

October 2013 NEWSLETTER

THE IMPORTANT STUFF:

I'd like to pay tribute to a man whose name you've never heard before. But, believe me, he deserves this tribute.

Late last month came word that Chuck Klieman, Thoracic and Endovascular surgeon at our hospital, died in a diving accident in Hawaii. Our hospital was, to put it gently, devastated.

Of course, none of you knew the man so let me explain that 1) he was an all-pro surgeon and 1) the word *unavailable* simply wasn't in his vocabulary. Unless he went on vacation you could call him any time of the day or night and, no matter what the circumstances, he'd reply "I'll be there".

I don't even want to think about how many people Klieman put back together in his lengthy career.

There's another word that just wasn't in his vocabulary. That word is *panic*. Charles Klieman got about as nervous and jittery as a bucketful of collapsed matter. You'd accomplish more if you tried to scare a brick (You know, red? Oblong? Makes a good wall?).

A lot of people think that their favorite artist or band is cool. Well, if you really want to see cool you should meet many of our physicians. Klieman held his own with the best of them.

Need an example? Our hospital is an inner-city trauma center and we get numerous gun shot wounds, stabbings, etc. One day a while back Dr. Klieman was called in emergently to help with a patient who was seriously bleeding. Some bleeders are trivial. Some are serious. This one was a four-alarm fire. I was involved because, as head of the blood bank, I had to keep an eye on inventory. So there I am shuttling between the lab and the OR where Klieman and Dr. Maxine Anderson (another physician way up there on the cool chart) are, no exaggeration, elbow deep in blood.

As I rushed back to the OR from checking on the status of the blood bank I literally stopped dead in my tracks. There's Chuck Klieman, standing next to the front surgery desk, arms folded, as calm as if he were watching a weather report on TV.

I managed to say, "Is the patient OK?"

Chuck got a slight grin on this face. "The patient's fine," he said.

"You sewed up the bleeder?"

Still grinning he said, "Oh, yeah." We could have been discussing what the cafeteria was going to serve for lunch. All I could do was salute. Instead of going to the morgue the patient walked out of the hospital.

When he wasn't taking people apart and putting them back together again to keep them breathing he loved to paint. As I write some of his artwork hangs in our hospital.

Remember the classic movie, *It's A Wonderful Life*? Clarence, the guardian angel allows George Bailey to see what everything would have been like if George had never been born. At one point Clarence tells him, "Strange, isn't it? Each man's life touches so many other lives, and when he isn't around he leaves an awful hole, doesn't he?"

When Jeffrey Lucey died he left behind a mighty big hole. All of the over 4,000 American soldiers who died after our invasion of Iraq left behind huge holes. When my father died several years ago he left a terrible hole behind. And when Dr. Charles Klieman left this earth he left behind an incredibly big hole.

But he's still there as far as I'm concerned. He's right there standing next to the surgery desk after having put out another impossibly big fire, grinning, as calm as if he were painting a portrait instead of snatching another soul back out of the reach of death.

Along with *unavailable* and *panic*, there's one more word that will also never apply to Chuck: *replaceable*.

I hope you found this month's newsletter informative and useful. If you know someone who might want my FREE track at <http://www.garrettsawyer.net> OR if you know someone who might like this month's recipes OR you know someone who might enjoy a word or two about frugality OR you know someone who could use a good laugh please forward them my email!

And if you have any comments, questions, etc. about my newsletters, don't hesitate to write me at garrettsawyer@cox.net. And don't worry about hurting my feelings. If you see something you don't like, tell me!

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THE "NOT-SO-IMPORTANT-STUFF-THAT-CAN-BE-POSTPONED-UNTIL-YOU'RE-THRILLED-TO-BE-TRIMMING-YOUR-NAILS":

HOW TO EAT LIKE A ROCK STAR

You want comfort food? Here's comfort food for you. This plus a couple of nice hunks of garlic bread straight from the oven will just about do it.

CHICKEN CACCIATORE

A 4 lb. Chicken
2-3 tbsp flour
¼ cup olive oil
2 tbsp chopped shallots
1 minced clove garlic
¼ cup Italian tomato paste
½ cup dry white wine
2 tbsp brandy
¼ tsp white pepper
¾ cup chicken stock
½ bay leaf
1/8 tsp thyme
1/8 tsp marjoram
1 cup sliced mushrooms

Cut the chicken into individual pieces. Dredge them with the flour. Heat the olive oil over medium high heat and saute the chicken, the shallot, and the garlic until the chicken is golden brown (I find this takes about 5 minutes per side...to avoid burning the shallots and garlic I often add them halfway through browning the chicken). Add the remaining ingredients and bring to a simmer. Cover and simmer gently for 1 hour or until tender.

NOTE: In this recipe a whole chicken is called for but I often buy chicken thighs in bulk and using 6 thighs instead of a whole chicken. This works very well.

FRUGALITY 101

If you want to read a wonderful (more recent) book about frugality than Poor Richard's Almanac I warmly recommend "The Millionaire Next Door" by Thomas Stanley and William Danko. To summarize it briefly, the authors discovered that the real millionaires in America are not people who live lavish lifestyles. Such people *spend* a lot of money but don't *accumulate* a lot of money (titanic difference). The real millionaires are people who live drastically beneath their means and save, save, save.

There was one example from this book I'd love to quote. One of the millionaires the authors interviewed was a thirty five year old Texan who ran a successful business rebuilding diesel engines. This fellow drove a ten-year-old car and wore jeans and buckskin shirts. He lived in a lower middle class neighborhood with postal clerks, fireman and mechanics for neighbors. When the authors explained the nature of their research this young Texan described in four words the kind of people who look like millionaires but aren't: "Big Hat, No Cattle"

SIR LAUGHALOT:

It's Sunday in a small Midwestern town, one of those towns that's so small that everybody knows everybody else. They all gathered at Church for Sunday morning services. The minister started his sermon by noting, gravely, "This week's topic is very serious. I'd like to remind everybody here that in a hundred years everybody in this town is going to be dead. You, me, even the youngest children. We'll all be dead by then." And with that he launched into his sermon.

He hadn't said more than a dozen words when a little boy in the front row began laughing gleefully. The minister stopped and stared at the boy. "Young man," he intoned sternly, "This is an extremely serious subject! In a hundred years everybody in this town will be dead! What could possibly be so amusing about that?!"

The little boy replied, "I'm not from this town!"