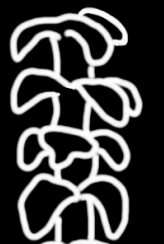




# mauli\*

Art & Literary Journal at JABSOM  
Issue 03, April 2024







John A. Burns School of Medicine  
University of Hawai'i at Mānoa  
651 Ilalo Street  
Honolulu, Hawai'i 96813

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Cover illustration by Stephanie Lum '25

Definition of "mauli" provided by  
Pukui, M. K., & Elbert, S. H. (1971). Hawaiian dictionary: Hawaiian-English, English-Hawaiian.  
Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press.

Significance of Native Hawaiian healing plants  
used in journal design:



KUKUI



PŌPOLO



'AWA



'OHI'A

"Elements of nature such as water, air, and earth as well as Hawaiian healing plants were incorporated into the campus design. Specifically, JABSOM chose four healing plants to be a part of its official logo: kukui, popolo, 'awa, and 'ohi'a lehua. Kukui symbolizes enlightenment and specific parts were used medicinally to treat sores, childhood ailments and rebuild strength after an illness. Popolo is known to be foundational in Hawaiian medicine with specific parts used to treat respiratory ailments, skin eruptions, eye infections, and sore throats. 'Awa serves an important role in ceremonies with specific parts, usually the root, chewed and or mixed with liquids. Medically 'awa was used for the treatment of insomnia, muscle strains, kidney disorders, and headaches. 'Ohi'a Lehua symbolizes regeneration as it is one of the first plants to appear after lava consumes and cleanses an area. Medically, 'ohi'a lehua flowers were combined with other medicinal plants to alleviate childbirth pains."

Werner, K. K., Lee, W. K., & Kamaka, M. (2018). Medical School Hotline: Mala La'au Lapa'au - John A. Burn School of Medicine's Hawaiian Healing Garden. Hawai'i journal of medicine & public health : a journal of Asia Pacific Medicine & Public Health, 77(5), 118-120.

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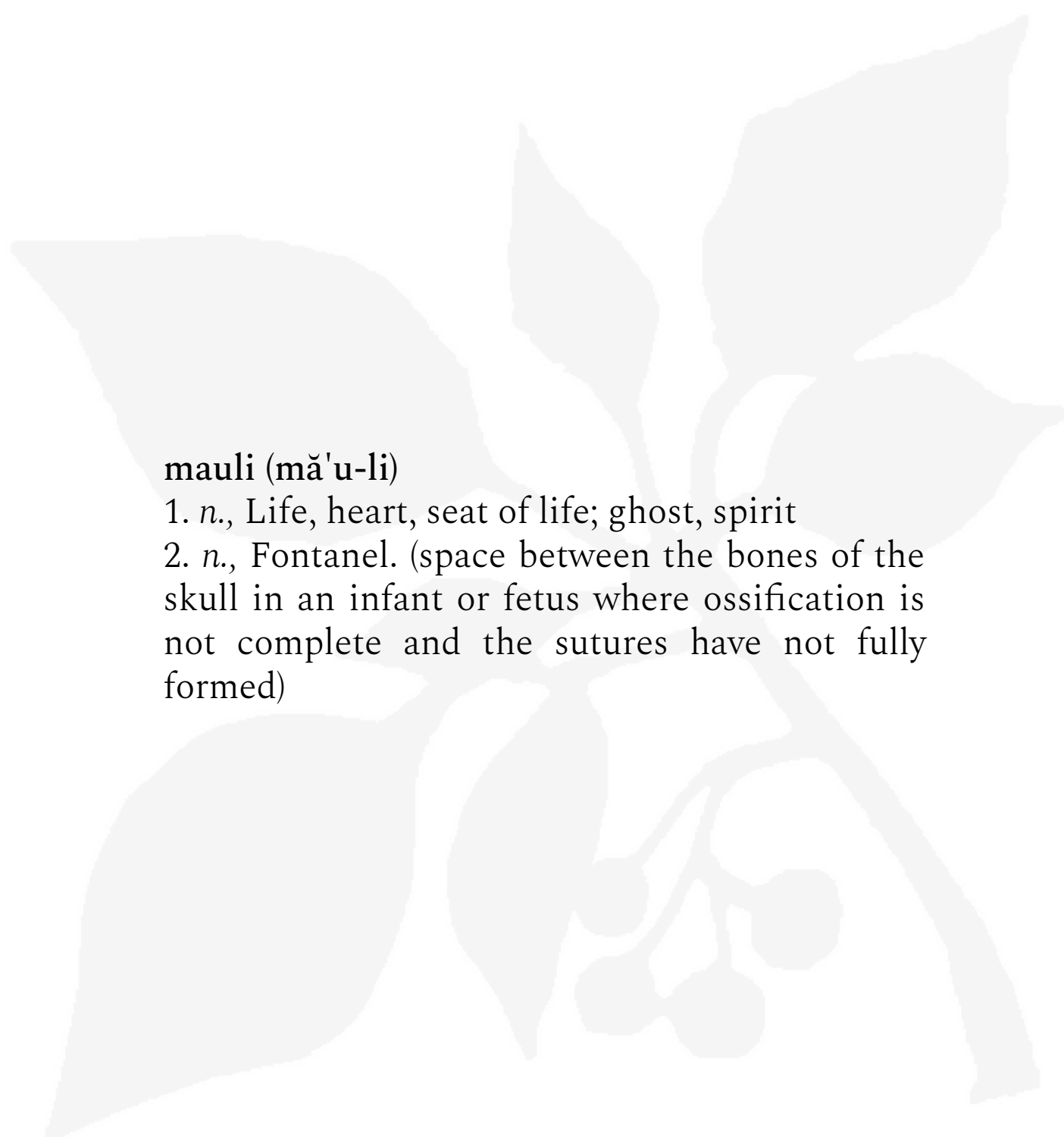
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Winona K. Lee, M.D.



# mauli ✨

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Issue 03, May 2024



## mauli (mä'u-li)

1. *n.*, Life, heart, seat of life; ghost, spirit
2. *n.*, Fontanel. (space between the bones of the skull in an infant or fetus where ossification is not complete and the sutures have not fully formed)

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## EDITORS' MESSAGE

*Maui* is the art and literary journal at the University of Hawai'i John A. Burns School of Medicine (JABSOM). The purpose of this journal is to feature creative works by members of the greater JABSOM community, and in doing so, acknowledge the significance of the arts and humanities in medical education and practice.

The journal was started in 2020 by a group of first year medical students who wanted to create a platform for students, faculty, and alumni to share their art. In continuing the journal, we want to support creative pursuits which are too often overlooked in the tumult of securing our professional and academic careers. We hope that *Maui* provides for the members of our community a medium for self-reflection, unique perspectives, and a sense of camaraderie in shared experiences.

In naming this journal, we wanted to capture and honor our purpose and sense of place. To this end, we sought the wisdom and expertise of Dr. Mālia Purdy.<sup>†</sup> When she presented us with the name, she shared that “*Maui* is defined as life, heart, and seat of life; ghost and spirit. It is also the word for fontanel, or the space between the bones of the skull in an infant or fetus, where ossification is not complete and the sutures not fully formed.” With this, she commented, “Acquiring knowledge through education is limited if not connected to the human spirit.” The name *Maui* speaks to both the abstract and scientific aspects of growth and life—both of which are important to address in medical education in order to develop effective physicians who serve the communities across Hawai'i. We are honored to have this name bestowed to us by Dr. Mālia Purdy.

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<sup>†</sup> Dr. Purdy is an Assistant Professor in the Medical Education division of the Department of Native Hawaiian Health. Being raised on the neighbor island of Maui, she is passionate about growing our own doctors and other healthcare professionals. She is passionate about fostering, mentoring, and supporting local students along their educational journey, and being able to shape, influence, and share perspectives to the future healthcare professionals of Hawai'i is a kuleana she deeply honors.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to extend a sincere mahalo to Dr. Winona Lee for her support in continuing this endeavor. We would also like to thank Dr. Mālia Purdy for her very thoughtful contribution to our name and identity (see Editors' Note, p. iii).

The journal would also not have come to fruition without the generosity and efforts of Dr. Lee Buenconsejo-Lum, Dr. Martina Kamaka, and the JABSOM Communications Team (Vina Cristobal, Deborah Dimaya, Paula Bender). We would also like to thank JABSOM's Office of Student Affairs and Office of Information Technology.

Finally, thank you to those who submitted art and writing to this issue of *Maui*—we are excited to share your wonderful works with our community!



## A Certain Stillness

Ashley Shirriff

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Ashley Shirriff is currently partaking in her ophthalmology research year at UCLA and will return to JABSOM for her final year in fall of 2024. She grew up in a military family, living throughout the country and internationally, and has always found joy in connecting with her surroundings through art.

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*\*This personal reflection contains references which may be distressing for some readers.*

## Letter to Anxiety

Winona Kaalouahi Lee, M.D.

You ravaged my self-confidence, brought fear into my life, and held me hostage for years. I tried to escape, but you persisted, relentlessly - entering my life and causing irreparable damage to my physical and mental health. I remember the first day of pediatric residency training. There you were - standing in the doorway to the hospital, taunting me. I was so fearful. No one knew that you had come for me that day. I left the building, sick to my stomach - disoriented and shaking like a lost child without her parents. My immediate family had no idea this was happening because I wanted to take care of this on my own.

When I developed postpartum depression after the birth of my son, you took that opportunity to create a no-escape situation. As I crossed the bridge over the Kipapa Gulch to our home in Mililani, you convinced me that I should drive over the cliff. How could you do this to me; and how could I let you ruin my life for so long? The armor I wore to battle would be set down but time and time again - I was called to war with you and you almost won. It was on that day that you almost killed me; and it remains one of my saddest and darkest days.

That experience frightened me; and I finally let my husband know that I was struggling. I enrolled in therapy, began behavioral modifications, and considered medications as well as spiritual healing practices until I found what worked best for me. Thankfully, with the support of my family and my faith in God, I was brought back to safety.

Anxiety, you still show up in my life, but I acknowledge you and know that you will never control my life again. The love I have for myself, my husband, and my children are my armor. The sword I yield is my faith in God. As I look back at my life as a daughter, sister, wife, mother, and physician educator, I regret not being willing to seek out help sooner. As a resident and practicing physician, the silent struggles were real. For physicians, residents, and medical students, the shame, stigma, and professional consequences of allowing this part of us to be known prevent us from seeking help. "WE need to be strong. WE need to care for our patients and students. WE cannot let our guard down." The fear of "not being enough" contributes to the ongoing epidemic of physician burnout and unhealthy coping mechanisms to deal with the stressors of life within the healing professions.

I have reached a point in my life where I am not afraid to show the world who I am, imperfections and all. I have evolved to become the most authentic version of myself and have reached a stage in life where I want to help others who face similar challenges. Now with grown children in college and a leadership role within the John. A. Burns School of Medicine, I must work with others to normalize the mental health challenges that every person will face at some time in their life.

Anxiety, you will not define me and will no longer hold me back from enjoying the life that I am blessed with. I know the signs when you are coming - the tightening of my chest, my rapid breathing, and my heart racing. I also know what to do when you try to take control. I pause and stop what I am doing. I turn inward and ask myself "What is happening in my body and what are the thoughts going through my head?" Once I settle, I then ask myself, "What do I need right now?" Through prayer, mindful meditation, and contemplative practices, I have learned to listen to the thoughts traversing my mind, turn inward to my body, and ultimately trust my intuition and my heart. It is my hope that sharing my journey will inspire others to seek help and offer help to those in need.

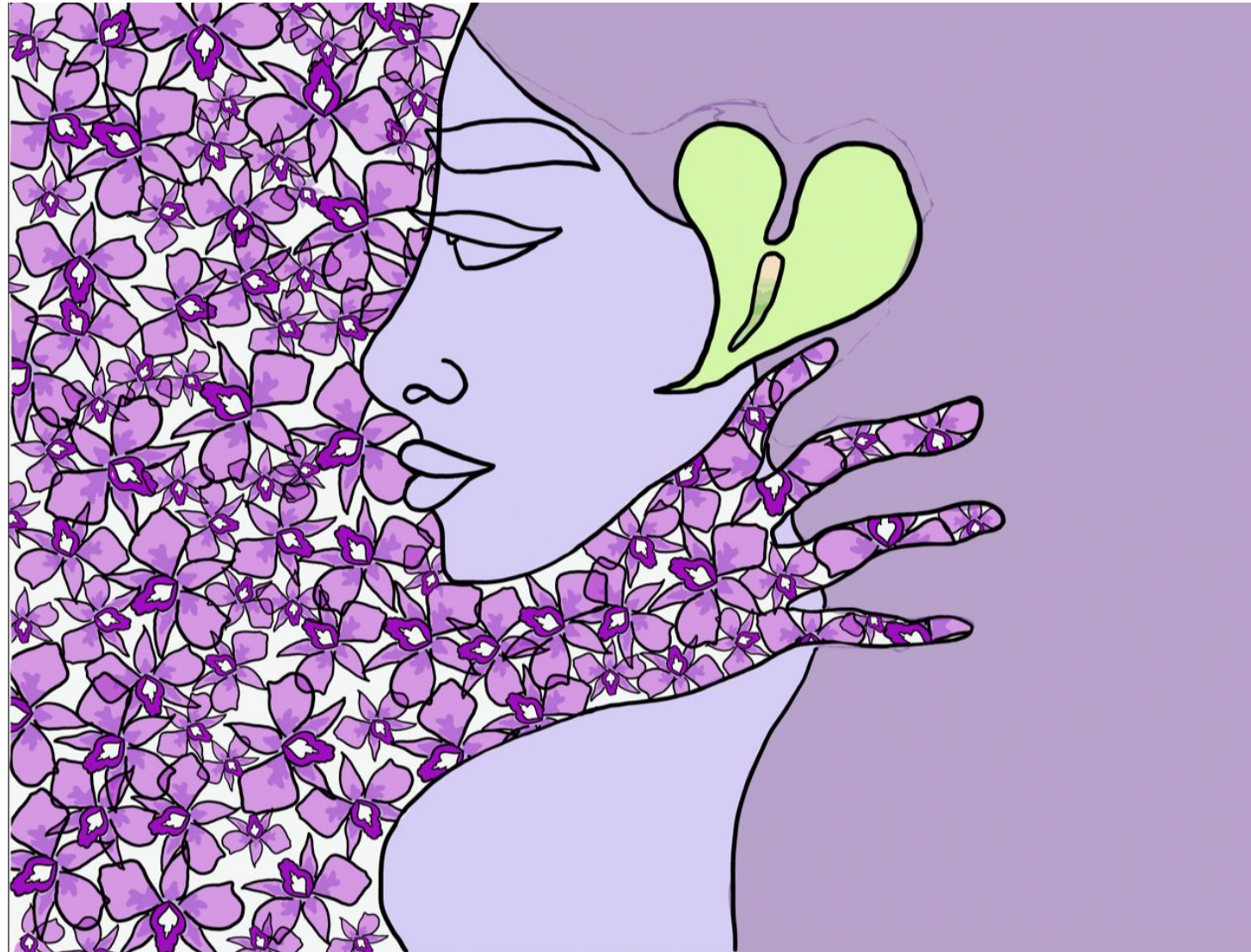
Sincerely,  
Winona Kaalouahi Lee, M.D.

*\*JABSOM Behavioral Health Resources for students can be found at:  
<https://osa.jabsom.hawaii.edu/student-wellness/osa-student-wellness/>  
Call or text 988 for help via the Suicide & Crisis Lifeline\**

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Dr. Winona Kaalouahi Lee is a board-certified pediatrician and full-time medical educator driven by a passion to promote the success of disadvantaged and underrepresented students in medicine. Dr. Lee oversees key diversity programs at the University of Hawai'i John A. Burns School of Medicine including the 'Imi Ho'ōla Post-Baccalaureate Program and the Native Hawaiian Center of Excellence. Her greatest accomplishments are her children, Joshua and Jada, and her 23 year marriage to her husband, Jerome.

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## Behind Closed Doors

Stephanie Lum

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Stephanie is a third-year medical student at JABSOM. She has nurtured a passion for art since childhood, spurred by her late father's support and the enriching experiences of summer camps at the Honolulu Museum of Art. Continuing to take art classes throughout high school and college, she has explored various mediums with a particular fondness for acrylic paint and clay ceramics. One day, she'd love to take a pottery class!

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## Thoughts on a Page

Holly Olson, M.D.

Captured in ink

Have I the courage  
to write what I think?

If people see,  
what will they think?

Where is my bravery  
if my thoughts remain mine?

To write  
To opine

To open my mind  
Onto the page

Here is my bravery

Captured in ink

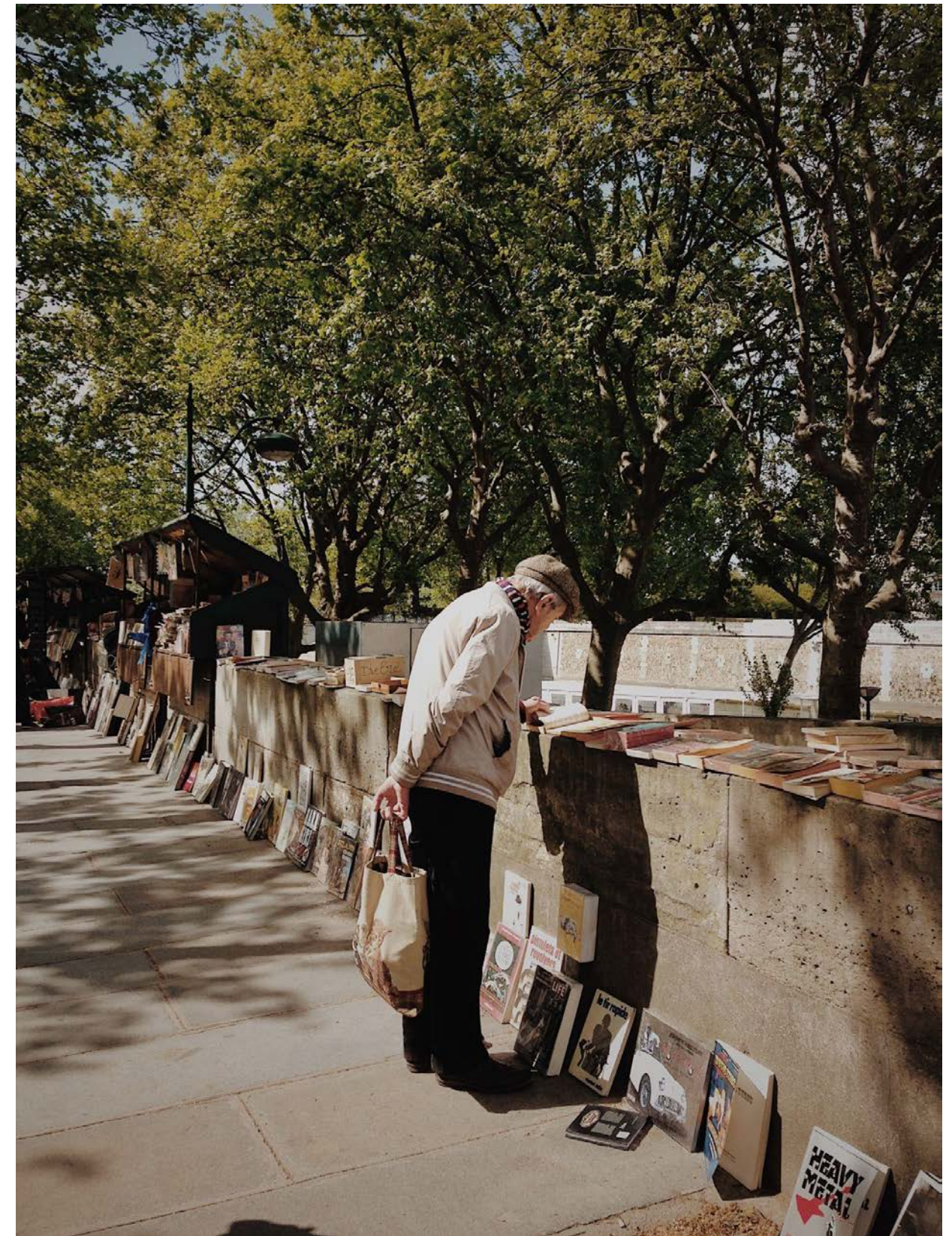
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As an OB/GYN hospitalist with the Queen's University Medical Group and Deputy Designated Institutional Official at JABSOM, I am grateful for the chance to stretch my brain by exploring poetry on my journey towards continued growth. Asking students and residents to leave their comfort zone in a variety of ways each day in the clinic and the OR requires empathy and I hope I can model a willingness to be vulnerable while I try something new.

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Refer to page 10 for author's biography.



Refer to page 10 for author's biography.



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Refer to page 10 for author's biography.

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**The Flower Seller (Saint-Malo, France)**

**Sunday Reading (Paris, France)**

**At the Jewel Box (St. Louis, MO)**

—

Laurie Tam, M.D.

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Laurie Tam, MD, is a JABSOM graduate, an internist, and a JABSOM Learning Community Mentor. She loves learning about the peoples and places around the world, amazed by the wonder and beauty of God's creation.

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## Losing Lahaina

Kasen Wong

The Plantation Inn with its pineapple tiki torches  
and slanted palm trees by the doorway  
should still be sprouting out of the grass like a gnome house.  
My sister and I should still be hiding our faces  
behind tinted sunglasses and dented pool noodles,  
tip-toeing behind the White family  
with lobster-red bikini burns and tacky floral prints,  
pausing for a moment to revel in the monsoons  
of lobby air conditioning for suspiciously too long  
before the morning shift clerk does a double take  
as we make a beeline for our rectangular haven  
filled with glistening marlin blue currents  
and wafts of chlorine added earlier this morning,  
all because we can't afford one of our own,  
and body sliding through the weeds in our yard  
in unlevel puddles of muddy hose water  
is "too wasteful" even in the scorching summer heat.  
I should be sighing with relief having traded  
grass burns for farmer tans this time  
'till the same hotel clerk taps me on the shoulder  
and asks, "Just where are your parents?"  
unconvinced when I point over at the blonde in the bonnet,  
gelling down her already peeling cheeks with globs of lotion,  
and propose, "We're both adopted."

I should still be cheering my sister up  
by letting her win an eighth round of "numbers."  
She slams down my four with her right pointer  
cueing my convincing groan and her victory cackle  
having forgotten all about getting booted  
from the Plantation Inn by the time we reach Shark Pit Beach  
where my father should still be alive  
squatting next to the mini grill  
in his dollar store flip-flops cracked at the sole  
that he uses to shoo the most acrobatic flies you've ever seen  
while smoke bleeds from the papio fish he caught yesterday  
that is now starting to get a little too charred.  
He watches us disappear behind the fumes,  
two kids he'll never see grow into adults who still miss  
his lectures about wasting water every fifth of May.

I should still be sculpting a shark fin from the sand  
while my sister pokes around with her big toe at the shoreline  
tracing over the same circular pattern  
that vanishes each time the waves reach for her ankles  
roaring as they crash to warn her from ever entering.  
My mom should still be crouching down beside my sister,  
still gorgeous in her peach blush swimsuit  
and dangling puka shell earrings  
gently unfurling her fingers to reveal  
a grainy mound of spiral-shaped domes mottled in lavender  
and cracked apricot-colored cones, once owned by a hermit crab  
now a treasure that made my sister feel richer than  
any of those lawn chair lobsters at the Plantation Inn.

I should still be chasing my five-year-old sister  
around the old banyan tree after the beach  
as she flickers in and out of view behind its  
long hanging shoots, always nine steps ahead  
while my mom drapes her towel over a bench  
inviting my dad to join her in the shade.  
She presses her ear on his shoulder  
like a sunset resting on the horizon  
tracing every part of this scene into her memory  
to retell on our graduation day.  
I should still be eight years old,  
welling up as my fingers jostle around  
loose sand in my mesh pockets,  
realizing the shell my mom gave me is lost  
-but I'm not.

I am thirty-one, now homeless,  
driving down Kahena street  
frantically scanning the area for any glimmer amongst the rubble  
catacombs of neighborhood pets and cul-de-sac playmates,  
hoping I may find my mom's golden anniversary bangle-  
the only thing left of my father-  
while my sister sits 45 degrees upright in a burn unit bed  
still rousing suddenly in the dark of night  
with the taste of ocean water lingering in her throat  
even weeks after treading the waters  
of Shark Pit Beach for hours  
as flames reached for the shore's ankles.

I should be handling the loss *well*  
of the old summer banyan,  
my palaces of childhood,  
and begrudgingly the Plantation Inn,  
while tourists book the soonest tickets to Maui  
to be the first astronauts to lay their camera flashes  
on yet another planet's lifeless landscape  
while locals struggle to find a new home  
outside of their own mind  
that doesn't leave them shuddering  
beneath roaring rumbles  
and infernal hisses.  
I should still be eight years old,  
my dad draping me over his shoulder,  
rubbing counterclockwise circles  
around my back,  
convincing me for a second  
that nothing lost is gone.

---

Kasen is a first-year medical student at the John A. Burns School of Medicine. He is from Kaneohe and is a graduate of the University of Southern California, where he received his Bachelor's degree in Health & Human Sciences and Master's degree in Narrative Medicine. His contribution to this journal underscores his commitment to forging connections between healthcare and the art of storytelling.

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## Independence—my long-lost friend

Kalei R.J. Hosaka, M.D.

“I feel like a	“I would regret not taking care of her”
Burden	I repeat to myself like a mantra.
Every time you transfer me—	I wake Grandma up
Lift me from the toilet,	Wheel her to the toilet
To my wheelchair	Prepare her oats in the microwave.
From the wheelchair	The timer counts down to the start of my career—
To my bed.	Already pushed back.
Independence—my long-lost friend.	Independence—my long-lost friend.
Do you remember me?	Do you remember me?
Isolated—a shell of my old self	A shell of my future self
If only my left arm and leg still worked.”	I wish I could help Grandma become happy again

---

Kalei is a resident physician in Internal Medicine-Pediatrics at UCLA. Kalei is a 2022 MD graduate of the University of Hawaii John A. Burns School of Medicine. Kalei received his undergraduate degree in Anthropology from Wheaton College and a certificate of professional achievement in Narrative Medicine from Columbia University. Kalei is passionate about writing, music, HIV care/research, and scholarly work in the social sciences and humanities.

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**Young Scholar (Yangon, Myanmar)**  
 Andy Oishi, M.D.

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Andy Oishi, MD, is a local boy, JABSOM graduate and general surgeon. He loves to travel and bring back photo memories from his surgical mission trips.

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## Evolution

Kimberly Barnes Yamauchi

Loss of culture  
Loss of self  
Loss of language  
Loss of confidence  
Loss of family  
*Loss of me*

Embracing new ways  
Carving out a new path  
Surviving

Loss of friends  
Loss of what is known  
Loss of modern conveniences  
Loss of opportunities  
Loss of sports  
*Loss of me*

Reintegration  
Changing  
Thriving

Growth in beliefs  
Growth in spirit  
Growth in connections  
Growth in perspectives  
Growth is hard  
*Growth in me*

---

Kimberly Yamauchi is a Junior Specialist in the Department of Native Hawaiian Health 'Imi Ho'ōla Post-Baccalaureate Program and Native Hawaiian Center of Excellence (NHCOE). She was born in Palau/Belau, raised in California and Saipan, CNMI, and now lives in Kaneohe with her family. Her work focuses on creating pathways to recruit and retain underrepresented and underserved students in healthcare professions.

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Refer to page 22 for artist's biography.



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Refer to page 22 for artist's biography.

## Ko Iki Museum

Kathryn Ko, M.D., MFA

During my time at JABSOM (class of 1983), my mother pursued a masters of fine art in painting in the Department of Art, University of Hawaii. I found relief from my textbooks by visiting the student studios, where the creative atmosphere was fire. Two and a half decades later, when my neurosurgery career was established, to my amazement I became an art student. I am fortunate. Many in the medical field don't have this opportunity or time to engage with the arts, missing out on the deep impact it can have on their lives. The arts can lighten the intense weight of a medical career.

Medical practice itself, too, is an art form. I'm a surgeon even while holding a brush. A surgeon lives to save lives, while an artist needs to create to live. A neurosurgeon painstakingly reconstructs a fractured skull whereas an artist takes those shattered bits, adds a hinge and transforms it into something new (1). It is a reciprocal relationship; artists divine possibilities and ideas, and we physicians assess their feasibility. We need each other to innovate. To promote healing.

Inspired by the unique "Little Free Libraries" movement, the Ko Iki Museum integrates art within the outdoor space of the medical school campus. The Ko Iki is a play scale-sized art gallery that encourages participants to create miniature art pieces. After seeing a "mini" museum in the sculpture garden of a gallery, I imagined having one installed at JABSOM. I then directed the construction of the Ko Iki Museum (pencil drawing by Dr. Kathryn Ko). After completion, the Ko Iki embarked on a 5000-mile journey from New York across the U.S. and Pacific Ocean, changing hands seven times, before finally arriving at JABSOM on January 2, 2024. The word "iki," meaning "tiny" in Hawaiian, captures the spirit of this project to bring art to medical schools, JABSOM being the first. Individuals are invited to contribute artworks, unleashing their imagination on a small blank canvas, and returning the piece to be showcased in the museum. After display these pieces can be "adopted" by the public to enjoy at home. An informational guide as well as canvases can be found in the kiosk located in the Health Sciences Library. Updates and calls for themed art shows will be highlighted on the Ko Iki Facebook page.

At the heart of the Ko Iki Museum is the idea that art, in all its diverse forms, is necessary for well-being. Art, tiny or grand, can ignite our minds so we are inspired to move a museum across a continent and an ocean.

### References:

1. Ko K, Segan S. In situ hinge craniectomy. *Neurosurgery*. 2007;60(4 Suppl 2):255-259. doi:10.1227/01.NEU.0000255380.64969.81

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Kathryn Ko, M.D., MFA, attended the John A. Burns School of Medicine. She completed Neurosurgery Residency at Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York City and Cerebrovascular Research Fellowship at the University of Washington. In 2012 she received a Masters of Fine Arts degree from the Academy Art University. Dr. Ko's medical practice and art studio are located in New York City. A preview of Dr. Ko's art can be seen at [kathrynko.com](http://kathrynko.com).

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