

Dr James E. Miles 1928–2006

Jim Miles was a wonderful man—warm-hearted, decent, and kind. He was flamboyant, tall, and celery thin with a generous nose and luminous eyes. The gold of his charisma and exuberance was balanced by the rubies and steel of his adored wife, Gail, of whom he was deeply proud. They had a flock of darling children. With Gail at his side and the sunny optimism of his mother incarnate, Jim was primed for success.

Jim was a romantic and an Anglophile who would have relished Paul Johnson's essays in the *Spectator*. Johnson wrote recently: "The most valuable people on earth are those who can make you laugh. Laughter is the great restorative and rejuvenator." Jim had the gift of humor. Freud, whose name means "joy" (a laugh for a start) said that humor is the most sublime of the defences. It is a sexy and attractive talent that springs from intelligence, creativity, and a sharp eye for reality, "making the implicit explicit," said Jim. He used it to explode tension and to pump some oxygen into the chloroform torpor of most medical meetings. Occasionally, thank heavens, he almost breached the canons of good taste: who else would dare introduce to a congregation of the drowsy an Adonis-like colleague as "the erotic fantasy of every Shaughnessy matron"?

Humor never hid his excellent education and very high intellectual calibre or his ability to create innovations in psychiatric care and buff them to a high shine. It made him an excellent teacher with his memorable aphorisms. Jim agreed with Sydney Smith that "praise is the best diet for us after all," and his appreciative letters after a good presentation or publication were cherished by his staff. He knew the value of creative criticism and held that the need to atone for unconscious guilt

lashes one on to practise medicine and that medical students' self-criticisms stopped them from accepting a compliment. However, *after* a criticism, a portal opens through which one can ladle praise.

As a clinician, Jim had no stomach for the robotic taciturnity of the poseur and was excellent at using himself, "the drug 'doctor'" as Dr Michael Balint called it, to treat his patients. A dash of melancholy made him a great empathic psychotherapist who, unseen by his patients, often brushed away a tear. He was deeply impressed by the tragedies of divorce and mental illness and by the courage of so-called "neurotics" (you and me) in adapting to misfortune and changing our lives. He kept an old Roman coin in his wallet to remind himself of the transience of suffering and fame.

His kindnesses were many and usually his left hand never knew what his right hand was doing. Some kindnesses were sublime, like telling a frightened woman to slip into his sleeping bag at a riotous party and promising that nothing would happen. It didn't. Once, having too little cash, he promised a waiter that he'd return after betting at the races the tip he intended to give to him. He returned with \$70.

Jim named his terrier puppy "Nelson" after England's greatest naval hero, although, of course, the resemblance was feeble. "Oh God," I once heard him cry over the telephone, "the dog's got my deaf aid." Jim had the courage of the little white-haired vice-admiral. In a minor way, he dared to scoff at the sacred cows of medicine like "alternative" medicine and the insolent burden of the Continuing Medical Education Program. In a larger way, just as Nelson suffered from melancholy and malaria, was a martyr to mal de mer, was blind in one eye, and only had one arm but battled on, so Jim had a fierce courage in battling on,

despite several grim illnesses.

Jim's company was always so interesting and enjoyable. He was a lovely man.

—Christopher Marrant, MBBS
Vancouver

Dr Kenneth Berry 1932–2006

The medical, artistic, and religious communities have lost an irreplaceable gentleman. Dr Kenneth Berry, neurologist, neuropathologist, artist, photographer, and, when pressed, raconteur of outrageous tales, died 19 October 2006 after a 2-year struggle with esophageal cancer.

Ken was born in Calgary to Gertrude and Jack Berry. The family moved to Vancouver when Ken was 15 because his parents planned a medical career for their son, and Calgary boasted no medical school. They were unaware that UBC also possessed no medical faculty. However, by the time Ken had matured, so had UBC and Ken was a member of the school's third graduating class. His postgraduate studies were conducted in Vancouver, Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Toronto, after which he joined the St. Paul's Hospital staff, filling the neurology position requested by Dr Joe Cluff to complement the new neurosurgical unit.

It was during those youthful days some 30 years ago that I came to know Ken.

Ken was committed, untiring, meticulous, and compassionate almost to a fault, agonizing over any hopeless prognosis. Afternoons often ended in migrainous headaches, for he empathized deeply with his patients and was unfailingly kind.

In 1973 Ken shifted his focus to neuropathology. Accordingly, he and his adventurous, willing family moved to New York, where Ken studied at the

Albert Einstein Hospital. He returned to VGH as neuropathologist and found the new field of work supremely satisfying. When faced with mandatory retirement at 70, he returned to St. Paul's for another year of consultative practice, complaining mildly—it was not in his nature to complain vociferously—"now that I'm finally beginning to know something, I've got to quit."

But more satisfying to Ken than neuropathology was the joy he found in his family. He married Sally (née Mange) in 1955. His children confided wryly that their parents had met in a class on abnormal psychology. Sally and Ken were a devoted couple, celebrating their 51st wedding anniversary last year. Sally and their three children, Mark, Julie, and Allison, are left to mourn his death.

But Ken was not only a man of science. He was also a serious artist, having studied at the Emily Carr Studio and in Italy. His paintings, both real-

istic and abstract, have had three showings. Even in his last year of life, when the disease, surgery, and chemotherapy had taken their toll on his energies, he was able to complete 28 monoprints, one for each letter of the Hebrew alphabet. These prints have been donated to the Temple Shalom, where they are to be kept on permanent display.

In the hearts of his family and friends, no one will be able to replace this kind, wise, and skilled man, a gentleman in every sense of the word. I remember with special warmth the lunches 30 years ago, when most of the young St. Paul's, geographically installed, full-time staff, whimsically referred to as the GIFTS, would congregate each working day at Rueben's on Granville. There, talk was animated and boisterous and there, but only when prompted, Ken would tell one of his legendary jokes. There, at Rueben's, Ken introduced his somewhat conventional physician friends to his world of distinctly unconventional

humor, books, and discs and thus enriched our lives. Each one of us has his or her favorite memory. For me, it is my introduction to the humor of Kinky Friedman—the same Kinky that is running for governor of Texas today.

I sat at Ken's bedside in the palliative care unit at VGH the day before he died. I held his hand and cried. Selfish tears I know. It's hard to accept that Ken has left us.

**—Doris Kavanagh-Gray, MD
Vancouver**

A memorial account to create a neuropathology reading room has been opened at VGH in Dr Berry's name. Those wishing to donate may direct their gifts to the VGH and UBC Hospital Foundation earmarked for Dr Berry's memorial, attention Trudy Preston, tributes coordinator, 855 W. 12th Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5Z 1M9. Tel: 604 875 5240.

Chuck Jung Associates
Psychological Services

Established Psychological Practice Helping Patients Since 1995.

<i>Depression</i>	<i>Family Issues</i>
<i>PTSD</i>	<i>Anxiety</i>
<i>Traumatic Brain Injury</i>	<i>Stress</i>
<i>Pain Management</i>	<i>Marital Conflict</i>

The goal of this practice is to provide a quality and comprehensive service that is easily accessible to communities of the Lower Mainland. Patients can be seen in one of our five offices:

Vancouver Abotsford Surrey Port Coquitlam Richmond Chilliwack

For more information, please contact Chuck Jung (Registered Psychologist) at the
Vancouver Office: 604-874-6754

#1308 750 W Broadway Fairmont Building Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 1H1 Tel (604) 674-6754 Fax (604) 674-6424	#101-2828 Graciepark St. Abbotsford, B.C. V2T 6M4 Tel (604) 851-1124 Fax (604) 874-6424	#301-5507 152nd St. Surrey, B.C. V3R 4E5 Tel (604) 874-6754 Fax (604) 874-6424	#11-2186 Wilson Ave Port Coquitlam, B.C. V3C 6C1 Tel (604) 874-6754 Fax (604) 874-6424	#300-3000 No. 3 Bldg Van City Tower Richmond, B.C. V6X 2G9 Tel (604) 874-6754 Fax (604) 874-6424
--	--	---	---	--

New office located at: 9146 Mary St, Chilliwack, B.C. V2P 4J1.
Tel (604) 792-5966, Fax (604) 792-5961