Hello everyone,

Happy Thanksgiving!

After much procrastination, here are some thoughts on the **Impostor Syndrome**.
I used to believe this was an exclusively female issue, but not so.

Suzanne Koven MD wrote in *Letter to a Young Female Physician, NEJM 2017*.

“This fear, sometimes called “imposter syndrome,” is not unique to women. Your male colleagues also have many moments of insecurity, when they’re convinced that they alone among their peers are incapable of understanding the coagulation pathway, tying the perfect surgical knot, or detecting a subtle heart murmur. I believe that women’s fear of fraudulence is similar to men’s, but with an added feature: not only do we tend to perseverate over our inadequacies, we also often denigrate our strengths.” Full article [HERE](#)
"Like many of the dirty little secrets in medicine, we suffer as a group from a lack of awareness and a lack of transparency with issues related to wellness, or rather, an absence of wellness.

If we can just talk to each other about our real issues instead of hiding them out of a sense of shame and embarrassment because we don’t match some sort of ideal physician, then maybe as a group we can start taking the steps need to change our unforgiving cultural standard to one that is more open and honest and accepting."

**Doctors: Feel like a fraud? You're not alone**  Dr Arlene Chung on Kevin MD [HERE](#)

**Quotes on Imposter Syndrome**  [HERE](#)

Personally, my I.S. is very much alive and horribly well. I know **For Sure** that a giant mistake was made when I passed my Royal College exam. That my program director took responsibility for fudging me through. Even though he says that could never happen - but he would say that, right? Not fooling me.

At Edmonton’s Inner Fool Festival last weekend, a renowned teacher criticized people who take a weekend clown workshop and go out into the world as clowns without proper theatre training. He meant professionally performing, teaching etc, but I immediately regretted debuting Iris at rounds the day before.

Finally - unmasked as a fraud, even as a clown!

But Iris wouldn’t recognise Imposter Syndrome if it hit her on her cute Red Nose, so we survive to clown around another day!
It's Thanksgiving and I am so grateful for this lovely word - GALLIMAUFRY - meaning a confused jumble of things. So here is a gallimaufry I have found and hope you enjoy!
I Worried

I worried a lot. Will the garden grow, will the rivers flow in the right direction, will the earth turn as it was taught, and if not how shall I correct it?

Was I right, was I wrong, will I be forgiven, can I do better?

Will I ever be able to sing, even the sparrows can do it and I am, well, hopeless.

Is my eyesight fading or am I just imagining it, am I going to get rheumatism, lockjaw, dementia?

Finally I saw that worrying had come to nothing. And gave it up. And took my old body and went out into the morning, and sang."

Mary Oliver

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely, the world offers itself to your imagination...

Mary Oliver reads Wild Geese

HERE
Do we have hobbies, and if not, why not?
"...demanding excellence in everything we do, steals from us one of life's greatest rewards - the simple pleasure of doing something you merely, but truly, enjoy."

NYT article "In praise of Mediocrity" by Tim Wu. [HERE](#)
Dear Diary,

Last Wednesday I sat by myself with my sad, single shot, skimmed, decaf lonely latte at the GAS Cafe "community" table ...
I met a non medical couple and had a great chat about old school film photography.
Waited a bit, then my post flu shot malaise hit and I went home. Sorry to the 2 people who emailed to say they were coming later.

**Next GAS Cafe is (theoretically!) on Tuesday NOV 6.**