# Mark, an 81-year-old retired doctor

(Name changed for anonymity. Shared with permission.)

# Chapter Two The Decision That Defined a Lifetime

The decision to go to medical school obviously shaped my career—but it also formed the essence of who I am today. This wasn't a decision I made lightly. It was the culmination of years of introspection and was influenced by personal experiences and a deep-seated desire to make a tangible difference in the world. The tipping point came when I witnessed my grandmother's battle with chronic illness.

I grew up in a small town in Missouri, where everyone knew each other by name and life moved at a leisurely pace. My parents weren't medical professionals; in fact, they were educators. From them, I inherited a love for learning and an appreciation for the influence

dedicated individuals can have on others' lives. Although I knew I'd pursue further education, I wasn't sure which path to take. That is, until my grandmother was diagnosed with cardiovascular disease.

My grandmother was a formidable woman with a spirit that seemed unbreakable. I, like the rest of the community, loved her for her kindness, which was often delivered with a sternness that belied the softness of her heart. When her health began to decline, I witnessed firsthand the limitations of healthcare in our small community and the profound effect it had on families, mine included. The doctors and nurses did their best with the resources they had, but it was evident that there was a need for more knowledge, more hands, more more compassion.

It was during those long hours spent in hospital waiting rooms and at my grandmother's bedside that my path became

clear. I was fascinated by the science of medicine, by the complexity of the human body, with its intricate dance of biology and chemistry that keeps us alive. However, what truly set me on my path to medicine was the idea of being there for people in their most vulnerable moments, offering comfort and hope when it seemed all was lost.

The decision to go to medical school was not an easy one. It meant years of long nights spent in rigorous study and the constant challenge of balancing the immense responsibility of caring for others with the need to care for myself. Whenever I doubted my path, I would think of my grandmother and the countless others like her who faced their illnesses with courage but who also needed someone to fight alongside them.

Looking back now, after a lifetime spent in the service of healing, I am filled with a profound sense of gratitude for that decision made so many years ago. Medicine has

been a demanding mistress, but it has also been a source of endless fulfillment. My time in medicine has taught me more than I could write—including the value of perseverance, the importance of empathy, and the undeniable impact of providing care with both skill and heart.

As I turn the page on this chapter of my life, I realize that the decision to go to medical school was not just about choosing a career. It was about choosing a way to live my life: committed to service, dedicated to learning, and forever in awe of the resilience of the human spirit.

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