Lift Up

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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.