

# DOCTOR TO BE: A MEMOIR



BY GENESIS MORLABAEZ

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# About the Author



Genesis Morlabaez is a first-year biology student at Lynn University in Boca Raton, FL. She is pursuing a career as a medical examiner. In her spare time, she enjoys creative write. Writing is an outlet Morlabaez uses to escape from her studies. She has lived in three different countries and three different states, and has traveled around the globe capturing the true essence of life and writing about the thrill and dismay of it all. Morlabaez believes writing bears all news and deep sentiment.

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# A Doctor to Be: A Memoir

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We all evolve as a society. Our dislikes, likes, hobbies, passions, and various other facets of our lives change. Sometimes those facets change for the better, and other times, they change for the worse. I once had an epiphany, and my life changed tremendously because of it. In 2005, my father was deployed to Afghanistan and my mother and I were left alone to pick up the pieces. Each and every day, we cooked and baked, and because of this, I was inspired to become a chef. I thought to myself, if this made me contented—if cooking gave me a sense of satisfaction and eased my pain—why couldn't I help others feel those same feelings with a plate of food. But shortly thereafter, my father returned from Afghanistan and was diagnosed with TBI and PTSD. From that point forward, food was an afterthought; my passion for medicine flourished like a Yosemite sequoia.

I always enjoyed attending school and learning new things, traits instilled in me at an early age. My mother always said, just as we fuel our bodies, we must fuel our brains. So reading, studying, and applying myself in everything I participate in is was lesson I learned early in life, and thankfully one that has stuck with me since molding me into the young lady I am today. Academically, I rarely push myself to perform better than the next person. My classmates are not my competitors. Instead, every day, my goal is to do better than the last, because no matter who you are and who you compete with, there is always room for improvement. I always aim to enhance my skills—something that will aid me as a student and beyond. Going into the medical field involves a huge

amount of patience and grit. Knowing this, I have made sure to push myself daily, because comfort breeds complacency, which can result in stagnation. Complacency rarely leads to a search for something greater. Sitting ducks never fly. So academically, I aspire to become a better version of myself.

If you ask a young adult why they decided to attend college, they'll most likely respond along the lines of, "I want to move out," or "I want to make my parents happy". And yes, it's important to make your parents proud, but in my perspective, my motivation for higher education was not about anyone's impressions but my own. Attending college to further my education and becoming educated to the highest level will reward me with happiness and wealth for the duration of life. Throughout my college years, I want to find myself and understand who I am as a person. At the same time, I want to make a positive impact on the world and the people around me, including myself, of course. My motivation for pursuing a medical degree is not monetary. I want to use my degree and knowledge of medicine to help those in need considering how health is such a problem in today's day and age. I believe that going into the medical field aligns perfectly with my personal goals. I want to become a juggler, not the circus kind. I want to fulfill the skill of being able to juggle certain life aspects while retaining composure and not breaking down. I've done plenty of research upon my preferred area of study, and with all that research, I've concluded that an abundance of years will be needed for me to become the best

doctor I could possibly be. I'm receptive to that timeframe because good things come within long periods of time. A wise woman once told me that being the best at something takes time, and that Rome wasn't built in a day.

Education is the root of all new beginnings. From our earliest years, we learn how to crawl, we learn to walk, and soon enough, we learn to do things for ourselves. This is why the concept of being educated and having the ability to be educated is crucial to me. Being educated enables me to be self-sufficient and determined to do even more than I did yesterday. I've learned to be consistent and I've acquired grit from both of my parents. My mother, owning a five-star hotel in New York City and my father serving in the Marines and working in the New York Police Department gave me a glimpse of who I want to become and what life consisted of.

Ever since I was little, I had a passion for the culinary arts, and being a part of a military family made my love for cuisine grow even more. However, as I grew older, my love of food warped into a love for medicine. I believe that growing up in a military atmosphere not only piqued my interest in medicine, it also blessed me with the inside scoop on how health care works for veterans, what troops endure throughout their service to this country, and what may transpire if they happen to pass away overseas. I have an eccentric personality and have always questioned how deceased bodies were handled and how medical

examiners determine cause and time of death. I did my research and within a few moments, I knew my career path changed from wanting to be a chef and working with food to becoming a medical examiner. Many people—including my parents—were flabbergasted after I told them the news.

Undoubtedly, a few years from now, I see myself being chief medical examiner in the state of Florida. Receiving an education is one thing, but actually using that education to achieve goals is the key. After seeing how my father returned from his deployment in Iraq, a light bulb went off in my head and I knew studying medicine was the best path for me. I enjoy speaking about medicine, and I love the fact that I could help people in the process of me doing something I love. I have a passion for health care and I will do anything I need to do in order to call myself a health care professional.

Education is what will pave the way to success. I want to employ all of the knowledge I receive in my collegiate career so I can help individuals who can no longer speak for themselves—the deceased. Becoming a medical examiner has been a goal of mine ever since my father's deployment and still persists today. Knowledge is power and becomes a part of you that no one can take away. Receiving an education is as important to me as is a human needing water to survive. I work hard to achieve my academic goals not only to impress my parents, but to impress

my inner being and to obtain resilience in order to keep doing more each day.

Of the many ideals one should believe in are self-improvement and self-empowerment. I strongly believe that one should work on oneself in order to prevail in this game we call life. Coming from a military family, I've moved quite a lot, and inasmuch, I've had to adapt and overcome in order to live my dreams. Stemming from this military background and navigating the obstacles I've encountered has only increased my passion for medicine.

Watching my father be deployed repeatedly had caused various emotional breakdowns that encouraged personal adaptation and gave me the strength and willpower necessary to endure and strive for the next day. Now, being a first-year biology student at Lynn University and looking back at the fact that I was held back from first grade due to emotional distress, I know I possess the grit to succeed in life. I feel as if my father's absence aided my academic achievements, and most importantly, my personal growth. A dreadful moment made the years to come worth living and worth striving for.

A number of years had passed by, full of sorrow and despair. Although I was content to see my father's return after many years, I was saddened to see he came back with numerous health problems. Deep down inside, I felt it was my duty to help him through his obstacles because his personal barriers became an obstruction in our father-daughter relationship. While he was

gone, I was around eight years old and took it upon myself to study certain medical blunders that veterans could potentially return with. I was well-equipped to aid my father to achieving a better state of mind, and I was also able to build memories with him once again. After he came back to the states, his medical paperwork stated that he had TBI, PTSD, and had hearing loss resulting from an RPG. After reading this information, I accompanied my father to his appointments with a speech therapist and neurologist. Being with my father throughout this process made me a stronger person, both mentally and physically. I feel in the core of my soul that his return was the key to unlocking my passion for medicine, which has only grown since.

I would never change the way my life turned out, nor the way in which events played out as they did. I believe that everything happens for a reason, and by being born into a military family and having a father who is alive and well is a blessing itself. I also consider my father's absence as a blessing as he wholeheartedly gave me the key to unlock the reason why I was put on Earth: to become a doctor and help the masses. I will further my education and become the medical examiner I've always wanted to be in order to help those who can no longer speak for themselves. Attending Lynn University for my first year of higher education has assisted in my self-improvement, and I can confidently say that I can pick up where my father and mother left off and keep working towards my dreams and aspirations.