



"Jade broch necklace,
bracelet and earrings"

Regina Conway-Phillips
Associate Professor
Loyola Marcella Niehoff
School of Nursing

Jewelry

ARTIST STATEMENT: Regina Conway-Phillips

- I found this piece of jade in a fine gems store and decided to purchase it. I later found the rare glass beads at a different store and decided that I could make a set of jewelry from them.



"The Fisherwoman"

Regina Conway-Phillips
Associate Professor
Loyola Marcella Niehoff
School of Nursing

Painting, 1991
Acrylic on Canvas
20" x 24"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Regina Conway-Phillips

- My mother was a fisherwoman. She fished on the weekends as a form of relaxation and she taught me to fish. I still fish to this day as another form of relaxation and reflection. This piece was painted for my mother and gifted to her on Mother's Day. She has since passed away and I inherited my painting back from her belongings.



"The King"

Regina Conway-Phillips
Associate Professor
Loyola Marcella Niehoff
School of Nursing

Painting, 1990
Acrylic on Canvas
24" x 30"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Regina Conway-Phillips

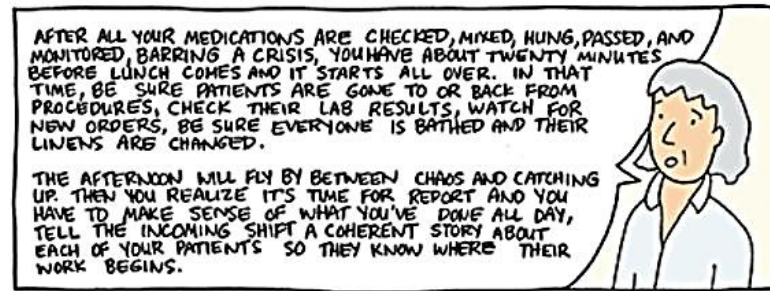
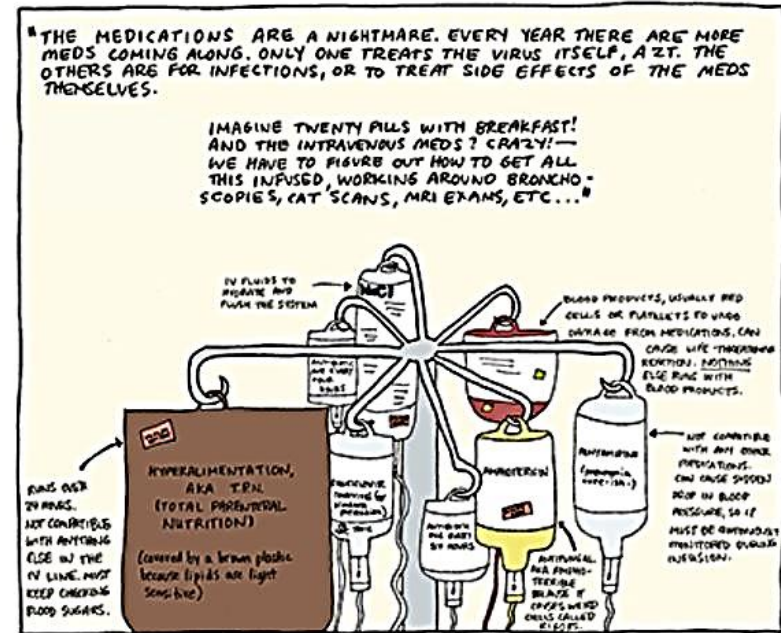
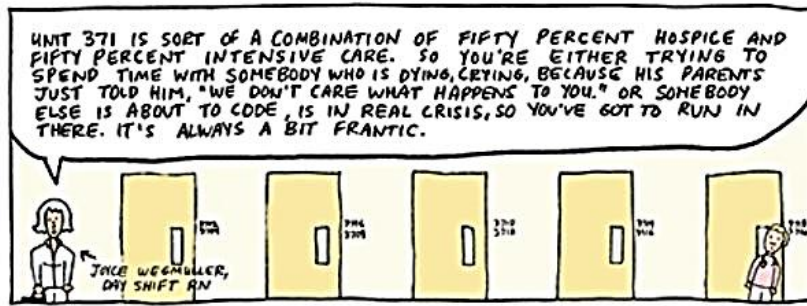
- This piece was painted after I awakened from a dream. In my dream, I was following this man up to the top the hill. Once at the top, he just seemed to look over the sleeping village and had a sense of calm and peace. I felt he was a king and the safety of his village was his main concern.



MK Intro (p.3-8, Taking Turns: Stories from HIV/AIDS Care Unit 371)

MK Czerwiec
Graphic Medicine
Northwestern Medical School

Drawing/Comics, 2017
16" x 20"



Joyce, RN (p.33-37, Taking Turns: Stories from HIV/AIDS Care Unit 371)

MK Czerwiec
Graphic Medicine
Northwestern Medical
School

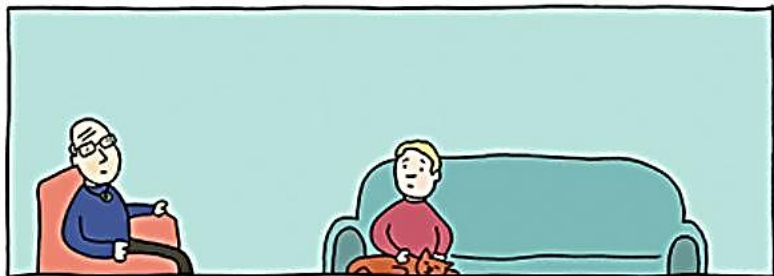
Drawing/Comics, 2017
16" x 20"



177



178



179



180



Roger's Stars (p.177-180, Taking Turns: Stories from HIV/AIDS Care Unit 371)

MK Czerwiec
RN-Graphic Medicine
Northwestern Medical
School

Drawing/Comics, 2017
16" x 20"

ARTIST STATEMENT: MK Czerwiec

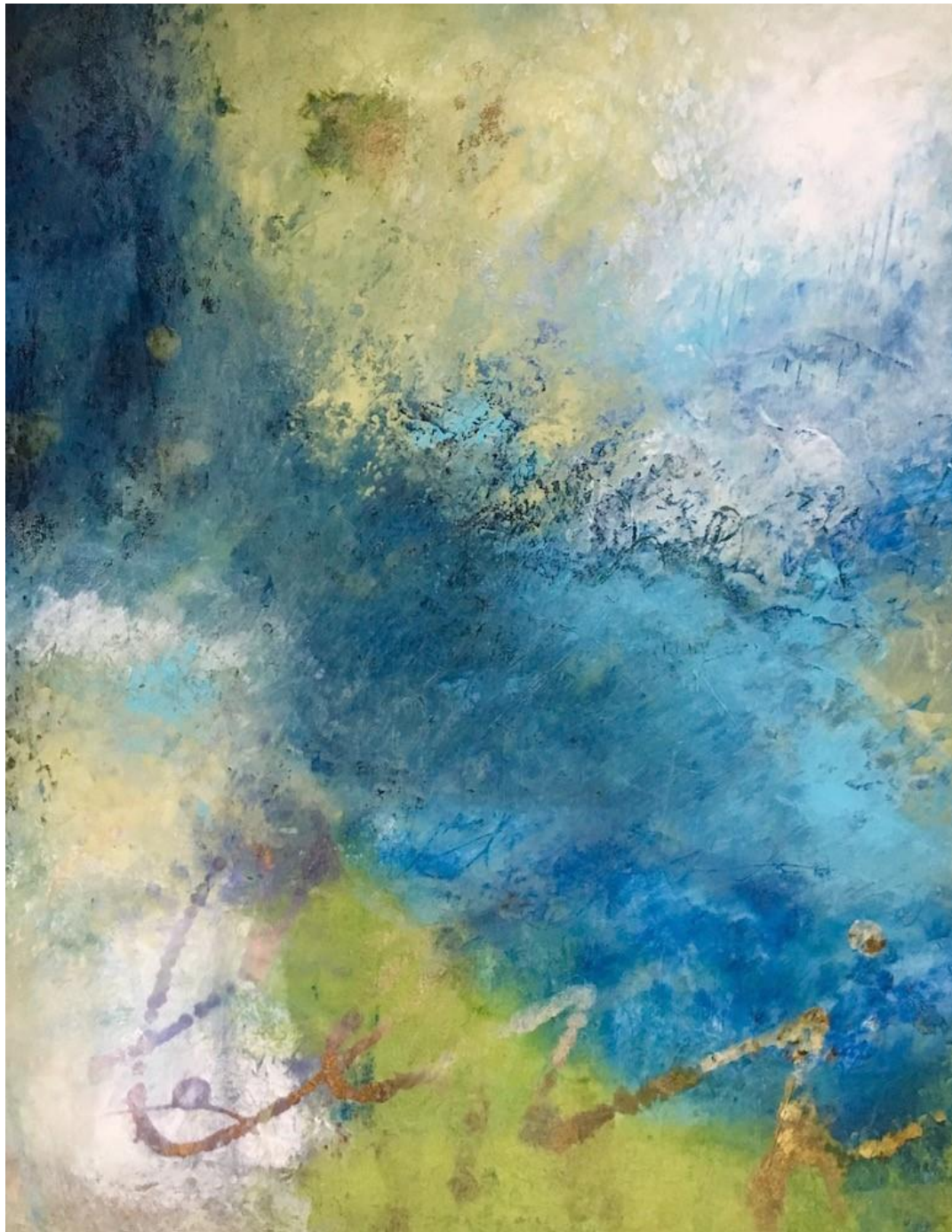
- I am a nurse, cartoonist, educator, and co-founder of the field of Graphic Medicine. I am the creator of *Taking Turns: Stories from HIV/AIDS Care Unit 371* (Penn State University Press, 2017) and a co-author of *Graphic Medicine Manifesto* (PSU Press, 2014). I co-manage the website, podcast, annual conferences, and online community of GraphicMedicine.org.
- I regularly teach graphic medicine at Northwestern Medical School, the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, the University of Illinois Medical School, and the University of Chicago. I have served as the Artist in Residence at Northwestern Medical School, a Senior Fellow of the George Washington School of Nursing Center for Health Policy and Media Engagement and a Will Eisner Fellow in Applied Cartooning at the Center for Cartoon Studies in White River Junction, VT.
- My next book will be the edited anthology *Menopause: A Comic Treatment* (anticipated, PSU Press, Spring 2020).



“Kaleidoscope”

Charlotte Cziperle
RN-Loyola University Medical
Center (1980-1990)

Painting, 2019
Oil and Cold wax
22.75” x 19”



“Mercurial”

Charlotte Cziperle
RN-Loyola University Medical
Center (1980-1990)

Painting, 2019
Oil and Cold wax
22.75” x 19”



“Trilogy 1”

Charlotte Cziperle
RN-Loyola University Medical
Center (1980-1990)

Painting, 2019
Oil and Cold wax
9.25” x 11.25”

ARTIST STATEMENT: Charlotte Cziperle

- Nature, memories, and the world around me, are my inspiration. My artwork is contemplative and ethereal, taking the viewer on a meditative visual journey. I received a Certificate of Painting from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2018. I am an active community volunteer and currently serve as Vice Director of the Alliance of Fine Art. My paintings have won numerous awards, appeared in national magazines, been exhibited in galleries and several art museums. They are part of private and corporate collections.



"Liberation"

Manar Daghash

Nursing Student

University of Illinois At Chicago

Hand-Painted clothing

SLEPT LIKE A BABY

Ya Yumma*

I remember holding you in my arms
telling you prophetic stories
stories of Adam and Eve

Eating apples from the forbidden tree
and being expelled from heaven

I remember telling you that Palestine is like Jenna (Heaven)
and you asked me if we were like Adam and Eve
expelled
yet destined to return

Ya Yumma (My son,)

Ya habeeb immak (The love of your mother)

Our lives have been a compilation of ironies

I have never thought of death so much as I sit in the living room

They say there is life and death

but all we know is death and death

I tell you every night that we we remain together as a family

Ya Ibny (My son,)

Do I lay you to sleep alone or do I tuck you in alongside your siblings
so that when death intrudes with no invitation and no welcome
he takes us one by one or all together?

Why must I make these decisions?

I am only a mother

I remember believing that the womb was your only safe place

I now realize that your tomb is that reality

I grew accustomed to death

I knew it like my last name

Everyday, almost religiously,

looking for bodies among the rubble

like unwrapping presents

unwanted surprises

Palestinian. Villager. Neighbor. Family

It is my job to tell the world that they killed a human being

tell them to ironically cut flowers

to honor the memory of a blossom yet to bloom

but as I hear news of my lifeless baby

a baby just born

a baby with no voice and no foe

I wonder

how do you first tell a mother her child is dead?

how can you tell me that the blood and flesh that was produced
inside me for months

has returned to nothing more than flesh and blood
in seconds

was it seconds?

Every Palestinian is my child

"Slept Like A Baby"

Manar Daghsh

Nursing Student

University of Illinois At Chicago

Poetry

THIS IS MY VOICE

They try to silence us

“There is no Palestinian narrative”

Hush us

“The old will die and the young will forget”

Uproot our tongues and demolish our minds

“A land without a people for a people without a land”

Do you forget that our homes and olive trees have foundations

Rooted so deep inside our being

That can never be taken from us?

This is my voice

It has the raspiness of my great-grandfather

The depth of my great grandmother's strength

It carries the dignity of my Palestinian village

Backed by the legitimacy of my history

Narratives great enough to move mountains

With truth great enough to obliterate them

They said:

“you are refusing to ‘dialogue’ with us”

But they seemed to have forgotten that

We cannot dialogue with someone who isn't listening.

We cannot dialogue when the sound of bombs falling and children crying of hunger is too loud for us to hear our own words.

We cannot dialogue when our tongues have been stolen from our mouths

We cannot dialogue when lungs have grown so tight they only strum along to the hum of

Being

Every uprooted tree has borne an olive that has taken root in our throats.

We lie choking,

In defiance-

Choking.

Not speaking.

Choking,

because we will not swallow your occupation;

We will continue to choke till we gag.

Till you hear the guttural sounds of what makes us human.

Till you witness that death itself will not enslave us.

Oh student, ya taleb

The irony of attending a college campus, haram al-jam3a

And being bombarded by army men on a daily basis

While a haram (sanctuary) remains a place of peace

Forbidden of violence by God

Remind yourself that fairness is irrelevant

When knowledge is survival

The irony of having nothing to trade for the pen

Shield yourself with the written word

Arm yourself with an educated mind

Let knowledge be your greatest weapon

Oh dabeek, ya dabeek

When your fingers interlock at the dabke line

Remember you are linking past and present

Find freedom in the notes of songs written before palestine became a dream of the colonized

Because they put walls between soil and soil

Turned every morning commute into another abuse at a checkpoint

Standing at gunpoint when all you wanted was to get to school

Now

You let limbs move to the stories of your people- a music that isn't just therapeutic

You turn body into revolution

Fluent in the human resistance of movement

Remind them

Every dance is a moment of hope

Oh tailor, ya khayata

Your thobe is a suit of armor

The cross stitching of the colored thread like

X's on a map of all the places they stole from you

Sew your story onto the cloth before you

Tell the stories of our culture and of our people

between your perfect lines

Unveil their appropriation with your authenticity

Show me the Palestine we will never forget

Oh mother, ya um al-filistini

No one can turn grape leaves into an art for taste buds like you can

As you set a plate of hummus on your family's dinner table

Remember you are pouring tradition into every step of the recipe

With every bite you leave a legacy

For just a moment of grinding chickpeas Palestinians can become carefree

In their kitchen they can forget the prison outside

Us women, we embody a million

Oh mother

Your laugh itself can build a playground for the kids who've

Been born into battle

Oh women

Just listen

To the sound of every heartbeat as we breathe like leaves of the olive tree

Oh mother,

You are a nation- every Palestinian's first home

Oh teacher, ya ma3alim

They say it is hard to feed the mind when the stomach is empty

But feed them

Teach them of the composites

The blood, the tears, the history of what makes the mud and stone

The mud and stone that rebuilds their homes

Teach them

Remind them of their olive tree roots

That if the foundation is not strong enough the sculpture will fall

Fall from a flaw deeper than architecture

Remind them that Palestine is not a “light” subject

The loftier the building the deeper the foundation must be laid

Oh fisherman, ya sayad al-samak

Your boats float like notes to the quiet song of survival

They say Gaza's fish taste like they swam through heaven

Creatures to remind us that man cannot take away God's intended blessing

Birds like little soldiers fly over the rocks and lapping sounds of water

At night you sail into the 6 meters of sea you're given
You ache for the freedom of the seas
Sing traditions back into the water they tried to control
As you sail in the night and gather what you can collect
Teach them, a siege will not prevent your need to feed
There is no price to human life

The sea has become your domain
Where we can unshackle our chains
And sea water flows like the blood in our veins

The sea is the village where waves shake roots away from their ground
Little droplets of diaspora

It's the only place where the air doesn't taste like dust and despair
Oh fisherman this is how you remind them that a fish out of water is still a fish
That you, in any country other than home, are still home because home is in you

They say

"Do not say their names out loud, the dead are too much to carry"

They say

"There is not enough time left on your tongue"

I say

This is my voice

Do not define my words
Limit the movement of my tongue
Limit like a 400 mile long wall
My words will not be stopped and frisked at your checkpoints
Shaped and filtered like aid entering Gaza
Contained in 24 hour curfews
Falsified like the politics of this occupation on
I don't know
The media
Renamed like the stolen villages of Palestine

You see, the villages of Falasteen speak,
They stand defiant, walls crumbling in latitudes and longitudes
not physical
Here.
In hearts that speak in a beat you know too well within the folds of your ribs
In the corridors within you.

they say
Echoing
after I have burnt,
I find in me the power to rise.
Like the phoenix
Brick by brick, I build a spine
Like a plant.
Roots reaching deep and arms reaching high.
Like a home
of a million hands.
We self-subsist-
We exist-
Through an alphabet
you cannot
Understand.

"This Is My Voice"

Manar Daghash

Nursing Student

University of Illinois At Chicago

Poetry

ARTIST STATEMENT: Manar Daghash

- My name is Manar Daghash and I am a senior nursing student at the University of Illinois at Chicago. As the daughter of Palestinian refugees, my sense of identity and renewal comes from my activism and fight for equality, justice and liberation of the Palestinian people-- and all those oppressed around the world. My art, both writing and painting, tries to speak to and galvanize those who are more privileged- like me- and inspire them to educate themselves, find their voices, and become the voice for the voiceless.



“A 2020 perspective: Yali’s Carry On Chicago”

Yali Derman
 MSN, RN, CPNP-AC CPHON
 Ann & Robert H. Lurie
 Children’s Hospital of Chicago

Bags first produced in 2010
 (ongoing); Photography 2020
 17” x 22”

Every handbag in Yali’s Carry On® collection embodies how I choose to lead my life: with vibrant elegance, vast purpose, and a meaningful voice for the cancer experience.

This tote bag is adorned by a peacock, a dazzling bird that replaces its feathers annually, a bird that is a symbol of renewal and new beginnings, and whose feathers are said to be protective and lucky. My peacock’s tail is comprised of paisley patterns that represent the paisley-laden bandanas that cancer patients wear during their treatment. The 18 brilliant colors serve as a metaphor for the vibrancy of life, and the hearts crowning the peacock’s head emphasize the importance of love and support from family and friends.

Each distinct paisley pattern illustrates each individual’s unique story, and the aggregate beauty is indicative of the collective bond among survivors, family, and community that energizes the triumph over adversity.

The expansiveness of the tail expresses how every survivor’s story is wide and intricate; that story must be embraced just as the tail embraces this bag. The peacock’s tail, however, does not fully encircle the bag, reminding us that every survivor’s story, including my own, is still ongoing.

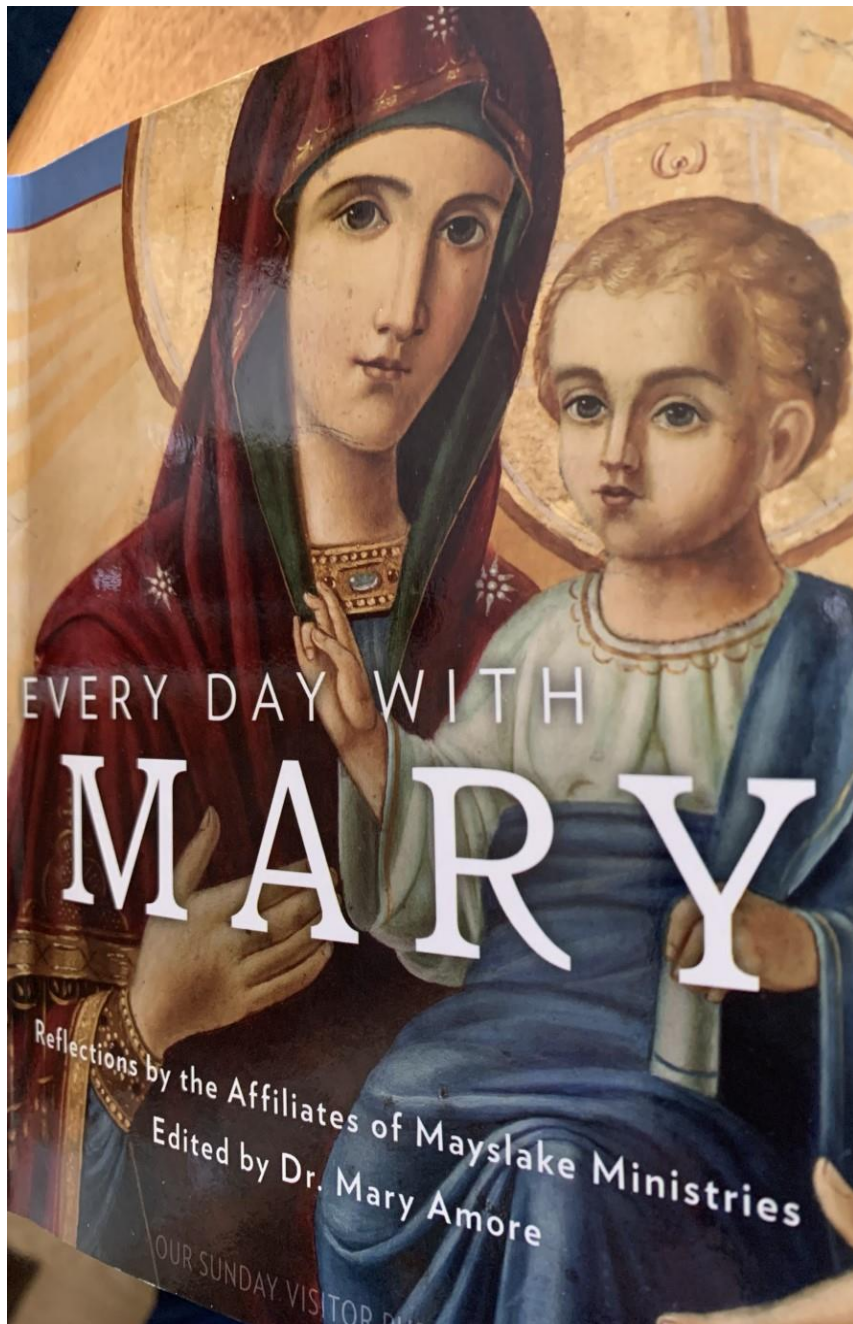
Yali’s Carry On and the power of my peacock serve to inspire the individual and the community to “Carry On” in the face of their challenges. All proceeds from the sale of each Yali’s Carry On peacock tote are donated to KIDSS for KIDS, a foundation that supports Child and Family Services at Children’s Memorial Hospital in Chicago.

Enjoy your purchase, embrace your story, and Carry On!

Yali
 Yaliscarryon.com

ARTIST STATEMENT: Yali Derman

- My name is Yali and I am founder and CEO of Yali's Carry On, a philanthropic handbag design company. My colorful designs serve as storybooks of life. They meaningfully and creatively honor who I am-a childhood cancer survivor, an artist, a nurse practitioner for kids with cancer and blood disorders and designer of my own life.
- 2020 as the year of the nurse is a meaningful time for me as I can celebrate my own nursing accomplishments, I can give thanks to the many nurses that have impacted me, and very poignantly August 2020 marks the 20-year anniversary of my bone marrow transplant and celebration as 2-time cancer survivor.
- Sometimes the hardest story to tell is your own and that is where the power of the purse comes in for me- my voice expressed through art and design. I weave into each of my handbags lessons from the past and integrate my hopes for the future. My handbags serve as reminders to "carry on" in the face of life's baggage and embody how I choose to lead my life: with vibrant elegance, vast purpose, and a meaningful voice for the cancer experience. Recognizing how important art is in my life, the proceeds from the sale of my handbags support creative arts programming from sick children and their families.
- My professional and personal interests are directed toward improving the quality of life of children who have experienced cancer. The people that helped me through the darkest hour are forever written into my story and have inspired me to become the pediatric oncology nurse practitioner I am today.



Every Day with Mary

February 24

*"Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."
— 1 Corinthians 13:7*

As a nurse, I have been blessed to see love come to life. When patients are surprised by a sudden illness or an unexpected admission to the hospital, they often feel disconnected from what is meaningful in their life. They long for the simple pleasures they love, whether the presence of family, prayer time, a pet, music, a morning walk, Mass, a cup of coffee, or just being able to go to work. They long for love in their lives.

I am inspired by Mary and her life experiences. As the mother of Jesus, Mary endured many moments of disconnection from things that were meaningful to her life. She was a refugee in a foreign land, the mother of a lost child, and a witness to the crucifixion of her beloved Son. Yet Mary's love for God never wavered. Loving God can help us reconnect to all that is meaningful for us, for love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

— Mary Beth Desmond

CONSIDER THE WAYS that you can offer love and support to someone who is struggling.

Prayer: *Mary, help me to bring the love of Jesus to my family, friends, and those that Jesus sends my way.*

~ 66 ~

Every Day with Mary

February 28

*"So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love."
— 1 Corinthians 13:13*

My uncle was part of the Greatest Generation, those who lived through the Great Depression and World War II. No matter how difficult his life was, he and his family always demonstrated a strong faith, hope in the future, and unconditional love. When my uncle's health declined, I witnessed his children care for him on a daily basis with the same faith, hope, and love they had experienced.

My extended family's legacy of faith, hope, and love was rooted in strong devotion to the Blessed Mother. Mary was their role model, and her life of faith in God gave my family hope that anything was possible, as long as the love of Christ was at the heart of their actions. Mary's love — pure, radiating beauty, grace, gentleness, and kindness — is always present and available to us. I hope that Mary's love will help me to pass on my family's legacy to my children.

— Mary Beth Desmond

WHO HAS MODELED faith, hope, and love to you? What spiritual practices help you grow in the three things that last?

Prayer: *Hail Mary, full of grace, please fill the hearts of the faithful with the desire to share Christ's message of faith, hope, and love.*

Every Day With Mary (Reflections by the Affiliates of Mayslake Ministries), p. 66 and 70

Mary Beth Desmond

PhD, RN, AHN-BC

Spiritual Director- Mayslake Ministries

Assistant Professor- Lewis University, College of Nursing & Health Sciences

ARTIST STATEMENT: Mary Desmond

- I am an affiliate Spiritual Director at Mayslake Ministries. I contributed nine reflections to the daily devotional on the concepts of Peace & Love using Scripture and the Blessed Mother as an example of living the fruits of the spirit.



“Magical Snowman Tray”

Pamela Duffey
RN-Emergency Dept
Advocate Aurora Lutheran
General Hospital

Painting, 2018
Acrylic on a Tray
12" x 10.5" x 4.5"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Pamela Duffey

- I love to paint/draw/create to relax. I'm involved with three different women's painting groups. This piece of artwork is another favorite, for I love all the detail in this piece. And Snowmen are my favorite theme.



“Sail Away”

Pamela Duffey
RN-Emergency Dept
Advocate Aurora Lutheran
General Hospital

Painting, 2018
Watercolor
19” x 23”

ARTIST STATEMENT

- I love to paint/draw/create to relax. I'm involved with three different women's painting groups. This piece of art work was challenging, for it was one of my first attempts with watercolor.



“The Frog”

Pamela Duffey
RN-Emergency Dept
Advocate Aurora Lutheran
General Hospital

Drawing, 2018
Colored Pencils

- I love to paint/draw/create to relax. I'm involved with three different women's painting groups. This piece of art work is my favorite, for I was amazed how beautiful and realistic one can create with colored pencils.



Can't Help Falling in Love
in Keyboard and Saxophone
by Lorena and Lorenzo

Lorena Elano

RN-Med-Surg

Rush University Medical Center

Musical Performance

ARTIST STATEMENT: Lorena Elano

- I'm a Med-Surg full time RN and a mom of Lorenzo who played the saxophone. I can play some piano, only finished kindergarten in my piano lessons! Lorenzo was in third grade at that time and just started saxophone lesson in school around September 2016. I got excited and started thinking of music that I can play. I figured out the chords for the saxophone and let my son practice and he looked for his chords in his saxophone since I don't play saxophone. We practiced together during our time off and mother and son time. It was in time for Valentine's Day when we almost made it perfect so we tried to record the best we could and posted to greet everyone happy valentines on Facebook for them to enjoy our first music played together. I'm so proud of him to play this music as a beginner in playing saxophone. This music sounds so relaxing to me each time I listened to it and treasuring the time when we were together practicing revived my energy.



"Grand Canyon: Renewal in Nature"

Caitlin Fehrenbacher
Nursing PhD Student
Rush University

Photography, 2018

ARTIST STATEMENT: Caitlin Fehrenbacher

- There is no art I can create that would compare with the art that nature creates without our help.



"The Seventh Night of Chanukah"

Caitlin Fehrenbacher
Nursing PhD Student
Rush University

Photography, 2019

ARTIST STATEMENT: Caitlin Fehrenbacher

- The stillness of burning candles in a dark room as snow falls silently outside the window illustrates perfectly the peace that traditions can bring.



"Big Bed Room" and "Quilting with Friends"

Kay Fischer RN, NP
Advocate Aurora Sinai
Medical Center

Fiber Arts, 1987 and 1985
58" x 87" and 70" x 53"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Kay Fischer

- These were done in a quilting class with old friends. The lighter colored quilt was made in a class that three of my high-school friends took together (long after high school!). It was so easy, and the camaraderie so wonderful, that we planned a "girls quilting weekend." It was during this time that the primary colored quilt was created. This time we were on our own, five of us, each with a "mission" to finish our quilt while we talked about things old (high school) and new (children and careers, mine as a nurse), ate communal food (too much), and drank toasts to our friendship and talents.

I don't remember if any of us completed our quilt during the weekend, but mine was finished fairly soon after our time together and placed on the "big boy bed" of my third child. He is now 35 years old and living in Tanzania (he didn't have room for the quilt!). The group of 5 quilters, I am happy to tell you, STILL get together to talk, eat, and drink, and although we have had several "girls weekends" through the years, we have never made another quilt together.

I smile every time I see these quilts hanging in my bedroom, remembering so many things. And in today's world of uncertainty and social distancing, having these memories and being able to smile mean more than they ever did before -- I think I will plan a follow-up quilting weekend for early 2021.



“The Healing Power of Nature”

Amy Funk

PhD, RN-BC

Assistant Professor

Illinois Wesleyan University

School of Nursing

Photography, 2010-2019

ARTIST STATEMENT: Amy Funk

- I mix hiking and photography as my primary stress reliever. My therapy is being out in the wild to capture moments in time. Sometimes you stumble upon magical moments!



"Seasons of Change"

Rachel Gage

RN, NP

Advocate Aurora Healthcare

Mixed Media

Paint, pencil and plaster

11 " x 14"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Rachel Gage

- I'm not an artist, however I enjoy being creative. Life with little children can feel overwhelming when you work full time and often one feels pulled in a multitude of directions. I can only hope by doing my best, I am doing right by my patients and my children/family.



"Use Now Short Dated"

Rachel Gage as submitter, however all artists:
Caleb Barrett, RN, Diane Bergendahl, MA, Maureen Blaha, RN, NP, Megan Blank, RN, Julie Boehmer, RN, Melody Brewer, RN. Kelly Campbell, RN, NP, Naweed Chowdhury, MD, Cassandra Cruz, RN, Patrice Fedel, RN, NP, Kay Fischer, RN, NP, Rachel Gage, RN, NP, Jamie Geniesse, RN, Anna Hayes, RN, Patrick Herson, MD, Amber Hoffman, MA, Brooke Irving, WCT, Betsy Jaruseski, RN, Karen T. Jones, RN, Krysta Jones, MA, Anna Kaufman, RN, Jennifer Kumm, RN, Norrie Legare, Student nurse, Taneeka Lopez, MA, Amanda Miller, RN, Emily Nehmer, RN, Angela Pease, RN, NP, Dennis Oreilana Borilla, RN Student, Liliana Perez-Rios, RN, Sara Robles, PSR, Carol Schultz, LPN, Samuel Serdar, RN, Meagan Sondergaard, RN, Krystal Stenholt, RN, Katie Trimberger, RN, Amanda Tuinstra, RN, Krystte Ugarte, MA, Alice Vodak, RN/CM

Advocate Aurora Health Racine & Kenosha Wisconsin

Mixed Media, 2020
Medication caps, glue, paint, canvas
24" x 30" x 1.5"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Advocate Aurora Health Racine & Kenosha Wisconsin

- We wanted all caregivers who needed a restorative art break to participate. I coordinated the art to rotate from different units or different outpatient offices and prepped the canvas and acquired supplies and then shared the general vision (for the art to strive to accomplish an abstract rainbow) however let the various units create and design as they desired. The goal was for gentle self care utilizing the arts in a non stressful setting, which could be accomplished in 5-minute increments as many of the caregivers, especially in the ICU would have exceptionally busy days.



DON'T
FORGET
ABOUT
ME.



"We Three Bees"

Grace Gallagher
Nursing Student
Loyola University Chicago

Mixed Media, 2019
Watercolor and Ink
4" x 4"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Grace Gallagher

- The process of creating has always held more value to me than the creation itself. It is what has continuously captivated me about art. However I feel about the piece in the end, the time spent forging an idea into a physical work is what I cherish. Round little birds, just-blooming flowers, a teeny bee. My work is often reflective of that which is overlooked day-to-day. Taking those small details and making them the center of the piece is what I enjoy most. These humble bees each carry with them a different phrase, meekly begging they not be forgotten, hoping that their importance be recognized...just as we all do.

A Nursing Student's Reflection on Thick Skin

Many people in my life—when I told them about my career change—immediately said, “Oh, you will be such a great nurse,” shortly followed by, “ooh, but you’re going to have to figure out how not to be affected by all that suffering.” I know, I say, I tend to absorb that. A speaker in one of my classes recently said, “It’s hard to walk away from patients if you don’t feel they are as comfortable as they can be.” I picture myself trying to take leave of a patient who is in pain. Conjuring up this image alone puts me in that emotional place, and I can imagine it will be hard for me to accept the limitations of nursing interventions. However, as I get more exposed to sickness, I am more confident that disease and injury are not going to be what gets me down. And based on my experiences in my previous career, I don’t think it will be the bureaucracy, either. The thick skin that would protect me in nursing is no different from the thick skin that would also, someday, protect me in my regular life, before I ever got into this nursing thing.

In the 1971 book *Crime in America*, former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark speaks about the human compulsion to harm one another. There will always be crimes of passion, he writes, because we are emotional, reactive, aggressive creatures. Premeditated predatory crime, however, could one day be eradicated, if only we created the societal conditions in which care for one another was recognized as essential to our own survival and safety.

I wonder if I could make a case for this postulate in terms of disease and injury. While we cannot prevent the natural (even untimely) breakdown of human body systems, nor prevent every accident from happening, we could, someday, create the conditions in which no one becomes ill or disabled due to environmental toxins, lack of access to safe drinking water, state violence, isolation, or hopelessness.

When I think about what will be emotionally toughest about this shiny, new career, I don’t think it’s any different from what I find difficult to endure on a regular day out in the world. I have come to terms with my own thin skin when it comes to heartbreak and suffering—and with my persistent attraction to this space. I can accept that life is difficult. Rather, it’s the cruelty and neglect that will wear me out, perpetrated by systems that value some lives over others, manifest in disease, injury, and isolation. The quality of nursing care I deliver will depend on my abilities to sustain compassion toward others, to integrate all that I learn, and to seize opportunities for healing—not just patients, but broken systems, and myself. Proximity to suffering born of human dysfunction will undoubtedly get me down, but it will also get me up and push me to speak, to act, to write.

It turns out that I’m not so worried about being impacted by the suffering of others; in fact, I think being sensitive to it will make me a better nurse. And the thick skin that would protect me from devastation from social injustice—well, maybe that isn’t so useful after all.

"A Nursing Student's Reflection on Thick Skin"

Short Essay

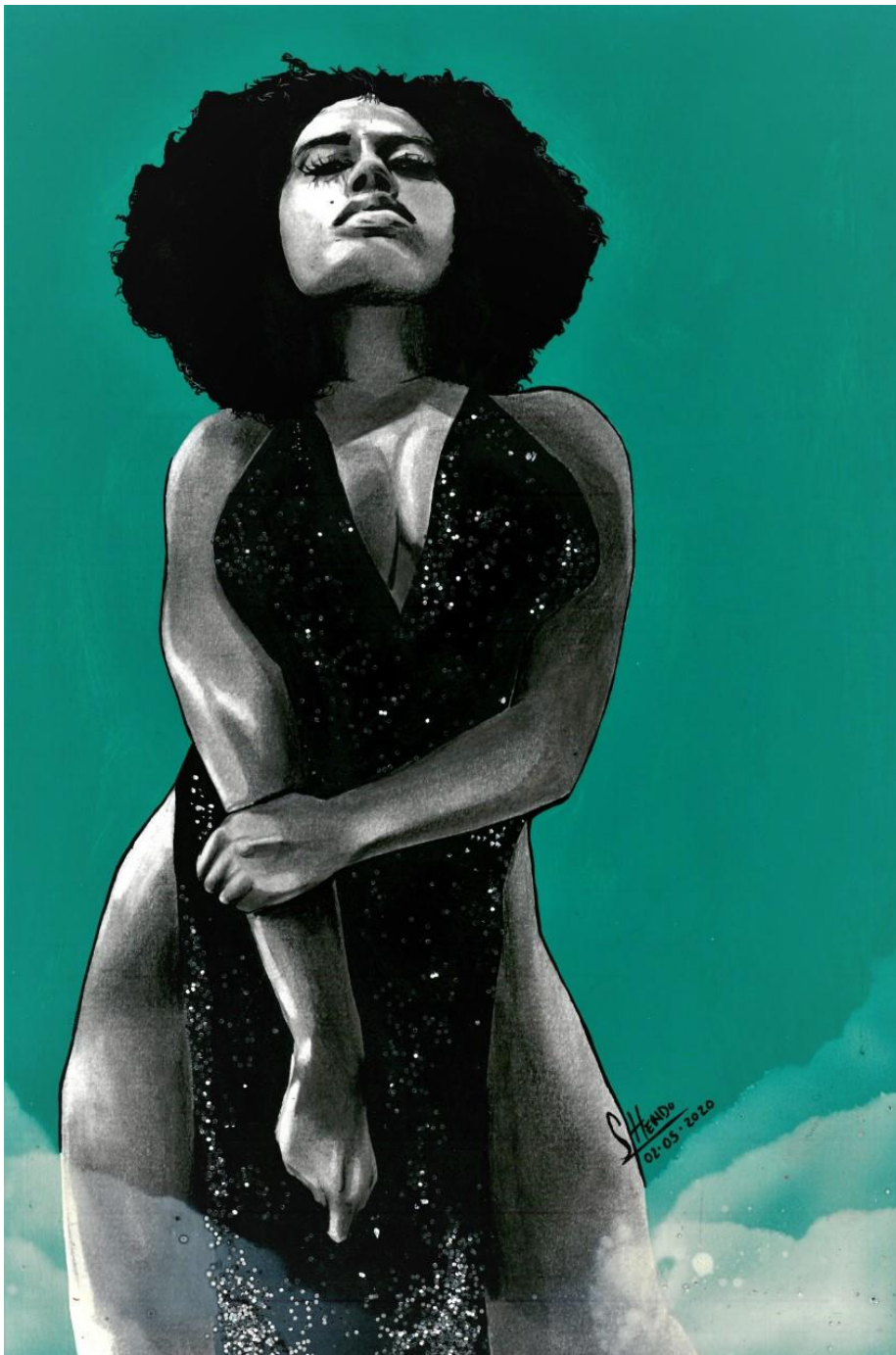
Theresa Gibbons

MS Nursing Student

University of Illinois At Chicago

ARTIST STATEMENT: Theresa Gibbons

- Writing makes me feel like I can slow down my life just a little. It helps me grow from my experiences, unmask my internal incongruities, and discover the guiding principles by which I want to live. I've usually kept a journal, but I have never shared my personal writing. However, I have gained so much from others who've shared their insights, so I thought perhaps someone can relate to mine, too.



“All that Glitters”

Sedane Henderson
Nursing Student
Malcolm X College

Mixed Media, 2020
Pencil, Ink, Acrylic Paint, Glitter
24” x 18”

ARTIST STATEMENT: Sedane Henderson

- I appreciate women with afros with sparkly dresses!



“Justice Lord Superman”

Sedane Henderson
Nursing Student
Malcolm X College

Mixed Media, 2019
Marker, Ink, Acrylic Paint
24” x 18”

ARTIST STATEMENT: Sedane Henderson

- Superman is my favorite superhero. In most comics he strives to do what is right. He has so much power, yet he chooses to make his alter ego someone that is powerless. However, I've always been fascinated by the take on Superman being more than just the boy scout superhero.



“Red Shadow”

Sedane Henderson
Nursing Student
Malcolm X College

Mixed Media, 2020
Pencil, Ink, Acrylic Paint, Glitter
24” x 18”

ARTIST STATEMENT: Sedane Henderson

- For this piece I used, pencil, ink, acrylic paint, and glitter paint



"The Gift"

Food for the Body & Soul

Submitted by Lynn Hennessy,
CNO Book project team and
editorial board: Mary Kathryn
Murphy, Karen Bogdan, Michael
Moonan, Susan Massatt, Janette
Nichols, and Colleen A. Perez

Advocate Christ Medical
Center/Advocate Children's
hospital nurses

Narrative (Printed book), 2014
71 pages; 47 stories, 36 recipes
8.5" x 11.5"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Advocate Christ Medical Center/Advocate Children's hospital nurses (submitted by Lynn Hennessy)

- This book was created by nurses, for nurses. It is intended to elicit emotional responses to the stories of our caregiver authors and to motivate others to write stories of their own. The book also offers recipes for the body, hence the title, *Food for the Body and Soul*. I was privileged to be one of the authors selected and shared a challenging experience in my early time as a neurological intensive care nurse, an experience I also view as a gift. Sixteen years later, there is still much value to this publication and the physical and mental nourishment it provides.



"Fallopian Flowers"

Magnolia Hickman
Nursing Student
Loyola University Chicago

Embroidery
8" x 8"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Magnolia Hickman

- I am a nursing student at Niehoff School of Nursing Loyola University Chicago, and my passion for women's health inspired me to incorporate floral detail into my embroidery of a uterus. I view the uterus as one of the most powerful and incredible things in the world, as it has the ability to create life. A new being literally grows and blossoms from the womb, and I thought flowers were the perfect way to capture this idea.



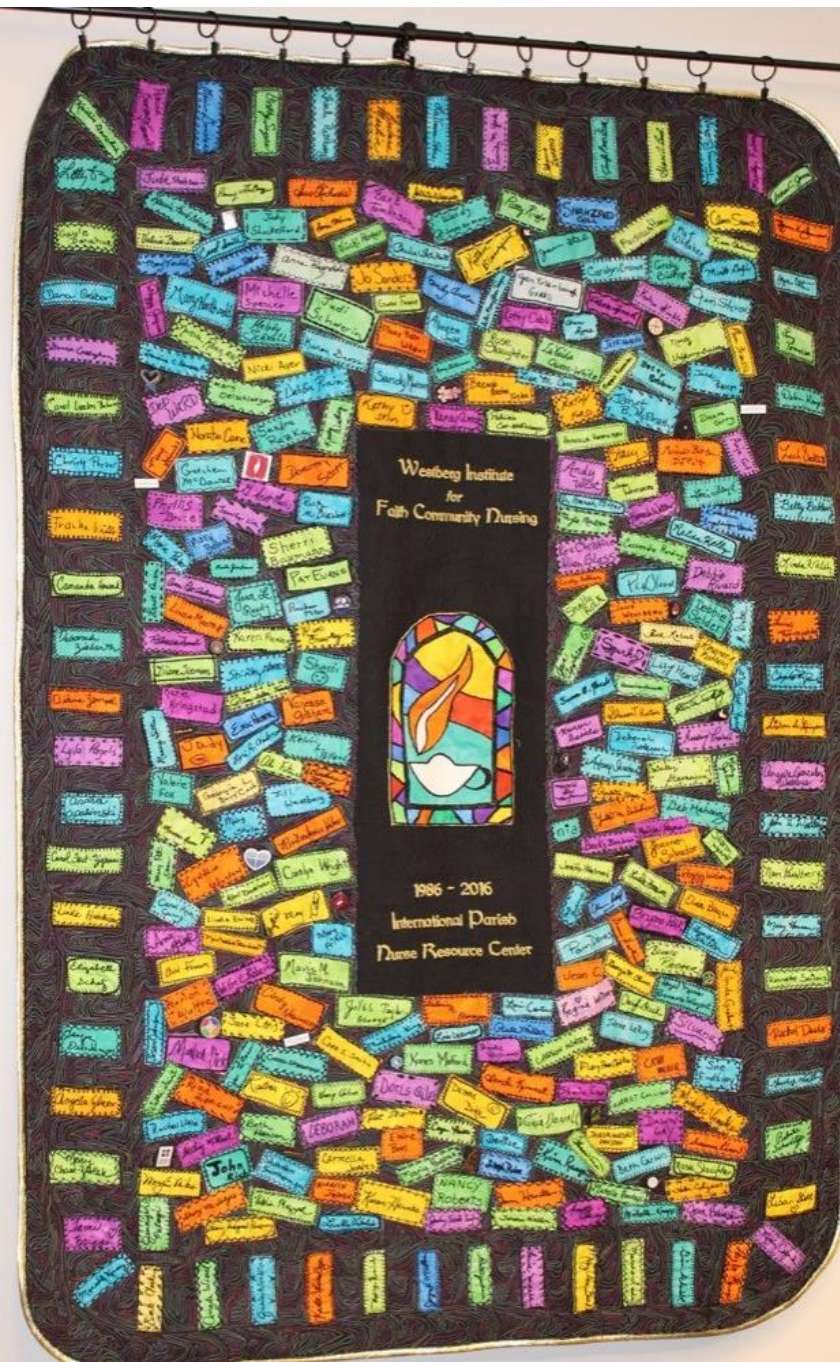
"Not-so-busy-bee"

Magnolia Hickman
Nursing Student
Loyola University Chicago

Drawing/Coloring, 2019
6" x 4"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Magnolia Hickman

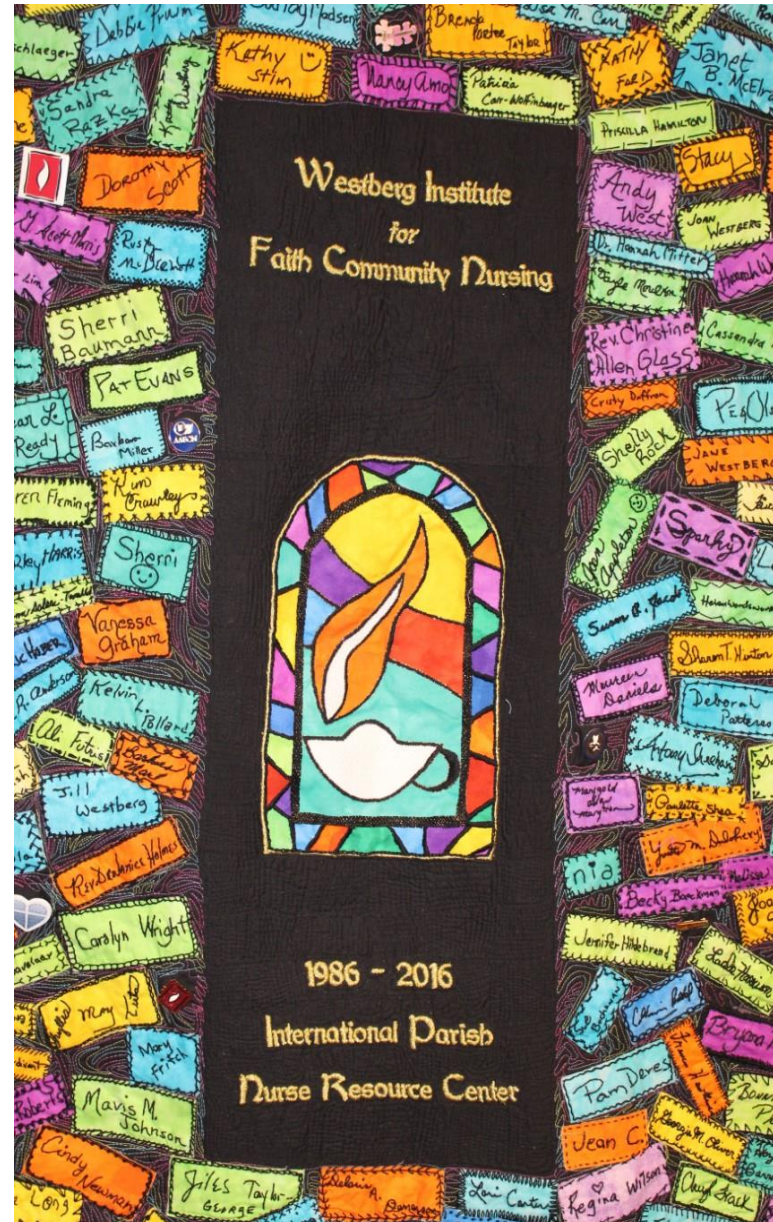
- Being a nursing student, I feel like I am always busy, but I really want to capture the importance of taking a breath and noticing life in the moment.



"Faith Community Nursing Commemorative Quilt"

Sharon Hinton, Katie Hinton, and 323 faith community nurses
Westberg Institute for Faith Community Nursing

Textiles, 2017
Quilting and Embroidery
75" x 51"



ARTIST STATEMENT: Westberg Institute for Faith Community Nursing

- This quilt was made as a celebration of the 30th anniversary of and to commemorate the organizational name change from The International Parish Nurse Resource Center to the Westberg Institute for Faith Community Nursing. Patchwork artist Katie R. Hinton was commissioned to design, assist the nurse participants, and execute the project. Hinton's design draws on both traditional "crazy quilt" embroidered patchwork, stained-glass windows that often identify faith community nurses and a version of the Nightingale lamp.
- The focus of the design was to highlight the unique qualities of each nurse and how their contributions enhance the entire specialty practice. 323 signatures on patches of colored cotton fabric were hand-embroidered either by the nurse or the artist and then secured to the black base fabric with a unique embroidered border by Hinton. A collection of nursing pins associated with the specialty practice were added and the quilt backed with grey felt and free-hand machine-quilted. Intended to show the wide range of individuals involved in Faith Community Nursing worldwide, signatures were collected at the 2016 Westberg Symposium with other signatures being sent to Hinton's studio from multiple countries by nurses unable to attend.



"A walk in the woods"

Linda Hofer

RN-Trauma ICU

Advocate Christ Medical Center

Pastel Drawing, 2001
12.5" x 16.25"

ARTIST STATEMENT: Linda Hofer

I drew this from a photo I took while walking in the Tinley Creek Forest Preserve. Signed it "SCI" which is a nickname given me by my family.



"Angel Shawl"

Meng Huang
Nursing Student
UIC College of Nursing

Fiber Arts, Yarn



ARTIST STATEMENT: Meng Huang

- I am a first-year nursing student at UIC College of Nursing. Angel Shawl was created with an unintentional imperfection on one of its wings. When the original white yarn ran out, I refilled it with another white yarn and later found out it was a different shade of white after completion. It is symbolic that even with imperfections, individuals are uniquely beautiful.



“Forever my light in the darkest of days”

Maribel Huerta
RN-Surgical/Trauma ICU
Christ Medical Center

Photography, 2019
11” 14”

ARTIST STATEMENT: Maribel Huerta

- When I was 15, I was a trauma patient and was given a second chance at life. It was then that I knew I had a purpose, a chance to help others in similar situations, so I became a Nurse. Ever since then I've shed some light in the times of darkness to everyone I care for. My son has been my light through my darkest of days allowing me to share the light to others.
- As nurses, we see lives coming to the end of their paths on a day to day basis, which impacts us in an emotional and spiritual way. I do photography as a hobby to balance life and death. To me, photography brings back like and continues the memory for years and generations to come. The souls behind the photos continue to live, forever frozen in a time of happiness.
- Models: Brother and Niece



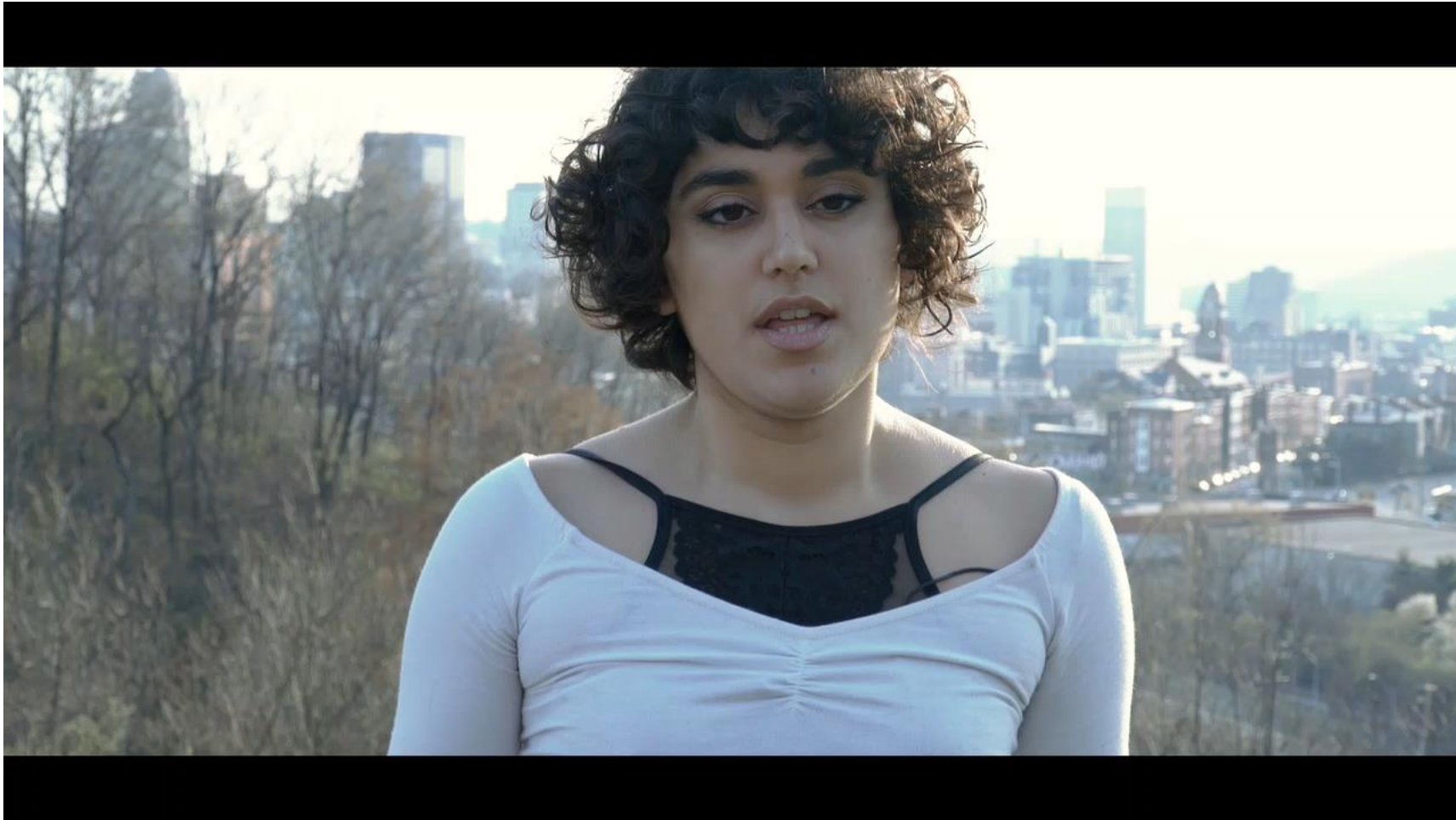
“Societally-Induced Self-Hatred of Minorities: I Wantchu Back”

Spoken Word Poetry, 2019

Sabrina Jamal-Eddine
Nursing PhD Student
University of Illinois at Chicago

ARTIST STATEMENT: Sabrina Jamal-Eddine

- I am a Nursing PhD Student, IL LEND Trainee, and recipient of the University Fellowship at the University of Illinois at Chicago focusing my work on 'identity-based oppression in the context of healthcare and looking at spoken word poetry as an innovative form of narrative pedagogy to educate nursing students, instructors, and practitioners about identity-based oppressions and the consequential identity-based health inequities.
- Eventually I hope to enter state-level senate to represent the unrepresented voices of queer Arab American women and healthcare providers alike.
- I wrote this poem for a TEDxTalk at The Ohio State University in 2019. I reflect on my life experience with Islamophobia and Xenophobia post-9/11 and the societally-induced self hatred experienced by minorities.



“LGBTQ+: Somewhere Over the Rainbow I Hear Babies Cry”

Spoken Word Poetry, 2018

Sabrina Jamal-Eddine
Nursing PhD Student
University of Illinois at Chicago

ARTIST STATEMENT: Sabrina Jamal-Eddine

- I wrote this poem for Community Pride in Columbus, OH. writing in response to learning about the case of Gabriel Fernandez and included her own personal experiences with queerness and homophobia.



“Invisible Disability”

Spoken Word Poetry, 2018

Sabrina Jamal-Eddine

Nursing PhD Student

University of Illinois at Chicago

ARTIST STATEMENT: Sabrina Jamal-Eddine

- I wrote this poem for Community Pride in Columbus, OH. during her Women's Gender and Sexuality Studies Independent Study course. I introspected upon my personal experience with medically-induced disability as a survivor of mass medical malpractice (1 of over 500 cases committed by the same surgeon in my hometown of Cincinnati, OH.) I delved into my experience with ableism and having an invisible disability.