

## Final Governor's Message

As I prepare to pass on the role of WV ACP Governor to Dr. Chillag at the meeting in April, I would like to express my gratitude to Sheri Campbell for her exceptional commitment as Executive Director during my term. She did an outstanding job of keeping the chapter organized and moving forward, especially during the most challenging times. I am thrilled that Karen Saunders, an experienced leader, will be taking over. She will undoubtedly excel in the position she previously held for me.

Reflecting on my time as Governor, I am reminded of the significant life milestones that have occurred during my tenure. When I decided to run, my oldest child was in middle school. Now she is in college. Similarly, my youngest child was in elementary school, and is now in high school. Thus, I served as Governor throughout my daughter's entire high school experience and my son's entire middle school experience. Despite facing several losses and the challenges of the pandemic, serving as the ACP Governor has been an integral part of my life, providing invaluable opportunities for personal growth.

My awareness of the wide range of ACP's various initiatives increased significantly during my term. My experience has left me more impressed with ACP than ever before, and I encourage everyone to continue getting involved in professional organizations like ACP at the national level. Such participation not only leads to meeting people from around the world but also leads to amazing opportunities. I am struck by the fact that a group of Governors from all over the world who composed my class fit in so well. It reminds me of the saying, "It's not where you come from, it's where you go to."

2022 West Virginia Chapter Officers, Planning Committee and Council Members

Governor	Conference Planning Committee	Advisory Council Chairs	
Laura Davisson, MD, FACP Morgantown, WV ldavisson@hsc.wvu.edu	Chris Dionne, MD Shawn Chillag, MD, FACP	Scientific Program Chair Scientific Program Vice Chair	Chris Dionne, MD Stephen Roy, MD



## Wellness Webinar **RSVP Required**

Have you seen the news lately? Stress and burnout are real. The Chapter will host a **virtual talk on May 11 at 7:00p** with guest speaker **Dr. Nicole Perrotte**. Dr. Perrotte is a member of the ACP Chapter who is board certified in Internal Medicine and a Certified Wellness Coach. She has had personal struggles with burnout and stress in her career, and through coaching she found the tools to move from burnout to thrive. She helps women physicians who are stressed, languishing, and burned out from dealing with the quakes of life both professional and personal to find their voice and reclaim [their lives](#). [Click here](#) to read more about Dr. Perrotte.

Spots are limited. If interested in joining the webinar, please contact [Dr. Anna Anees](#) by May 8.

## Winner Announced! Healing by Sharing Narrative Writing Competition

Thank you to everyone who submitted for the Healing by Sharing competition. We received many beautiful written pieces.

Congratulations **Lynsey Soule** from WVU SOM Charleston Division. She received a \$100 monetary prize certificate, and a chance to share the [story on podcast](#).

Thank you to **Dr. Scott Morehead** for reading all the narrative pieces and helping us choose a winner. All submissions were judged blindly without any name or program identification. A big thank you to **Dr. Anna Anees** for spearheading this interesting initiative that fits with the Chapter's emphasis on wellness.

### Below is the winning narrative piece that was submitted by Lynsey Soule

The first time I rode on a passenger train, I thought it was fascinating to watch the various lands roll by my window seat. For brief moments, I was able to view snippets of people living their lives off at school, biking to the train station, enjoying a nice walk. I felt like I was within a snapshot of life for the shortest of moments before being whisked away to the next scene. Medical students live in snapshots. We are transient characters in a patient's medical journey. For a single encounter, we witness the patient's biggest worries and loftiest hopes. We witness diagnoses and relations, sometimes never to see the full resolution before our rotations end. Did the patient on my GI rotation finally get an apartment so they could receive Hep C treatment? Did the patient who miscarried after her 5th I trimester finally have a baby? Did the patient with CHF make it home in time to make her Thanksgiving turkey? There are many stories and endings I have come to terms with not knowing. There are many people that have changed my life, but I don't remember my name or my face. I carry their stories with me, our brief encounters etched into my memory. One summer morning, I again found myself in one of those moments. I found myself attending a wedding at a hospice wedding to be exact, in the sunroom of a cancer patient. The bride and groom sat on the couch and the 3 audience members on various kitchen and dining room chairs off to the side. The sun filtered in, washing the room in a golden glow, and glinting off the various treasures the couple had collected during their travels. The groom's face was hollowed and pale, but a small smile played upon his face.

looked at his bride. Many tears were shed, and vows were exchanged, the couple sharing small smiles. The groom placed the ring on the bride's finger. The groom's face was overtaken by a full grin when the chaplain pronounced them husband and wife and he seemed more than happy to kiss the bride. I wanted to stop just for a second. I wanted the train to slow down so I could fully capture the magic in the air. I wanted to take in the newlyweds' tearful smiles, the tight grip the wife had on her husband's hand, the gentle applause from the social worker and hospice nurse. We seemed to be in a little protected bubble with sunshine and cheers. The scene ended when the train stopped and vomited milk all over the coffee table. Everyone rushed to help, and a vomit bag was quickly located. He'd only been able to tolerate milk for a week as his colon cancer rapidly progressed. His prognosis had recently changed from 12 to 6 months to several days. After helping the patient become comfortable, I found myself in the passenger seat of the social worker's car whizzing down country roads to the next home visit. Different scenes began to pass by: a man cutting his lawn, a woman loading up her kids into a minivan, kids jumping through a sprinkler in a front yard. Each scene slipping into the next until everything became a blur as we pulled onto the interstate.