

AMHE NEWSLETTER

AUTUMN 2017

DECEMBER 11



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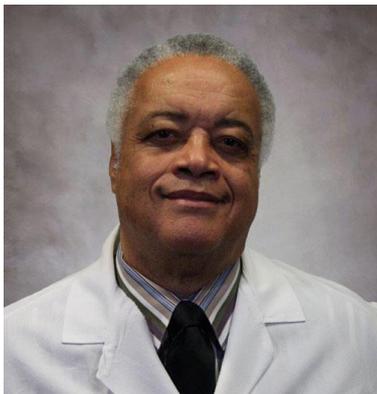
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HAITIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION ABROAD ASSOCIATION MEDICALE HAÏTIENNE À L'ÉTRANGER



To the AMHE Membership

Dear AMHE Members, Family and Friends

As we pause to reflect on the passed year, one has to look inside on his accomplishments.

Each of us at the AMHE wishes to you and yours, a happy Holiday Season; We have witnessed closely the Misery and the Poverty during our last Convention, in the way our compatriots are living in our Country. There are profound changes we have never witnessed. We have recently heard the cry of our classmates on the deterioration of the conditions in which they are forced to treat their patients at the HUEH, the main general hospital. We are able to make a small difference

through our medical missions and AMHE Foundation. A medical mission is scheduled for February 2018 in Cap Haiti at the HUIJ (Justinien). I encourage you to participate and bring your valuable assistance to make a difference.

Please join forces to support your Association and make a difference in the Delivery of Care in our Country.

Best Wishes to all.

Maxime Coles MD

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More words of the Editor....

Reynald Altema MD is a well known member who has left his indelible mark in the AMHE Association. He worked with me in the Central Executive Committee in different capacities and has accomplished his duty well. He is a man of his words. He has never afraid to bringing help and when I contacted him for the AMHE Newsletter, he was one of the first one to offer to bring interesting articles for the benefit of our members. He is never too busy to help and his willing to add a positive note to

our Newsletter need to be appreciated. A new "Rubrique": "NUGGETTS" will be offered as of today and we would like you to welcome his efforts. You may remember well what he once told us and I repeat his words published on the "Writer's page of the AMHE. Listen to him well and you may understand his devotion to our Association. Thanks Reynald for the support and welcome with "NUGGETTS".

Maxime Coles MD



Reynald Altema MD dixit in the Foreward of his book: "The Boy by the Sea"

As a physician who used to have a large Haitian clientele when I was in private practice, I was struck many times by the alarming number of patients who were virtual illiterate because even though they did attend school, they barely got beyond fourth or fifth grade education and they had the hardest time passing the history exam to become US citizens. I thought about this phenomenon and decided to explore the world of the illiterate. The setting of the book came by happenstance. Searching for something original, I chose the northwest, influenced by some patients of mine born and raised there who always were telling me about the great past of the region.

My goal in writing the book was to find fictional but real characters facing the daily struggles of surviving in a society with few social safety valves. I allowed my imagination to run wild in creating the characters while making sure of the verisimilitude of their existence. The main theme was the constraints that illiteracy put on these folks like a leaden albatross around their neck. At the same time and on a parallel track, the importance of relationships in people's lives was paramount. In our culture, traditionally, helping one another was a given. In fact this is a carryover here in America because the lowest earners disproportionately send remittances back home compared to the well heeled.

No society can ever become prosperous without an educated workforce. Education is the backbone of social and personal success. We who live in the learned world have a hard time imagining what every day life is like among the other group that can't read a road sign or instructions in a booklet. Yet they find a way to survive against all odds. Eradication of illiteracy in our society would be an apotheosis on the same scale as our freedom from bondage two centuries ago.

Enjoy NUGGETTS.

Gongolo

(first part)

Reynald Altema, MD

Bloody Tuesday was the term used to describe this infamous day in June 1966 in a little town of Haiti when Marcel, a well-to-do retired accountant, let loose his pit bull, Polo, against school kids who had been throwing stones against his delicious mangos, attempting to steal them. The dog maimed many of them. At the sight of bleeding and injuries, “This will teach you not to steal my fruits and throw stones,” was his observation with his gruff voice and mean mien. The deed went unpunished but his reputation suffered immensely.

Marcel, bald, paunchy, jowled, a recluse almost, taciturn, dour, had a limp, muttonchops, café-au-lait tint, peppercorn but white hair. He lived in an imposing gingerbread house with wrap-around veranda, a large yard and an adjoining field that he used for fruit planting. He had a large collection: mango, neeseberry, sweep and sour sop, guinep, avocado; his herbs were just as numerous. Ever the clever man, he used vetiver as a natural mosquito repellent.

That he neither related to nor shared with his neighbors were sins in this environment where people valued fellowship and mutual cooperation, surviving skills passed down from slavery days. How he came to be this persona was an interesting dénouement. His life was a riches-to-rags-to-riches epic. Son of an affluent coffee planter, destitute from age seven till nineteen, after his father’s sudden death. His uncle who took over the business was a lousy manager and heavy gambler.

Marcel tasted first hand the humiliations brought on by deprivation. Many a day he had to stay home due to late payment of tuition and or go to bed on an empty belly, yet a ravenous appetite. Nonetheless he was a brilliant student. The school headmaster offered him a full scholarship. As expected Marcel was a laureate in both parts of the national Exams, bringing prestige to the school. A math ace, he liked numbers so much he went into accounting, again on scholarship abroad, thanks to his academic record.

Once he returned to the country, he was hired by an accounting firm, going on a fast track and reaching a senior position. Due to infighting, he quit and founded his own firm and he became very successful. Unfortunately, he saw life through the prism of accumulation of dollars and cents. Spending became a *bête noire* without exception causing his wife and children to seethe. Finally tired of fighting with him, she left him and married another man but drowned a few years later.

After her death he had custody of his kids to their disappointment. His topsy-turvy life experience made him conclude that since he pulled himself by his own boot straps (forgetting the help he received along), he had no intention of helping others. Needless to say, his children didn’t enjoy his parenting skills. He imposed strict rules, among others, a superlative academic performance. His kids did well in school but fell short of his expectations. Hence he decided not to send them abroad even if they had scholarship offers. That started a chasm that reached a boiling point when his daughter, Germaine, decided to marry. Marcel set a tight budget for it and wouldn’t budge.

Incensed and fed up by his stinginess, brother and sister pooled their meager savings and had a modest ceremony without him. He felt insulted and robbed of the privilege of walking his daughter down the aisle. They haven't talked since.

Demanding and overbearing, he grated on Raynette, his dark, rotund, middle-aged maid. She in turn retaliated by gossiping on him, now the butt of derision in the neighborhood, especially at the barbershop. His gluttony/avarice and his limp were constant fodder. Like the earthworm that constantly fed, he was nicknamed, *Gongolo*, in the local vernacular.

“He has never met an expense he likes. He eats enough for three persons!”

His limp was due to a large hernia, an intoxicating fixation among the local men. *Maklouklou*, perhaps an African word, but no matter, it captivated people's imagination about its cause.

“This is a source of manhood. He has a young lover and needs every help he can get!”

“No, he is too damn cheap to have it operated on.”

“You have it all wrong. It is due to a big worm and that is why he has to eat, otherwise it would suck him dry!”

There you have it. Folks speculating about a *maklouklou* and each one claiming to have the ultimate insight about it. He didn't care to have it removed due to the expense involved. June 1966 was the time of World Cup games in football. Pelé was the then reigning king and an iconic symbol among local rabid fans. A new star from Angola, Eusebio, also of ebony hue, as part of the national team of Portugal was the rage. Sole owner of a stereo system and a long antenna, he had good reception of the games' broadcasts. Folks resented not being able to come and listen. However folks had become dependent on him at night playing Mexican, Cuban or French crooners.

Marcel's girl friend next door, Gina, a childless widow, was the principal of the local all-girls Catholic school at the nearest town. Pear-like both in hue and shape, ten years his junior with wavy silvery hair, aubergine tinted lips, heavy brows. A pious but conflicted woman, she long resisted premarital sex but after a long courtship, she gave in. She wanted to keep this a secret, impossible in a small town where snooping on anybody's private life was fair game. She missed married life but Marcel was reluctant to commit.

“My hand feels naked without a ring,” cocking her head with left hand on her waist, an ingénue pose bordering on the flirtatious.

“Why rush into anything?”

“Are you worried about the cost?”

“Well, there would be a cost all right, but-“

“You make me sick,” and she left, slamming the door.

A few minutes later, “Help, the dog is hurting me!” hollered Gina. Marcel ran fast to discover Polo, on Gina’s chest, growling and blood coming from her calf. Marcel had some difficulty restraining Polo and “Raynette, please call the neighbor to come for help.” Albert, a lithe but skinny young fellow, a freelance bus or truck driver came to the rescue, all surprised for being sought. He immediately secured Polo against a post. Marcel stood, haggard, in submission rather than in control, observed Raynette. “Albert would you drive us to the hospital?” handing him the car keys. Albert was incredulous. Marcel rarely spoke to him. Raynette made a tourniquet to stem the blood flow. During the ride, Gina kept groaning in pain while Marcel kept sweating profusely and remaining silent. Halfway along, he passed out. “Please hurry up and get to the hospital,” implored Gina who now became concerned with Marcel’s health, forgetting her own searing discomfort.

At the hospital, the physician, a graying, husky man promptly met them. He quickly sutured Gina’s Gina wound after checking on Marcel. “His blood sugar is very high,” he announced and “he is lucky to be alive.” Marcel had to stay and remained unconscious till the following day. Gina stood by him and slept on a chair next to his bed.

“I don’t want to die,” Marcel whispered to Gina while holding her hand firmly, “Don’t leave me,” he besieged.

“Don’t worry, I have your back,” passing her palm gently on his forehead and with her index finger, she traced a line from there to the nose and stopped at the upper lip. She bent over to touch hers against it. Marcel wept. “What happened? All I remember is you were angry at me and everything else is a blur.”

“Relax for the time being.”

The next day when she returned, “Darling I had the most inspiring dream. You were my guardian angel and promised me to help me physically and emotionally if I change my ways,” and holding his left palm on his chest, holding her hand and squeezing it, he searched her eyes and murmured, “Yes I want to change my ways,” and without missing a beat, “which ring did you have in mind?”

“Get better first. Once you ask me properly then we can get the ring together,” butterflies were running across her chest; she knew her thrust was aided by a tailwind.

Marcel stayed at the hospital for a few days. He never knew he had diabetes and this was a new realm for him. Changing his ways meant wholesale undoing and mending fences. Once he reached back home, he started doing just that. “Albert, you saved my life. I owe you,” in a handshake he slid a wad of bills. Next was Raynette, “I have been hard on you and I have never thanked you for all the hard work you perform. Thank you,” as he put in some money into her palm, a first, to her amazement. Marcel’s new lease on life came with his realization he needed to open his eyes, become aware of others’ feelings, opinions and needs. He learned the hard way that we all need one another. This seminal admission was a game changer.

His first night back, Marcel had a nightmare, with vivid images in succession. First Bloody Tuesday,

Gina's catastrophe, a collage of scenes of his children at different stages, cooing, saying "dada" for the first time, drooling on him while smiling, and at different milestones such as first day of school, first communion... He awoke in the middle of the night with cold sweats. He felt lonely, empty. His soul was now wallowing in muck, mire as undesirable as navigation in quicksand. Nothing short of regurgitation of his bilge accumulated over time would do. He also realized he would miss out on being a grandparent, an elder's obstinate fancy.

Two items merited his immediate attention, a new dietary menu and repair of his frayed relationship with his son and daughter. Either was a tall order with the second one so remote as to almost be impossible. He thoroughly discussed the matter with Gina. She knew that she was witnessing an epiphany. "Let me see what I can do. I know your daughter is also a teacher and there is an upcoming meeting with the bishop. Let me approach her," Gina volunteered, as she rubbed his arm.

"You resemble my neighbor Marcel a lot. He is your dad, right?"

"He is somebody I chose to exclude from my life. He was a Grinch, very hard to please and so tight fisted," his daughter Germaine retorted, as she looked straight into space with her face drawn.

Gina felt awkward. Not being "Dad's little girl" was an alien concept to her. Her own dad spoiled her and they remained close till his death. She lost her mom during childbirth. Her dad never remarried. Her two grannies helped with rearing duties. A silence followed and Germaine defused it, "Of course you didn't know and have nothing to do with that," with a forced smile. Germaine was almost a copy of her dad's facial features, nub nose, cheeked, same skin hue. Her lips and chin must have come from her mom. She had thick, coarse hair well braided; a buxom with well-chiseled rump, dressed in style. At the end of the meeting, on their way out, " Jr., this teacher lives next door to our father," Germaine said to her brother, a dark and tall fellow with uncanny resemblance with Marcel but with broad shoulders, large ears and hands. He was an impeccable dresser and was there to pick up his sister. Grimacing, "Forget it. This man used to whip me all the time. I don't care about him. In fact he can go to hell!"

The first two words carried Germaine into a torture chamber and the rest, a sharp knife twisting into her entrails at a slow pace. Sensing Gina's discomfort, Germaine intervened, "Keep doing the excellent work at your school. Take care." The raw words expressed were suffocating, the situation sulfurous. Gina was very disturbed by that. She knew at the very least it would be a Sisyphean task and her avowed commitment to Marcel was being stress tested. "You have to make an overture. Your children are angry with you. Let them know you care," was Gina's suggestion to Marcel. In his newfound humility, he painstakingly wrote a letter to his daughter.

Reynald Altema, MD

Second part next week



About Gracia Martin Pierre-Pierre, MD CAQSM

Gracia Martin Pierre-Pierre MD is one of the first Physician to have benefited from the AMHE Residency Rotation Program at Coffeyville KS. He also rotated in Newyork and was accepted in a Family Practice program. He subsequently did a fellowship in Sport Medecine / non Surgical Orthopedics.

He can evaluate and treat sports injuries, musculoskeletal conditions and works in collaboration with Orthopedics, PM&R, Neurology, Rheumatology, Physical therapy teams. He is currently located at Lourdes Orthopedics Southside in Binghamton, NY.

He is an Adjunct Faculty member and can be reached at 857 526 6270. Please help me welcome Gracia Martin, a son of the AMHE in his new Practice. He will certainly keep a membership with the Chapter of New York.

Maxime Coles MD
AMHE

“Sensibilisation à l’Ophtalmologie, à la Faculté de Médecine”



Upcoming Events



AMHE 45TH ANNUAL CONVENTION
A gathering of Healthcare Professionals and friends



DATE: JULY 22-29, 2018
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IN
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THEME: MEDICINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

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BY THE BEST IN THE
FIELD OF MEDICINE

NETWORKING
OPPORTUNITIES

RELAXATION: POOL
AND BEACH PARTIES

AND...MUCH MORE IN
A FAMILY FRIENDLY
ENVIRONMENT

ORGANIZED BY
THE CENTRAL EXECUTIVE
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AND THE
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FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE
CONTACT: MYRIAM DELVA
(514) 245-1015 OR VISIT US
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LE CRI DE L'ORPHELIN

Dr. Jean Serge Dorismond

Le jour, la nuit, les joies faciles, les amis,
Tout me semblait définitivement acquis.
Vivre était tout naturel sans penser à plus,
Jusqu'à l'instant fatal où Laura n'était plus.
En colère, indigné, avec le cœur blessé,
Je veux parler à ce prédateur étranger.
Je viens revendiquer mon bien exproprié,
Pour que lui reviennent pleine vie et santé.

Qui es-tu pour oser changer sa destinée?
Tu ne sembles pas connaître l'éternité,
Ayant tout créé pour une courte durée.
Trop égoïste, tu ne veux rien partager,
Mais imposer, à tout, une vie limitée.

En quoi consiste donc ta supposée puissance
Si c'est pour donner une fragile existence
Qui ne peut résister à la moindre nuisance ;
A peine venue, elle est déjà en partance... !

Pourquoi, Omniscient, tu ne peux pas deviner

Ni comprendre ce qu'est :
Aimer et être aimée
Quand ciel et terre chantent ses trente-trois ans.

Maman me disait que tu es partout présent ;
Que tu aimes beaucoup chacun de tes enfants ;
Et qu'elle te parlait avec le cœur content ;
Qu'elle recevait de tes mains, toujours à temps,
Tout pour nourrir sa famille et les autres gens ;
Que sa vie, était de toi, le plus beau présent ;
Précieux comme son petit garçon de neuf ans ;
Qu'elle te disait Merci en prière, en chants.
Pourquoi, pour sauver sa vie, étais tu absent ?

Lazare n'avait plus de Mère pour l'aimer,

Et ne demandait pas d'être ressuscité !!!
Mais Laura avait besoin d'être dorlotée,

Elle voulait vivre, s'épanouir, s'éclater,
Jouer de cette douce planète où elle est née.
Si tu devrais être la Créateur savant,
Tu devrais, pour le moins, avoir le cœur
aimant,

Etre un talentueux artiste au souffle puissant,
Dicter ta volonté à tous les éléments,

Dominer le feu, l'eau, le vent, surtout le temps.

La nature passe de l'Hiver au Printemps,
L'humain n'a pas besoin de tant de
changements.

Si tu maîtrisais tonnerre, orage et leurs flammes,
Tu pourrais bien réveiller une dormante âme,
Rendre immortelle la vie d'une belle femme,
Avec la magie d'une impérative voix
Qui retrouverait un écho divin en moi.

Si vraiment du tombeau, tu connus la froideur,
Si tu es encore sensible à la douleur,
Si tu ne restes pas indifférent aux pleurs,
Si pour toi, le temps est hier encore et demain

Plus haut que Josué, Tu n'as qu'à lever la main,
Du couchant au levant, le soleil passera,
De son profond sommeil, Laura se lèvera
Et en toi son cœur reconnaîtra le vrai Dieu
Vivant et tout puissant, Maître de tous les cieux.

THE ORPHAN'S CRY

*Every day, every night, with friends and easy joys:
It seemed I had it all, I was a very lucky boy!
For living was easy and natural to me
Until that fateful moment when my Laura ceased to be.
My heart was broken, no longer carefree,
I sought the cruel savage who stole her from me.
I looked everywhere for my mother divine,
And wanted her home again, feeling so fine...*

*Who are You, God, Who changes destiny?
You don't understand how long is "eternity."
Sharing everything you create
For such shortened, unfair, restrictive dates,
You are selfish, imposing such limits to fate!*

*Just how did You gain Your almighty repute
By such fraudulent actions—it doesn't compute!
Too delicate, fragile to stay in our sight,
Our Laura departed to eternal night.*

*Why, Mr. Powerful, can't you absorb:
Thirty-three is too young to depart from this orb?
But You cast me aside on the stormiest seas,
Without my dear mother still here to guide me...*

*Mama always said You "always are here"
That You love each and every child You hold dear,
And that she spoke to You with the happiest heart;
That she'd always received, direct from Your part,
Everything that she needed right from the start!
And that for her, life's great gift was the finest of all,
As precious as her son of nine, grown so very tall!*

*And she always gave thanks, in hymns and in prayers,
So, why didn't You save her, why weren't You there?*

*Lazarus had no Mother, to guide and to love,
And never did ask for Your help from above,
But Laura had so much more to give of her love!*

*She wanted to live, grow, to love and have fun,
Enjoying this planet wherein she'd begun.
If You, really, truly are playing Your part,
You should, at the least, have a loving, true heart!
Be a talented artist with a powerful breath,
Dominate water, wind, fire, and earth,
And dictate the rules and banish all death,*

*Nature will pass from winter to spring,
But we humans should not want for any dear thing!*

*If You truly are master of thunder and rain,
You could make my sweet Mama be living again,
Fill her beautiful body with immortality,
And with imperative magic,
find an echo in me!*

*If You really remember the coldness of the tomb,
Then You must recognize the bond born in Mother's womb,
And You do not remain cold, indifferent to tears,
If for You time won't matter, whether minutes or years!*

*Oh, Lord, higher than Moses, please lift up Your hand,
And my Mother, my Laura will once again stand!
From the deepest of sleep, Lovely Laura will rise,
And by this act Your status once more I'll surmise,
That You truly are Yahweh, Omnipotent and Wise!*