

Internship with a Graduate – A Chance to Take a Glance into a Different World

Thanks to my father, I arrive at the hospital 30 minutes earlier than the time we had set. Now it's time to wait for her. 10 minutes, 15, 30, 45 minutes have passed, and people are telling me she still is in the conference room, apparently discussing an important case with her colleagues. I take my book out, which by the way is written by a doctor, and I hold it just above my head while reading it, almost in an unconscious effort to get someone's attention. While I am still eyeing the entrance to the conference room, a mother comes along, riding her son's stroller. There is a slight fear in her eyes, but not an obvious one. She conceals it gracefully, as if to assure both herself and her son that everything will someday be better. The stroller then faces to me, and I realize the boy's condition. His muscles are constantly tightening uncontrollably; he is struggling to get off the stroller with his very active yet weak hands. Realizing his efforts are in vain, he starts screaming. Screaming like no one is or will ever be hear him. I take my notepad out, and start writing: "If you are ever to complain about something, remember this day. It's the 17th of June, the day of your internship interview".

Last summer, I did an internship at Esnaf Hospital, working with a UAA graduate, who is a professor of physiotherapy and rehabilitation. She is no mediocre doctor. She neither deals with "fancy" cases, nor does she have the appropriate environment to work in. Her patients consist of disabled children, most of whom are suffering from cerebral palsy, the paralysis of the brain. In the three weeks I spent at the hospital, I translated over 50 pages of medical documents, applied a survey to patients concerning a medical research, and attended workshops. What I have learned about rehabilitation and neuromuscular disorders through all those texts and workshops will soon be forgotten, but I am certain that what she has taught me about the value of human life will linger forever.

Our world is a pretty isolated one. Worrying over exam grades, concerning about how high an oral grade will be, or maybe for some us, struggling to read that one line adding somewhat more emotion on stage. These are our daily troubles. While constantly saying: "Öğrencilik zor zanaat", we miss the fact that real human beings, and in real life, have to deal with such inhumanly horrible problems. But theirs is an isolated world too. As sensitive a topic this is, the awareness is ironically low. I believe that the best possible and valuable aid one might receive during hard times is moral support. This most certainly applies to disability, for technical support might only increase the quality of life to a certain extent.

This internship gave me the opportunity to take a quick glance at this world which is far away from mine. It provided me a whole new perspective on physiotherapy and rehabilitation, for my mind could only think of those through the notion of dance. At the ripe age of 17, I was given the opportunity to interact with patients from all over Turkey, and was trusted upon

actual medical translations. I learned to reject the new trend of calling patients “clients” deep from my soul; and most importantly, I matured in the hands of a tender yet strong doctor whose influences on me will remain - I hope - for as long as I live.

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