



“On the Covid Floor, everyone wears masks: RNs, EVS, Laboratory, Me and the Patients. All we can see are each other’s eyes. Perhaps the eyes really are the window to the soul? In them, I see Fear, Anguish, and Pain. But I also see Love, Caring, and Compassion.

We are so lucky on the West Coast. Social Distanced early and Locked down first and “Flattened The Curve” significantly. We were so blessed that everyone here took things seriously. The giant predicted tsunami has turned into a controllable swell.

We are not over it yet and are not going to let up our pedal on the gas. At least we are learning and improving every day. There seems to be (preliminarily as I write this) at least some treatments to lessen the terrible outcomes. At least there is hope on the horizon.

I still tear when I see the terror in a patient’s eyes before they are induced into a ventilated coma. But I also cry for joy when I look into even more eyes of recovered patients being discharged.”

**Edmund Cheung, MD, (MED’93)**