and physical that women endure is awe inspiring. Labor and delivery staff also have incredible mental and physical strength that we are able to impart to those under our care.

Love: Love what you do. Remember what motivates you to do this work and hold onto that throughout your career to help you through the long, often grueling physician work that you are called to do!
PAINTING & POTTERY
by: joyce dietrich, m.d.

Joyce Dietrich, M.D., Physician, White Marsh
RIVER
by: anonymous
CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

Michael Albert, M.D.
Michael Albert, M.D., serves as chief of internal medicine and chief of primary care clinical innovation for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians. He also practices internal medicine in Odenton. Dr. Albert joined JHCP in 2009, serving in multiple leadership roles. He earned his medical degree from the University of Maryland and completed his residency at the University of Maryland Medical System. Prior to this, Dr. Albert received his bachelor’s degree in Ecology and Evolutionary Biology from Princeton University and taught middle school science for four years. Dr. Albert’s submission, “Sunset & Moonrise on the Magothy River” (p. 48), is a nod to his love of sailing.

Linda Bame, C.R.N.P.
Linda Bame, C.R.N.P., is an internal medicine provider at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in White Marsh. N.P. Bame graduated from the Johns Hopkins University School of Nursing in 2017 after earning her bachelor’s degree from Coppin State University. In addition to providing care to her patients, N.P. Bame has a passion for painting and DIY projects. You can find her submissions, “DIY Projects,” on page 22.

Melissa Blakeman, M.D.
Melissa Blakeman, M.D., serves as regional medical director for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Maryland Suburbs region. She also serves as the physician lead for the Access Task Force to improve patient access across our organization. Additionally, Dr. Blakeman practices internal medicine at our North Bethesda location. In addition to her leadership and provider roles, Dr. Blakeman serves on multiple internal committees. Of her submissions on page 32, she says, “Landscape gardening is...my creative outlet.”
Barbara Chalom, P.A.-C.

Barbara Chalom, P.A.-C., is a nocturnist physician assistant on the Johns Hopkins Community Physicians hospital-based medicine team at Suburban Hospital. She has worked with Johns Hopkins for 11 years. Her inspiration for her first submission to *Meraki*, “Watchful Fox” (p. 29), is her daughter, who loves foxes. P.A. Chalom notes that being creative has been a “tremendous outlet...during the pandemic. To focus on the intricate details that paper cutting requires has been a real stress reliever for me.” Her favorite thing about her job is the challenge of taking care of patients with different needs and cases – especially solving the “puzzles” of her more challenging patients.

Sajida Chaudry, M.D.

Sajida Chaudry, M.D., M.P.H., practices family medicine at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Odenton location, where she also serves as office medical director. She received her medical degree from King Edward Medical University, and completed her residency in family practice at New York Medical Colleges Health Institutions. Dr. Chaudry is board-certified in family practice and public health & general preventive medicine. She is also a member of the JHCP Academy of Clinical Excellence. Her piece, “Helping Patients Practice Healthy Habits” (p. 51), originally appeared on closler.org.

Pamela Brooks

Pamela Brooks serves as practice administrator for our Water’s Edge location. She is brand new to Johns Hopkins Community Physicians, just joining in September of 2021. This is her first time contributing to *Meraki*. Her poem, “Equanimity,” can be found on page 47.
Erica L. Collins

Erica Collins is a patient access specialist for Central Scheduling & Intake (CSI) at Keswick. She has worked with Johns Hopkins Community Physicians for about three and a half years. Her favorite thing about her job is that it allows her to help others. Her photo series, “The Beauty of Nature” (p. 45), is her second submission to Meraki. She says, “art is a release from the chaos and uncertainty of COVID-19. I am able to focus on something beautiful and let my mind wander.”

Alyssa Cook, M.D.

Alyssa Cook, M.D., practices internal medicine and pediatrics at East Baltimore Medical Center. She received her medical degree from Penn State University College of Medicine, and completed her residency in internal medicine and pediatrics at the University of Illinois Hospital and Clinics. Dr. Cook’s submission to Meraki, a photograph titled “Masked!” (p. 9), was inspired by COVID-19. “Masks have become ubiquitous during the pandemic. It surprises me how much emotion and expression we are still able to see with half of our faces covered. I also wanted to use this photo as a reminder that the pandemic continues and that our children remain particularly vulnerable.”

Jamie Crain

Jamie Crain is a communications specialist on the Johns Hopkins Community Physicians Marketing and Communications team. She’s been with JHCP for more than three years. She loves her job because every day is different and she gets to work with people across the organization. She says that writing allows her to drain herself of life’s darker (but often most beautiful) emotions. She also feels awkward writing about herself in the third person, as she is Meraki’s designer. Her (...) poem, “1:38 a.m., 3:07 a.m., etc.” can be found on page 34.
Lorie Cram, M.D.

Lorie Cram, M.D., M.B.A., serves as the office medical director at our Charles County location, where she also practices family medicine. She received her medical degree from the McGovern Medical School at the University of Texas Health Science Center in Houston and has worked with Johns Hopkins Community Physicians for about five years. Dr. Cram’s submission, photographs of Mesa Verde on page 27, is inspired by the beauty of nature. Outside of work, Dr. Cram enjoys traveling and exploring.

Joyce Dietrich, M.D.

Joyce Dietrich, M.D., practices internal medicine and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ White Marsh location. She earned her medical degree from University of Massachusetts Medical School in Worcester, Massachusetts, and completed her residency training in both internal medicine and pediatrics at University of Maryland Medical System in Baltimore. Dr. Dietrich’s painting on page 58 was inspired by Van Gogh and was started at the beginning of the COVID-19 pandemic. Also on page 58 are a few pieces of pottery. She says, “[it’s] nice to do something artistic!”

Norman Dy, M.D.

Norman Dy, M.D., is the office medical director for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Direct Primary Care (DPC) program. Dr. Dy collaborated with his colleague, Carolyn Le, C.R.N.P, to create a tribute song and video to medical professionals. Their piece, “Tribute to Health Care Workers 2021” (p. 7), features a cover of the song “Rise Up,” sung by N.P. Le and produced and arranged by Dr. Dy. To create the final product, Dr. Dy used software like Final Cut Pro/Logic Pro, NI Komplete Kontrol, and Corel Painter. He adds that, to him, art is the expression of the spirit. His favorite part of his job is helping patients in their everyday lives.
**Kim Ghersi**

Kim Ghersi is a medical office assistant at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in White Marsh. She has been with JHCP for nearly twenty years. Her favorite thing about her job is helping patients. Kim’s first submission to *Meraki*, “*When in Quarantine...*”, can be found on page 49. She created her piece while quarantined with her children.

---

**Ashley Gillis**

Ashley Gillis is a medical office assistant at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Downtown Bethesda. She has worked with JHCP for about two years and her favorite thing about her job are her coworkers and meeting new people. Ashley’s first submission to *Meraki*, “*Tomorrow..... Please Never Come*” (p. 18), is an emotional reflection for breast cancer awareness. Writing is her outlet. Ashley adds, “No matter how hard life may get, be grateful that you’re still alive to experience those hardships. Many didn’t make it.”

---

**Lise Greenberg, M.D.**

Lise Greenberg, M.D., practices family medicine at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Water’s Edge location. She earned her medical degree from the University of Maryland School of Medicine. Dr. Greenberg has worked with JHCP for about three and a half years and her favorite thing about her job is interacting with patients. Her submission to *Meraki*, “*Brood COVID-19*” (p. 8), was inspired by both the pandemic and the Brood X cicada emergence. She adds that art and writing help her to re-channel her stress and anxiety. Outside of work, Dr. Greenberg loves to watch her daughter, Sabina (whose artwork can also be found accompanying her mom’s poem), blossom.
**Jennifer Janus, M.D.**

Jennifer Janus, M.D., practices internal medicine and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Hagerstown. Dr. Janus earned her bachelor’s degree from The Johns Hopkins University and her medical degree from the University of Maryland. She enjoys teaching and has precepted pre-medical, medical and nurse practitioner students. She provides care to all ages, and is particularly interested in mental health and substance use disorders. Dr. Janus’ oil painting on gessoboard of *Antelope Canyon* can be found on page 35.

---

**Vicki Kline, M.S.W., L.C.S.W.-C.**

Vicki Kline, M.S.W., L.C.S.W.-C., is the social work manager for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians. She has worked with JHCP for nearly six years. Vicki is honored to accompany her patients on their wellness journeys. Outside of work, she has a passion for gardening, cooking and taking walks through her neighborhood. Vicki’s submission to *Meraki*, a poem, “*County Sligo, Ireland*” (p. 30), was inspired by a trip she made abroad.

---

**Kathryn Kloss, C.R.N.P.**

Kathryn Kloss, C.R.N.P., is a family nurse practitioner at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ White Marsh location. She earned both her bachelor’s degree in nursing and masters degree in nursing at the Johns Hopkins University School of Nursing. She has worked with JHCP for about five years. N.P. Kloss’ submission to *Meraki*, an original song titled “*Heartbroken*,” can be found on page 28. She wrote the song herself, and her husband recorded and produced it.
Kelly Koay, M.D.

Kelly Koay, M.D., practices both pediatrics and internal medicine at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in White Marsh. She has worked with Johns Hopkins Community Physicians for about four and a half years. Her favorite thing about her job is connecting with her patients. Dr. Koay’s photos on page 50 were inspired by Spring. Besides health care and service work, Dr. Koay enjoys knitting, reading, doing puzzles and spending time with her family.

Carolyn Le, D.N.P.

Carolyn Le, D.N.P., is a nurse practitioner for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Direct Primary Care program. N.P. Le also serves on JHCP’s Advanced Practice Provider workgroup. She collaborated with colleague Norman Dy, M.D., to create a tribute song and video to medical professionals. Their piece, “Tribute to Health Care Workers 2021” (p. 7), features a cover of the song “Rise Up,” sung by N.P. Le and produced and arranged by Dr. Dy. N.P. Le has historically been a part of JHCP’s provider band, the Asystolics, as a singer.

Alice Lee, M.D.

Alice Lee, M.D., practices internal medicine and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in White Marsh. Outside of her medical career, Dr. Lee is passionate about all things creative: music, poetry, writing, painting and photography. This passion for the arts is what inspired her to champion the JHCP Provider Art Showcase, as well as this project, Meraki, now in its fourth year of publication, for which she serves as editor. Dr. Lee’s contribution to this edition of the journal is a quilting project, called “Elephant Parade,” found on page 21.
**Danny Lee, M.D.**

Danny Lee, M.D., serves as chief medical information officer for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians, in addition to practicing internal medicine in Odenton. Dr. Lee is a go-to for anything related to medical technology and our electronic medical records system, Epic. He received his medical degree from Albany Medical College, and completed residencies in radiation oncology at Mount Sinai Medical Center and internal medicine at University of Rochester Medical Center. This year, Dr. Lee submitted a photo of the Blackwater Refuge, found on page 31.

---

**Maura McGuire, M.D.**

Maura McGuire, M.D., serves as the senior director of education and training for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians. She also practices internal medicine at JHCP’s Remington location. Among her many roles with Johns Hopkins Medicine, Dr. McGuire is an associate professor at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, where she serves as the assistant dean for part-time faculty and the director of longitudinal clerkship. Her submission to Meraki, an oil painting titled, “Sunset,” can be found on page 23.

---

**Denise Morris**

Denise Morris is an administrative supervisor at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Sibley Primary Care practice. She has worked with JHCP for about two years. Denise says that her favorite thing about her job is helping the elderly and disadvantaged populations gain access to quality preventative health care. Her submission to Meraki, “Candle Creations,” can be found on page 43. Denise explains that she has always loved candles, and during the COVID-19 pandemic, got the idea to create her own. “Art has definitely become the MVP of my daily routine,” she says. “Whether I’m listening to music, reading a book or making a candle – art has allowed me to shift my focus away from the draining reality of the pandemic.”
**Mark Phillips, M.D., Ph.D.**

Mark Phillips, M.D., practices family medicine at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in White Marsh. He also serves as the chair of the JHCP Credentialing Committee and a co-chair of the JHCP Research and Projects Committee. He has worked with JHCP for 21 years. Dr. Phillips received his medical degree from University of Maryland School of Medicine, and completed his residency in family medicine at University of Maryland Medical Center. Dr. Phillips’ submission, “Provincetown, Massachusetts,” can be found on page 33.

---

**Kerrian Mross, M.D.**

Kerrian Mross, M.D., practices internal medicine at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Remington location. She has worked with JHCP for almost 12 years. Her favorite thing about her job is building meaningful relationships with her patients, staff and colleagues. Dr. Mross’ submission, “Majestic Oak, Savannah, Georgia,” can be found on page 15. In her photograph, she wanted to “capture the majesty of this 300-plus-year-old oak tree and imagine all that it has lived through in its lifetime.” Art became an important part of her life at the beginning of the COVID-19 pandemic. “I made an effort to take a daily walk and find a lovely image to photograph, which I shared to social media as a reminder of the beauty surrounding us,” she says. She adds, “I have hung over 30 canvases of photos from my travels throughout the Internal Medicine clinic at Remington – a small escape away during busy, stressful days.”

---

**Melody Nangle, C.R.N.P.**

Melody Nangle, C.R.N.P., serves as the medical director for diversity and inclusion for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians. She is also a provider for JHCP’s Direct Primary Care program. Her favorite thing about her job is partnering with her patients and learning from her colleagues. N.P. Nangle’s submission to Meraki, “Nguvu” (p. 17), was inspired by the strong women she is surrounded by; “Women who hold their heads high in the face of adversity and do it with style and grace.” She adds that painting requires her to be still and calm her thoughts, allowing her to “reflect and express how [she is] feeling inside.” Outside of work, N.P. Nangle enjoys “spending time with my family and close circle of friends, cycling, yoga, spending time outdoors, traveling, enjoying good food and laughing until my sides hurt.”
Karen Radowich, C.R.N.P.
Karen Radowich, C.R.N.P., is a nurse practitioner providing family medicine care at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Canton Crossing location and pediatric care at our Greater Dundalk location. N.P. Radowich earned bachelor’s degrees in biology and nursing from the University of Delaware, and her master’s degree, Family Nurse Practitioner, at The Johns Hopkins University. Her crocheted character hats can be found on page 19, modeled by her friend’s children.

Laura Sander, M.D., M.P.H.
Laura Sander, M.D., M.P.H., is the medical director at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Sibley Primary Care location, where she practices internal medicine. She is also an assistant professor in the Department of Medicine at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and an associate of the Department of Health Policy and Management at the Johns Hopkins University Bloomberg School of Public Health. Dr. Sander has been with JHCP since 2014, and her favorite thing about her job is the inspiration she takes from her colleagues to take excellent care of patients. Her submission, “Kiddo Letter,” can be found on page 38. “I write these letters to my kids every 6 months or so,” she says. “I also very much enjoy taking photos and making digital photo albums.”

Jessica Segall
Jessica Segall is a marketing project administrator on the Johns Hopkins Community Physicians Marketing and Communications team. She has been with JHCP for six years, and her favorite thing about her job is getting to be creative and innovative, helping our organization grow and connecting people to care. Her submission to Meraki, “Quarantine Hobbies,” can be found on page 37. She was inspired by things that make her happy: “the family fur babies and nature.” Jessica says she picked up on many old hobbies that she didn’t have time for, including painting, during the COVID-19 pandemic. Outside of work, Jessica loves hiking, exploring new cities and spending time with friends and family.
Janet Siddiqi, M.D.

Janet Siddiqi, M.D., serves as office medical director for Johns Hopkins Community Physicians Odenton pediatrics. She has been with JHCP for 27 years, and her favorite thing about her job is the people: patients and staff. She says, “Our patients give us hope as we try to understand their health concerns, family challenges and help them heal.” The inspiration for her submission to *Meraki*, “Summer Garden Fun” (p. 53), is her gardening hobby: “Gardening brings renewal of life, peace and hope,” she says. Through the pandemic, Dr. Siddiqi has found respite through creative pursuits. “Photography, imagery and nature are tools to keep the calmness and hope that is needed during COVID-19,” she says.

Katherine Stevens, C.R.N.P.

Katherine Stevens, C.R.N.P., is an internal medicine nurse practitioner at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Canton. N.P. Stevens earned both her bachelor’s degree and master’s degree from the University of Maryland. Her submission to *Meraki*, a charcoal and graphite pencil piece, “Frankenstein,” can be found on page 14.

Amanda Rauda Tellawi, M.D.

Amanda Tellawi, M.D., provides Gyn/Ob care at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians' Howard County practice. Her favorite thing about her job is that it isn’t really a job, but “is really a part of who I am.” Dr. Tellawi’s submission to *Meraki*, “Jello” (p. 11), is a reflection on her depression. “I just delivered my third baby boy, and felt happiness for the first time as a mother. I have suffered with depression for years, and became suicidal with this pregnancy. I know I’m not alone, and I want to make sure that my fellow doctors know that they are not alone either – especially if it helps save a life.” Outside of work, Dr. Tellawi enjoys spending time with her three boys, husband and family, as well as volunteering to foster cats for adoption through the Sunshine Friends Cat and Dog Rescue.
Marshea Thompson

Marshea Thompson is a medical office assistant at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Glen Burnie location. She has been with JHCP for more than three years and loves helping patients. Her submission to Meraki, custom-made shot glasses, can be seen on page 24, made from epoxy resin, molds and glitter. Marshea says that she loves “creating useful pieces that can also be viewed as art. Functional and pretty.” She adds that when she’s creating, a sense of calm encompasses her. Outside of work, Marshea enjoys crafting, traveling and photography.

Rhonda Veney

Rhonda Veney is a clinical supervisor at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Charles County. Upon submitting her piece, “A Time to...” (p. 44), Rhonda had been working with JHCP for “455 days and counting.” Rhonda loves contributing to the well-being of our patients, and being part of a team that lives out the values of the organization. Johns Hopkins Medicine’s core values and Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 were her inspiration for her artwork. She wanted to hang art in the office that would inspire patients and her peers. “There is a time in every season to ‘Be Kind, the Best, Open and a Role Model,’ she says. “I painted the background colors of the four seasons transitioning from winter to spring and then summer and fall. The caduceus, the symbol of medicine, is painted white and gold which are colors of compassion, new beginnings and completeness.” Rhonda adds that art has always played a large role in her life, “being from New Orleans I was exposed to it in many ways and forums.” Outside of work, Rhonda enjoys spending time with her fiancé and family. Both she and her fiancé are veterans, and have spent most of the last 25 years in various states and countries.

Kimberly Turner, M.D.

Kimberly Turner, M.D., is a Gyn/Ob physician at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Fulton, Howard County and Odenton. She has served these communities for more than 25 years. Dr. Turner received her medical degree from Duke University School of Medicine in Durham, North Carolina. She completed residences in internal medicine and obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Maryland Medical System in Baltimore. Dr. Turner’s reflection on her obstetrics career, and musical piece, can be found on page 54.
Jennifer Walsh

Jennifer Walsh is a medical office assistant at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Water’s Edge location, and has been with JHCP for more than five years. Her submission to Meraki, “Dragonfly,” can be found on page 20. Art plays a large role in Jennifer’s life: “drawing, painting, photography and music – all forms of art fill my soul and bring positivity,” she says. Outside of work, where she loves helping patients, Jennifer enjoys hiking with her camera in hand.

Amina Watson, M.D.

Amina Watson, M.D., is a pediatrician at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Bowie. During her eleven years with JHCP, her favorite part of her job is interacting with her patients and watching them grow. Writing is one of Dr. Watson’s greatest passions; she has even published a book of poetry, Life Pieces. You can find her poem, “Unconditionally,” on page 25, with accompanying artwork called, “Face.” Dr. Watson explains that writing and art are her oasis and her refuge. Outside of work, Dr. Watson enjoys physical fitness (yoga and dance), relaxing, and spending time writing, drawing and creating.

Maire Wray, C.R.N.P.

Maire Wray, C.R.N.P., is a nurse practitioner at East Baltimore Medical Center. Her favorite part of her job is creating successful care plans with her patients and witnessing their ingenuity and creativity. The crochet projects (p.46) that she submitted were made for her friends and her kids. Outside of work, N.P. Wray enjoys spending time with family, swimming, reading and cooking.
Svitlana Zagorodni, R.N.

Svitlana Zagorodni, R.N., is a registered nurse at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians’ Heart Care practice in Bethesda. She has worked with JHCP for two years, and loves having the opportunity to serve people through her work. Svitlana created her submission to *Meraki*, “The Soul” (p. 10), to bring joy to others. Art plays a significant role in her life. She says that art and drawing takes her to another world – “the world created by the Lord, which initially had no evil.”

Jenel Wyatt, M.D.

Jenel Wyatt, M.D., is a family medicine physician at Johns Hopkins Community Physicians in Germantown. She also serves as the chair for the JHCP practice standards committee. Additionally, Dr. Wyatt is a Clinical Instructor with the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and sits on the State of Maryland Pharmacy and Therapeutics Committee. Her submission to *Meraki* can be found on page 16. It features a reflection and photographs memorializing her uncle, Floyd Mitchell.