

Feel, Imagine, Think

The face of empathy

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Submitted: 21-July-2020 Accepted: 22-July-2020 Published: 27-July-2020



Artwork credit:
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Empathy:

(n.) the ability to understand and share the feelings of another.

Don't confuse this with sympathy, our English teacher used to tell us. And we stored that memory in some corner of our brain, unaware of the moral dilemmas and self-questioning it would bring us in the future.

Years later, on the first day of medical school, we were reminded of this childishly learned definition. Childish because, what 12 year old could be expected to empathize with the grief they hadn't experienced, and the loss they hadn't suffered.

Never lose your sense of empathy, our Medicine Professor told us.
As we sat with a twinkle in our eyes, silently resolving to engrave his words in our hearts, excited as we took the first step

to fulfilling our dream of becoming doctors.
Little did we know, first day resolutions
seldom stand the test of time.

Clinical rotations started as we entered our second year

Cite this article as: Kataria S. The face of empathy. RHiME. 2020;7:173-4.

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and we were still unaware of the plight of rushing to perform a midnight delivery, only to have patients return with less than they had come with, only tears persisting to replace the joy.

Unaware of the distress of running overflowing OPDs with patients traveling from miles afar just to know if they would be alright.
Unaware of the contagious smiles when a fractured leg starts taking baby steps,
Unaware of the relief and the gratefulness
Rewarded when a difficult surgery is successful.

With the passage of time,
the sense of wonder and achievement diminish
fulfillment and contentment in our hearts wanes
and most are stripped of the empathy
the resolve greatly weakened and
the twinkle in our eyes lost
our faces fading into the background
unrecognizable in a sea of people
with stethoscopes around their necks and indifference in their eyes

The face of empathy is starting to disappear, blurring as more of us give in to the forgiving nature of apathy my idle mind questioning a worn out yet guilty conscience Is it safer, if we just say that we tried?

Acknowledgements: to Dr. Anuradha Joshi for introducing me to the concept of Medical Humanities and for her immeasurable guidance and support; and to Dr. Haryax Pathak for the encouragement.

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