



<https://doi.org/10.1016/j.jemermed.2019.01.012>

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# **Humanities and Medicine**

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I know you. You are my cousin, my niece, my uncle, my dad. You are my best friend from high school, from college, my wife. You are not a chief complaint. You are not the letters on a flickering fluorescent screen. You are not a chart I can turn out or a smile I can get to walk out of the door. You are not another burden to me, a hindrance to my flow. You are not a weight tipping the scale toward critical, overwhelmed. You are me.

The fear, the pain, the confusion and anxiety you feel is as real as the cold wind on a late autumn evening. Palpable, real. Permeating through the viscera and hanging by the sinew. Deep and aching. Help me to refocus on the respite from your pain, and not the myopic triviality of what ails you. Help me to measure the distance of my life by the golden rule. Remind me: I know you, you are me.

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RECEIVED: 3 December 2018; FINAL SUBMISSION RECEIVED: 8 January 2019;  
ACCEPTED: 11 January 2019