

Pulmonary Fellowship Personal Statement

My passion for pulmonology began when I was born as a premature baby and was intubated for acute hypoxic respiratory failure. I remember my doctors very fondly, working together as a team to manage my secretions, airway and pressor. When I was extubated, the first breath I took as my intrathoracic pressure decreased allowing the air to fill my lungs and lead to immediate satisfaction. Since that day, I knew for certain that I would pursue a career in pulmonary critical care. I changed my last name to Alveoli that very same day.

As I transitioned to a toddler, I was noted to be special and well above my expected IQ level. I began to immerse myself in physiology books to an extent that I became one with the pages. Although my hand dexterity was not yet matured as a 2 year old, I slobbered all over the pages involving lung physiology and ventilator. I would request my mother to read it for me at bedtime, babbling and laughing uncontrollably when she utters my favorite word- PEEP! PEEP! Those memories resonated with me as I blossomed into a teenager with a tidal volume of 500cc, ready to take on new adventures.

My minute ventilation increased as my excitement mounted in my 20s when I was accepted into medical school. I could not contain myself. The thought of becoming a pulmonary critical care attending caused me uncontrollable bronchospasm. *Swish* my albuterol inhaler sounded. As I entered the ICU for the first time as a resident, the perfectly timed and controlled rising anterior chest walls of patients as the ventilators squeaked away made me feel at home again. Dr Alveoli- this is where I belong.