

I'll never forget the day that I learned that I was going to be a mother. It was the happiest moment of my life and I knew that my life was going to change for the better. But then it didn't. Soon after giving birth, I was diagnosed with breast cancer.

Obstetricians, surgeons, radiologists, oncologists. It all happened so fast I can barely remember what happened when, and why. I remember the surgeon said I wasn't eligible for a lumpectomy and would have to settle for a mastectomy. Then my oncologist said a lumpectomy was possible and could be followed up with chemotherapy and radiation. Then another radiologist said chemotherapy wouldn't be necessary if I did radiation after the lumpectomy. Are you confused yet? I was too.

As a new mother who also works full time, the stress of managing all the appointments and information related to my newborn and my own cancer treatment was almost more than I could handle. To be honest, I am still not quite sure which I understand least: doctor-speak, insurance-speak, or billing-speak. As if life couldn't get any more complicated, my obstetrician's health system, where I learned about my mass through a mammogram, did not communicate with the health system where I had my cancer care so I found myself repeating procedures, and transporting all of my health information including physical copies of scans, while trying to stay on top of my almost daily doctor appointments.

For an unrelated reason, I had a trip to an emergency room right before I chose a medical center for my cancer treatment. If that medical center there had been connected to my other providers, or with my healthcare plan, they might have known to refer me to their precision-medicine cancer-care center. Instead, I found out too late that there was a new immunotherapy regimen that might have helped me when my conventional treatments proved to be unsuccessful. But in the year after I became a mother and after my treatment, my cancer came back and I was not able to beat it.

[intro monologue for poor 2015 outcome and experience for Felecia Martin]

I'll never forget the day that I learned that I was going to be a mother. It was the happiest moment of my life and I knew that my life was going to change for the better. But then it didn't.

I was diagnosed with triple-negative breast cancer in the first trimester of my pregnancy. I was sent straight to a surgeon to manage my care. I found out I was not medically eligible for lumpectomy to remove the breast mass because that would have to be followed by radiation therapy, which could not be done due to risk of exposure to the baby. As a result, I had to have a mastectomy. I also had to have chemotherapy, which I hope and believe did not affect my baby.

But the stress of managing all the appointments and information related to my prenatal care and my cancer treatment was almost more than I could handle. Very little information was pushed out to me in a way that was easy for me to understand and I often times found myself researching my diagnosis on my own at home. My obstetrician's health system, where I also had my imaging and biopsy done, did not communicate with the health system where I had my cancer care. I had to transport all my health information including physical copies of scans, while trying to stay on top of my almost daily doctor appointments.

For an unrelated reason, I had a trip to the emergency room at a medical center in Center City where I work. If that medical center had been connected to my healthcare plan or other providers, or I had shared with them my full medical status, they might have known to refer me to their precision-medicine cancer-care center. Instead, I found out too late that there was a new immunotherapy that might

have helped me when my conventional treatments were not successful. Sadly, my cancer came roaring back after I became a mother, and in the end I was not able to beat it.

Version from [[Michael Uohara](#)]

I can never forget the day that we learned I was pregnant and going to be a mother. Happiness. Fear. Excitement. It was the most significant moment in my life – I knew that things would change forever. As quickly as we were confronted with new and unimaginable joy, happiness transformed into profound disappointment. Fear intensified. Excitement gave into debilitating anxiety. I was diagnosed with breast cancer.

Surgeons, radiologists, oncologists, obstetricians. It all happened so fast I can barely remember what happened when, and why. It was as if I was in a revolving door leading to more offices, to get additional opinions, about something I never wanted in the first place – cancer. The big “C.” A word inherently malignant to the sound in any room which it’s muttered. As I discovered firsthand, it has the same effect on a person’s emotions – even someone preparing for life’s most beautiful gift.

The surgeon said I wasn’t eligible for a lumpectomy and would have to settle for a mastectomy because the radiologist could not, and would not, perform radiation while I was pregnant. The oncologist said chemotherapy was safer than radiation, and the radiologist agreed, unless I was to terminate my pregnancy, which my obstetrician said wasn’t medically necessary. Are you confused yet? I was too.

I didn’t really know what the human limits of stress were until that journey started. When I wasn’t at appointments I was sick in bed. When I wasn’t sick in bed or at appointments preparing to be sick in bed, my anxiety fueled my voracious need to decipher the code which is “doctor-speak.” When doctor-speak was completely deciphered I moved on to insurance-speak and billing-speak. I’m still not quite sure which I understand least. As if life couldn’t get any more complicated, my doctors communicated at about the level of teenagers convinced they’re “a pair of star-cross’d lovers.” My obstetrician, oncologist, and surgeon apparently enjoy communicating through burned CDs, printed paper, and mail courier (in case you were wondering, that’s me).

I learned long before I became pregnant that life doesn’t always give you what you want, or even deserve. My momentary bliss abruptly interrupted by prolonged agony. Agony too gave way and produced a beautiful gift. Ten fingers. Ten toes. But one parent. Through chaos, perfection. Almost.

-Felicia Martin

I guess you’re all wondering what that has to do with why you’re here. We operate in an increasingly complex and intricate field – medicine. And while this was perhaps an extreme example, if we’re all a little honest, we can see a bit of ourselves in her story. Fear of navigating the US medical system. Confusion. Hesitancy. Senseless redundancies. All create stress, worsen patient outcomes, and have been shown to increase morbidity and mortality. This isn’t about getting people to communicate or even about creating technology that changes the way we communicate. It’s about a vision for healthcare technology that goes beyond the individual components’ capabilities and competencies. An enhanced vision that harnesses the unique abilities of large data repositories, research and development, and consumer product innovators, centered on a platform that’s foundation is information. This is what healthcare information technology was conceived to be. Now it’s what it will become.

Then introduce your product... with all the hoopla and its players etc.

*[intro monologue for poor 2015 outcome and experience for Felecia Martin]*

I'll never forget the day that I learned that I was going to be a mother. It was the happiest moment of my life and I knew that my life was going to change for the better. But then it didn't. Soon after giving birth, I was diagnosed with breast cancer.

Surgeons, radiologists, oncologists, obstetricians. It all happened so fast I can barely remember what happened when, and why. I remember the surgeon said I wasn't eligible for a lumpectomy and would have to settle for a mastectomy. Then my oncologist said a lumpectomy was possible and could be followed up with chemotherapy and radiation. Then another radiologist said chemotherapy wouldn't be necessary if I did radiation after the lumpectomy. Are you confused yet? I was too.

As a new mother who also works full time, the stress of managing all the appointments and information related to my newborn and my own cancer treatment was almost more than I could handle. To be honest, I am still not quite sure which I understand least: doctor-speak, insurance-speak, or billing-speak. As if life couldn't get any more complicated, my obstetrician's health system, where I learned about my mass through a mammogram, did not communicate with the health system where I had my cancer care so I found myself repeating procedures. On top of that, I had to transport all of my health information including physical copies of scans, while trying to stay on top of my almost daily doctor appointments.

For an unrelated reason, I had a trip to an emergency room right before I chose a medical center for my cancer treatment. If that medical center there had been connected to my other providers, or with my healthcare plan, they might have known to refer me to their precision-medicine cancer-care center. Instead, I found out too late that there was a new immunotherapy that might have helped me when my conventional treatments were not successful. But in the year after I became a mother and after my treatment, my cancer came back and I was not able to beat it.

For an unrelated reason, I had a trip to the emergency room at a medical center near my job. If that medical center had been connected to my healthcare plan or other providers, or I had shared with them my full medical status, they might have known to refer me to their precision-medicine cancer-care center. Instead, I found out too late that there was a new immunotherapy that might have helped me when my conventional treatments were not successful. I learned long before I became pregnant that life doesn't always give you what you want, or even deserve. My momentary bliss abruptly interrupted by prolonged agony. Agony too gave way and produced a beautiful gift. Ten fingers. Ten toes. But one parent. Through chaos, perfection. Almost.

[recurrence? death?]

-Felicia Martin

Cue real life script

We operate in an increasingly complex and intricate field – medicine. And while this was perhaps an extreme example, if we're all a little honest, we can see a bit of ourselves in my story. Fear of navigating the US medical system. Confusion. Hesitancy. Senseless redundancies. All create stress, worsen patient outcomes, and have been shown to increase morbidity and mortality. My name is Felecia Martin. I am 33 years old and a resident of Philadelphia. You've sort of met me already, but now I want to invite you to take a little time-travel walk with me and see what my story looks like instead in the year 2020, a time where the vision for healthcare technology goes beyond the individual components' capabilities and competencies. It is a time where healthcare technology is able to harness the unique abilities of large data repositories, research and development, and consumer product innovators, centered on a platform that's foundation is patient-centered information.

*[monologue including a portion of Sana's additions]*

I'll never forget the day that I learned that I was going to be a mother. It was the happiest moment of my life and I knew that my life was going to change for the better. But then it didn't. I was diagnosed with breast cancer during the first trimester of my pregnancy.

Surgeons, radiologists, oncologists, obstetricians — it all happened so fast I can barely remember what happened when, and why. The surgeon said I wasn't eligible for a lumpectomy and would have to settle for a mastectomy because the radiologist could not perform radiation therapy while I was pregnant. Chemotherapy was safer, unless I was willing to terminate my pregnancy, which my obstetrician said wasn't medically necessary. Are you confused yet? I was too.

The stress of managing all the appointments and information related to my prenatal care and my cancer treatment was almost more than I could handle. As if life couldn't get any more complicated, my obstetrician's health system, where I also had my imaging and biopsy done, did not communicate with the health system where I

had my cancer care. I had to transport all my health information including physical copies of scans, while trying to stay on top of my almost daily doctor appointments.

For an unrelated reason, I had a trip to an emergency room right before I chose a medical center for my cancer treatment. If that medical center there had been connected to my other providers, or with my healthcare plan — or I had shared with them my full medical status — they might have known to refer me to their precision-medicine cancer-care center. Instead, I found out too late that there was a new immunotherapy that might have helped me when my conventional treatments were not successful. But in the year after I became a mother and after my treatment, my cancer came back and I was not able to beat it.