case. Treatment was started immediately for subsequently proven HSV encephalitis and the patient improved. Unfortunately, the treatment didn't cure his depression. The fever and confusion were gone but happiness would not return.

I also see the faces of my coworkers who have tried their best to maintain their compassion through neverending chaos. The nurses' faces show the strain of their duties. Rarely do I see a smile or a laugh anymore. My doctor buddies seem to smile more, especially when they are out of the hospital, a situation they try to reproduce as much as possible. The young doctors have less stress on their faces, as they continue to look forward to their next day off or where to travel on their vacation.

Most important, I see the faces of my family who have had to deal with my victories and defeats. They have learned how all too often the needs of the sick overshadowed their wants. I see my children as they played at the hospital day care and how they accompanied me on Saturday rounds with the promise of lunch at McDonald's. My office shelves are lined with Happy Meal toys. I see the face of my wife as she tries to determine what kind of mood I am in when I return home. She never could understand why I was so short-tempered with locating operators when they disturbed me at home for some minor reason or other.

I also see my own face as one that has aged and lost some of its spark. The joy of discovery and the satisfaction of helping people were my raison d'être and now seem less important. Thirty years in medicine has changed the faces of many things.

Joe Dylewski Specialist in Infectious Disease Montréal, Que.

One thousand words



Ice Sculpture. Canadian photographer Michael Moon, diagnosed with autism, feels that his autism enhances his sensory experiences. He notes that his photographs show society there are "other ways of being in and seeing the world" and that his autism "just gives me a different perspective on things." — J. Lynn Fraser, freelance writer, Toronto, Ont.