

Wandering - Some things never change.....

Pages with reference to book, From 86 To 86

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It was an awe-inspiring sight.. beyond expectations. The first coronary bypass grafting operation I had ever attended. The nonchalant with which the surgeon had worked on the exposed heart amazed me. FOT me he was the greatest doctor. Some days later I attended a neurosciences symposium. Hearing one of the guest speakers talk about his innumerable publications on cerebrovascular diseases enthralled me. To me he was an awesome doctor... and there and then I wanted to be just like him. Some more time passed by, till I had a chance to work with a pediatrician for a couple of weeks. This was long enough for me to see that true to his reputation he had proved himself to be a living legend. An I wanted to be like him... For me they were the greatest doctors - who could magically cure, heal and immensely care for their patients, confidence and charisma personified - all at the same time. They struck me as perfect role models of all what a true doctor signifies and stands for ... until one day.... Until one day I woke up in bed with a bad flu and a sore throat with some temperature. One of those minor ailments which tend to nag everyone now and then. It was terrible. ..my head throbbed, my throat ached and I felt miserable, to say the least. Lying in bed at six in the morning I found myself calling out very naturally to the only one person who knew would make me feel better... Never did the pediatrician, or the neurologist nor the cardio-thoracic doctor come to my mind then... for I found myself calling out... calling out my mother.....

Her quiet presence in the room was enough to make me feel better, an assurance that I need not fear anything. She felt my forehead, made me a simple breakfast, gave me a couple of aspirins and tucked me in bed. In her gentle voice she reassured me that all was well and that I would be alright soon. And strangely enough, I believed her.. more strongly than I had been trained to rely on innumerable clinical signs and symptoms, the various lab tests I knew of and the multiple investigations doctors usually order.....

Lying in bed it later struck me strangely enough that even as a kid I had done the same. It struck me even more oddly when I realized that twenty years from now whether I end up as a neurosurgeon or as a dermatologist or a biostatistician, if ever I was in pain I would probably still call out for the same best doctor I knew of the doctor who would make me feel better and make me well. I guess some things never change.....