Pelonomi Hospital during the politically turbulent 1980s and early 1990s. Many from all races attended his funeral. He had a wide interest outside medicine and is known country-wide for breeding Rhodesian Ridgeback dogs and was a driving force behind the local Botanical Society.

Weeks before his death (9 April 2012), when he was already seriously ill, Steph showed international visitors the interesting and important historical places of his beloved Bloemfontein. Over the years many visitors wrote back that it had been the pinnacle of their South African visit. We will remember Steph as a man who looked you straight in the eye, kept firmly to his convictions, but always willing to humbly provide help.

Johan Diedericks
Professor: Department of Anaesthesiology, UFS, Bloemfontein

Jacques Grobbelaar
Jacques Grobbelaar was a Medical Officer at Nelspruit Hospital when he died tragically in a road accident on 22 August - 20 years ago - in 1992. On 28 June 2012 he would have been 45 years old. I write this obituary on behalf of those who lived and worked closely with Jacques.

I knew Jacques during our medical student years at the University of Pretoria from 1985 to 1990. We shared a commune with fellow-medical students and friends during our fourth to final years. Our group discovered the harsh realities of human suffering in South Africa and the excitement of learning medicine in the wards of H F Verwoerd Hospital (now Steve Biko Hospital), Kalafong Hospital and Tembisa Hospital.

Everyone who worked with Jacques, whether as a medical student or as a junior doctor in Nelspruit, would agree that he was a highly dedicated and talented young doctor who loved what he was doing and who wanted to make a difference. He did make a difference. I witnessed Jacques’ great compassion and love as we worked together closely in the children’s and obstetric wards where he brought smiles to people’s faces.

Jacques was energetic and he loved life, sports, the outdoors and adventure. He built up a Land Cruiser 4x4 - his pride - and travelled off the beaten track whenever he got the chance. In our fourth year as students we shared a memorable trip to Cape Vidal near St Lucia as a group of friends.

I met Jacques only once after we had graduated, as our group was scattered over southern Africa. He enthusiastically told me how he had saved the life of a critically injured trauma victim at Nelspruit Hospital with his newly acquired ATLS trauma skills.

Jacques was on an adventure holiday in Botswana when his Land Cruiser overturned on a remote road. He suffered severe internal injuries and was taken to Francistown Hospital. His late great friend and colleague, Sakkie Zaayman, who had been in the car with him, tried in vain to save his life. Sakkie provided comfort and spiritual guidance to Jacques during his final moments. Family and friends were eternally grateful for what Sakkie had done for Jacques. Sakkie, who became an emergency physician at Unitas Hospital, also died tragically in a car accident in 2002.

Jacques will always be remembered for his passion and for the difference he made to the lives of the suffering during his short career, and for his smile.

Jacques was survived by his parents, Koos and Cathy, and by siblings Leoni, Werner and Charmain. His father died in July 2012.

May he rest in peace.

Martin Scholtz

Book review

Eloquent Body

There is a creative artist within every person and everyone has something unique to explore. Few realise and actualise it; many have no time or interest, or are overcome with the apprehension of self-revelation. It may be that doctors and scientists have a special opportunity or talent for creative art, be it music, poetry, writing or the fine arts, given their privileged insights into the human condition and the scientific method. One thinks here of Chekhov, Marie Curie, Borodin, Frida Kahlo, William Carlos Williams, A J Cronin, Conan Doyle, Somerset Maugham, Alexander Doblin, Keats, Kathe Kollwitz and C Louis Leipoldt. Not uncommonly, patients, too, seek refuge in the creative arts.

In Eloquent Body Dawn Garisch examines her own creativity in a frank and carefully researched semi-autobiographical new book. She is medical practitioner, novelist, poet, walker, mother and patient herself. She sees herself as a doctor who writes, wanting to become a writer who doctors. Her conflict is not resolved. She is an accomplished writer and her life is enriched by doctoring. She draws widely on her experience with patients – their fortitude, frailties, obstinacy and quirks. She is influenced by Jung. It is as a doctor that she explores, confronts and embraces issues of truth, fear, doubt, service and trust in the creative process. She believes in the innate self-healing capacity of the body and in the part that the arts can play in achieving that. She has discovered that it is important to relinquish the illusion of control. She maintains that in completing her book the two streams of her life converge. One is not convinced that she has at last found repose, and quite possibly that is a good thing – for her, for us her readers and, not least, for her patients.

Creative art is therapeutic, if not necessarily curative, for patient and for health practitioner alike. Dawn Garisch knows. It’s there, clearly, in her book and she has written it modestly and with courage.

Peter Folb
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