

dear residents

Ending Well

May 22, 2022

Dear Residents,

This week I was **recalling the end of my residency**. It was May 1991, and I was to start as Chief Resident on June 1, 1991. It had already been a tumultuous year with the Gulf War, the Rodney King beating and a horrific cyclone in Bangladesh. Silence of the Lambs won best movie at the Oscars. My last rotation was dermatology consults. It was an elective I had planned many months previously. Then there was an unexpected problem with MICU coverage, and I was pulled to the MICU for the month of May. The call schedule was Q2 with no days off – we had 16 beds. It was an open unit with ward teams rounding with us during the day and the MICU resident took over first call responsibilities and new admissions around 5 PM. After rounds, I would take a nap between 2-4 PM. 5 PM onwards, the real work started and generally went through the night. The post call MICU resident usually left around 2 PM after rounds were over, only to return at 6 AM the next day for the next call cycle.

Even though I rued the loss of the dermatology consult month, **I relished this last intense period** – 16 call nights in all. The last call night was on May 31. Every new admission had sepsis that night. The next morning, I was excused early because my chief year had begun. I rushed home to shower and change and was there in time for morning report. I feel asleep during noon conference. Someone woke me up afterwards. There were 4 chief residents in all – we convened at The Gingerman on Morningside Drive at 5 PM and hatched our plan for the year. I would be admin chief until my Texas License came through. That happened in September. I started at Hermann Hospital, MD Anderson was next, and I finished chief year at LBJ Hospital where I attended for 6 months straight.

In June, the rest of my fellow residents left. It felt like the end of an era. Some went to fellowships, others to primary care. Some stayed on as faculty. No one had cell phones or email addresses and staying in touch was tough. My fellow chiefs also ended up in different places the following year. I never left – just advanced to rheumatology fellowship in the same institution. My big move was in 1995 when I came to Dallas.

I have experienced much **adventure and joy** in life and despite the challenges, there was no better time than residency, when scrubs didn't fit, when bedheads were forgivable, when 3 am burgers ruled, when one drink post-call was enough, when time stood still. In 3-years I had one "no-hitter" on cardiology of all things! I slept through the night. I was certain that either my pager had died, or I had died.

I hope you have had the time of your life. You will miss this. It will miss you.



Forget-me-not flowers in the garden, Sainte-Apolline, Québec, Canada by [Claude Laprise](#) on [Unsplash](#)

Warm regards,

Dino Kazi