I was really delighted when Dr. HL Frankel, in his Guttmann's Lecture, mentioned my name as one of the trainees at Stoke Mandeville Hospital. Actually, since my first day at the Israeli National Spinal Injuries Unit, Tel Hashomer, February 1974, just after my repatriation from captivity in Egypt during the Yom Kippur War, I "breathed" the "Stoke Mandeville-Guttmann's spirit".

I was privileged to know and being in close acquaintance with some of the founders of modern Rehabilitation Medicine. Among them were: Sir Ludwig Guttmann, Dr. Howard Rusk, and in a lesser degree, with Dr. Gustave Gingras, Esteen Comarr, and during a short meeting in Toronto, Canada, with A Jousse.

Short time before I finished my work as a Senior registrar at Stoke-Mandeville Hospital's spinal Unit, in March 1980, Sir Ludwig called me, as he did so many times during my stay in Aylesbury, to meet him in his room where he was hospitalized after he contracted myocardial infarction. His loyal and devoted secretary, Joan Scruton, was there. Years later, she mentioned my name in her book, being one of the first members of Stoke-Mandeville Games Medical Committee. I served in this capacity from 1977 to 1992. Sir Ludwig's heart beats was monitored. The time was around 21.00. Sir Ludwig continued to dictate his beliefs, his guidance to my professional life and his blessing to my further working with my mentor, friend and boss, Professor Rafael Rozin.
to Israel now but rather next year, after spending Clinical Fellowship, at the Head
Trauma Program, Institute of rehabilitation Medicine, NYU. "Why don't you stay
with us for more time", asked Sir Ludwig? So, I had to explain him that my hospital
wishes to extend its rehabilitation medicine services, and apart of spinal injuries, to
admit patients with brain injuries too" So, asked Sir Ludwig, who is the chairman
there, at IRM/NYU? ? I was sure he knew perfectly, better than me, who is running
the Institute. "Dr. Joseph Goodgold and Dr. Howard Rusk" I replied. "Rusk who"?
Poppa angrily almost shouted. Joan and I had to calmed him down when the nurse
rushed into the room, correcting and replacing the electrodes on his chest.
Time goes by, and just before midnight, after Ludwig's last" instructions and
guidance rules" to me ( "don't be misled by…") , he utterly commanded Joan to bring
three glasses, in order to conclude this meeting with a few shots of whiskey..my wife
didn't believed me I spent the whole evening at the Internal Medicine Wing with
Ludwig and Joan..

I am grateful to my teachers at Stoke Mandeville. And I will ever carry with me their
knowledge, dedication and spirit: HL Frankel, JR Silver and I. Nusseibeh. But above
all, the true everlasting friendship with Wagih El Masri, which started in those days
(and nights) in Aylesbury, is a meeting-point of hope and strength. Through our
international meetings, and thanks to Skype technology, I am lucky to enjoy a
perpetual and strong ties with the Colonel, Dr. Paul Meyer Jr., whose book is one of
my favorite reference book (5).

Though I devote my life to SCI and Rehabilitation Medicine, I do exploit every spare
minute to explore, read and research on medical humanities, especially ob history of
medicine and I find (nocturnal) time to play the drums with my "second-round jazz-
octet".
Since 1974, I constantly read our Journal. Since 1978 I am member of ISCOS/IMSOP
I have published until now in"Spinal Cord"
( formerly, Paraplegia) , 47 articles, if to trust that PubMed site do not miss any reference .(Actually, I am not sure ). Many articles of mine on SCI were published in other journals of rehabilitation medicine, neurology, neurosurgery, rheumatology, orthopedics, general medicine, sports medicine, psycho-social literature and history of medicine.

Through my involvement in sports for the disabled, and after being sent, or invited, to consult-teach-instruct on Spinal Injuries to various countries as, China, SriLanka, Mongolia, El Salvador, South Africa, Czech Republic, Cyprus, Fiji Island, South Korea, Croatia and many more..

**Is It Possible**

"Is it possible
That so high debate,
So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,
Should end so soon and was begun so late?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
So cruel intent,
So hasty heat and so soon spent,
From love to hate, and thence for to relent?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
That any may find
Within one heart so diverse mind,
To change or turn as weather and wind?
Is it possible?

Is it possible
To spy it in an eye
That turns as oft as chance on die,
The truth whereof can any try?
Is it possible?
It is possible
For to turn so oft,
To bring that lowest which was most aloft,
And to fall highest yet to light soft:
It is possible.

All is possible
Whoso list believe.
Trust therefore first, and after preve,
As men wed ladies by licence and leave.
All is possible."

(Sir Thomas Wyatt 1503-1542)

There is an interesting historical story: when we entered into the problem of rehabilitation challenges posed by patients with paralysis due to conversion reaction [11-12], and patients having "Shell Shock or PTSD [13-18], I read about Dr. W.H.R. Rivers (1864 – 1922) who was an English anthropologist, neuropsychiatrist, and worked at Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh between 1916–1917. He was a treating physician for Wilfred Owen(1893-1918), Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967) and Robert Graves (1895-1985). His experimental research into nerve regeneration, performed together with his friend, Henry Head. Sir Henry Head, FRS (1861 – 1940) was an English neurologist who conducted pioneering work into the somatosensory system and sensory nerves. Much of this work was conducted on himself, in collaboration with the psychiatrist W. H. R. Rivers, by severing and reconnecting sensory nerves and mapping how sensation returned over time. Head-Holmes syndrome and Head-Riddoch syndrome are named after him. Sir Ludwig devoted his seminal textbook to the memory of George Riddoch 1888–1947.

"Death set his mark and left a mangled thing,
With palsied limbs no science could restore,
To weary out the weeks or months or years,
Amidst the tumult of a mother's tears
Behind the sick-room door,
Where tender skill and subtle knowledge bring
Brief respite only from the ultimate
Decree of fate.

Then, like the flowers we planted in his room,
Bud after bud we watched his soul unfold;
Each delicate bloom
Of alabaster, violet, and gold
Struggled to light,
Drawing its vital breath
Within the pallid atmosphere of death.

That valiant spirit has not passed away,
But lives and grows
Within us as a penetrating ray
Of sunshine on a crystal surface glows
With many-hued refraction. He has fled
Into the unknown silence of the night,
But cannot die till human hearts are dead."

(Died of His Wounds, Henry Head, 1918)


4. Ohry A, (Obituary) The late Prof. Raphael Rozin,


