PLUS: THE MOONSHOT AND THE LOW-HANGING FRUIT

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Self-Care Recovery

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COVER: Watercolor by Sharon Ann Clark, MD Dedicated to Lisa Dyer, MD Tulipe Daydream Belgium ~1700





A Tribute to Lisa Dyer, MD, A Wonderful Colleague Lost Too Soon

By Sharon A. Clark, MD

The medical community of Mills-Peninsula Medical Center lost a vibrant part of our staff on March 25, 2017.¹ This well-respected, hard-working obstetrician and gynecologist, a leader in the medical staff, had an outpouring of visitors at her wake on the following Tuesday evening. There were handmade cards of care to Lisa as a banner hanging from the ceiling, and photographs of her many special moments in life as well as objects with special meanings. Among them were the unique ones for ancient Andean healing techniques juxtaposed with modern medical tools. She was always questioning how to improve the healing process.

I kept remembering the hopeless line from King Lear, Act V: "Why should a horse, a dog, a rat have life and thou no breath at all?" There are no answers for the injustice of death and its timing, especially for a mother with a son still in high school and one in college and for a wife with a devoted husband. On Wednesday afternoon, at Mercy Chapel in Burlingame, Marcus Corley, MD, a retired anesthesiologist and her close friend, gave a moving eulogy² that captured a part of the complexity of Lisa and began to define our loss.

No one can ever make sense of her being taken from us so early. She and I had started private practice at about the same time. Later I will never forget when I had my first son, and she rollerbladed up to my home to bring joy. We had both grown up in Southern California, the land of Walt Disney's influence. One of my older sisters had drawn cartoons professionally. Once hearing this, Lisa perked up. Lisa smiled fully and impishly and, with a twinkle in her eyes, told me to look at some framed pictures in a nook. On her walls she had some acetate drawings³ of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs in the woods with her friends the birds. All of these acetates had Snow White with her eyes closed!

Now Lisa's vibrant, multihued brown eyes are closed forever. But I am convinced somehow she saw how the Labor and Delivery Nurses celebrated the occasion of her death, each holding a single white rose at the Chapel Service. Her spirit in some way sees how her family, friends, and colleagues express our loss and our remembrances of her gifts to us. Although we each have unique memories, we are united in this shared loss of a wonderfully talented and deeply caring person. Technically and intellectually we are lucky to have had this physician in our medical community. But it is Lisa's warm spirit that continues to give a special meaning to our purpose and makes us all try to do a better job not only in our careers as physicians but also in our relationships to one another and to all forms of life. She taught us to be strong as we face challenges and to embrace the lasting beauty of Nature.

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[1] Lisa Dyer, MD, Obituary www.legacy.com/obituaries/sfgate/obituary.aspx?pid=184716049

[2] Marcus Corley, MD, Eulogy, March 29, 2017. https://www.smcma.org/lisa%20dyer%20eulogy

[3] Acetate drawings were a technique by hand with pen and ink before computer graphics.