I want to be a doctor

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Do you feel me? Sometimes I go throughout the day thinking that everything is just as it should be and then I think ... No. We all have a purpose in life, whether we choose to fulfill that purpose or not is up to us. Today I began to think about the day I had made a decision to come to Colombia to study medicine. And even before I had made a decision to become a doctor and think what happened in my life that took me to the day where I said for the first time “I want to be a doctor”. Is there a purpose that I have to fulfill in my life? I hope there is ...because if not what is there to living really. We have 24 hours a day where 8 of those 24 are spent sleeping. The rest is spent “living” our lives.

There are many things that I would like to do right now. But there are always things that stand in the way and stop us from doing what our hearts tell us to. Is that a good thing? What would it be like if we lived in a world where hearts ruled over mind. Would it be a happier place, would we have more love, sadness, joy. Or maybe medicine came to my life for a reason... to meet someone, to meet many people, to help people, to bring a smile to a strangers face, to understand me. All of these could be reasons why medicine came in to my life. And now as a student of medicine I have discovered many of those reasons. Some more than others. Without a doubt I can now say, that I don’t care what the real reason is. I only care that it did, because it has brought me some of the best memories of my life. Those days that seem like never ending and unsupportable are the days that we remember later with a smile on our faces. Today our teacher spoke of her brother who has recently been diagnosed with cancer...something in my heart tugged and I realized that this is the reason why I had come to medicine.