

It is always difficult to find the right words to pay tribute to someone's life. I have found it especially hard given that I have been alive only for about a third of my grandfather's and have independent recollection of about a fourth. When I was young I knew that my dad was a doctor. I wasn't sure exactly what he did, but I knew it had something to do with kids and that he came home late at night. I also knew that my grandfather was a doctor, also having something to do with kids. I did have a little more insight into his career because the word vaccine kept coming up. In fact, not only did the word continually arise, but vaccines kept appearing at our house. Much to my mother's dismay our family was fertile testing grounds for many of the cures for the infectious diseases my grandfather attempted to vanquish.

Now that I am older and also on my way to becoming a doctor who takes care of kids, I have a much greater understanding of what my dad and grandfather do and have done. However, this does not make it any easier to find the words to pay tribute to grandpa.

My first instinct was to look toward the past for inspiration. Since I wasn't there, I could not rely on personal experience. My grandmother was there, she has told me many stories. I don't believe I have the time, the energy or her memory to relate even a fraction of them to you. This past summer while I was moving to Baltimore and my grandparents were getting ready to move to Florida, I had the opportunity to inherit the medical treasures in my grandfather's library. So, in preparation for this eulogy, I looked back at the books I obtained. There were diaries from his days in the 1930s when he rode with the ambulance through the streets of

NY during his training; but none of the stories seemed transcendental enough to draw any closure to his life. The biographies of famous physicians before him, such as L. Emmett Holt Sr.'s, were all impressive, but failed to offer any further insight for me. So I went to the source - the compilation of my grandfather's publications from 1949-1977. There were a mere 118. After learning the intricacies of the many studies in rubella, measles, polio, and hepatitis, I was once again left with few words, or maybe too many words and no way to make them concise and coherent.

So, now I'm left with my past from 1977 to 1995. I knew since I was quite young that I wanted to be a doctor. I did not know why. I learned in high school that I enjoyed science and helping others, so I planned on pursuing a career in medicine. I made it to medical school knowing what I was doing and why I was doing it, but without the words or the deeper understanding. During my first year of medical school and during my graduation the role of a physician was defined for my classmates and me by a former Dartmouth graduate Myles Sheehan, who is a geriatrician and a Jesuit priest. He said "Being a physician still represents a privilege, not because of the possibility of status or financial reward, but because of the opportunity for extraordinary relationships with those who seek your help and the great gift of knowledge and skill that will help others in difficult times. Somehow, at the bottom of your heart, there needs to be a passion, some fire that keeps you involved in helping ease the suffering of those who come to you." It is this passion that is the gift of my grandfather to my father and me. We are fortunate to have received either genetically or by

environmental osmosis his passion for easing the suffering of the children of the world. Many people over the past eight years have asked me what influence my father and grandfather played on my decision to become a doctor. I denied there was one. Now I understand there was. Now I understand why my grandfather was so proud of me, giving me a signed copy of the ninth edition of Infectious diseases of children, with the inscription "To Scott, with admiration and love;" and to make it to my graduation this past summer and be there to help hood me. Unfortunately, now I can't tell him. I hope only that he is still listening.

On behalf of my three brothers and my entire family, with these words I pay tribute to my grandfather and his long, personally and professionally fulfilling, and extraordinary life. Thank you.