

The Pathologist's Story and the Colors

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Letter to Editor

Dear reader, I would like to tell you the story of the pathologist who believed that he found in cells a universe full of color, a color that counteracted the gray tones of his existence. Yes, an existence that happened outside of everything that the patient could achieve with his knowledge. His friends, the cells, whispered diagnoses in his ear and he transcribed such wisdom so that his colleagues could successfully carry out the therapeutic actions that made patients so happy. Patients showered

clinicians and surgeons with gifts, and the anonymous pathologist returned home with the simple satisfaction of having performed the most altruistic medical act imaginable. Unknown, he lived among books and spent most of his salary on books that made him wiser. Knowing gave him security and pleasure and allowed him to feel full. In the end, the darkness with which everyone tried to paint him, turned into a world of colors that, through the lenses of his microscope, were only revealed to him.

It is, no doubt, a beautiful story full of feelings and the secret of Science is always present. The problem is that when this story begins, most listeners do not know what a pathologist is. As it may be happening right now. that is why, as often happens, you have to stop and spend a few words explaining to the audience that the pathologist is a doctor, but a special doctor. It is special because it has a peculiar way of understanding health and disease: it knows very well that when the individual falls ill, it is the cells that do it, and only by understanding the mechanisms of injury, aggression or cellular disease, and assisting in their development. In person, they will be able to elaborate diagnoses that, with a different degree of

elaboration, serve so that the rest of the colleagues, many of them known and recognized, can carry out their functions.

The pathologist is not a gray specialist, but a specialist who works with colors, images that awaken imagination and ingenuity. The pathologist is not a second-line specialist but the foundation on which medicine is built. Without the pathologist, the life of a hospital cannot be understood. But patients do not know that there is a pathologist behind their diagnoses and most of their treatments. It is a pity that they do not know of the existence of a doctor who works in silence, in anonymity for his health. The pathologist is also the doctor of the patients who benefit from his work. Everyone should know who the doctor is who has studied his cells, his tissues, his organs, his life. Only then could the story continue, which, I already anticipate, has a happy ending.

The pathologist saw life in bright colors and greeted his friends, the cells, every morning, asking for their patience and understanding ... (to be continued)