

PEP-TALK

for my

FUTURE SELF

Mayla Oyola, Class of 2022

I feel like a well-trained circus animal. I'd jump through flaming hoops, sit, stay, and beg just for the chance to add MD to my name. I know the checklist of accomplishments well. A good GPA, decent MCAT score, a laundry list of extracurriculars, letters of recommendation from disinterested professors, and an essay about how your bleeding heart is big enough to handle the job. Throw in a couple thousand dollars for application fees and you've got yourself a chance. Lo and behold, I got an offer! I got in! Finally all my hard work pays off . . . sort of. Now it's a matter of killing Step One, passing with honors, more research, and more applications. I saddle myself like a prized stallion with student loans in the six figures and pray it's all worth it.

I know it will be worth it for one reason and one reason alone. How could I ever regret saving a life? No matter the sleepless nights that wait me. No matter how many birthdays, holidays, and anniversaries I have to sacrifice, I can do honest work with a clear conscience. I may not be able to save the world, but I can change my patient's world. Which can alter an entire family's world. I've already helped people as a medical assistant and it was the most rewarding experience of my life. I can't wait to be able to do it with even more knowledge.

I could never care about an expense report or productivity goals. The coldness of a cubicle would stifle my very soul. A computer screen is terrible at conversation. I'd take running down the halls for my patient over running towards a meeting any day. I'd take a sisterhood in scrubs over strangers in suits in a heartbeat. I'll take the red-stained white coat if it means I stopped the bleeding. I don't know if I'll always see it this way. There are already days when my optimism runs dry. I only hope to look back at this essay and remember why I do this. This won't be just a job, I'm following my life's calling. ■