

OPEN FORUM INITIATIVE



HUMANS of CARDIOLOGY



Pennsylvania
CHAPTER

Sirens, bombings, and screaming eventually became a part of my daily routine at “Doctors Without Borders” mission for war-torn victims; however, each time we lost a human soul to war, within all the noise, the silence of death was still the most piercing.

One of my earliest nights on call, while lying down reflecting on a long day of caring for devastated civilians, I heard the resonant sound of bombardments, followed by the usual sound of an ambulance approaching. A poor 5-year-old boy was playing in a field; little did he know it was a mine field. He laid in front of me, in cardiac arrest with his right hand and both legs shattered. With no time to think but all the trust in each other as a team, we worked hand in hand, each doing our part, communicating both verbally and non-verbally, for a relentless resuscitation. I only looked at the time after little “John” finally opened his eyes and realized it was noon the next day. Yes, he is alive; another survivor to be astonished by. He recovered well in the chronic care camp and was fitted for prostheses.

As a cardiology fellow, I always start my day cherishing John’s innocent smile and wishing I am half the fighter he is, as his story gives meaning to what we do and reminds us that medicine saves, teamwork prevails, and hope is always there.

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