

dear residents

May You Stay Forever Young

May 18, 2025

Dear Residents,

I'm writing this note ahead of the graduation event, but I imagine it was, as always, a joyous and spirited evening—one filled with laughter, heartfelt speeches, and well-deserved celebration as we said farewell to our graduating residents. Events like this one serve as a meaningful marker of the dedication, growth, and camaraderie that define our training programs.

During the event, we no doubt expressed our gratitude to the faculty, mentors, and staff who played pivotal roles in guiding our residents through their journey. But there are key contributors whose work often goes unrecognized: our colleagues in the Education Office and the Chair's Office. Their efforts began nearly a year ago, quietly and diligently planning each element of this evening—from securing the venue and coordinating logistics, to ensuring that every detail runs smoothly. Their commitment and behind-the-scenes excellence make it possible for the rest of us to simply show up and celebrate. We are deeply grateful to them for making this tradition such a meaningful and seamless experience year after year.

A truly enjoyable moment can evoke a sense of nostalgia for the present. It's as if the current experience hasn't become a distant memory but will soon be so. We become aware of the impending loss of this moment, and our brains work diligently to capture as much visual and emotional detail as possible. I've experienced this phenomenon on a sunny day at the beach, delightful occasions with dear friends, and moments of awe in nature. While photographs don't fully capture the essence of these moments, they can serve as triggers for recalling that memory. However, the problem is that we often end up remembering the photograph rather than the full range of emotions we experienced.



Santa Rosa Beach, Florida 2023 on a cold morning

I have several enduring memories of moments of transition, none more vivid than the journey from Houston to Dallas in 1995 as I left my fellowship for a faculty position at UT Southwestern. As the skyline of Houston receded in my rearview mirror, I realized that something special was coming to an end. My seven years as a trainee in Houston were coming to a close, and I couldn't bear the thought of letting it go. I wasn't ready to stop walking to work the next morning, a routine I had performed countless times. I knew every door I passed, every flower bed, every street sign along the way. The dog that barked on cue from behind the fence, the scent of the morning humidity, the shadows of the towering buildings of the Texas Medical Center, and the sudden chill that enveloped me when entering an air-conditioned building after a brisk walk are all etched in my memory.

I will leave you with a wish borrowed from Bob Dylan's Forever Young

*May your hands always be busy
May your feet always be swift
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift
May your heart always be joyful
May your song always be sung
May you stay forever young*

Dino Kazi