

# Lift Up

*Omar Rachdi*

I see my OSU epoxy resin table\* full:  
Friends, colleagues, and leaders in their communities.  
Amazing individuals that came from  
Not so amazing  
Places.

They all have been starved,  
In every sense.

From lacking the right kind of melanin  
Because it isn't the bright kind,  
Even though it surely isn't one of a kind,  
It just isn't  
The white kind.

But one thing is certain:  
Their indomitable spirits are nearly palpable,  
Filling every room they enter  
With the unspoken truth that their potential  
Is much more than that of one individual,  
The observer.

Lifted up,  
Pulled through the door,  
Shown their seat at  
The Table.  
Full of *everything* that is needed  
For them to run  
The show.

Seeing them identify  
The 'spark' that lives within  
All of us.

"Nurture, Love, Educate",  
The motto they all believe in and is why we are all teachers  
Fighting more than just ignorance.  
We are lifting up  
For a better life  
For those that come  
After us.

I may not know what happens at the end of the road,  
But I know that *they* are my legacy.

Now, will you please grab my hand?

## **\*Epoxy Resin Table**

As my fourth year of medical school was coming to what seemed like an abrupt end, I found myself reflecting more and more on the type of person, husband, doctor, son, father, brother, friend and ally I want to become one day. What do you want your legacy to be? This question has been on my mind and instead of telling you about it, I want to try to *show* you.

I see myself at 60 years old. My brother, Alex, crafted an epoxy resin table so I could always be easily reminded of the fun times we had together: Scouts, OSU, and just being straight-up goofs together. The table is oval and sits eight comfortably. The fractal burned inlay is a crimson-orange color, as if lightning struck the oak table and the epoxy allowed the burn to continue within the wood for the remainder of time. The seven individual burning streaks of electricity travel from the edges of the table to its heart where an OSU insignia lies. The black color surrounding the burned resin is so intense that it appears to act like a black hole, pulling the crimson light apart, photon-by-photon, secondary to its gravitational pull.

You may be asking yourself, “self, why did he describe this table in such a way?” Even though this table may not *physically* exist and never will, it makes it easier to visualize my purpose in medicine which is to help bring others up around me. ‘Up’, meaning to provide mentorship and sponsorship to trainees that come after me.