

Hilma af Klimt, The Dove No 2, 1914

Hello everyone,

Something has gone very badly wrong and somehow it's the end of the month again. Well actually now it's March! Not sure how this happened, although my job share partner and I did work on the Same Day several times this month. Not only does that mess with my head, (if she's here, how can I be here, am I here, who am I?) - but it also clearly disturbs the laws of physics and this is the result! Anyway - Happy Belated Valentine's Day, Family Day, Lunar New Year, Purim and - Drum Roll please ☐☐☐☐☐
Happy Feb 11 **PFSPgetsanotheryearofGovernmentFundingwithDeliverybytheAMA Day!**

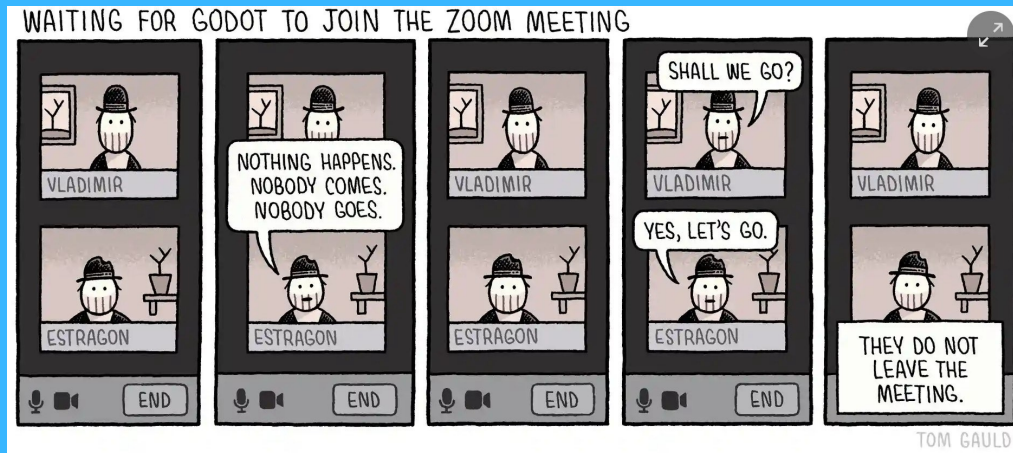
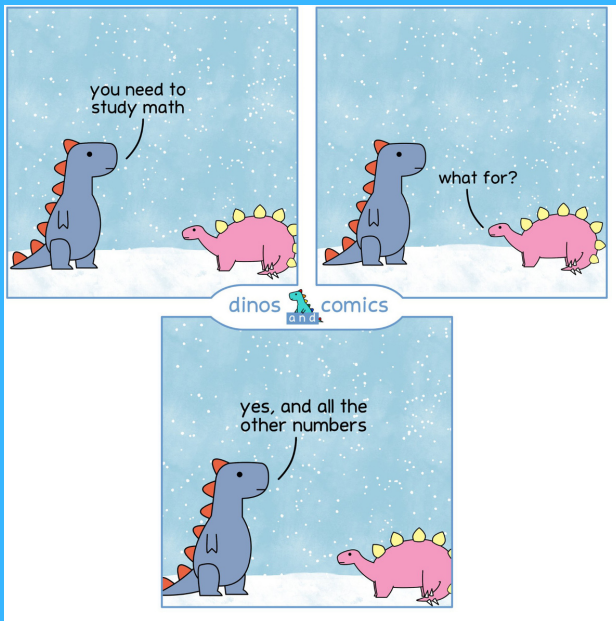
In spite of this good news, I've reached the irritated, bored and reconsidering ALL my life choices stage of the pandemic. This weekend I came perilously close to seeing if any of the Charing Cross Hospital Med Class of 1980 are on Twitter. Including That Guy who shall be nameless. Fortunately I reconsidered and instead spent a happy "hour" down the rabbit hole of late 1970s punk on YouTube. Recalling wilder days listening to Ian Dury and The Blockheads in a club on Wardour Street with That Guy. Google at your own risk! Meaning Ian not That Guy! One of their songs was Reasons to be Cheerful Part 3, which seems like a good segue to share with you some positive things.

My Reasons to be Cheerful Part 1

Dr Alika Lafontaine just became the first Indigenous President Elect for the CMA. The 3 pillars of his campaign are [HERE](#). Dr Lafontaine believes that "Honest dialogue is the first step in moving away from the status quo, where physicians sacrifice our own health, relationships, livelihoods and well being in order to ensure health system sustainability. The status quo can no longer be an option."
Among his many excellent qualities, Alika is a great hugger and INFC I would be on my way up to Grande Prairie for a celebratory hug. I have great hope that he will lead real, practical positive change.

I was very grateful to get my 2nd vaccination. And delighted to be told that my muscle twitched. My muscle. Mine. My muscle in my upper arm! It's the little things as you get older...
Seriously, a huge shout out to all the staff who were very efficient, friendly and cheerful.

@DGlaucumflecken is an ophthalmologist and comedian. He's created a series of TikTok videos featuring himself as a medical student rotating through various specialties. The anesthesia one is [HERE](#)
Neurology [HERE](#). There are many more, all guaranteed to make you laugh. #1 reason to be on Twitter!



Which leukocyte are you?

lymphocyte

- smart and calm
- kind of boring
- dependable
- drives neutrophil home a lot

macrophage

- cute and round
- likes snacks
- "mom" of the group
- always running late but stays late to help clean up

eosinophil

- trendy and cool
- aesthetic
- may not show up
- into weird stuff

basophil

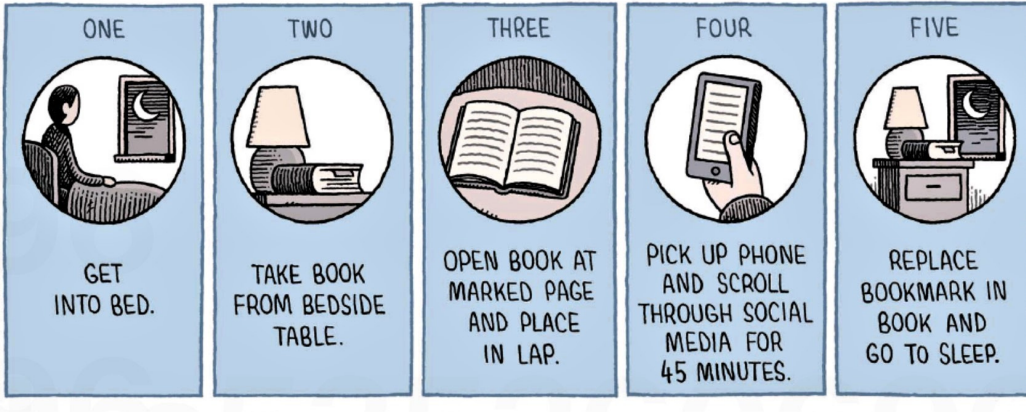
- eos's quiet friend
- low maintenance
- kinda a pushover
- cute tbh

neutrophil

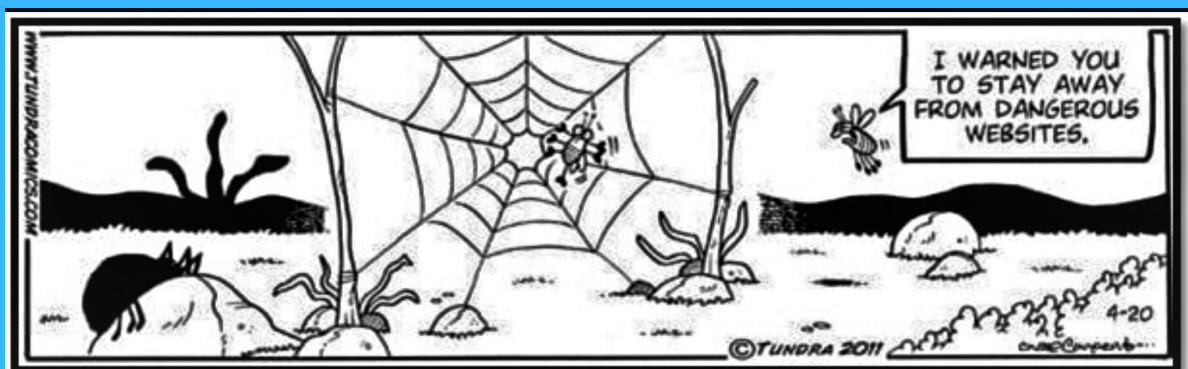
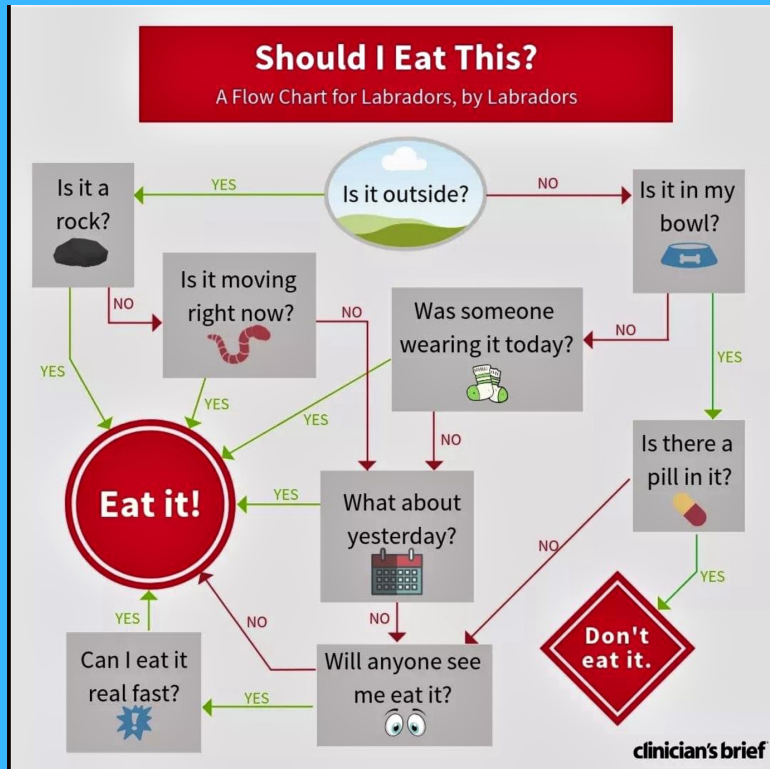
- loves parties
- l o u d
- spontaneous
- may blow up



BEDTIME READING ROUTINE



I am disappointed that there isn't a "blueberry muffin vs. Chihuahua" challenge involved



Dr Audrey Shafer is an anesthesiologist, poet & director of the Medicine & the Muse program at Stanford. There are some people who I seek out in real life, meet once and never forget. She is one of those people. This poem sums up my own feelings about being an anesthesiologist. Especially the end.
Anesthesiology May 2018, Vol. 128, 1038-1039

Your Anesthesiologist Self

Your anesthesiologist self pockets memories:
a mentor perched in a corner like a long-legged cricket
another, the violin maker, hovered inches from your fingers
your tribe of fellow residents: exhausted, elated, covalently
bound
the long list of surgeons, nurse, techs, clerks

its sinews learn the elastic give of needles puncturing fibers
the yogic poses - one hand on bag the other on stethoscope
bell

but mostly, patients sculpt your anesthesiologist self

each eager systole
each rise of bellows in a pas de deux with lungs
each push of medication into bloodstream currents
each check of eyelid, eyebrow, exhalation

each patient you render unable to blink
then return back, back to those he loves -
is connected to you

even - especially - the patient who died

the practice of anesthesia molds your anesthesiologist self
but its kernel germinated long ago
when tenderness cocooned you in your baby blanket
fostered curiosity about otters, street food, hockey, guitars

the great world opened, and you, wising up
understood the luck of your circumstances

your anesthesiologist self blooms

over decades, until you and your anesthesiologist self entwine
you wonder how long you can be quick and savvy
who will you be without your anesthesiologist self?

but today, this is what matters:
in the preop holding area
your patient's shoulders relax, ever so slightly
meeting a human being he now trusts

you.

Audrey Shafer



Rosehips in Winter John Kinsella

Matt Haig writes -

"It is easy to feel, quite literally, hopeless. We might actively try to resist it and stay inside the low octave of pessimism. As gloomy old Nietzsche saw it, hope is the absolute "worst of all evils" because it prolongs our torments rather than relieves them. But that is defeatist, and this last year has shown us that, despite our collective flaws as a species, we don't easily give up on a better future.

I prefer Anne Lamott's idea of how hope

"begins in the dark - the stubborn hope that if you just show up and try to do the right thing, the dawn will come". Because that is the thing about hope. Its stubbornness."

Full article [HERE](#)



**Even in the night
of a long stone hard winter
spring blossoms**

Joan Halifax

Let's stubbornly hold onto hope and keep showing up,
knowing that spring will come.
Than you so much for reading,

All good things, Sue

