



Message from the Governor

Dear Chapter Membership,

It was a busy spring for members of the Kentucky ACP Chapter! Several of our members attended the IM 24 meeting in Boston, where some of our medical students and residents presented their research and clinical vignette posters. A team of residents from UK-Bowling Green competed in the Doctor's Dilemma competition. In May, a small delegation from Kentucky participated in the 2024 ACP Leadership Day in Washington, DC. Our Wellness Champions also hosted our chapter's first ever Narrative Medicine Competition - check out the winning submission in this newsletter! We are now planning for our annual scientific meeting which will be held on Friday, September 13th. I hope that you will make plans to join us in Lexington for the meeting!

As always, do not hesitate to reach out to me at kyacpgovernor2022@gmail.com.

Thanks,

Jenny Olges, MD, MPH, FACP
Governor, KY Chapter of the ACP

JOIN US FOR WELLNESS WEDNESDAYS

Our Chapter's Wellness Champions,
Dr. Meagan Schaeffner and Dr. Angie Webb, host a
virtual wellness opportunity on the last
Wednesday of the month at noon.

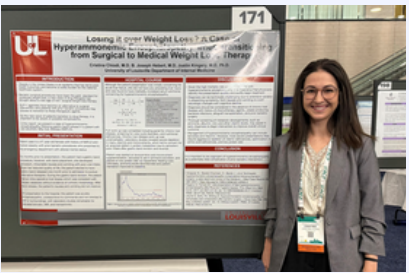
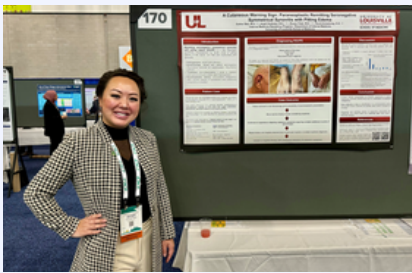
Watch your inbox for a zoom link!





Thank you to all of you who attended this year's IM meeting. I had the opportunity to meet with medical students from KYCOM as well as some of our early career physicians at a networking event co-sponsored by the Michigan, Wisconsin and New Hampshire Chapters.

Special shout out goes to the members of the University of Kentucky, Bowling Green campus Doctor's Dilemma team which advanced all the way to the final round! Thank you for representing our state so well, and congratulations on your accomplishment!



Doctor's Dilemma Team - Michael Smith, Syed Mufarrih and Nada Qureshi

Save the date for ACP IM 2025!



2024 ACP Leadership Day on Capitol Hill

Kentucky Chapter Governor Jenny Olges and second year resident from the University of Kentucky, Bowling Green campus Syed Mufarrih represented Kentucky at ACP's 2024 Leadership Day. They met with lawmakers and their staff to advocate for the step therapy reform, the Resident Physician Shortage Reduction Act, and the Physician Fee Schedule Update and Improvements Act.

If you are interested in participating in ACP advocacy efforts at the state or national level, please reach out to kyacpgovernor2022@gmail.com.



**2024 Kentucky Chapter of the ACP
Annual Scientific Meeting
Friday, September 13, 2024
UK Spindletop Hall
Lexington, Kentucky**

*****Abstract Deadline: August 9th*****

More info to follow - watch your inbox!

2024 Narrative Medicine Competition

Thank you to all who submitted entries to our inaugural competition. Congratulations to Bradley Firchow, medical student at UK, for his winning submission.

Namesake by Bradley Firchow

The small clinic in rural Kentucky was a stark contrast to the bustling city hospitals of my earlier medical education. With its worn wooden floors and the scent of manila folders mixed with antiseptic, the clinic radiated history. As a third-year medical student on my Internal Medicine rotation, I approached this new environment with eagerness and apprehension.

My attending, a seasoned Internal Medicine doctor dedicated to this close-knit community, greeted me warmly. "Practicing medicine here is as much about understanding people as diagnosing illnesses," she advised on my first day. Her words resonated as I readied to meet Mr. Carter, a 62-year-old local farmer noted for his diligence and amiability, now suffering from worsening breathlessness and fatigue.

I took a deep breath, knocked, and entered the examination room. Mr. Carter sat on the exam table, straight-backed yet visibly tired, and greeted me with a warm smile. "Good morning, Mr. Carter. I'm Bradley, a medical student working with Dr. Russell."

"Morning, Bradley," he responded in a rich, age-softened baritone. "Nice to meet you." I began by asking about his symptoms, his daily routine, and his medical history. He spoke of his farm, his late wife, and the struggles of keeping up with the demands of the land as his health declined. As he talked, I couldn't help but notice the deep creases in his hands, evidence of a lifetime of hard work.

"Do you have any children to help you out on the farm?" I asked, trying to understand more about his support system.

Mr. Carter's eyes clouded for a moment, and he hesitated. "I had a son who shared your name. It's not a real common name around here, so I was surprised when you introduced yourself. He would have been about your age. We lost Bradley to pills a few years back. It's just me now."

The weight of his words hung in the air, and I felt a pang of empathy. "I'm so sorry," I said quietly.

He nodded, a hint of a smile returning. "Thankya, bubby. It's been tough, but the farm keeps me going. And the folks around here are like family."

As I conducted a physical exam, listening to his heart and lungs, I was struck by the irregularities I found. His heart sounded labored, and his breathing was shallow. I completed the exam and sat down to review my findings with him.

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"Mr. Carter, it sounds like your heart is working harder than it should be. We should run some tests to get a clearer picture, but in the meantime, is there anything you need or any way we can help you feel more comfortable?"

He looked at me, his eyes reflecting a lifetime of resilience and quiet strength. "You know, Bradley, you're the first person to ask me that in a long time. Most docs just tell me what's wrong and what to do, but they don't ask how I'm doing."

His words hit me deeply. In that moment, I was reminded of the fundamentals – that the true essence of being a physician is not just about diagnosing and treating illnesses using algorithms and guideline-directed care (although these are important) – it is about understanding the person behind the symptoms. "I want to make sure we're taking care of you, not just your heart," I said.

We talked for a while longer, sharing stories about farming and life in the country. He told me about potlucks, churchyard gatherings, and the deep bonds that tied the people here together. As he spoke, I felt a sense of connection that transcended the encounter.

As we finished up, Mr. Carter reached out and placed a hand on my shoulder. "Promise me one thing, Bradley," he said. "Promise me you'll keep asking your patients how they're doing. We're people with stories and dreams and sorrows, just like you."

I nodded, my throat tight with emotion. "I promise, Mr. Carter."

Leaving the room, I felt a profound sense of purpose. In this remote clinic with a handful of rooms, amid the hushed bustle of rural life, I had returned to a lesson UWorld and Amboss can't teach. The power of compassion and connection, of seeing the whole person, would guide me. With Mr. Carter's story now woven into mine, I left the clinic that day carrying his words with me – a shared legacy – and a namesake I would never meet to honor as I stepped forward in my journey as a physician who truly listens, understands, and heals.

(Certain names and details have been changed to maintain privacy)

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