



Being Me

Timothy D. Riley, MD

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“You weren’t you last time I was here.”
I’m bewildered gazing on her familiar face,
regarding me with suspicious uncertainty.

Then I remember it:
45 minutes late,
a tight balloon in my chest
pressing me to keep moving,
brusque and dismissive of her concerns.

I pause
let the heat of shame and regret
bloom through my face, my heart...
Then find ground again—feet, seat, breath—
and show up for this moment
to listen and care.

We part with a smile and handshake,
her suspicion replaced with gratitude,
my shame dissolving into relief and contentment.
I think I was me this time.

May I remember to pause, find ground, and show up next time.

CORRESPONDENCE: Address correspondence to Dr Timothy D. Riley, 500 University Dr, H154, Hershey, PA, 17033. 717-531-8187. Fax: 717-531-5024. riley1@pennstatehealth.psu.edu.