



NARRATIVE MEDICINE FOR SPIRITUAL HEALTH

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 - None relevant to the content of this talk
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MEDICINE IN CRISIS







COMPONENTS OF BURNOUT

Emotional Exhaustion

Cynicism/Depersonalization

Personal or Professional Accomplishment

Driver dimensions



The Covenant

Ofri, Danielle MD, PhD [Author Information](#) 

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“The despair I see amongst our colleagues today, however, is more than just burnout. It is a betrayal of trust, the trust we gave to our own profession.”

DEVELOPING THE MORAL INJURY SYMPTOMS SCALE FOR HEALTH PROFESSIONALS



COMPONENTS OF MORAL INJURY

Shame, guilt, meaninglessness, isolation

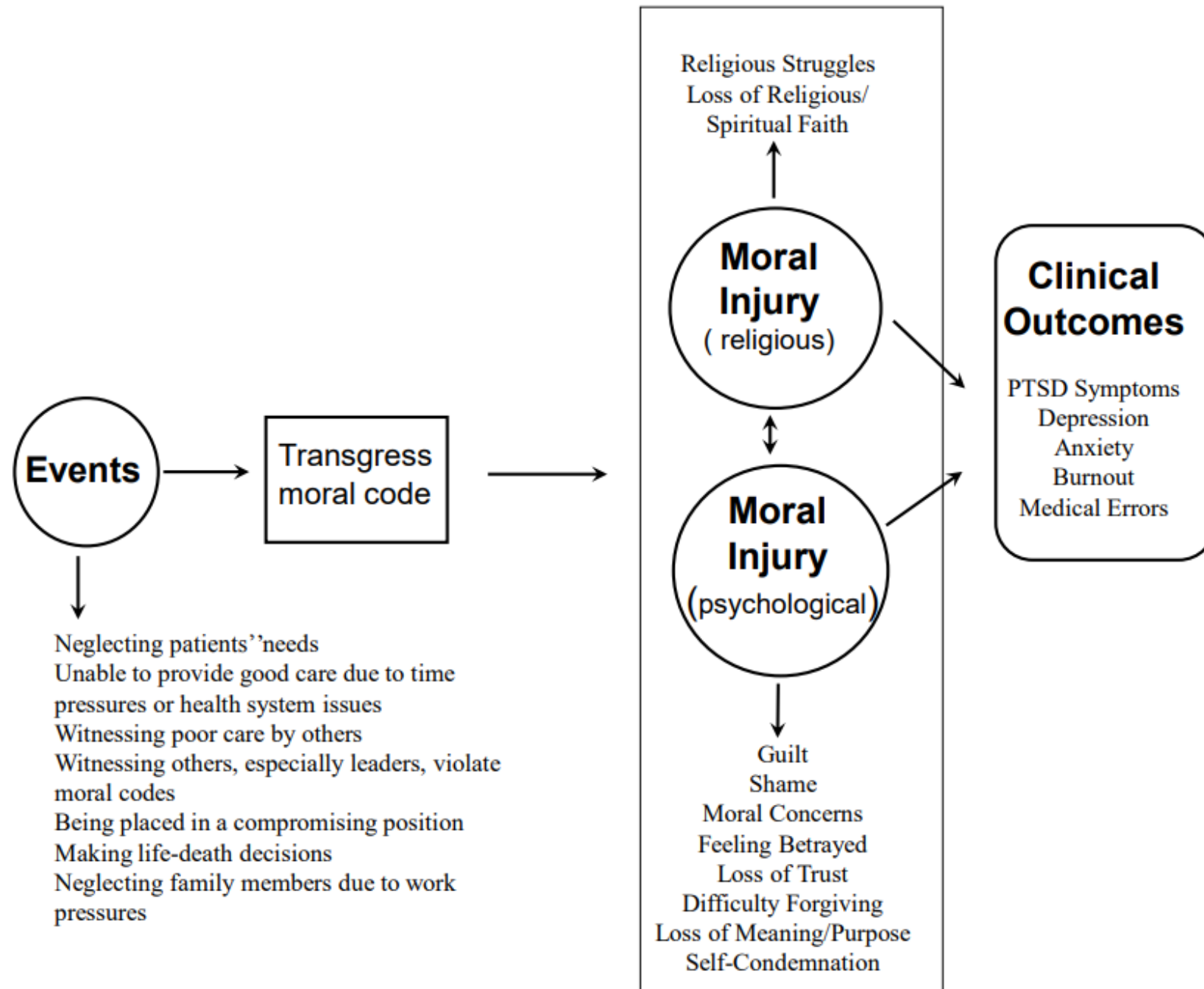
Remorse for having violated core moral beliefs

Sense of betrayal

Divided self

MORAL INJURY SYMPTOMS SCALE FOR HEALTH PROFESSIONALS

- I feel **betrayed** by other health professionals whom I once trusted
 - I feel **guilt** over failing to save someone from being seriously injured or dying
 - I feel **ashamed** about what I've done or not done when providing care to my patients
 - I am troubled by having acted in ways that **violated** my own morals or values
 - Most people with whom I work as a health professional are **trustworthy**
 - I have a good sense of what makes my life **meaningful** as a health professional
 - I have **forgiven** myself for what's happened to me or to others whom I have cared for
 - I am inclined to feel that I'm a **failure** in my work as a health professional
 - I sometimes feel God is **punishing** me for what I've done or not done while caring for patients
 - Compared to before I became a health professional, my religious/spiritual **faith** has strengthened
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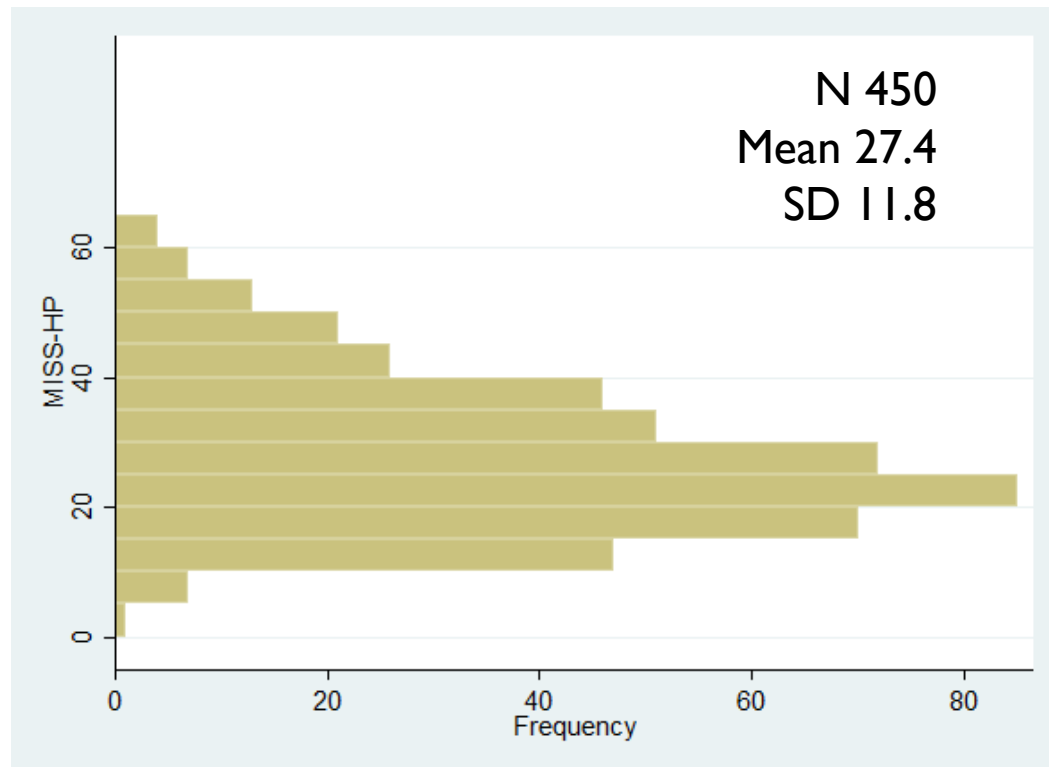


MORAL INJURY IN THE TIME OF COVID-19

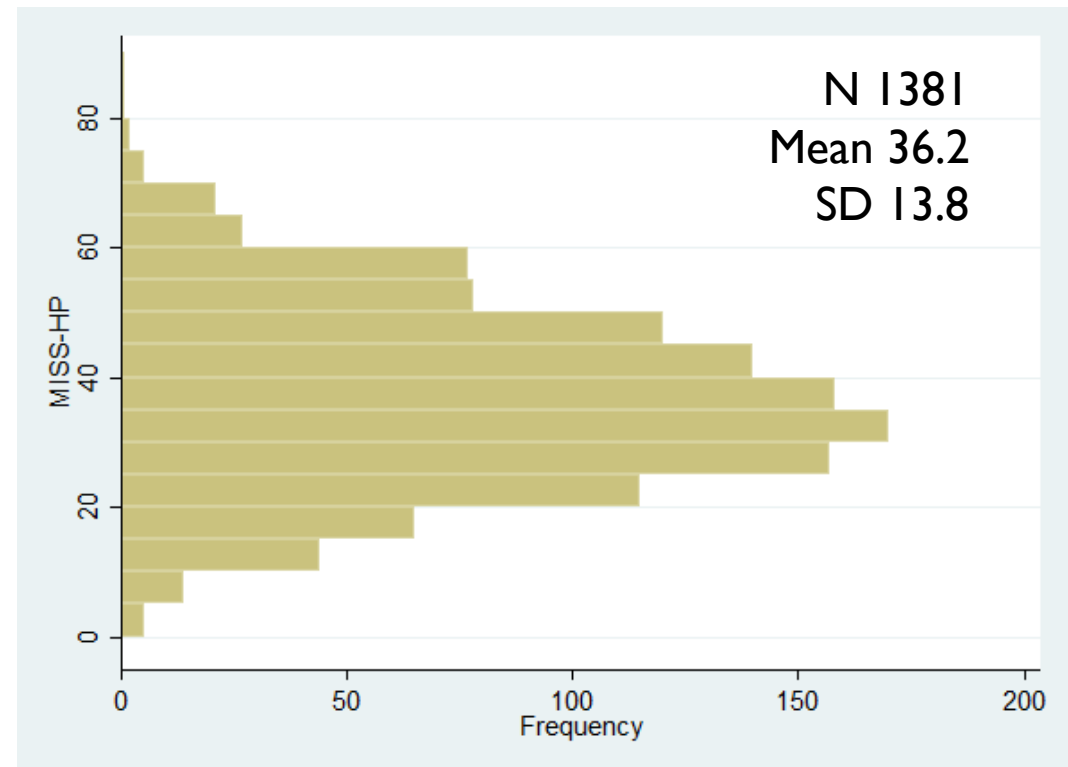
- Global online survey in two phases (April/May 2020 and October/November 2020)
- 1831 health professionals
 - 923 nurses, 182 physicians, 221 APPs, 66 chaplains, 31 SW, 408 other
 - 798 reported regularly caring for COVID-19 patients
 - 134 reported personal illness from COVID-19
 - 309 reported family member illness from COVID-19

CHANGES IN MORAL INJURY LEVELS

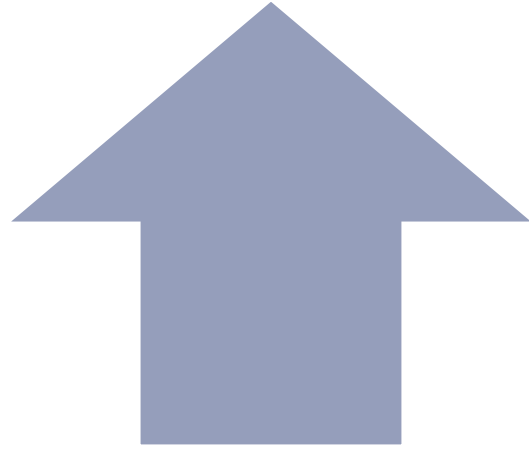
Spring 2020



Fall 2020



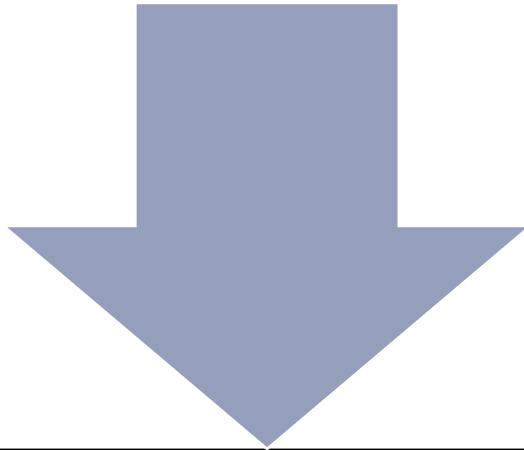
PREDICTORS OF MORAL INJURY



Nursing (B=5.26)

Divorced (B=3.06)

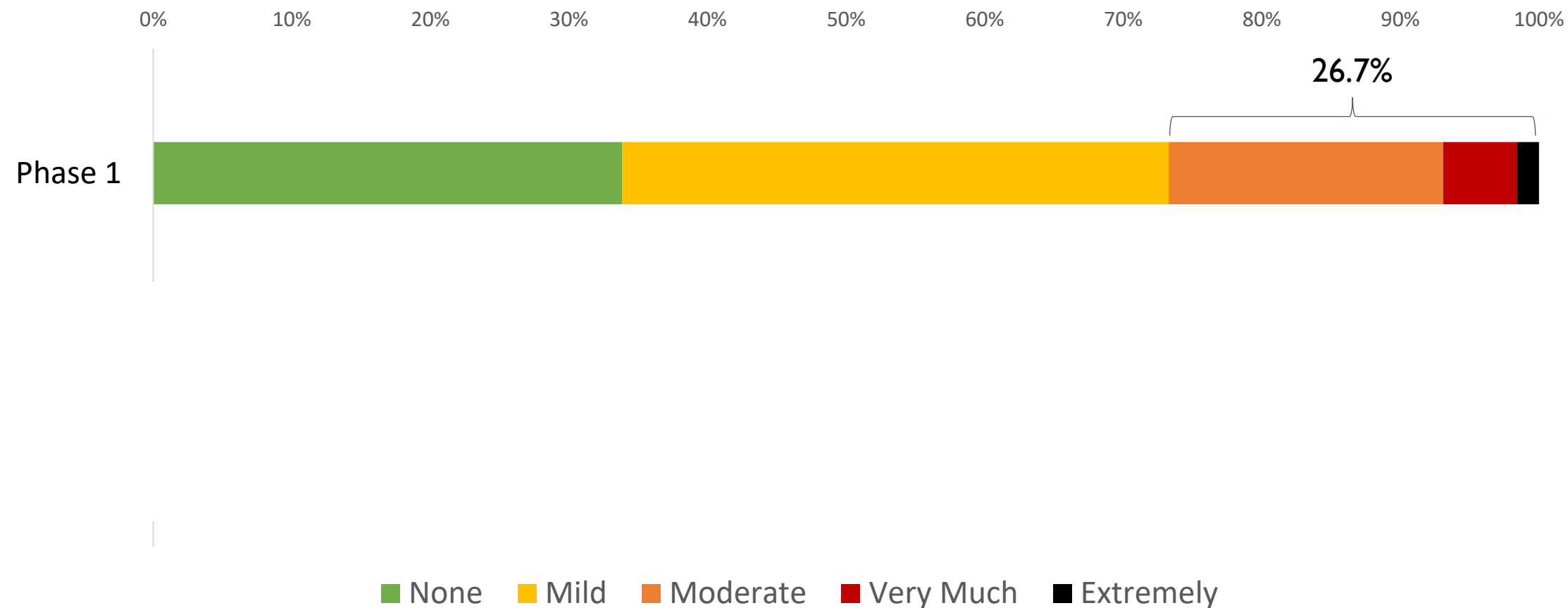
COVID experience (B=2.73)



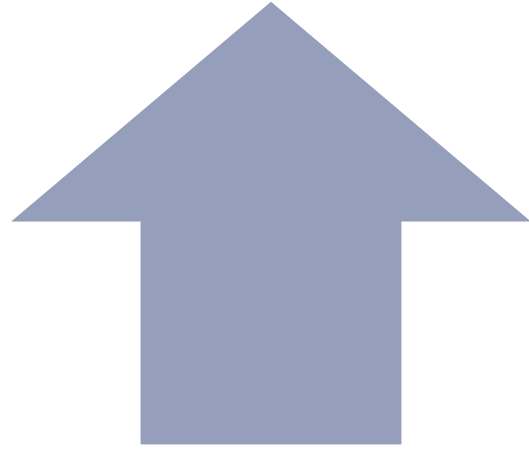
Religiosity (B=-0.68)

Age > 55 (B=-4.37)

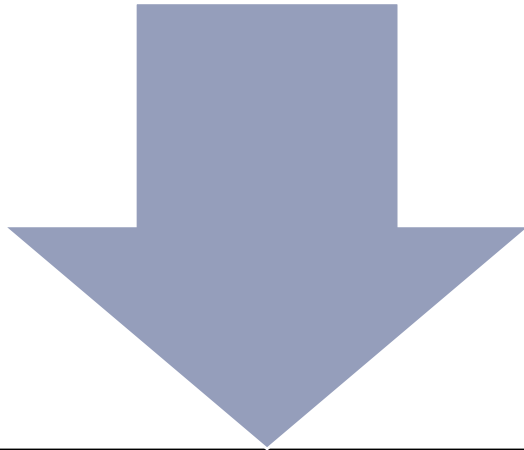
FUNCTIONAL IMPAIRMENT



PREDICTORS OF FUNCTIONAL IMPAIRMENT



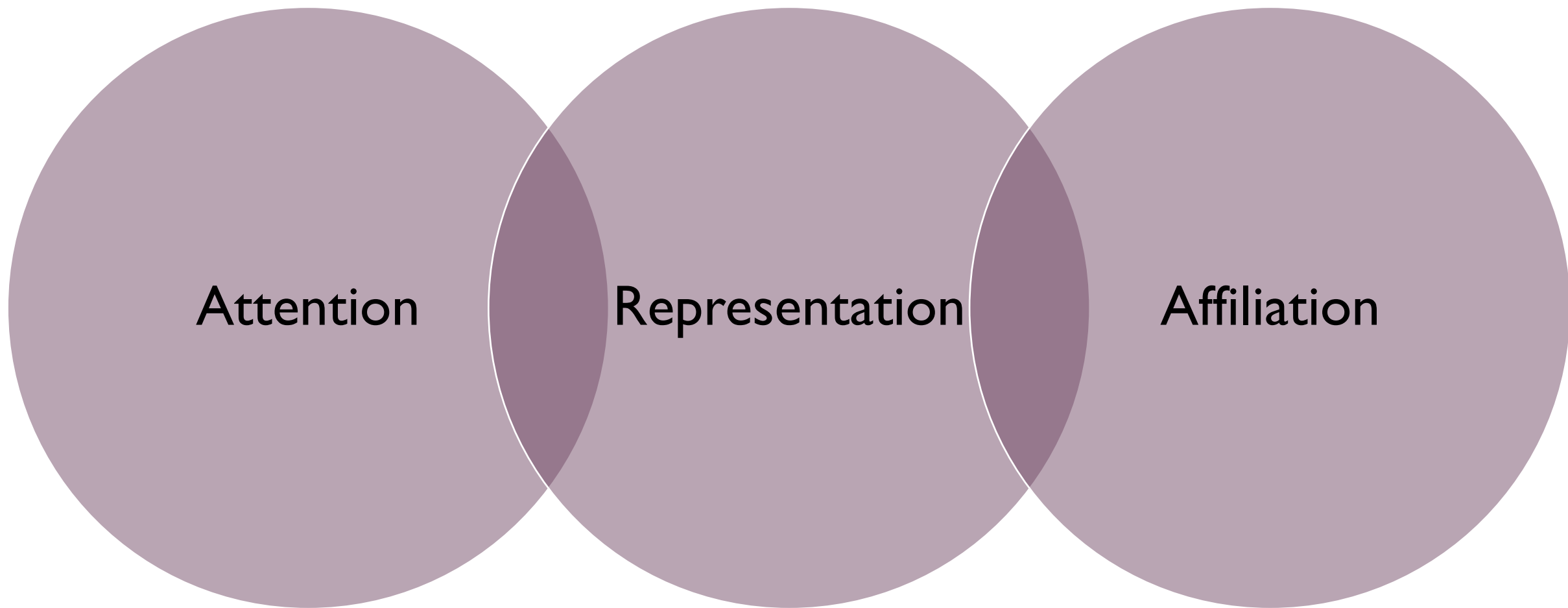
Widowed (OR 2.57)
COVID experience (OR 1.65)
Divorced (OR 1.53)
Never married (OR 1.47)



APP (OR 0.70)
Physician (OR 0.61)
Age > 55 (OR 0.54)



WHY NARRATIVE MEDICINE?



Narrative Medicine

A Model for Empathy, Reflection, Profession, and Trust

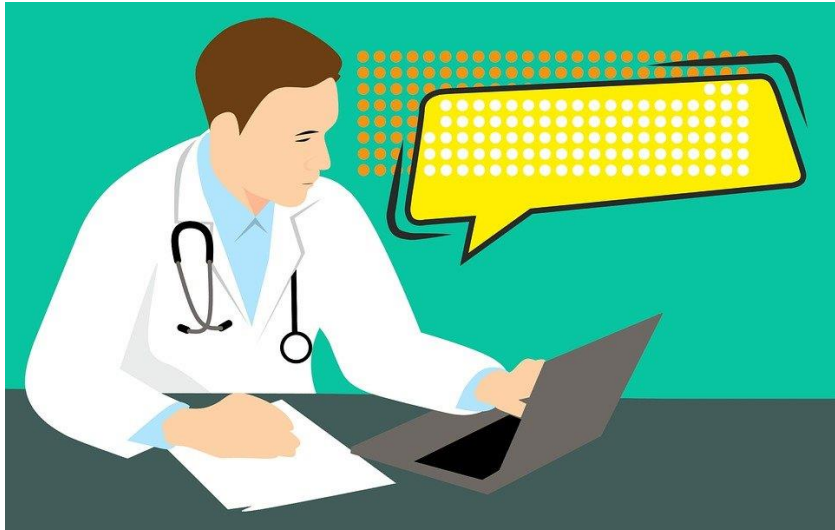
Rita Charon, MD, PhD

MS LAMBERT (NOT HER REAL name) is a 33-year-old woman with Charcot-Marie-Tooth disease. Her grandmother, mother, 2 aunts, and 3 of her 4 siblings have the disabling disease as well. Her 2 nieces showed signs of the disease by the age of 2 years. Despite being wheelchair bound with declining use of her arms and hands, the patient lives a life filled with passion and responsibility.

“How’s Phillip?” the physician asks on a routine medical follow-up visit. At the age of 7 years, Ms Lambert’s son is vivacious, smart, and the center—and source of meaning—of the patient’s world. The patient answers. Phillip has

The effective practice of medicine requires narrative competence, that is, the ability to acknowledge, absorb, interpret, and act on the stories and plights of others. Medicine practiced with narrative competence, called *narrative medicine*, is proposed as a model for humane and effective medical practice. Adopting methods such as close reading of literature and reflective writing allows narrative medicine to examine and illuminate 4 of medicine’s central narrative situations: physician and patient, physician and self, physician and colleagues, and physicians and society. With narrative competence, physicians can reach and join their patients in illness, recognize their own personal journeys through medicine, acknowledge kinship with and duties toward other health care professionals, and inaugurate consequential discourse with the public about health care. By bridging the divides that separate physicians from patients, themselves, colleagues, and society, narrative medicine offers fresh opportunities for respectful, empathic, and nourishing medical care.

PHYSICIAN AND PATIENT



Doctoring on Zoom:
Trust blossoms with messy shelves—
theirs and mine—behind

PHYSICIAN AND SELF

Existing personal identities

“Who you are”

Genes

Sex/Race

Personal characteristics

Experiences

Religion/Culture

Class

Education

Sexual orientation

Other

PHYSICIAN AND SELF

Taking a break

- Time-out period
- Self-care coping

Review of experience

- Recollection/review
- Problem-solving

Reassessment

- Examine practices
- Pragmatic approach

Linking action to reality

- Evidence ~ perspective
- Normative frameworks

Recognition of multiple possibilities

- Empowers patient voice
- Challenge the status quo

PHYSICIAN AND COLLEAGUES



PHYSICIAN AND COLLEAGUES

We're coming to the table...not necessarily as equals but like everyone coming with an opinion, in a structure where usually we're used to this hierarchical, like, you write the orders, and you do the orders, and you're the attending. So...some of that, I think, gets minimized in that room.

I find that with AfterWards, too, you know, being able to meet somebody that you never met and hear their voice, and hear how they're experiencing this particular event that we're going through is very powerful.

The concept of feeling relaxed when I leave, is like this, just like a bigger, a sense of a bigger purpose...not just as a resident, but ... I'm just like a person in the world who can do good things.

PHYSICIAN AND SOCIETY

Abolition medicine

[Yoshiko Iwai](#) • [Zahra H Khan](#) • [Sayantani DasGupta](#) ✉

Published: July 18, 2020 • DOI: [https://doi.org/10.1016/S0140-6736\(20\)31566-X](https://doi.org/10.1016/S0140-6736(20)31566-X)

“Who do you serve, who do you protect?”

“Narrative medicine gives us the tools to see how militarised metaphors in health care obscure structural contexts by making unclear who we, in medicine, serve and protect. Health workers are not instruments of the state; our duty is to heal communities in need and critique those systems that allow minoritised communities to be disproportionately harmed, while rebuilding those systems in healthier ways.”

‘I Remember the First Time I Saw a Teenager Die’

Scenes from the trauma bay haunt those of us who work to save the victims of gun violence.

By **Eric Curran**

Mr. Curran is a third-year medical student.

Feb. 14, 2019



I am bathing. All my grayness—
The hospital, the incurable illnesses,
This headache—is slowly given over
To bathwater, deepening it to where

I lose sight of my limbs. The fragrance,
Twenty different herbs at first (dill, spices
From the Caribbean, aloe vera),
Settles, and becomes the single, warm air

Of my sweat, of the warmth deep in my hair—
I recognize it, it's the smell of my pillow
And of my sheets, the closest things to me.
Now one with the bathroom, every oily tile

A different picture of me, every square
One in which I'm given the power of curves,
Distorted, captured in some less shallow
Dimension—now I can pray. I can cry, and he'll

Come. He is my shoulder, maybe, above
The gray water. He is in the steam,
So he can touch my face. Rafael,
He says, I am your saint. So I paint

For him the story of the day: the wife
Whose husband beat purples into her skin,
The jaundiced man (who calls me Ralph, still,
Because that's more American), faint

Yellows, his eyes especially—then,
Still crying, the bright red a collision
Brought out of its perfect vessel, this girl,
This life attached to, working, the wrong thing

Of a tricycle. I saw pain—
Primitive, I could see it, through her split
Chest, in her crushed ribs—white-hot.
Now, I can stop. He has listened, he is silent.

When he finally speaks, touching my face,
It sounds herbal, or African, like drums
Or the pure, tiny bells her child's cries
Must have been made of. Then, somehow,

I'm carried to my bed, the pillow, the sheets
Fragrant, infinite, cool, and I recognize
His voice. In the end, just as sleep takes
The world away, I know it is my own.