No matter how far we come, our parents are always in us.

— Brad Meltzer
Dear colleagues,

Our September diversity newsletter reflects on the topic “our parents”. The threat of the pandemic shows us how fragile our trans-generational connections are. As we are returning to some of our routine amidst the pandemic, a lingering concern remains for the wellbeing of our senior community members, including our parents and grandparents. Healthcare workers on the front lines may be hesitant to visit their parents right now, because we do not want to put them at risk for a coronavirus infection. Many of us live far away from our hometowns and we cannot visit our parents as often as we used to. Some of us will not be able to see their families for a year or more. As a result, they might feel alone and isolated.

Our newsletter this month wants to address this topic. We want to celebrate and honor our parents and senior family members. We want them to know that we are thinking of them. Whichever stage in life we are at right now: With time, we will all face the day when we have to say goodbye to a loved one, either because their or our time is coming to an end. Today, we want to treasure love for our families, love for our spouses, love for our friends...

Cherish others. Stay in touch. Connect with someone, whom you owe a call.

Heike E. Daldrup-Link, M.D, Ph.D.
Professor of Radiology
Associate Chair for Diversity, Radiology
Professor, by courtesy, Pediatrics
Stanford Medicine | Radiology
“Hope for the best and you shall find it!” My dad said to me once while I was going through a difficult time in my life. My dad was a great man. A beloved linguist. He passed away last December, a few days shy of his 80th birthday. My father was a renaissance man. A man of knowledge. Savant. And a man of faith. Last Spring, his 60 years of scholarship were crowned by the King Faisal Prize. He was the first Egyptian to receive the prize in many years.

My dad had plenty of reasons not to lead a life of optimism. But he chose to do otherwise. He found goodness in a busy life, and he was the reason behind great things happening to many people. He was a teacher who loved his students and his students loved him in return. They saw him as role model, father, and light on their academic path. His graduate students were our family. He supported hundreds of them as they made their way and traveled near and far to learn and advance the study of language. That was the legacy of Prof. Mahmoud Hegazi.

I remember my loving father who made up songs and improvised bedtime stories. He took part in our school’s PTA despite his busy commitments. He took me, his little girl, with him on frequent visits to his senior mentors, and I had a great privilege of sitting quietly and listening in to amazing conversations about academia, the humanities, and history. He showed me and my sister Arabic manuscripts all over Europe, and we grew proud of our heritage, identity and language.

My dad had great respect for women, and the multiple and complex roles a woman plays as a colleague, researcher, professor, wife, companion, mentor and mother. He was certain that a healthy society is only possible when all of a woman’s accomplishments and contributions are recognized and respected. A few years ago, I was telling him about the problems of gender equity in American universities. He listened intently, then said, “Rania, I was an undergraduate at Cairo University in the 1950s and my mentor was a well-re-
spected woman professor at a time when nearly all European professorships were held by men.” His pride was immense.

My father’s life was not without adversity. Smart young men left Egypt in the 1960s for graduate school in Europe and the United States to never return. Why go back after getting a PhD only to see your dreams suffocate because of the 1967 war. And, what a disappointment it was for him to see his ambition for a national literacy policy dwarf under lack of funding because of the Arab boycott after Egypt made peace with Israel years later.

But my dad did go home after finishing his PhD in Germany. He turned hopelessness into optimism. He inspired generations of students—turned linguists, professors, and deans. He taught at the University. His seminars and classes were beacons of freedom of expression and critical thinking when campuses were turning into hotbeds for ideologues. He was appointed the head of Egypt’s National Libraries and Archives, then a university president for 15 years following. He did not politicize and was steadfast against administrative corruption and academic nepotism. He knew that his independence was the essence of his academic core, and his integrity rose him above the banality of self-interest.

2019 was a difficult year for my dad, and for our family. A year spent in a fight with a fast and vicious tumor that did not budge. I logged 60,000 miles in flights from San Francisco to Cairo to be with him in his final months. I never regretted it.

The cruelty of illness reminds us of God’s mercy. Confronting death puts the purpose of our existence in sharp focus. My dad’s purpose was fulfilled through a lifetime of optimism and patience. He held on to them in the face of unspeakable pain and eventual physical demise.

I have been remembering my dad’s optimism every day since this epidemic started. In thinking of him, I now know that adversity doesn’t only make us stronger. Adversity teaches us to be kind and patient. To be optimistic is a choice. When we hope for the best, we shall find it.

Rania Hegazi Sanford
Director, Faculty Professional Development
Stanford Medicine

“You don’t get to choose how you’re going to die or when. You can only decide how you’re going to live.”

– Joan Baez
My Mother, the Radiologist in a Sari

Being a child of immigrants from India, my parents were a huge influence on me. But my mother is extremely special to me, being my first and best role model.

My mother immigrated to the United States in the late 60's after marrying my father. At the time of their engagement, my mother was finishing medical college, and she requested to complete her studies and intern year before joining my father in southern California.

Upon arriving in the US with her degree in hand, my mother sought to continue her training and learned that she had to pass exams to qualify as an applicant for residency. So many foreign graduates failed the exams, even after multiple attempts. Currently, information abounds at the touch of your fingers in numerous study guides and resources on the internet. Starting in a new country, my mother knew few people, had to hunt down books to study from, navigate foreign systems, and figure things out on her own. Homesick in a land where everything was so strangely different, distant from the beloved family she left behind, and studying for exams that were in her second language of English, she was determined to become a doctor.

She finally found a residency spot in internal medicine in Phoenix, Arizona. My mother started residency in the county hospital in a way any young, newly married Indian women would, in a sari. Six yards of cloth, neatly pleated and pressed, her long black hair pulled back in a bun, and red Kumkum powder adorning her hair (the Hindu sign of a married woman). Many of her patients spit at her, called her names, or refused to be examined or touched by her, since she was a “colored” person. But my mother was tough, and replied with quick wit, “Well, you're at the county hospital, so you're stuck with me.” She was in her element, and doing what she loved.

Later, when she was pregnant with me, she switched to radiology because she thought the field would lend itself better for family life (my grandfather, a radiologist back in India, probably also had some influence). Although she loved the problem solving involved in medicine, she turned in her stethoscope for a lead jacket and completed a residency in radiology.

Being a female doctor of color in Arizona in the 70's in a field dominated by men was by no means easy. She endured racial slurs or humiliating comments from her predominantly Caucasian patients, or people who'd refuse her care upon seeing the color of her skin. Being one of the few radiologists in a general radiology practice, she would tell her patients, “Well, I'm the only radiologist here, so either I do your test, or there's no test at all.” Back when there was no CT, US, or MRI, she slung barium for dual contrast GI studies, did renal tomographic IVP's, read nuclear medicine exams, and interpreted mammograms among other things. And she'd also complain when her male partners got a larger salary or bonus than she did, even when they all did the same work.

I grew up seeing this in real time. When there was no babysitter, she'd bring me to her office. She gave me paper and colored wax pencils used for marking film, handed me some cookies, and set me up in front of her light box. I'd be her “helper” and hand her the film jackets or she'd ask me to hang films on her view box.
Our Parents

My Mother, the Radiologist in a Sari

She'd reward me by showing x-rays of the chest, abdomen, or different extremities and then taking me for ice cream in the hospital cafeteria.

I saw how my mother treated her patients, technologists, and colleagues with kindness and compassion. She wore a warm bright smile, loved to laugh, and was a good friend. After all, her name was Sumita, which in Sanskrit means good (su) friend (mita). When I was old enough, I would read all the thank you cards that littered her office, from patients and referring physicians alike. It turned out that those people who cursed her initially would end up calling her their favorite doctor, because she diagnosed their obstruction, renal stone, cancer, or colitis. She was my role model, and I wanted to be just like her.

I remember as a child, one of my grade school assignments was to write down what I wanted to be when I grew up and why. I wrote, “I want to be a doctor, a teacher, and someone who helps people with cancer. I want to be a doctor because my mom is a doctor, and she teaches me a lot.” Talk about the power of written goals, and the strong impact a mother and role model can have on a life.

Even when I realized that the way I saw my mother practice radiology had changed so much by the time I attended residency, I went back to my memories of my mother being a hands-on radiologist and decided to choose something that would allow a lot of patient contact and physician-to-physician interaction, breast imaging.

Alas, my mother never got to see me practice as a radiologist. So many of my dreams of her being part of my life, to see her grandchildren born and grow up, never came true. After being a 10-year survivor of breast cancer, she passed away from pancreatic cancer during the end of my breast imaging fellowship here at Stanford, a life painfully and tragically cut short. But I'd like to think that her legacy lives on in me, and that spunky radiologist in a sari lives safely cloistered in my heart and spirit.

Thank you so much, Ma, for who you were and how you inspired me.

Sunita Pal, MD
Clinical Associate Professor
Stanford Medicine | Radiology
I am a mother. I take care of mothers, and their children, and their families. As a mother and as a physician, protecting the value of human life is sacred to me. In this time and always, I am committed to listening. To listening to learn what each voice can teach me, and guide my actions with a deeper sense of understanding. As physicians, we each take the Hippocratic oath. Hippocrates once said: “Wherever the art of Medicine is loved, there is also a love of humanity”. I am committed to rooting my practice of the art of Medicine in love.

I never imagined this is what my American College of Radiology (ACR) annual meeting would look like. No ACR shoes, no badge with a trail of ribbons . . . just a Dr Mom at home, focusing on the challenges ahead, with a 5 year old in my lap.

K. Elizabeth Hawk, MD, PhD
Instructor
Stanford Medicine | Radiology
Our Parents

My little baby girl Joyce.
She is one month old and really a tax bay.
(She was born on April, 15th.)

Qian Zhao, PhD
Associate Professor
School of Public Health | Guangzhou Medical University, China
Visiting Scholar, Stanford Medicine | Biomedical Data Science
Collaborating Statistician, Stanford Medicine | Radiology

PARENTS
Guardians in your childhood, friends in your teens, parents shape you in many ways. Something small contributing everything significant to your personality
‘As shields against negative experiences, framing a positive outlook towards life
Providing opportunities to opine, to develop an independent mind
Appreciating small achievements, to encourage life that is self-driven and prosperous
Ignoring innocent mischiefs, to inculcate honesty and tolerance
Fulfilling needs to inspire gratitude even for the oxygenated air
Selfless love teaching how to really care’

Rozy Kamal, PhD
Assistant Professor
Department of Nuclear Medicine
Manipal Academy of Higher Education
Manipal, Karnataka, India
I'm cognizant this COVID-19 chapter is a marathon not a sprint. And has meant periods of grieving and gratitude for all of us. We're fortunate our adult daughters chose to shelter with us (giving their roommates more space and bathrooms in DC and SF). Both are awesome chefs and we eat like royalty. I never imagined a chapter when adult children would be home with time for lovely conversations, sunset viewings, meals, gardening, hikes, bread making, late-night drives with music blasting, housecleaning, and more. #blessed. Yes, we also get snarky with each other - and thankfully have “office” areas, rooms and a garden to retreat to.

Recently, I dusted my mom’s antique tea set and served the family tea in it for breakfast, lunch, and tea time. Took 10 min and it s-l-o-w-e-d us down. That tea set was the first non-essential item my parents bought after they married. As refugees to India in 1947, they fled with few belongings. We have few, if any, family antiques. I can't remember using this tea set after I carried it to the US in the 90s. Now was the perfect time to dust it off, chips and all, and treasure our tea and talk. I've often said time - talk, tears, time and tea takes care of a lot. I hope you and yours can find time for a cup of tea/coffee and cinnamon toast - every day. A ritual for breathing and slowing down.

Sonoo Thadaney Israni, MBA

Executive Director
Presence (a Center at Stanford Medicine)
The Program in Bedside Medicine
Stanford Medicine
After 25 years away, Dr. Samantha Holdsworth, has returned to the land of her childhood to establish a world-leading medical imaging research centre called Mātai.


“A smile is the light in your window that tells others that there is a caring, sharing person inside.”

– Denis Waitley, author
My parents John and Sue Kwak are proud of their daughter who works at Stanford. They are enjoying San Francisco after purchasing lots of Stanford gear!

**Jenny Kwak, LCSW, OSW-C**  
Advanced Licensed Clinical Social Worker  
Stanford Healthcare

Appropriate PPE protects healthcare workers, patients and family members

Members of the 3D lab printed face shields for Dr. Jayne Seekins and the pediatric radiology team, in order to provide protection of radiologists and patients during fluoroscopy procedures.

**Chris LeCastillo, RT, CIIP**  
Lead Technologist, 3DQ Lab  
Stanford Medicine | Radiology
OLDER WORKERS GRAPPLE WITH RISK OF GETTING COVID-19 ON THE JOB


CATALONIA'S SENIOR-MOST CITIZEN SURVIVES COVID-19 AT AGE 113

Maria Branyas, 113 years old, has overcome COVID-19 and is becoming quite possibly the world's oldest person to survive the disease.

Born on April 4, 1907, to a Catalan family in San Francisco, California, Branyas moved to Catalonia as a young child and has memories dating back to World War I


HOW ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE COULD KEEP SENIORS SAFE DURING A PANDEMIC

While we don't know everything about COVID-19, we know it hits older populations harder than younger ones. “How can we take care of seniors while keeping them safe?” asks professor Fei-Fei Li. “Nowhere is safer than home if one doesn't need to be in a hospital.”


EVERYONE HAS A STORY TO TELL

Storyworth is a unique and easy way to record personal history “one story at a time. When we write our stories, and share them with our families, it brings us closer together.

Do you know what your mother's favorite t.v. show was in high school? Or who your father's best childhood friend was? What about their favorite college memories? Local hangouts? Grade school friends?

Watching my mom write and tell her story, was an amazing opportunity for me, and I think she enjoyed the process as well.

We all have a story but sometimes life gets in the way and the people in our life never know the “before”. The life they had before you came along, and the things that make them who they are.

StoryWorth makes this possible and the process itself is one that can also be an enjoyable and bonding experience.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fxIPZ6WUSSE
REFLECTIONS FROM WOMEN RADIOLOGISTS

Katarzyna Macura, MD, PhD, 2005 President of American Association of Women Radiologists (AAWR) compiled “Portraits from AAWR Women Radiologists” to share answers to questions about a career in radiology, and the balancing act between the family and the professional life. I hope you will find this collection to be informative, entertaining, and heartwarming. I have been inspired by the wonderful words of wisdom from these accomplished women radiologists and I promise that so will you. Happy reading!

You can send comments related to this anthology to aawr@acr.org. If you would like to share your own story, please contact aawr@acr.org to receive an entry template.

https://www.aawr.org/About-AAWR/AAWR-History/Reflections-from-Women-Radiologists#3026927

SWAPS

Hi. My name is Lori, and I am the Mentorship Chair for the Stanford Women Association of Physician-Scientists (SWAPS). SWAPS provides longitudinal mentorship and career development for female-identifying MSTP students. This year, we are thrilled that the entering MSTP class is 80% women, and we are expanding our mentorship network! We are looking for female-identifying physician-scientists who are interested in mentoring or co-mentoring a group of ~6 students that span from M1s through clinical students. If you are interested in becoming a mentor and/or in learning more about SWAPS, please fill out this interest form.

If you have any questions about SWAPS, please feel free to reach out!

Best,
Lori Bowe Dershowitz
“Some days there won’t be a song in your heart. Sing anyway.”

– Emory Austin