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Medicine and Art

by

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The author is pastor of St. Thomas More Church, Chicago. The following is an address to the Catholic Physicians' Guild of Chicago.

Medicine and art are intimately related to the Mysterious Beauty of Created Life. And good medicine and good art, linked as they are by the Incarnation, are barometers of the health of our society and partners in the development of the Culture of Life. As Catholic physicians, you hold a particularly important position in our society, for, by your explicit devotion to the Flesh of the Son of Man you, along with artists help create the cultural context in which all human flesh is treasured and protected.

To tell you the truth, I think that Medicine and Art is a marvelous confluence of subjects. On the surface, no one would ever suspect that there might be anything remotely similar between the two enterprises, let alone be related. But think of it, does it not seem obvious that that which informs and drives medicine likewise informs and drives art: Love, and more specifically, Love of God's Creation, and most specifically, the Love of Humanity — body and soul.

Sure, the common wisdom holds that the medical person and the artist are antitheses of each other — the one, the medical doctor is supposed to be the logical left-brained marvel of common sense and uncommon intelligence, with finely developed hand-to-eye coordination. He is supposed to stand in total contraposition to the undisciplined artist — the genius flake, the unfettered free spirit of the Age, taking us to new heights and depths of metaphysical research.

Your spouses can be the judges of the category into which you really belong, but it does not take much imagination or effort to see how a little change in something here or there lets us pretty easily switch stereotypes. You, no less than the artist, are fascinated by the mysteries of flesh and blood — the human body, how it works, how all the parts fit together, how

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movement happens, what is the source of life and vitality, and what derogates from that vitality.

We had a book at home when I was a child growing up. It was by H.G. Wells and it was entitled, “The Human Machine.” Basically, it was a popularized account of how the human body functions. But that title was typical of the prideful age in which it was written, indicating so clearly that its author, who was a scientist of no small fame, could see nothing more profound in the presence and workings of a human body than he could find underneath the hood of his car.

I cannot believe that Wells was even fascinated by what he saw. The body was obviously no more to him than a large mechanical puzzle. Otherwise he would not have dismissed it as a machine.

You, on the other hand — I would not believe that any one of you would ever refer to the Mysteries that you witness every day taking place in the human body and before your very eyes — but in the most hushed tone of reverence and awe. For you, the human body is cause for wonder. In your daily meditation on fleshly Creation, you are like the artist whose eyes well up with tears every time the unutterable beauty of created things is met. Tell me that that has not happened to you.

It does not seem to be an accident of history that Western civilization developed simultaneously both the greatest achievements in medicine as well as in art.

Even in the classical era of the Greeks and Romans, there was always a wonder about the human and his body and his identity and his destiny. And this wonder paved an early path for the eventual Revelation of the Incarnation. Until our most modern era, the researches in both medicine and in art walked hand in hand, held in thrall as they were by the Mystery of Life and Beauty, the Mystery of God and Creation.

It is my contention that none of this wonder or awe occurs properly or healthily either within medicine or within art unless it develops within the matrix of the Catholic belief in the Incarnation; because in that belief we celebrate a God who not only creates things, but joins Himself to those things in His Second Person. If, therefore, all creation is charged with the grandeur of God, as Hopkins told us, it falls to the artist and to the physician to bind and foster that grandeur. Our standard of reference is the teachings of the Catholic Church. And those doctrines and dogmas are the heart of this discussion.

One of the things that divides Catholics from modernists is that we say every Sunday that we believe in invisible things which we are surely led to by means of the visible. There may be those who consider that a bit childish — invisible things! But I know that I am much more intrigued by a universe that contains invisible things than I am intrigued by a universe...
no larger than the space my body occupies. I am confident that you are similarly intrigued.

Let us first examine some elements, doctrinal and historical, about the Incarnation and then we will move to whatever mutual implications we can see for art and then for medicine and ultimately for the health of our society.

The Incarnation

There is certainly no need to recapitulate every wrangling about the meaning of the doctrine of the Incarnation. Suffice it so say that in the Profession of Faith we are instructed to bow at the words, “And He was made Man.” This is the Church’s simple way of expressing her most profound belief — and the linchpin of every other belief in our Catholic system — that God so loved the world that He, the Uncreated, took on createdness in the flesh of His Son that we might take on, in some sense, Divinity. I am not aware of any other religion that makes such an insistent and consistent claim.

So unique and full of implications is this belief in the Incarnation that almost all of the heresies of Catholic history either directly or indirectly denied it. There were those who denied that Jesus was God, and there were those who denied He was human. Some heresies tried explaining “God made man”, but ended up explaining it away. For some of the heresies, Jesus’ divinity was a mirage, for others, it was His humanity that was not real.

It was even central to Lucifer’s rebellion — at least according to some old tradition — the test that God had given to the angels before our Creation was that He proposed to the angels that He was going to create humans, that they were going to sin, and that He — God — in order to redeem them was going to become one with them in the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, only to be executed by them.

The test basically consisted of God asking the Angels, “Well, what do you think of that, God becoming man?” Lucifer and his cohorts could not endure the thought of such a divine condescension, and they said, “No!” The Creator uniting with the creature! If it is the central dogma, it is also the central stumbling block. The Incarnation may have been disbelieved or misunderstood or misconstrued, but it was never ignored.

In the eight and ninth centuries an incredibly violent battle raged over the propriety of icons, paintings, statues, images, relics, even the intercession of the saints. So violent did this trouble grow that the icon smashers, in their rage against images, sacked monasteries, slaughtered monks, emptied and desecrated tombs, and ruined as much as they could of eight hundred years of Christian art.

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One could say that this was simply the misguided enthusiasm of early day puritans whose understanding of the First Commandment lacked all subtlety or distinction. But at heart, their problem was really with one or another of the implications of the Incarnation. They had a problem with the notion of a God made man, a God made visible. In fact, many of them had a problem with the notion of a creator God, Who could be associated in any way with matter.

St. John Damascene saw the problem clearly and, in his great defense of Christian art, he explains that such art is a most appropriate teacher of the doctrine of the Incarnation, for, if by the Incarnation we can understand that Jesus possesses both human and divine natures in one Divine Person, then it is clear that it is God Himself upon whom we look when we gaze upon the body of Jesus, either in the flesh or in a painted image. Otherwise we end up denying the unity of His Divine Personhood and turn the reason for the Incarnation on its head, for, do we not believe that His divinity is actually revealed by means of His humanity?

By His stripes we are healed, in His blood we are saved, by His most merciful birth, life, death on a cross, and resurrection, by means of His real body we have been redeemed.

There are those for whom the Incarnation is unthinkable because it indicates some concourse between the Creator and the created. They never stop there, as if it were simply a fight over notions and ideas. When the doctrine of the Incarnation is unraveled, so, too, unravels the host society. The moment that the necessary link between the Uncreated and the created is unfastened, so too is everything else. Once the Creator is endangered, so too is His creation.

Did you ever hear of the Albigensians? They popped up in southern France only a few hundred years after the icon smashers. They believed in two gods — a good god who created everything that was spiritual and immaterial and therefore good, and an evil god who created everything material and therefore evil.

This evil, of course, includes the human body and most human activities. They believed that anything that fostered matter, including marriage and the begetting of children, was immoral.

Some versions of the Albigensians also believed that if the material body was created by the Evil One, then sexual acts consequent to having that body were of no moral import. Marriage may have been considered wrong because it was the legal ratification of fleshly concerns — but not fornication.

One can only imagine these Albigensians practicing all manner of primitive contraception, reviving the ancient practice of exposure and abandonment of the unwanted, either children or the elderly, and procuring abortions. The most thoroughgoing cultural sterility possible was their
goal. The most incredible practice they had was that of ritual suicide, called the Endura. Those who were to undergo the Endura were actually either starved to death or they slit their wrists or swallowed glass.

Since their own physical existence was considered evil — enough to make a sacrament of suicide — you can imagine what they thought of God who took on physicality. Moreover you can imagine the civil and moral nightmare this strange cult was about to visit upon Europe itself. And it was an incredibly tenacious heresy. Missions preached against it were not successful. Anti-Albigensian Encyclicals and papal decrees and revivals of one sort or another were all failures. Even St. Dominic and his rosary were more successful in our imaginations than in actuality.

The only thing that stopped them was a military crusade mounted by panicked authorities, including a panicked Pope. I use the word “panicked” because of what was at stake. On the first level, there was the possible extinction of Catholicism in France and of Catholic culture throughout Europe. The Catholic kings understood this implicitly. Even we moderns will acknowledge that the cultural achievements of the Middle Ages, and even the Renaissance, scientific, artistic and medical, would never have happened had Europe converted to this anti-life, anti-matter religion, in which suicide was the height of virtue. There would be no reason to bother with medicine, let alone art.

On a second and more dangerous level, society sensed that if this strange belief system were allowed to spread beyond France, and then beyond Europe, there was no small threat to the human race itself.

No one could miss the fact that there was a straight line being drawn from a denial of the Incarnate God, to a denial of the goodness of Creation, to a total disdain of sexuality, human generation and even human life.

Conversely, there is also a straight line that can be drawn from a belief in the Incarnate God to the affirmation of the goodness of Creation and the appreciation of the loveliness of humanity and the goodness of fertility.

The Incarnation in Art

With this as our foundation, let us look at the Incarnation and Art. First, we should explain what we mean by art. The common understanding of art, which usually stops at painting and drawing, architecture and sculpture, must also include the aural arts: literature, drama, music and opera.

It would be a terrible mistake not to include popular expressions of art, such as the cinema, television, radio, picture journals, or any of a host of modern venues. It may not be “high art,” and it may not even be public television, but movies, sitcoms, and even rock concerts, lay better claims to
the title of "modern art" than something painted by Picasso. They are our real modern art and they are no less derivative of, or formulative of, a culture than things like statues and paintings and symphonies.

I think that it would be a real mistake to dismiss popular art forms precisely because they seem to appeal to the vulgar classes and are actually popular. When did unpopularity become the measure of good art? Would we now define high art as that which no one goes to see?

I can make you a bronze statue, but in a thirty-second radio spot, more people will have been reached by some silly little drama about deodorant than will see my bronze statue in a year. I don't think we can limit our conversation to the art we purchase for the walls of our homes or to the figurines and collectables we gather over the years. Art for the purposes of this discussion will mean anything that needs some kind of talent to be created — and that might mean a well-made shoe or the setting of a bone. Art can also mean an hour-long weekly drama series, complete with exploding cars and gunplay. It might, God forbid, mean the newest, strangest video on Music Television.

Now, none of this is to say that all art is good just because it is art. Certainly all art ought to be good, but some of it is bad and some of it is very bad. Adding the pop component might even make us realize that most of it is bad and very little of it is good. This is the moral component in art and we can say that art is good or bad to the degree that it reflects Beauty, and therefore art is good or bad to the degree that it enhances and ennobles our human lives.

There is no such thing as art for art's sake. Good art is for the sake of displaying Beauty and Beauty is for the sake of revealing God. Good art must be a function of Beauty which is reflected somehow back into the lives of the participants. To the degree that art is not reflective of beauty, to the degree that art is a function of the ugly, well, then. To that degree, art can be bad; and it can be a moral, human, and cultural danger.

This is not to say that if our art is ugly that we will have more colds. This is not to say that pretty pictures make for healthy bodies (though I am sure a subtle case can be made for such generalizations).

It is, however, to say that artistic beauty, or the lack thereof, on our walls, in our halls, in our offices and homes, in our churches and public spaces, on our CDs and tapes, in our televisions and entertainments, in its million and one facets, can help us or hurt us in our souls. Art is both the measure of the moral and spiritual health of our culture, and constitutive or destructive of that health.

Let's see how that plays out. We live cheek by jowl in an increasingly ugly society. In order to get anywhere, you pass mile after mile of unyielding ugliness: McDonalds and Burger Kings shoved between Amoco and three-flats. You may not make mental note of the ugliness of
all the malls, with their false fronts and squat, flat roofs. That is how ubiquitous this is.

And I do not think that this is unrelated to the studied ugliness we see in so many of our youth — the chopped, colored hair, the mutilations, the tattoos, the rings in the nostrils and eyebrows, the baggy clothes, the backward baseball caps, the surly looks, and the sullen grunts.

Nor is this unrelated to our sense that something socially and spiritually ugly is going on in our society. The word “brutal” comes to mind where we see lives blocked by contraception or cut short by abortion, assisted suicide, or euthanasia. Is it possible that the physical and artistic ugliness with which we have surrounded ourselves is unrelated to the anti-life horrors of the modern age where love and life consist of self-gratification and petri dishes?

And if we sense this ugliness and brutality about us and in our world, then do we not also sense that there may still be such a thing as Beauty? Do we not intuit that if we were to surround ourselves and our world with Beauty, do we not suspect that there might flower pleasant, well-ordered lives, articulated by countless acts of generosity, kindness, and joy? Do we not have an instinct that it can be better than it is? And that somehow God is part of that being better?

This discussion of medicine and art is not about pretty pictures. It is about life itself. Far too often, we relegate Beauty to the philosophical discussion and fail to see its connection to the way we live our lives. We guess that art is then for the walls and halls — decorations and background noise for our increasingly shallow lives — lives with which Beauty has only the most superficial connection.

Beauty is, in fact, formative and nurturant of life, human life, composed of soul and body. But Beauty is the mysterious link between the two, between nature and supernature.

Where did I get all this? Well, most of it comes from a lifelong meditation and fascination with the visual arts. There were five children in my family and all of us could draw.

When we were on the verge of destroying all the books, my poor father, in order to save the walls, built us a wooden blackboard that was hung in the kitchen hallway. It was a big blackboard, actually, perhaps four feet tall and maybe eight feet long. We divided it into halves, thirds, fourths, fifths — depending on how many of us were standing there drawing.

We had contests and competitions, all of which were judged by our parents. I do not remember them ever having decreed a victor in those drawing contests, but I do know that my sister Mary — God rest her soul — would have won every time, that’s how good she was.
But we drew everything, from religious scenes to rearing horses, from Nativities to schooners in full sail, from Crucifixion to Pegasus. And always, as it usually is for any child, the standards by which we measured ourselves and the success or failure of any of our drawings was how closely we were able to approximate that which was seen in nature. For us, nature was beautiful and was even somehow the Source of Beauty.

If we could tell that this drawing of a horse looked like one we had seen on television, then we were more happy by what we had accomplished. This might go some distance in explaining what almost every artist in almost every era tried to do. From the cave drawings in France to at least the Impressionists of the nineteenth century, the artistic reference point, the measure of beauty, was the degree to which something in the art hinted at something found in nature.

This statement has nothing to do with Super- or Photo-Realism, as if the more realistic the picture is, the more beautiful it is. That is not true. Every day, computer generated graphics teach us that lesson.

But visual artists have always suspected what musicians have always known. There was something in the natural universe which could be attained if it were but somehow reflected in their art. This dynamic was never considered to be the slavish copying of the surface appearances, but rather as the discovering of something deeper. What they understood was that nature itself was re-creating in matter something more spiritual than that which could be seen on the surface — but could only be discovered by means of that material surface. In other words, the immaterial is being revealed by the material. Somehow the physical reality contains and shows forth the spiritual reality.

Does this not remind us of some of the things we have learned about the Incarnation? Not only is the Incarnation a moment in history, but it is a dynamic shot through all of creation. The Incarnation echoes throughout the universe. Hints of the Incarnation are discerned in every cell and in every circumstance.

This is the mystery of Beauty and precisely why True Beauty is so deeply pleasing and desperately important for us to appreciate. Because there is in the beautiful thing, either in the painting or sculpture or music or drama or dance, there is that beautiful thing — in its perfect proportions and satisfying wholeness and joyful brilliance — something of God.

That’s why we are drawn to the beautiful thing and why we delight in it. We sense that our ideal qualities, completeness or wholeness, proportion and clarity, are found in the beautiful object. We are drawn to the Beauty in the nature outside of us because we understand that that same beauty, which is somehow the spark of God’s own Being, is somehow within and is part of our existence as well. If we are attracted to anything, it is because we are first attracted to the All-Beautiful, God Himself.
I accept the fact that this is all a pretty traditional understanding. More modern understandings actually deny the existence of Beauty. They would never want to affirm the presence of Beauty anywhere — for that would surely point to the existence of Truth and Goodness and of God.

This crabbed, stunted idea of beauty actually came out of the eighteenth and nineteenth century atheists who persuaded artists and their patrons to believe that nature was really nothing more than accidental atoms slamming into one another in unforeseen ways with unintended consequences. They knew that if they could make us believe that creation and nature were mindless, purposeless and without order, then they will have made us believe that there is nothing more than that. If Beauty does not exist, then it certainly cannot lead you to a God and perhaps even He is imaginary.

And they did succeed in convincing many of us that a sunset is actually no more than random vapors, rogue molecules and the chance bending of light through a million prisms. They pretty well persuaded us moderns that all of nature, all of creation — especially symbolized by the human form — is only the end result of a brute evolution and the mindless struggle of cells to survive. The only place where beauty exists is in the eye of the beholder, which is simply a way of saying that beauty exists only in your imagination — and not really.

This is why we have grown to accept — albeit reluctantly — confused and misshapen pieces of modern architecture, art, music and awful cinema and television. We think that it is all a matter of taste, and we assume that the reason we are uncomfortable with this ugliness is that somehow we think we have a problem, that it is our uneducated taste that is at fault. Since everything is supposed to be beautiful, then we are just going to have to develop more open minds.

If, however, everything is beautiful, then really nothing is. The sure subliminal lesson is that if there is no standard of Beauty, then there is no Truth.

Every TV drama or comedy about vile and ugly people doing vile and ugly things to each other becomes a proclamation that there is no goodness. And every deliberate mutilation, every physical or personal perversion becomes the modern gospel that there is no God.

It does not always have to happen like this. As always, the exception proves the rule. I had an anatomy teacher at the Art Institute who would often describe the interplay of certain bones or muscles or insertions and processes, for example, the way the radius revolves around the ulna, she would describe certain of these anatomical elements as “elegant.”

Now, I have no idea what religion this teacher was — probably generic American non-practicing Protestant. I do not even know if she had much of a belief in God, but her use of the word “elegant” always seemed
to me to hint at her possible belief in some sort of God — a Designer — who was responsible for that created thing which we recognize as “elegant.” And she discerned all of this, not through a syllogism, but through her delight in the presence of Beauty and Being.

How sadly the opposite impression is given every time we walk into a church or public space to see some splayfooted, goggle-eyed figures, or some rude, crude, cement constructs. We sense that despite all the written explanations to the contrary, that what we are viewing is actually nature being exploded, exploited and degraded, reduced to its individual and impotent parts and slapped together again in an unsettling imbalance, all as noted by Jacques Barzun, for the purpose of revealing and teaching the modern loathing for creation. The modern loathing of a Creator, the ancient loathing of the Incarnation.

**Incarnation and Medicine**

Now all this might be helpful on our way to the gallery, but of what use is it for medical people — physicians, surgeons, anesthesiologists, radiologists, researchers, and family doctors? Well, it is crucial for you to understand that you are presented with this utterly ironic mystery every day. You see the mysterious dynamic of Beauty — the spiritual unveiled by the physical — you see it all the time.

I cannot imagine the depth of your meditations every day as you ponder the boundary between life and no-life, how this mass of cells is alive and moving this moment, and dead and decomposing the next.

How often have you witnessed the last breath of someone, and you paused in wonder that there was something here a moment ago, which no longer is here. And you asked yourself, “Was that not the soul?” And did you not, in some manner of speaking, see the invisible soul being revealed by the visible body? The spiritual being made known by the physical?

This is where the discussion turns from me to you, for you are not simply brains and hands and lucky synapses. You are not just the ones who mend our bones and heal our organs to make us feel better. You are the ones who can make us better persons. And you do so to the extent that you share with us — Beauty. But that beauty cannot be shared unless it first resides within, and it will not reside within unless you have drawn it into yourselves from without.

Now, that does not mean you share pretty pictures with your staff and clients and patients. It does not mean that you should take down all the foolish little landscapes, flowers, and posters of exploded body parts on your walls, though that might not be a bad idea.

What it does mean is that you as doctors, no less than artists, fascinated by that link between matter and spirit that we call Beauty, and
which is so wonderfully exemplified in the Incarnation, must share that fascination. It is that fascination that got you into medicine. It is that fascination that makes you succeed in medicine. And it is a fascination nurtured by your belief in the Incarnation, and it is communicated to us in what you do and how you do it!

It is a cliché that belongs to the last 100 years that encourages you to believe that you got into medicine because of your altruism, that you became a doctor so that you could help your fellow man. This belongs to the H.G. Wells school of thought, under the subtitle of: “Say something that sounds religious — even if we don’t have any religion.”

We begin to believe that we do whatever we do for the sake of spreading good will. At least it doesn’t sound selfish or self-absorbed when there is no God in the picture.

Do you remember the famous Three Stooges episode when they were masquerading as doctors in the hospital, “Dr. Howard, Dr. Fine, Dr. Howard?” And every time they would meet in the hall, they’d gaze skyward and proclaim, “For duty and humanity.” Does anything sound more empty and sterile than that proclamation as the basis for a vocation in medicine — duty and humanity? Oh, I know it was a joke, but we all know that there are many people who would assume that is why you became doctors. Many people imagine that altruism is why I became a priest, that I wanted to help people. We could have been milk men and helped people. That tells us nothing.

I offer for your consideration this the possibility that you became doctors because you were deathly curious about this thing called “life”, and somehow even death. That this fascinated you and drew you inexorably to the study of the human body. Oh, certainly you would help people. This would not be some exercise in disinterested science. But your helping of people would come as a natural consequence of your constantly asking the question, “Who did this?” and “Why did He do this?” and “How did He do this?” You were led to ask spiritual questions from the physical answers you learned; and you would never have acquired this medical knowledge had you not been totally enthralled with the subject.

This is no less true for medical people of any background or religion, even though they may not be quite specifically aware of it.

This is especially important for you as Catholic physicians to recognize this element of enchantment in your vocation, this wonder about life and its relation to Beauty and how it drew you in long ago and continues to form and inform your daily practice.

To believe that it is “Duty and Humanity” that brought you here will only lead to heartache. That is how we have come to the Culture of Death. We assumed that the definition of duty and humanity would come from people like ourselves. Little did we suspect that what we meant by it and

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what they meant by it were unalterably opposed to each other. And now “duty and humanity” is simply the slogan that introduces us to the twin realities of sterility and death.

This is the Decarnation, where the womb has been made into a hot house and the flesh of the body turned into a work table. And someone else’s death is obtained to enhance my life. There is no Beauty here — only function. There is no God here, only the mechanical parts of the human machine.

How unlike what you physicians and surgeons are about. The Mystery of Life. The Culture of Life. Your medical mediation comes from and leads back again to the Incarnation.

You know that the word “culture” is a very rich word. It comes from the Sanskrit word for “wheel” (kwel) — that which revolves and moves around something. Eventually “culture” becomes “cult” as in “worship” and indicates a whole life of activities and attitudes that involve us completely, binding us as in a religion to that activity.

The culture of death is just that kind of worship, a whole culture bound to the fruitless and sterile, the weird and the ugly, a religion that pushes to the margins all other faiths, including the True One.

The culture of death is not simply an accident of history. It is the conscious effort of those who do not believe in the Good God and His Incarnate Son to show forth their disbelief in every possible exterior way — to deepen that disbelief, to cultivate it and worship it and to exclude, by the sheer volume of its ugliness, the God Who is Beautiful and Who is present to all of His Creation in Beauty.

The culture of death is truly the sharp endpoint of the ancient enemy’s spear, and its thrust is straight and true. Skewer nature, skewer Beauty, skewer life as the most precious expression of that nature and Beauty; and you will have pierced through to God Himself. It is Satan’s old rage against the Incarnation and his ever-ancient assault on the Source of Life.

Ugly art, ugly movies, ugly architecture create a culture of ugliness and the perfect matrix within which to do ugly and deadly kinds of medicine.

So, what do you do? What is the answer?

Steep yourselves in Beauty, both spiritual and material.

In your own version of the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle you change the object of your study in the very act of studying it. Your examinations, your operations, research, diagnosis and prognoses — even in your conversations — without so much as an advertent thought, you give your patients no small dose of your own person.

And if you are formed and informed by Incarnate Beauty, if the physical and spiritual world which you gather about yourselves — the
architecture in which you worship or in which you house your families —
the sculpture and painting and music by which you punctuate your day to
day lives, the media you use to teach and entertain — even the prayers you
say and the devotions you make — if all of that is beautiful, then
everything that you touch will be that much more beautiful; and your
science, your medicine, your research will be so much more genuinely
beneficial and healthful, and the lives of your patients will be more
enriched than even your or they thought possible.

The Incarnation is critical to the way we either view life or live it. It
is the Incarnation that reveals the subtle relationship between medicine and
art so that we understand that that which engages your passions as it
engages those of an artist, that which binds the world of medicine together
to the world of art, is the identical fascination with and affection for human
life. The source of this affection is the Incarnation, and the fruit of this
affection is good medicine and beautiful art.