UCSD Body Donor Program
Memorial Service 2021
Written Supplemental
Video Transcript
Hello! My name is Kenneth Ta and I am the P1 Class President for the UCSD Skaggs School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences!

Due to circumstances this year, the annual UCSD Body Donation Program Memorial Service could not be held in person. That did not stop us from bringing you all this video where we express our gratitude to all the donors and their families for allowing us students to have this once in a lifetime educational opportunity that will make us better physicians and pharmacists. This video is all thanks to the hard work of my partner Dhruv, Dr. Scott Barton, Dr. Erin Wilcox, Jenna Bastear, the planning committee, the MS1 and P1 classes, and last but not least, the Visual Media Group!

This will be a video filled with sincere words and works of appreciation from us students! There will also be a separate PDF posted on the website filled with pictures of us, our personal stories, written words of appreciation, and drawn works of appreciation, so please check that out as well! Without further ado, I present to you our first performance!
The first day I shuffled apprehensively, reverently into the linoleum-lined laboratory, scanning between instruments and wired skeletons, to the sea of shower curtain-covered tables, until we stood encircled around one wondering about the life that lay beneath.

A card rests, centered over their chest, reading coldly an entire lived experience, distilled to a few lines, a job, an age, a cause of death, an incomplete eulogy, we read, absorb, and remember.

Each week is a new, imperfect, adventure, Even with diagrammed-models stamped into our minds, we ask directions, like a family road trip gone awry, Make a hard left at the kidney, they say, you can't miss it, leaving us surprised, delighted, or confused at the end, we look, absorb, and remember.

To hold a century-old heart in your hand, chart the path of a person's last meal, to see proof that each of us is both genuinely unique and cut from the same cloth, are gifts we carry them with us, move forward, and remember.
To my donor,

I don’t know your name, I don’t know where you’re from
I don’t know how you lived, nor how far you’ve come
I don’t know what I’m doing, I’m just holding your thumb
I don’t know if I’ll get through this, I think I’m going numb
I don’t know many things, you can say I’m dumb

But I do know one thing, you cared a great sum
You donated yourself, an act so bold

For my education? to be my mind’s mold?
Aaah! you were a teacher! or so I’m told

So teach me your lessons, lessons untold
I know this is sacred, my respect I uphold
But inside your chest, was a sight to behold!

You lived and died a teacher, with a heart of pure gold

My condolences to your family, and my eternal gratitude to you
It is a testament to life that our experiences are written on our bones, That the moments that brought us down are etched into the sinews, That the minutes of joy in our lifetime are carved in the lines of our face. To enter a luminous room and see this volunteer…Soul 15, lying in wait to teach me the vast wisdom of what it means to be human, to look human, and to feel human…I’ve searched for words to describe meeting Soul 15…this stranger, this teacher, this enlightenment to my foolishness. For what did I know about the heart, or the mind, or the steadfast bones…I knew nothing, yet I was eager to learn fast. But in my eagerness to learn fast, I made the fatal mistake of forgetting that wisdom comes slowly.

Lessons from Soul 15…came quietly…but in a peacefully assured voice saying,

“take it slow. I’ve lived a life full of loss, pain, valleys of misery, mountains of triumph, and the rivers of emotions in between. The lines on my skin are of age, but they’re also lines in the saga of my life reading to you the worries I suffered, the anxiety of not knowing, the heartaches of love lost and love won. Take it slow and I will teach you not only what it means to look human but also what it was like to have lived”

Nothing was ever so humbling in that still room as holding a heart that once beat in your hand. I stole a few quiet moments to hold Soul 15’s heart, to wonder loudly how many times it had beat...to what stories it beat the fastest, and to what pains it slowed in agony. Its hollow chambers rushed blood once, but long past fulfilling this ode and now an empty silent chamber...its walls bear witness of a life lived fully in triumph and defiance of the limits of being human. they contained secrets and the haunting sounds of life. I ran my fingers along the edges of one atrial chamber and I heard this faint voice again telling me,

“You hold in your hand the testament of my life. It does not matter how many times it beat; it only matters that it did beat. A heartbeat is ephemeral, but the reason it beat is eternal.”
There are no words to illuminate the sheer humility of holding the brain, the mind of someone. You think about the nerves, the sulci, the gyri...but most of all...you think of what memories are there. You ponder the infinite realm of possibilities laying therein. This was the embodiment of the mind of a brother, a father, a son...and in life, a firefighter. So I thought calmly, share a memory with me, Soul 15. And he said,

“My memories are mine to have...you create your own while you live.”

Soul 15’s hands. Holding them, memorizing the feel of a firm handshake of farewell. There is an ethereal sense of parting ways not quite describable in words. I thought to myself, Soul 15, last words...and the voice in the aether echoing with a faint but enduring tone said...” live”.

Every life story has a denouement. And at that point, a panoply of memories manifests in the minds of those who loved you and remain...That is the testimony of soul 15, that is his impact to me. Soul 15, you have not left me in insouciance. You are the wisdom that death is the greatest invention of life, that the old returns to the earth and the stars and it cycles anew...and that how I live will determine whether I cower in regret when death greets me...or smirk bravely without remorse.
In my head I called you nainai. Grandmother. Auntie. I wonder how you made your tea and what your morning routine was like. I wonder who you were, to want to teach others even though they might never know the sound of your voice. I wonder how you would react if I told you the secret that I saw your unmasked face before I saw most of my classmates faces. I wonder what you would think of this stranger crying next to you, on our first day and on our last day together.

We learned in school that the ability of the aorta to stretch is what allows for constant flow through our bodies. I want to tell you this somehow; that I am still learning to be flexible even though our bodies know this naturally. I want to promise you that I will not lose the ability to hold empathy and pain as it ebbs and flows. The first lesson you taught us was the vitalness of honoring the trust that you gave us, so gracefully and so freely. And though sliding my arms into my white coat still feels like sliding into clown shoes, I promise to honor your final gift as we continue on this journey, an everlasting reminder of the love it takes for our community to grow. Thank you.
We didn’t know what to expect when we were told we would dissect
The parts of people that remain when their spirits have been claimed.
But still we carried on with care, as we knew that laying there
Was a gift from someone who wanted us to follow through
On our classes and our training so that we could be explaining
How to take a drug to others. These bodies once belonged to mothers,
Fathers, siblings, friends, and more. And so it cannot be ignored
Just how selfless they had been to have shared themselves even
As they said their last goodbyes. But kindness never truly dies.
To those whose loved one are now passed, we speak for our entire class
When we express that we are thankful; and as we’re standing at our tables
And working on our deep dissections, we’ll add this to our minds’ collection
Of moments we’ll forever treasure. Our gratitude cannot be measured.
6. Verdancy by Kenny Ngo – Pharmacy Student
We get very little information about our donor but we were told their profession. My donor was a teacher and I was always moved by the fact that even in death he continued to teach. I painted him teaching at a chalkboard and placed this image on my desk. I am grateful for all this man has taught me and for his incredible commitment to education.
"Every day, a million miracles begin at sunrise."
- Erin Jerome Dickey
This painting is dedicated in memorial of our generous donors and to their loving families. Their gift has been both invaluable and formative in our education to become knowledgeable and compassionate physicians. We will forever be grateful and humbled by the lessons we learned.
10. P1 Words of Appreciation by Kenneth Ta – Pharmacy Student

I will be reading out a speech representing my class, the UCSD Skaggs School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences’ Class of 2024!

We are so thankful to the donors and their families for allowing us to have this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to study anatomy! We know how much you had to sacrifice to allow us this opportunity so we sincerely thank you and want you to know that we will never be able to forget this experience! This experience allowed us to better learn and understand the human body and how drugs affect the body. This experience truly allows us to be worthy of being known as the “medication experts” who will work together with physicians in providing better care for people who need it. We want you to remember that your sacrifice didn’t only help us but everyone else who we help whether it be by providing them with medical care, saving lives, teaching others, or even inspiring us to make the same sacrifice to allow this opportunity to others!

With all that being said, there is one last thing we really want to let you know:

11. Words of Appreciation by Jennifer Kim – Pharmacy Student

Dear families of the donors,

I would like to take some time to thank you very much for donating your loved ones for this program. One of my grandmothers passed away from pancreatic cancer when I was very young and I never really knew the impact of cancer or any other medical or physical conditions on our bodies until I took this anatomy class and actually got to be hands-on and look at everything in real life. I really learned a lot from it and really appreciate the experience I got to have. I respect all the donors for being so brave and donating their bodies and playing a role in building better doctors, and pharmacists.
I want to start off by saying thank you to all the families and donors that have helped support the anatomy thread at UCSD. All of you have played a crucial role in my education as a medical student. Studying the structures of the human body with body donation has been an unforgettable time for me. I was able to see how things are connected in a way that I could not easily learn from textbooks. I know where the gallbladder is because I have seen it. But learning key anatomical structures was just one aspect I am thankful for. Importantly, I developed compassion, respect, intellect, courage...a reverence for the individuals that chose to donate. They were my first patient and one of my most important teachers. Throughout this year, I was forced to tackle my own vulnerabilities and ask difficult questions: what does death mean to me?

I did not know your family members personally but knowing that they volunteered to such a special cause tells me that they were incredible people in life. I do not pretend to know their stories but I imagine people had incredible children, worked hard to make a living, laughed with joy. Today is about them. I see their act of kindness as a reminder of how I want to treat patients each day.

I want to read a poem that has helped me reconcile with this experience by William Wordsworth

“And when the stream that overflows has passed,
A consciousness remains upon the silent shore of memory;
Images and precious thoughts that shall not be
And cannot be destroyed.”

Your loved ones’ memories will be present with every patient I see. Sending you my love. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.
Dear Family and Friends,

I am truly honored and humbled to be on the receiving end of this generous donation. Because of your contribution, I have learned more than I could ever imagine.

In my years of learning, every subject I studied felt superficial and over the years I realized that to gain mastery of a subject, one must study what cannot be seen. Many significant discoveries were made by observing. To this day, scientists rely on proof and hard evidence to have an understanding in any subject. For students like us, in every subject, chemistry, physics, and biology, it comes down to learning what we are told.

As a pharmacy student, I must learn many ways of injecting medications directly into the body. I have seen what many pharmacy students do not have the privilege to see and because of this, I am one step closer to mastering my career. I cannot express the gratitude I felt when going into the lab every day, learning what I see, instead of learning what I am told. With the knowledge I have gained, I will be able to save lives and provide the best healthcare I can provide. Your loved one’s sacrifice will live on as knowledge and care to people around the world. I hope I will be able to live up to that potential. I hope my words of appreciation bring you comfort. Thank you for everything.
Hello everyone! My name is Dhruv Puri and I am the first-year medical student class president at the University of California, San Diego School of Medicine.

Thank you everyone for watching our UCSD Body Donation Program’s Memorial Service. I would like to say a few words in concluding this ceremony.

This year has taken a heavy toll on many of us and has brought with it many unwanted lessons. We’ve learned to mask, to obsessively wash our hands, keep hand sanitizers around, and to socially distance. I’d like to focus on that word: distance. This year has been a lesson in the meaning of distance and how tough it can be to connect over it. Relationships have felt distant, love has felt distant, life has felt distant. And in an effort to beat this distance, we’ve all taken solace in technology and the virtual. I and many others, however, haven’t felt much like a medical student in virtual classes, I haven’t felt like a son in supporting my mother and father virtually, or a family member in virtual funerals. It has been an ordeal and a trial.

Nonetheless, that distance and those emotions were remedied through anatomy. Walking in each week, I felt an intimacy and a connection to my classmates enabled by the sacred gift of our donors – replenishing some of what was missing throughout this pandemic. With each day, I also found meaning in learning more and more about our donors. I thought of their hands and how each callous told its own story of their livelihoods; their legs and many walks of life each of them had come from; their minds full of memories, stories, and thoughts. Spending time in anatomy is the most I’ve felt like a future physician this year. I wish I could’ve had the opportunity to speak to all of you about your loved ones. I wish I could hear about all their beloved mannerisms, and what made each of them unique. It makes me happy to know their stories live on in your hearts.

It has been a privilege to work with your family members and we have treated them with the utmost respect. My colleagues and I will work hard to use what they have taught us in the pursuit of equitable and just care of our communities. I would like to end with a quote by Peter Marshall, pastor at New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., he said “the measure of life is not its duration but its donation.”

I wish you and your families lots of love, gratitude, and a safe summer.

From the bottom of my heart, Thank you on behalf of UCSD School of Medicine and Skaggs School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences.
Personal Stories of Students
Growing up, I was constantly curious and had a hunger for learning about the world around me. I remember spending weekends having fun with my dad as we conducted fun science experiments at home. Science became my forte, and biology, chemistry, and physics were the classes I looked most forward to at school. However, I couldn’t directly apply any of these topics to my daily life as a high schooler. As someone who took many medications growing up for common ailments such as allergies and fevers, a thought occurred to me: How do medications even work? Even though I didn’t know the answer, this fascination for how science and medications can benefit people’s lives was what got me thinking about becoming a pharmacist. I loved to help others and make an impact in my community by volunteering for the service clubs at school and being a Boy Scout. I thought that by becoming a pharmacist, I could combine my interest in medications with my passion for helping others to benefit my future patients.

I loved learning about the human body from courses such as physiology and anatomy that I took in college. However, these courses mainly utilized plastic models and textbook figures rather than something tangible such as a cadaver. That’s why I was ecstatic to learn that at UCSD Skaggs School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences, we pharmacy students would have the rare opportunity to attend a live cadaver anatomy lab where we can even dissect the cadavers ourselves. As I am taking this course right now, it has been an amazing learning experience. All of the things I’ve learned from textbooks and PowerPoint slides suddenly came to life right before my eyes, and this is all thanks to the amazing Body Donor Program here at UCSD. This course and program have allowed me to gain a much deeper understanding and appreciation for the human body. And as a future pharmacist, I get to see how some of the drugs we learned in the classroom work on various parts of the body. I’m very thankful to all the donors and their families for making such an enriching learning experience possible for the health students of UCSD. I hope that this program continues to stay strong so that these experiences will continue being offered to future students for generations to come.
2. Evelyn Mendoza – Pharmacy Student

Dear the loved ones of the donors,

My name is Evelyn Mendoza, I am a first year pharmacy student at UCSD Skaggs School of Pharmacy. I was born and raised in Los Angeles, California. I grew up in a low-income area where the majority of the community was uninsured and uneducated. I was blessed enough with the parents that gave me the opportunity to be more than the typical Latina. My parents pushed me to always reach my dreams, whether it was playing D1 softball or going to softball they have been through it all. They are what pushes me to continue to follow my dreams no matter how hard it gets. My other driving forces are my siblings; I have two, one younger sister and one younger brother. I know they are constantly looking up to me, which makes me push harder to reach my dreams, so they know anything is possible. It is important to me to make a difference in people’s lives, not just my family. The reason why I want to be a pharmacist in the first place is to help people with the knowledge gap between patients and health care. Sure, this seems like such a big problem, but I truly feel like if you want to create change it needs to start somewhere. To add, I am so interested in health care because it is so unpredictable and will constantly keep me learning and staying alert.

I wanted to share what my pharmacy school experience has been like. It was very scary; I was in an environment where I thought that I did not belong. It got better as I met a few of my classmates and got to know my professors. I always thought that pharmacy school would be hard, but I never expected it to take such a toll on me. Balancing school and my social life were the hardest thing so far. I am getting to the point in my life where my partner is such an important part of my life, but my career is extremely important to me as well. It wasn’t until spring quarter when I studied your loved one that I realized how precious life is. The donors have brought me to appreciate my education and my loved ones more and more. Every Monday and Tuesday my classmates and I expanded our education all thanks to your loved one’s bravery. There are really not enough words to show how much gratitude I have toward them and you all for this experience. You all have pushed me to become a better student pharmacist. I could never repay you, but I do hope that this letter brings you peace knowing that he impacted and helped so many individuals. All 64 students from my class will be able to hold this experience dear to our heart in order to give the best care to our future patients.

Sincerely,

Evelyn Mendoza
I was born in Southern California during the Summer of 1998. My parents were both immigrants from Vietnam. Soon after, my mother gave birth to my younger siblings 2, 3, and 4 years after me. Unfortunately, this seemingly happy period was the beginning of some difficult times. My mother was a bright and hardworking young woman who immigrated to the United States when she was about 11 years old and like many others, dreamt of pursuing the American dream. She had gotten accepted into a college and was excited to start, but unfortunately, she had me and decided to drop out to take care of me. After a one year gap, she had my 3 other siblings consecutively and thus started our rough life. My parents were both working in real estate and when the real estate market crashed, they were hit hard and it didn't help that they had 4 kids and bad money management habits.

I remember staying with my grandparents for a while and crying because I was unsure if I would ever get to return home. I was absolutely terrified of my parents arguing about money and was always scared and stressed to be at home. I was happy when I was at school or if my parents were out working because I wouldn’t have to worry about them arguing. I grew up always feeling a lot of pressure because I carried the guilt of preventing my mom from going to college and pursuing the American dream, being one of the reasons why my parents stayed together even though they don’t love each other anymore, and having the expectation from my mom to become a doctor to not be a disappointment to my dad’s side of the family who are all doctors.

Fortunately for me, I was someone who really enjoyed school and was considered “intelligent” for my age, so I was put into the advanced classes such as taking Algebra in 6th grade. I tried hard at school because I felt that it was the natural thing to do, so I did really well until I went into high school. My stellar academic performance made my mom praise me for being so “smart” but I soon found out that intelligence wasn’t really what was most important. In high school, I ended up with my first C ever in math, the subject I excelled most in, which ended up breaking my confidence in myself. I didn’t try hard in studying math and never reached out to others for help because I kept thinking that because I was so “smart” and didn’t need help since I could figure it out myself. That was when I learned that intelligence wasn’t as important as I thought and it was the people who worked hard and reached out to others who went places in life.

Unfortunately, I withdrew from trying so hard academically in high school because I didn’t have the confidence in myself anymore. I would still take AP classes because I enjoyed the material and wanted the challenge offered by those classes, but I didn’t move on in math. I was only able to get a 4.0 GPA weighted. I did pretty poorly when I did track and field. I was part of Key Club mainly for the volunteering aspect. I made some great memories with my gaming friends and other friends. It was only when I started fresh in college that I started working super hard because I finally found what I wanted to do in life and knew I needed to work hard to get there.
Luckily for me, I was accepted into UC Irvine as a chemistry major and that was amazing for me because my mom always told me that UC Berkeley and UC Irvine were the best college to get into. Unbeknownst to me, UC Irvine was about to change my life. Growing up, my mom always told me to become a doctor, dentist, or pharmacist. Because I liked science and math so much, I decided to give pharmacy a try. When I went to orientation for UCI, I found out that they actually had a Pharmaceutical Sciences major and switched to that major right then and there. I joined their Pharmaceutical Science Mentorship Program (PSMP) and was matched with a 4th year mentor who was incredibly kind and supportive. She introduced me to the club that she was a board member for: the Pre-Pharmacy Society (PPS) at UCI. I joined and went to all the events at first to spend time with my mentor, but I soon found myself in love with the organization, its members, and pharmacy. I am incredibly thankful for my mentor, because she helped me break out of my shell, supported me, and introduced me to PPS. I also joined Commuter Connections, a club for 1st year Pharmaceutical Science major commuters to make friends. That organization also changed my life because it introduced me to my closest buddies and my future girlfriend. I was able to avoid being lonely in all of my classes and have friends who I can share my love of anime with. I became super involved in my major by becoming a tutor/mentor for Commuter Connections and a board member for PPS for 3 years. During my time as a general member, treasurer, external vice president, and president of PPS, I loved learning all about the different fields in pharmacy and meeting all these amazing people. One of the main reasons I chose pharmacy besides wanting to help people was for the flexibility it allows. I would be able to switch fields, learn and experience new things, and help people in many different types of settings in different ways. I met my girlfriend through Commuter Connections in my 2nd year and we spent a lot of time together in PPS and outside of classes until the point where she eventually became my first best friend. Eventually, we developed feelings for each other and the rest is history. She changed me a lot for the better and I am super lucky to be with her. Fortunately, she is also pursuing the same path as me and will also be coming to UCSD for pharmacy school. I got my first job ever as a pharmacy technician at Rite Aid during my 2nd year to get experience in pharmacy and I am really proud about how much I was able to learn and grow from my time at Rite Aid.

I applied to 2 pharmacy schools: USC and UC San Diego. I was fortunate enough to get accepted into both of them but I ultimately decided to go to Skaggs because it was my dream school ever since I visited there during a PPS trip. It had everything I ever wanted in a pharmacy school: a small class size so I could become close to my classmates, a pass/no pass system so that there was no competition and only support from my classmates, great boba and food, a new environment, and the opportunity to live by myself for the first time after commuting to UCI for 4 years. My time here at Skaggs has been fantastic so far! I was matched with an amazing big. I was elected as Class President for the P1 class and have had a wonderful time so far working with my fellow board members to serve my class. I have met so many great people, received so much experience giving COVID-19 vaccines, and learned so many valuable lessons through events from student organizations.
Anatomy in particular was a class that was unexpectedly life changing for me. I wondered why we even needed anatomy since I thought that we only needed to be the medication experts and know what medication to use. It wasn’t until I was in class seeing the bodies, watching the lectures, reading the manuals, and being tested did I realize how valuable this opportunity was. It is something that I would not be able to find at any other pharmacy schools in California. Learning the human body with the contributions from the body donor program is absolutely one of the reasons why Skaggs produces some of the best pharmacists. Only by having a thorough understanding of how the human body works can a pharmacist truly understand different disease states and how specific medications are used to treat them. I am truly thankful for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity and will never forget this experience. I truly respect the donors and their families for making such a sacrifice and want them to know that their sacrifices are what make the stories of students like me able to have a truly happy ending. I am sure that this experience will help me achieve my goals in life.

I have many goals in life that involve helping people in many different ways and for different reasons that I hold dear in my heart. First, I want to make a difference as a student pharmacist by supporting my classmates and helping others as an intern pharmacist through volunteering or working. Then, I want to become a successful pharmacist so that I can fulfill my mom’s hopes and dreams as well as my own. I want to be able to experience many different fields in pharmacy such as managed care, regulatory affairs, and ambulatory care and help many different people. I want to use the money I earn as a pharmacist to build a financially stable future for myself to make sure my family never has to worry about money ever again. I would also like to use the money to invest and build wealth so that I can use that wealth to help others. I want to be able to contribute to a scholarship fund to give others the opportunity to go to school and pursue their dreams. After retiring from being a pharmacist, I hope to become a high school teacher that teaches science and use my experience as a pharmacist to inspire my students to also give pharmacy a chance. I also want to teach personal finance because I believe so many high schools lack such an important class and learning how to responsibly manage your finances is something every person should learn in order to live a financially stable life and build wealth. My hard work is done so that others can live happier lives and have brighter futures.
Words of Appreciation
1. Janice Huang – Pharmacy Student

I am very happy and grateful for the learning opportunity provided to me by the UCSD Body Donor Program. It is not an everyday experience where we can truly dive into anatomy and examine the intricacies of the human body. Each and every individual donor has broadened my education and provided me with practical knowledge regarding the human body. Combining the incredible UCSD Skaggs curriculum alongside anatomy will provide me the clinical applications that will make me a better pharmacist. I am truly filled with gratitude and thankful to the families of the donors, who have provided this experience for me and my classmates. It is without a doubt, an unforgettable experience for all of us. I hope that as I become a Pharmacist, I will use the knowledge acquired in Anatomy, to serve the families here today along with my future patients.

2. Quetzal Flores-Ramirez – Medical Student

I just want to express my gratitude to the donors and their families for allowing me the privilege to learn human anatomy in the most intimate form possible. I am honored by this gift and I know this selfless act will have a tremendous impact on me as a doctor. From the bottom of my heart, thank you, and may God bless you all.
3. Stephanie Morioka – Pharmacy Student

Dear loved ones of the donors,

My name is Stephanie Morioka and I am a first year pharmacy student at UCSD Skaggs School of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Sciences. I am a first generation college student and my goals as a future pharmacist are to empower my patients and make an impact on my underserved communities. I strongly believe in educating patients and providing them with knowledge to empower them to take control of their own health. I hope to reduce health disparities among minorities and make healthcare more accessible.

My first year in pharmacy school has been challenging and at times very draining, but taking anatomy and getting to know your loved one in a way I never expected reminds me to keep pushing forward. I have gained invaluable knowledge on the intricacies of the human body that cannot be learned from a textbook. Prior to this experience, I was afraid of the human body, even my own, but since then I have learned how beautiful the human body is and how precious life is. When I think about your loved one, I see their bravery, strength, selflessness, and their great capacity to give even after death. These are all qualities that I aspire to have and will continue striving for. I will be a better future pharmacist because of the impact your loved one has had on me. Your loved one has made the world better than how they found it. Their legacy will continue and be a part of me as I will forever carry everything I have learned from your loved one and use this knowledge to better my community and reduce health disparities. On behalf of the Class of 2024, I want to thank you and your loved one for trusting us and greatly contributing to our education. We will forever be grateful.

Yours sincerely,
Stephanie Morioka
Poems
1. Jesus Lopez – Medical Student

Once we were strangers
Lives intertwined by a cause
Gift of a lifetime

Jesus Lopez
Student Photos
MS1 Class of 2024

Abdou, Waseem
Acosta II, Paul
Agarwal, Ravi
Alsamman, Sarah
Amalraj, Jessica
Applegarth, Colton

Aung, Alan
Balayan, Alis
Banerjee, Shreya
Bird, Victoria
Bosompra, Naa-Oye
Brah, Harman

Buchholz, Rhiannon
Bylsma, Sophia
Carter, Trever
Cha, Brannon
Chakoumakos, Madison
Chappelle, Sheridan
MS1 Class of 2024

Chen, Kevin
Chen, Selena
Chuter, Benton
Cisneros, Alice
Conroy, Carmen
Cressy, Jianna
Curtin, Genevieve
Daniel, Manjari
Dayao, John Kevin
DellaRipa, Jessica
Desjardins, Morgan
Diggs, Ryan
Dinh, Kevin
Do, Veena
Dong, Sydney
Donnelly, Matthew
Du, Austin
Du, Ashley
Duff, Mary Kathryn
Ellorin, Eric
Esfandiari, Laila
Fitzgerald, Liam
Flores-Ramirez, Quetzal
Furnari, Grace
MS1 Class of 2024

Ghetti, Claudio
Gidwani, Simran
Gonzalez Davalos, Kimberly
Gudipati, Suma
Gupta, Urvi
Gutierrez, Karoline
Haldeman, Pearce
Haynesworth, Austin
Heintz, Timothy
Horita, Henry
Howitt, Leah
Hua, Vinh Vincent
Huynh, Christina
Irons, Brianna
Jahan, Arya
Jensen, Evan
Kakarla, Visesha
Kaur, Nanki
Kern, Jessica
Kim, Katherine
Lauricella, Michael
Lazar, Katja
Leddy, Jason
Lee, Danny
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sadeghi, Soraya</td>
<td>Schurr, Danielle</td>
<td>Seneviratne, Shamilka</td>
<td>Shrestha, Rita</td>
<td>Solis, Adriana</td>
<td>Steward, Alta Mason</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Su, Jin</td>
<td>Suh, Harrison</td>
<td>Sun, Nicole</td>
<td>Taylor, Brett</td>
<td>Tman, Zachariah</td>
<td>Trimm, Conner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villarreal-Gonzalez, MaryAnn</td>
<td>Vu, Hubert</td>
<td>Wallis-Lang, Kendahl</td>
<td>Wu, Nicholas</td>
<td>Yeluru, Akhilesh</td>
<td>Yu, Jimmy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zhang, Sijia</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
P1 Class of 2024

Ajmaia, Mariam
Albanean, Julia
Au-Yeung, Vallance
Bang, Priscilla
Barragan, Alexandra
Bayasi, Ahmad

Belaya, Mary
Brown, Kaleb
Chang, Justina
Chen, Karen
Chen, Patrick
Chou, Vanessa

Co, Kevin
Diep, Eddy
Dinh, Minh
Doan, Khoa
Du, Evon
Garza, Robert

Gomez, Jerika
Ha, Ryan
Haddad, Elizabeth
Henrich, Charity
Hoang, Tram
Huang, Janice
P1 Class of 2024

Huor, Leeza
Huynh, Cynthia
Kaleo, Parker
Kang, Stephen
Kim, Jennifer
Kuo, Lauren

Kwok, Melanie
Le, Hien
Le, Thanh
Lee, Jiny
Lucero, Laura
Ly, Joseph

Mathew, Rinoj
Mendoza, Evelyn
Moore, Allamar
Morioka, Stephanie
Nazarian, Harout
Ngo, Isabelle

Ngo, Kenny
Nguyen, Destini
Nguyen, Isabel
Nguyen, Rosalyn
Odeesho, Louis
Panec, Montana
MS1 Service Photos
MS1 Service Photos