

21st FIRE

such a source
of respite and
solace

Gratitude
for the time,
truth, honesty,
connection and
sacred
space.

Being
unapologetic
about taking
time for no one
else but yourself.
I am real superhuman

Connection
Rather than

EVERY

Isolation
Shared experiences
power of
my people
take their
mind.

THING

giving myself a
chance to breathe.
Coming here each
week to learn and
grow.

(Risky vulnerability
Shared trauma
Solidarity
unconditional
Love

IS

CHCO CORAL Art Group

May 2023

Building Community,
Sharing Stories +
human experiences,
Feeling validated,
Reducing burnout
Thanks CORAL

FINE

Dedication to each
other and our
sacred stories in this
human healthcare
Journey

BREATHE IN. BREATHE OUT.
HONOR YOUR STORY YOUR
TRUTH. YOUR HUMANITY.
YOUR COMMUNITY. EACH OTHER.

Witness +
Be witnessed
...not okay...
cause I'm
alone

Leading to honor
and value my space
in this world. I
deserve to be SEEN

Dedicated to:

The ability to bare witness of the vulnerability of our sacred stories,
the gratitude for our growth and the community we made,
and most importantly-
each other.

"Healthcare Heros"

Drive emergent, sirens on
Dissociate from my body
Masks so tight,
to stay safe from covid-bodies.

"haven't heard from him in a few days"
"he's a home body"

stare down at his limp body.

Fight or flight in my body.

Comresse de gaze – moyenne
Compresa de gasa mediana

3 x 3 in
(7.6 x 7.6 cm)

1 Pad / Compresse / Compresa

Sterile unless package is damaged or open
Stérile tant que l'emballage est intact/
Estéril a menos que el envase esté roto o dañado

RH17

Now on the ambulance body.

on the stretcher, a pale & diaphanetic body.

Afraid to know what the pulse-ox says about this body.

"We need to intubate" - not breathing body.

Full-code body. Is he still in his body?

COVIDIEN™

Monoject™

0.9% Sodium Chloride

Flush Syringe, 10 mL Fill

REF 8881570121



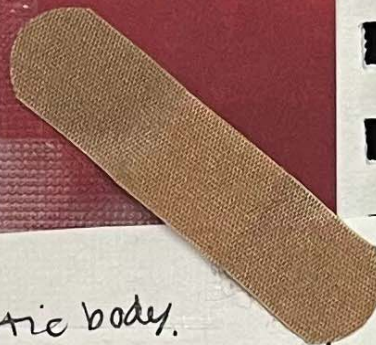
(01)10884521000261

Not made with
natural rubber latex
Sterile fluid path
Single use - Rx only
Non-pyrogenic
20°C-25°C Excursions permitted
For I.V. flush only
HRI 08881-5701-21
Made in Canada. HP109274

BD Insyte™ Autoguard™ Winged

22 GA x 1.00 in

1815234



A younger than me body.
Fingers compress his body.
Mother screaming
over his almost-dead-body.
"were doing everything we can"
for his body.

Lights flashing
driving emergent scares my body
how many ventilators are available
for all of these bodies?

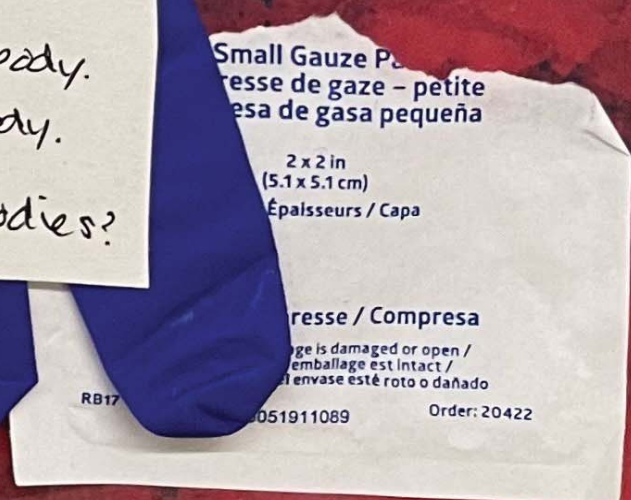
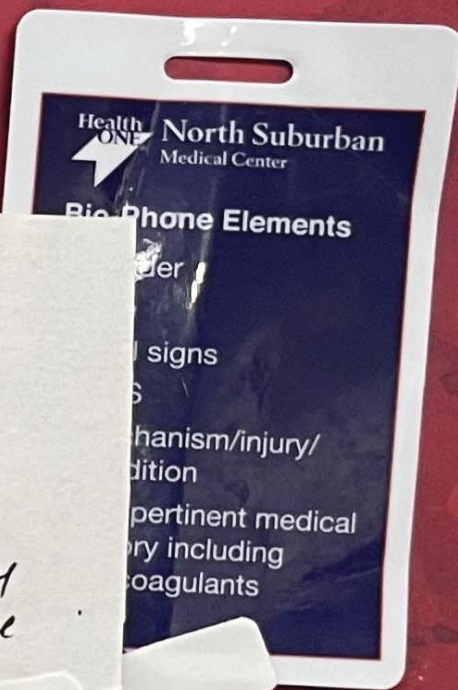
Held-over-shift
in my tired body.

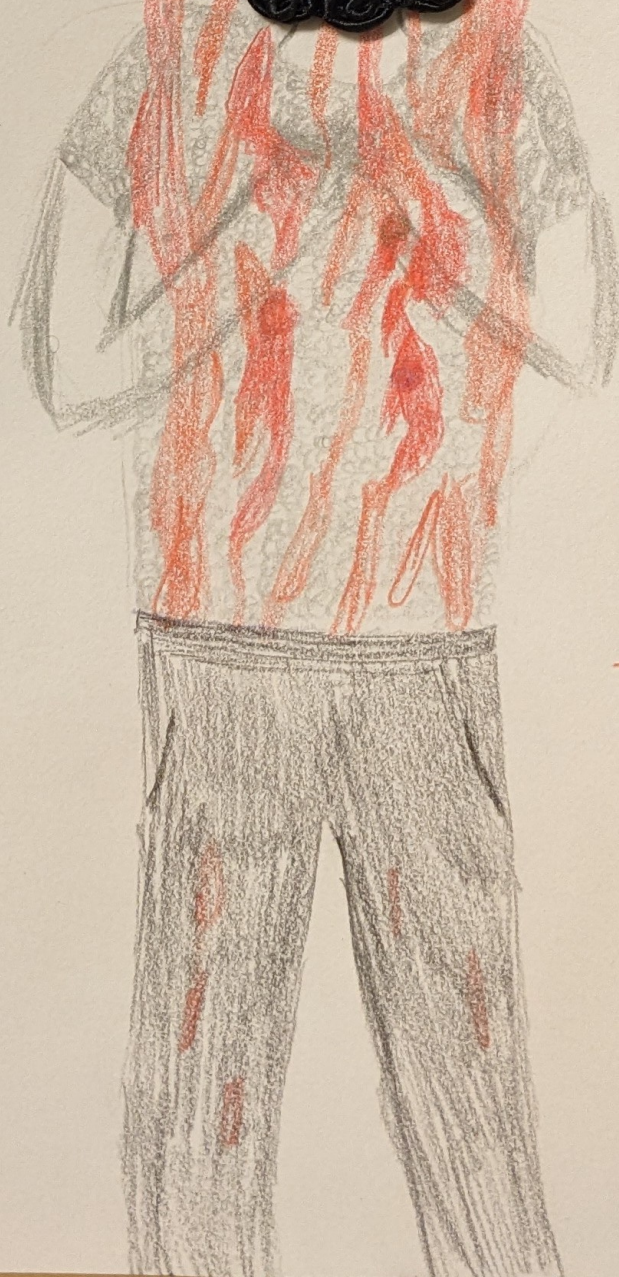
Black bags w/ zippers hold all of the
dead bodies.

"short staffed, you have to stay."

Shitty fold leftover pizza for my body.

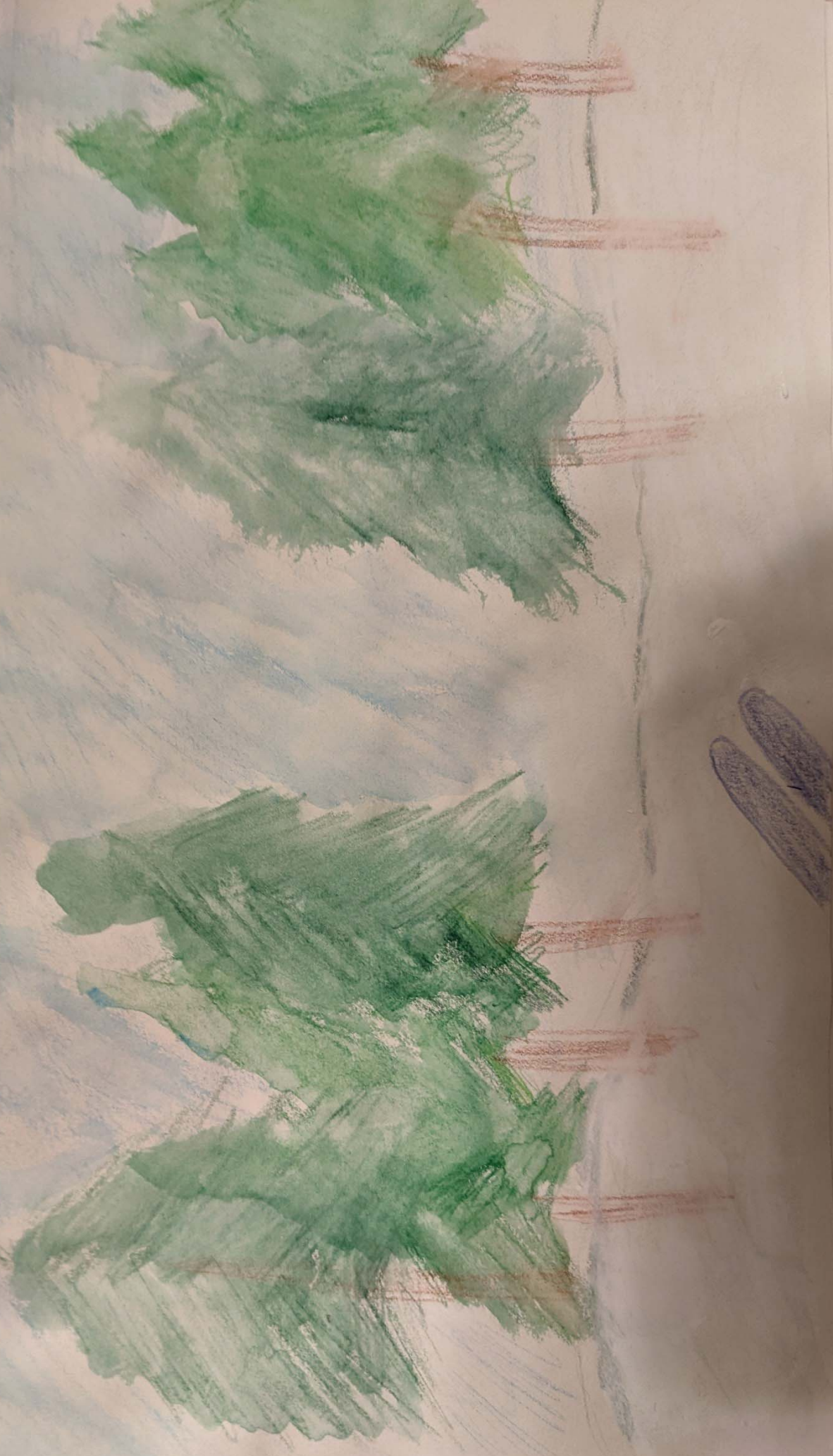
Did we fail his body?
start to feel sick, in my body.
No help for a covid-19 body.
who were they,
before it claimed their bodies?





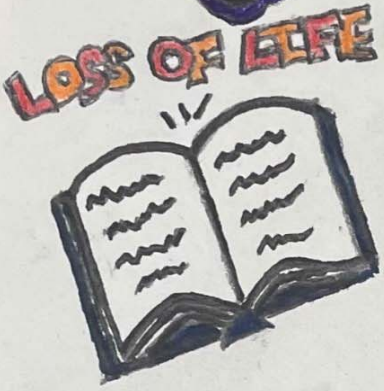
The stressors
of healthcare
work can strip
us of our
armor, leaving
us
raw + vulnerable

Finding peace in the flow state





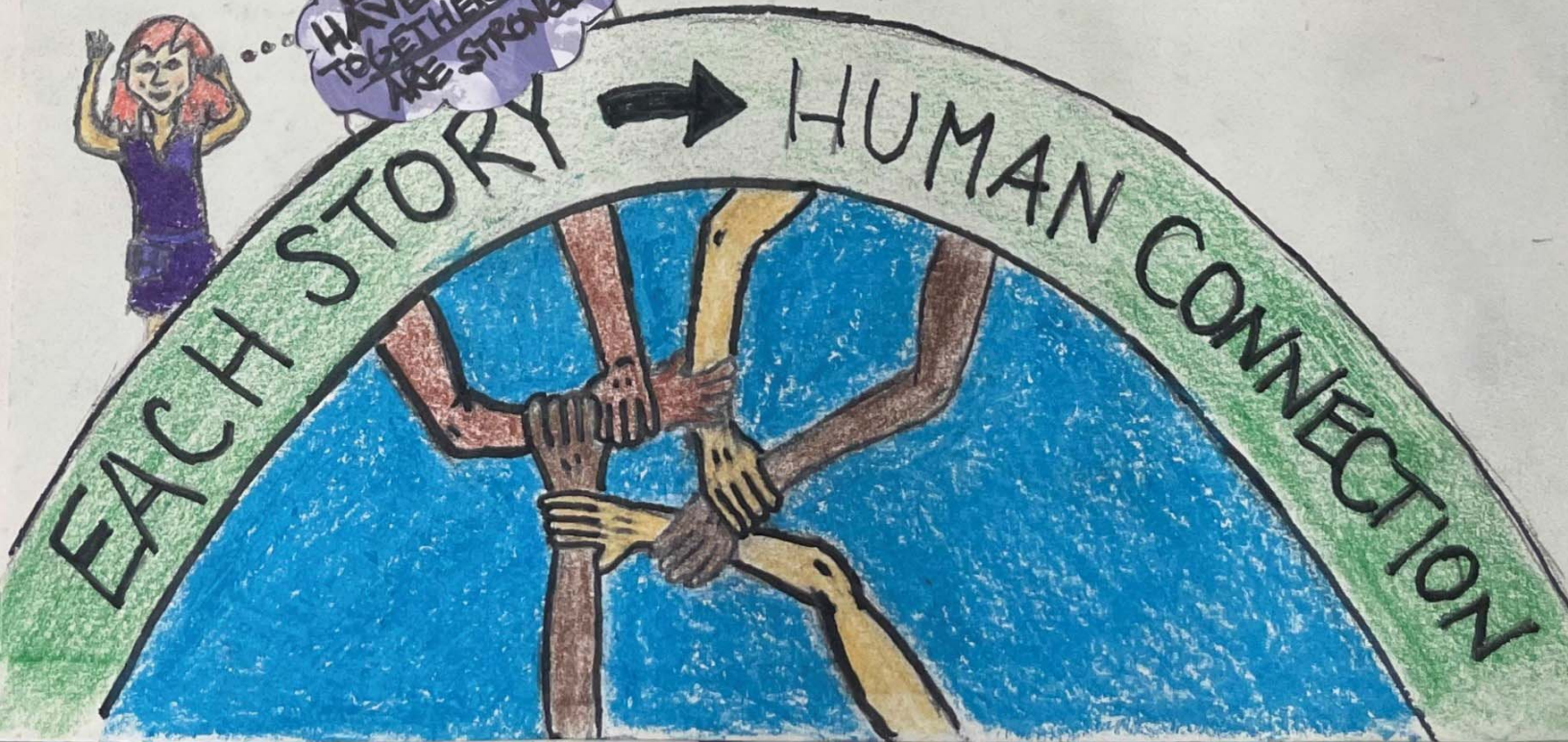
SEEK CHILD HOME & CARING FOR OTHER MOST CHILDREN OF THE DAY



INSURMOUNTABLE WORK LOAD



WE ALL HAVE A STORY TOGETHER WE ARE STRONGER





**HUMAN
CONNECTION**

THROUGH
OUR

VULNERABILITY

AND **STORIES**

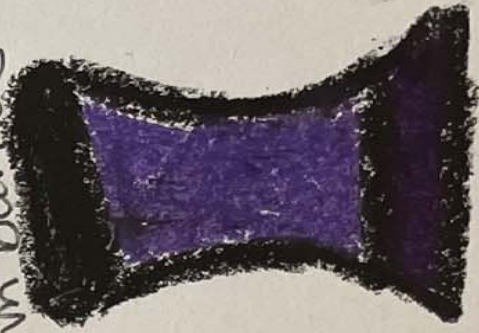
GIVES US

STRENGTH TO
CHANGE OUR

GIANTS

When I started my journey at Children's I was so excited to be a part of a team caring for pediatric patients. What I didn't know was how many challenges I would endure from trauma within my own family, but the trauma I would also encounter at work. As a leader, there have been mountains to climb, tears shed for patients and team members going through challenging times. There were periods of time I was mentally and physically exhausted caring for a medically complex child at home (or in the hospital) and then working to care for patients and manage a team during the day. I have had seen people come and go; led a team through staffing shortages and through seasons of respiratory surges. I have worked so hard, only to find out the work I did wasn't good enough. But, through this all, I have learned from others. I have shown that none of us is alone. I heard stories that have shown that none of us is alone. Together, by being our genuine selves, by being vulnerable and by listening to each other, we became stronger. Others in we can lead change. Together we can support others in difficult times and together we can break down barriers preventing the well being & growth of our peers.

-- A Mother, Manager
& Caring Colleague



Let it be
devoured

building
brighter
joy
connections.

Let it live in writing.

Put it somewhere else.

You gotta resurrect the deep
pain within you and give it a
place to live that's not
within your body.

live

in

it

Let

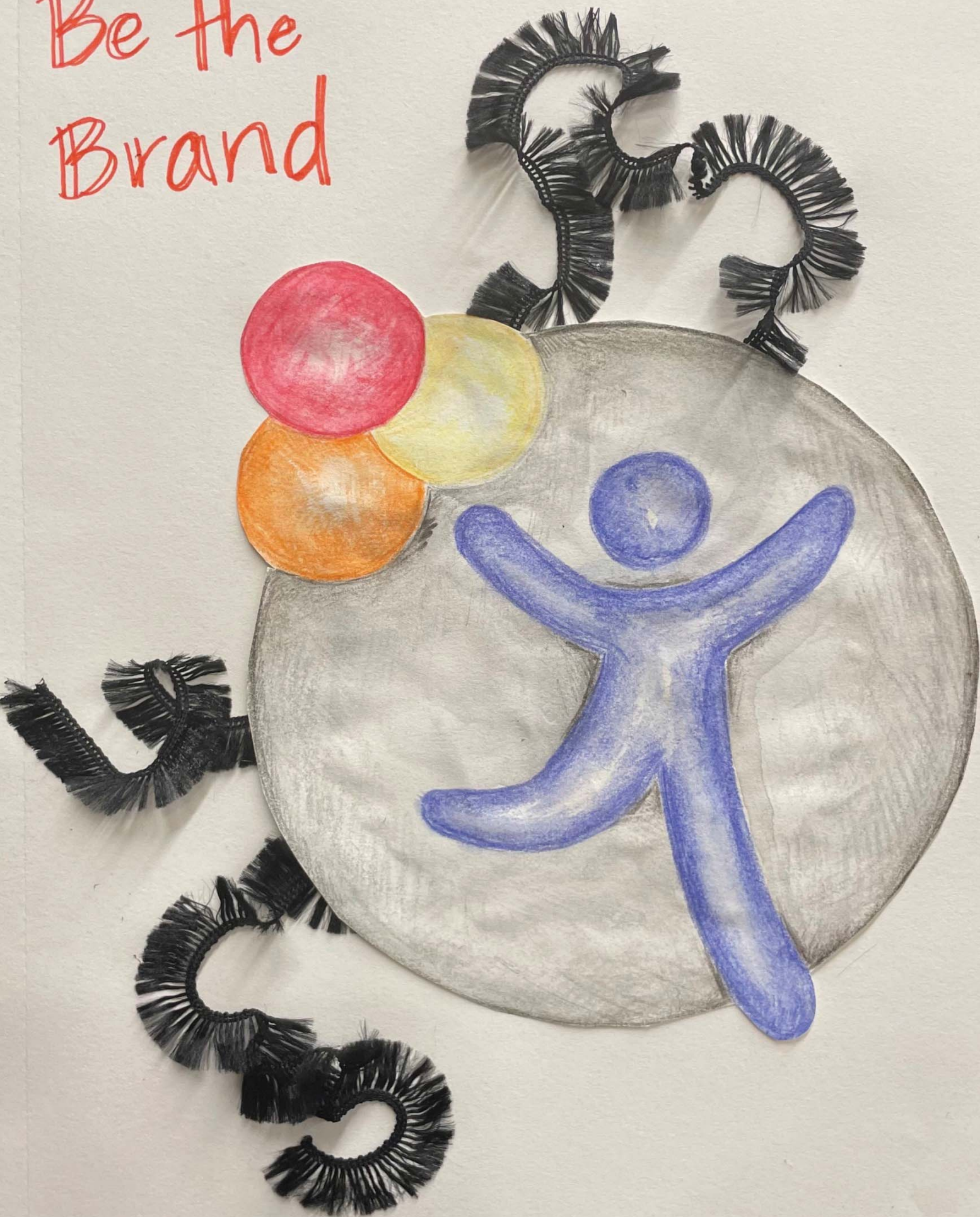
art.

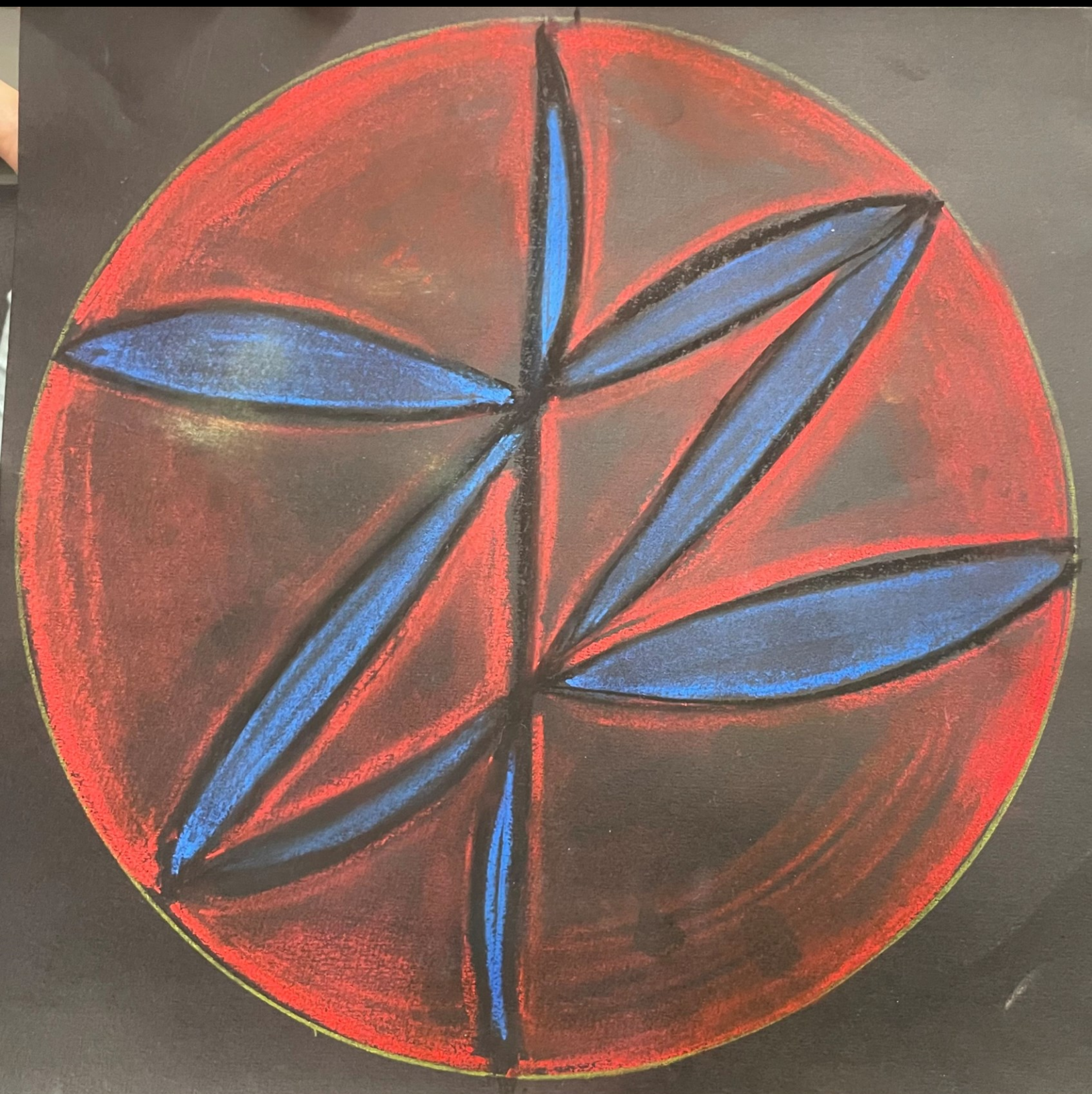
Let it live in music.

Your body is not a
coffin for pain to be buried
in.



Be the
Brand





humble, humiliated

GRIEF

fear

questioning

purposeful

Vision

caught
between

- pulled -
snapshot
needs



DREAMS
Trauma

An inner voice tells you
when the picture is beautiful.

called
visionary
dreamer

Empathic
Driven
purposeful

Foggy
distracted

Broken
Imperfect
Anxious
shame
Run
Hide
Falling

alone
unseen

hiding

Heavy eyes
exhaustion

- A doctor trying to find their voice



This is a quiet place. It is a place where I can go and be alone. I know this place. I have looked under every rock and climbed every tree. The air here is warm and the dense mud of the earth feels cold. This is the land behind my house. My house is a hard place to be. My mother is always angry and my father is keeping to himself. My sister is gone. My mother tends to get angry and scream or get violent. Even when the house is empty and quiet, the walls retain the rage.

I don't own this land and I don't know who does, however... it ~~feels~~ feels like its mine. There are a thousand places to hide but there has never been anyone here to hide from. I am the only one who comes here. Just me and the occasional neighborhood kid or cousin. I miss this place. I have traveled too far away to visit this place but it can always exist in my mind.

-10 year old me



This Tree represents my growth over the last three months. IF I am a tree that wants to grow leaves... I just can't. I am too tired, I have been dealing with too much for too long. But now I can grow something else. Something that still shines. One day maybe the whole tree can be full.

- A Flight team member
- A Respiratory Therapist
- A mother
- A daughter
- A sister
- A wife
- A caregiver to children

What do YOU think about COVID?

Are you sure you were fit with a N95 Duckbill?
Cuz Asians have a flat nose bridge.

Good job for being an exemplary minority!

What kind of trash town did you live in?
Because I don't know anyone who is racist around me.

Weed: noun

1. a wild plant growing where it is not wanted and in competition with cultivated plants
- a plant that is not valued where it is growing and is usually of vigorous growth
2. an obnoxious growth, thing, or person

Where are you from?

Where are you REALLY from?

Calm down. You're overreacting.

You almost have no accent!

Let's have you start from ESL.

Are you from North Korea or South?

She is very bossy.

What's wrong with calling a FOB fobby?

I can speak (random Asian language)!

Why are you so sensitive?

FOB (Fresh off the boat):
a term used to describe immigrants who have arrived from a foreign nation and have yet to assimilate into the host nation's culture, language, behavior, but continue with their ethnic ideas and practices.

"Ching Ching Chong."

There are many people who has gone through worse.



Stomp on me.

I will be rooted more deeply.

I am a wildflower.



I can't be angrier than my child.

I can't be sadder than my patients.

Rawness. Contained.

- physician



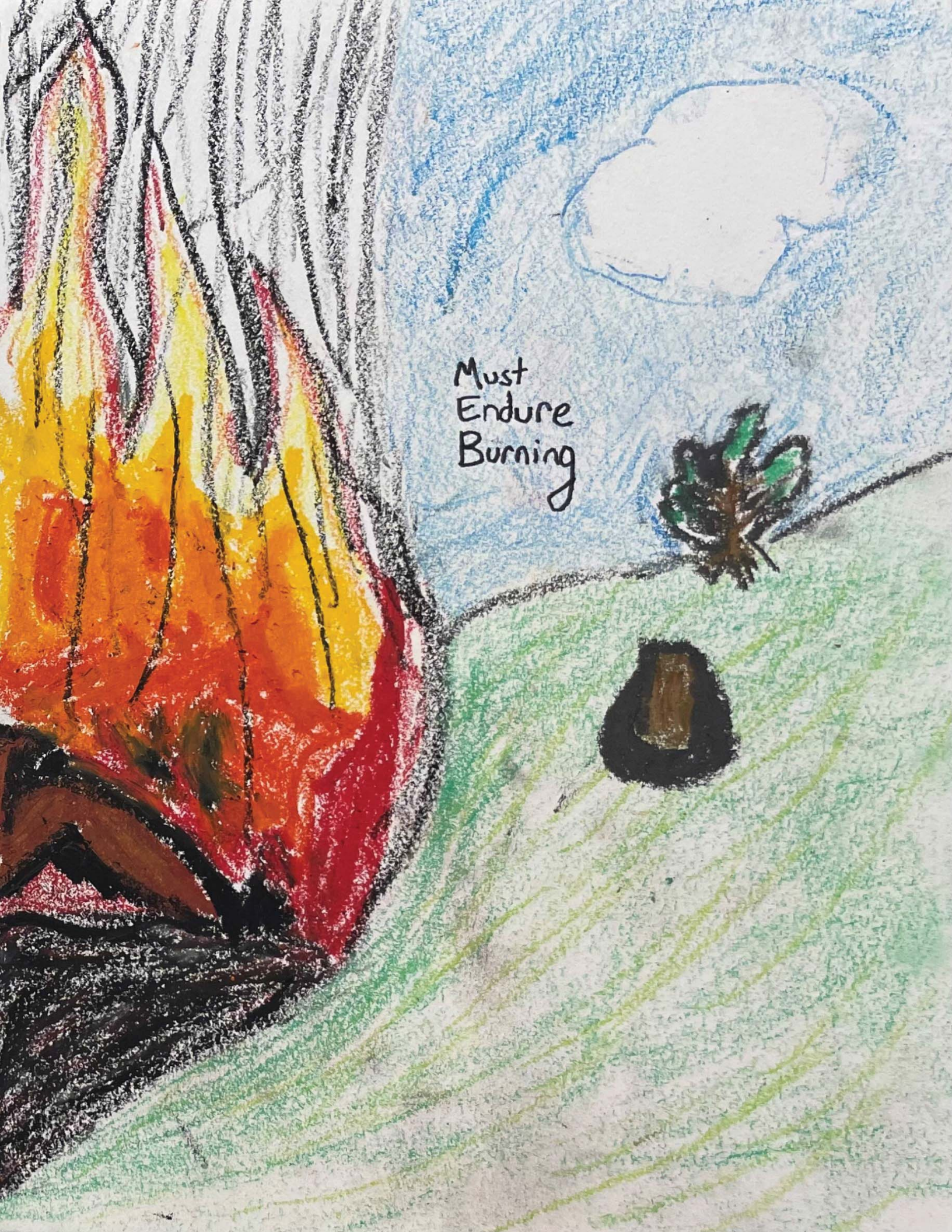
이름: 장지영, 생년월일: 2023

Don't strive so hard.

- Surgeon

What
Gives
Light





Must
Endure
Burning



It's like in the great stories, Mr. Frodo. The ones that really mattered. Full of darkness and danger they were. And sometimes you didn't want to know the end. Because how could the end be happy? How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad had happened? But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow. Even darkness must pass. A new day will come. And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer. Those were the stories that stayed with you. That meant something, even if you were too small to understand why. But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do understand. I know now. Folk in those stories had lots of chances of turning back, only they didn't. They kept going, because they were holding on to something. That there is some good in this world, and it's worth fighting for.



Room 10

... sadness, anger, pain, failure, hurt

Hallway

Breathe.

EVERYTHING IS FINE

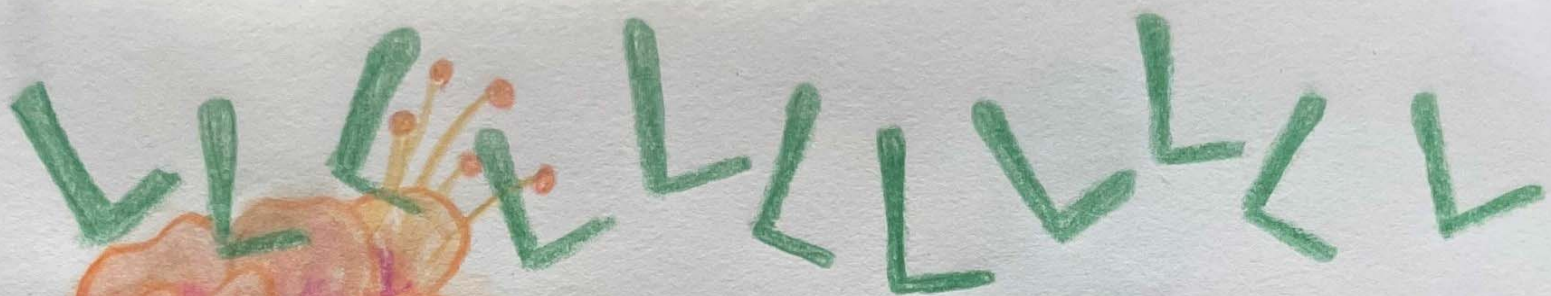
Room 9

... joy, ecstatic, proud, grateful, amazed

Feelings.

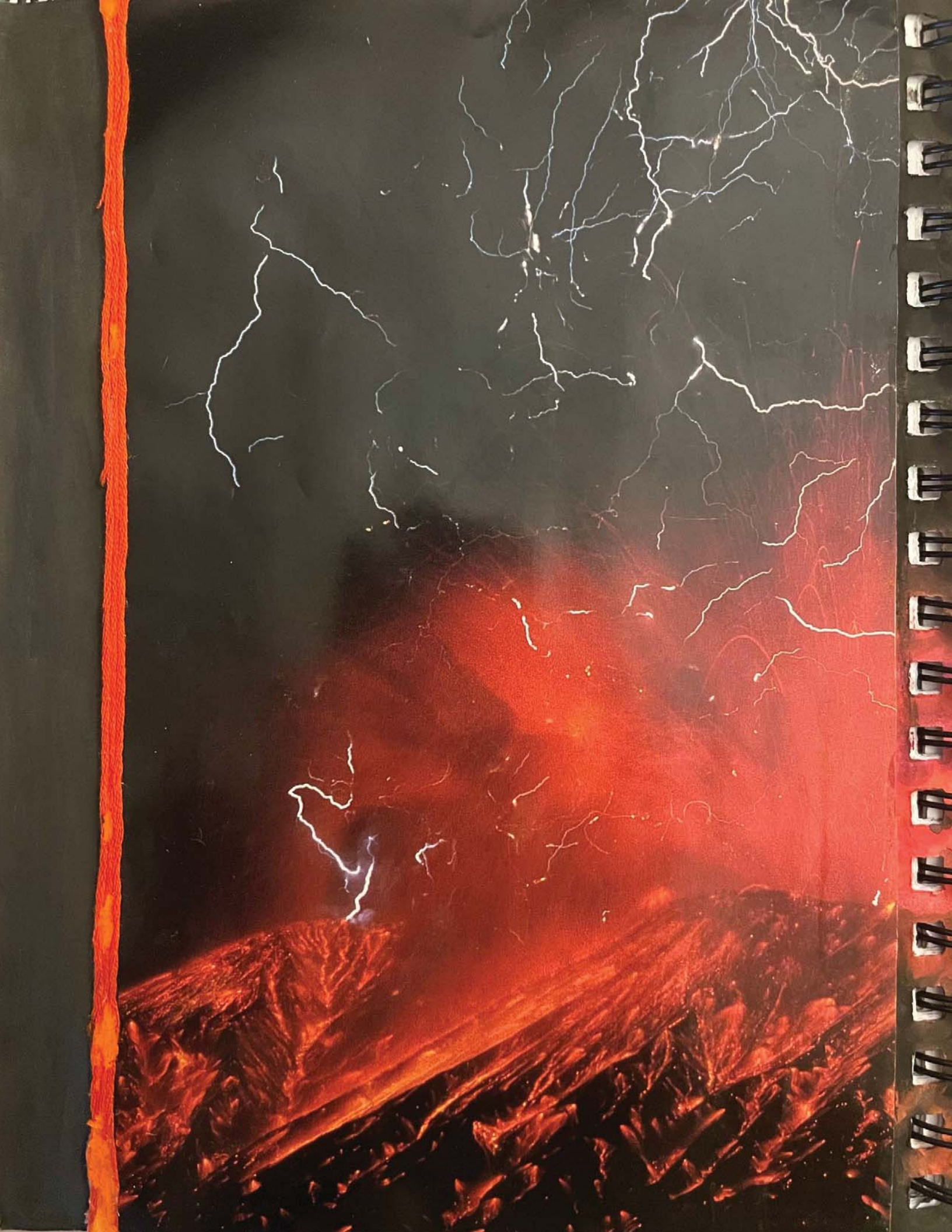
Acknowledge. Feel. Heal.

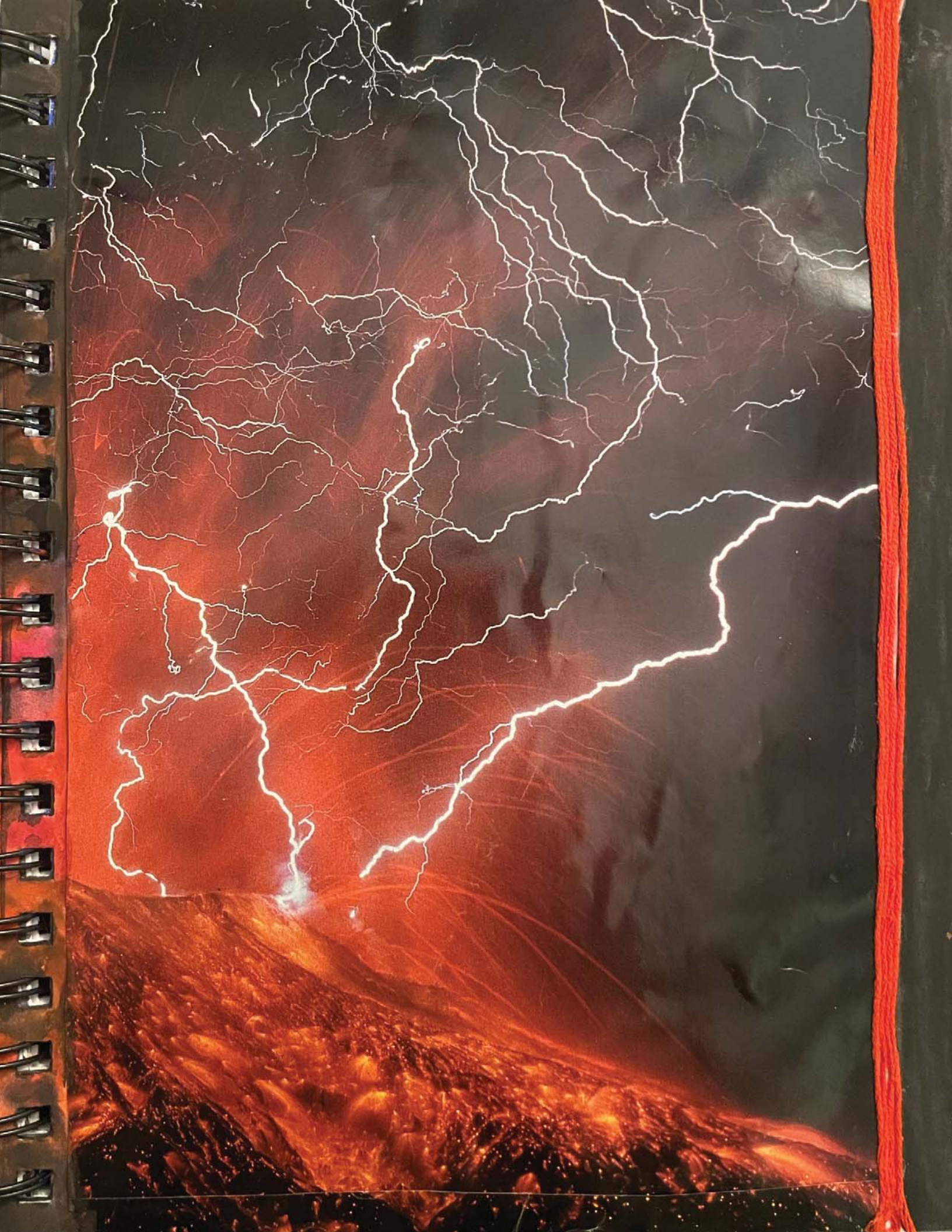
- a pediatric nurse practitioner



I walk. I face what comes my way.
Deal. Keep walking. My colleagues in
CORAL have courageously taught me,
shared their stories, and cared about
my story. I will keep moving forward,
but with the pause to feel the love and
gratitude present in my heart. And also
when my heart feels as though it might
burst out of my chest with despair, grief,
and sadness I wait and feel my humanity
in the breath of my belly. I know, just now,
that vulnerability is valued and anger
and outrage are not "too much". We
do grow. Together. Everything is fine.

- a pediatric
nurse practitioner







THE
FEEL
PR
FE
E



Perfect is calm.
Perfect is easy.
Perfect is quiet.

Perfect doesn't rustle any feathers. Perfect
doesn't need explaining.

Perfect hurts.
Perfect is hard.
Perfect is four walls around your body.
Perfect isn't real.
Perfect is a lie.

Being a Nurse is perfect.
You witness people on their best days.
You fix the pain.
You fix the problems.
You help families find peace.
You laugh with the sweetest 3 year old.
You make a bad day, better.

Being a Nurse is perfect.
You witness people on their worst days. Your
pain is pushed to the side.
Your sadness is pushed to the side.
You must keep up with the pace.
You hold the hand of a terminally ill 3 year old.
You can not have a bad day.

Perfect.



our
creativity

our colors

connects us through

the darkness

with light

We've had unprecedented times... leading to unprecedented stress, isolation, moral injury.

Delivering diagnoses that are complex, unexpected, with limited language and on occasion knowledge to meet the needs of those trying to understand.

Our human compassion has been saturated in ways we have not experienced or been trained to cope with. We've felt abandoned by our families, our administration, our society because of the lack of empathy.

Where do you put it when all of the shelves are full? When there's nowhere else, we can categorize them into?

How do we navigate professionally? How do we navigate personally?

We all carry this stress, strain, burnout of the last few years. All of the conversations, diagnoses, emotional conversations, even deaths we carry.

Maybe we carry them in our bodies in sleepless nights, addictions, ulcers, musculoskeletal problems. Perhaps in emotional shut down, defiance, in relational toxicity with co-workers or maybe it's more hidden in our intimate relationships.

We need to be taught how to store these things:

difficult conversations, emotional encounters, sacred moments, trauma

Teach us how to place them in other sacred spaces in music, in movement, in writing, or in art.

This is the invitation for you to burn down all of the shrines in your body dedicated to coping. Just burn it down and rise up into

The wilderness or snowy peaks the hiking, skiing...

The beaches jumping waves, snorkeling, laying in the warm sand

Into the words written madly without inhibition

With art medium spread across canvas or journal

With movement around the dance or yoga floor

Or in lyric sung loudly in a closed car, or softly in tears spilling down cheeks

- An APRN with no more capacity



REAL KNOWLEDGE COMES AT A PRICE

SACRED

“

I've never had a problem
knowing what I like.
Just give me the facts.

”

STORIES





The fire burns. The fire cleanses. You can frame it if you want, but it does nothing because it can't be contained. Things that once seemed so clear and close are now bleeding, far away, hard to see. The darkness consumes all the bright colors. The flames bring them back. Nothing can be lost that's truly mine. I have little control over how things will end up. I have control over the quality of my experience along the way. Will I burn it too? Am I real and true or will I be consumed with all the other illusions? I feel fear. The paintings seem like evil faces looking at me. I get to decide.

It's a bloody river. The bloody river that came from the bloody battle. The blood lit on fire and now cleanses. Everything just is. No end, no beginning. Just now.

I'm grateful for the wrecking ball that broke me apart. So I could remember so many pieces I had hidden, left behind. I appreciate what you did for me, in all the confusion, messiness, the good and the bad, all of it. I get to feel it all. All that I am. All that I need.

BURN IT DOWN

Nothing that is true and real will be destroyed only the
false and illusory



THE INFINITELY VAST AND DISTANT and the infinitely small and near:

Home to the Enduring.

Dangling at the
end of a rope,

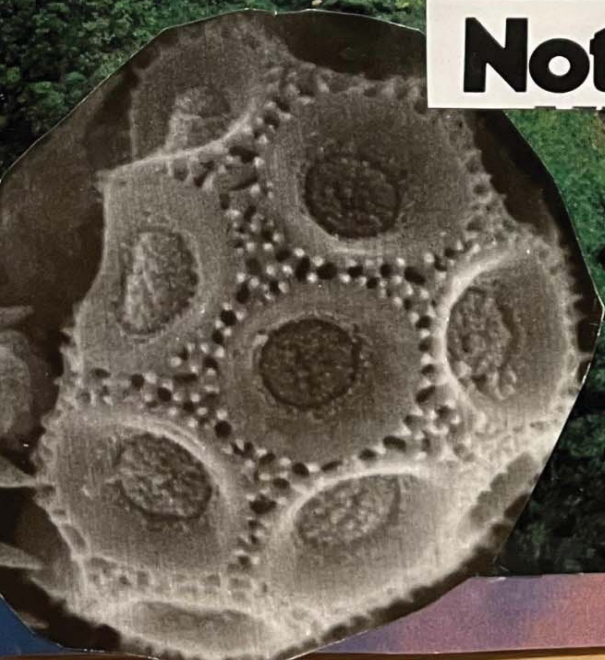
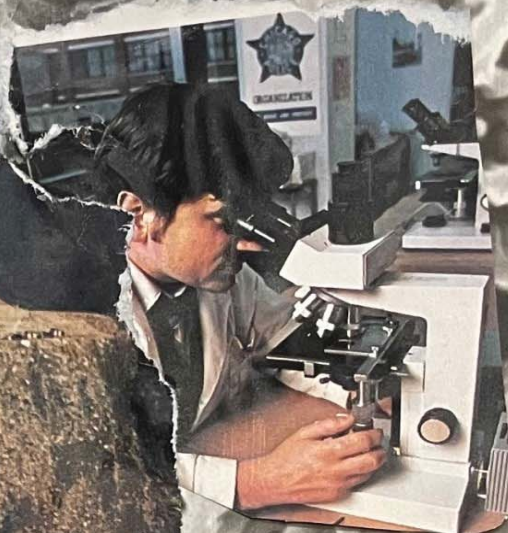
This
may be all you need
to keep people
from shouting at you.

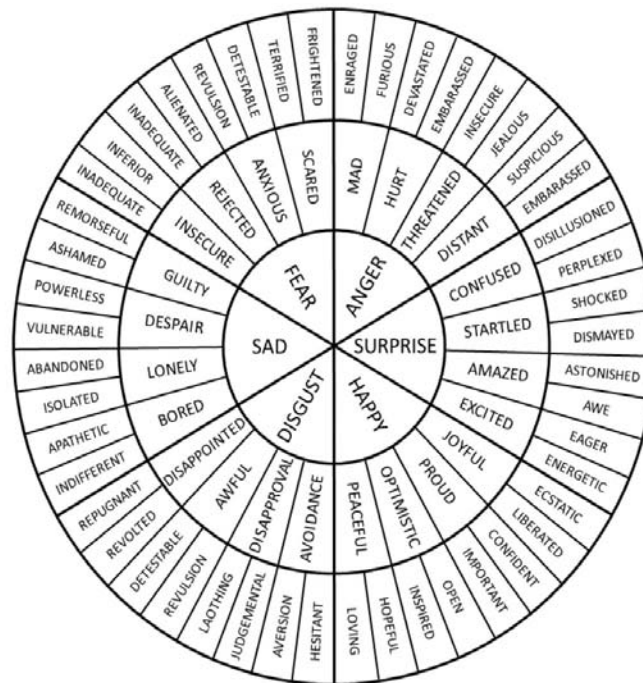
but brush aside that fact for now

With telescope, microscope, and artist's brush,
explores our solar system and the galaxies of creature

Probing our
universe,

Nothing lasts forever.





“The blazing fire makes flame and brightness
out of everything thrown into it.”
-Marcus Aurelius

**“In each moment the fire rages,
it will burn away a hundred veils
and carry you a thousand steps
toward your goal.”**

-Rumi

