



In memory of Professor Reha Uzel...

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I felt as if I had lost my own mother and father again for the first time I learned that Reha Uzel was in eternity. It was difficult for me to put my thoughts, experiences, and memories with him in order and write them down after his passing away. I have to admit that I've been thinking about quite a while how I'm going to tell you about him. Reha Hoca is very well known among you, as well as those who do not know at all. Rather than repeating the biography of the professor, I chose to tell the moments where the teacher touched my own life.

When I was in medical school, I knew Professor Reha as a brilliant, knowledgeable and inaccessible person. While I was waiting for the exam after graduation, I started to work as a general practitioner in the oncology department of Okmeydanı Insurance Hospital. My friend from the faculty Sedat Turkan, Cerrahpaşa Medical Faculty of the radiotherapy department, will open the staff, he said. He suggested that I choose this branch. But I had to meet Professor Reha before. So I had the opportunity to meet him. In my opinion, it was not a fruitful call. He stated that he had four assistants and a specialist cadres with an earnest attitude. He implied that there were many candidates and, most importantly, that there were certain candidates for the cadres. I took the test without even notifying

my own family. One of the cadres was mine when the results were announced. Four other friends were Sedat Turkan, Ahmet Öber, Mustafa Ünsal, and Hüsnü Taner. We came together to meet each other, and at the meeting, Baki Sübütay whispered to me to thank Professor Reha. And I said, "Thank you for taking me." The answer I got was "I didn't, you got in." "I start negatively," he took me to thought; but then I finished my residency without any bad memories.

Years later, in a meeting, Professor told me that I frightened him when we first met, and he said to me that my very upbeat attitude had the opposite effect. He had repeated exactly what I said to him when we met. I said in a nutshell: "Maybe the candidates to be taken is clear but if I get the highest scores, will you take me to the staff?" I guess, in my own way I wondered if the teacher would be fair. In that time, these words were perceived as very repulsive and frightening words according to the professor. Even when he went home after a workday, told his wife Mrs. Uzel about the conversation between us, and she said to him that I was a child with a very loving attitude and that he should wait until I get the score. His beloved wife Mrs. Uzel is an elegant woman who loves her husband very graciously. She became my ally before she knew me. He

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was delighted to hear that I won. I have always admired the love and respect between him and his wife. They were a lovely family. They do everything together, and they go everywhere along. The romance between them is read through their eyes. He had come from a very perfect family and made himself an ideal family again. It would not be wrong to say he manage the clinic with a father attitude as he always has.

Professor Reha was exceptionally kind, an exceptional instructor who pays attention to everyone's opinion and never raised his voice even in the worst situation. He used to use the word "kardesim" often when he was making a point. He would show you your mistake, ask you to search the books to help you find the truth. According to him, you should first learn the systematic knowledge, then analyze it, then experience.

In November 1977, I started working as a radiotherapy assistant. The clinic was under construction. We were moving from a wooden pier to a small guard room. Again as a small team around the teacher, we started seminars once a week. We were sent other days of the week to clinics such as ENT, gynecology. When we bewailed that we didn't see any tumor cases, he sent us to the radiotherapy department of the Çapa school of medicine.

The building was finished in a few months. Cobalt60 therapy device was installed, measurements were made, and patient treatment was started on March 28, 1978, and our clinic was opened. Apart from the assistants in the core squad, there was also Sait Okkan, who was hired by the teacher as a chief assistant. He went to Britain for a one-year scholarship. Professor was left alone with five stew assistant. We saw all the patients together, and we were trying to do what they needed to do according to the instructions of the professor. We

were expected to become a specialist to know all, including internist, gynecologist, ENT specialist, a pediatrician. A routine examination, biopsies, service shifts, patient contouring, literature follow-up, had to be done without neglecting any of them. We were aware that the professor checks carefully for us. I had already given up on the idea that the teacher seems inaccessible. Because his door was always open and we were immediately approaching him when there was a small or big problem.

The first patients were previously treated and followed by a professor with 20 years of problem-free disease. Seeing these patients completely changed my view of radiotherapy. The number of patients increased in a brief time. When we reviewed carefully, we noticed that most of them were sent for palliative treatment. He immediately gives us support by saying that we can learn a lot from these patients.

Gynecological tumors and brachytherapy were his special interests, and he had significant experience in these subjects. He makes brachytherapy first fraction applications and asks, "Where is Gülyüz?" I'd say, "Sir, I see you over your shoulder." He would have expected me to do other fractions. Years passed, Professor Reha, retired in 1992. He continued to treat his own private center.

Professor Reha was a source of inspiration, energy, information for me. It's not just medical knowledge; he influenced me with his large hardware and social aspect in classical music, history, and archeology. Even after his retirement, he didn't cut off his relationship with us and always felt his support behind.

I think that the teachers whom we love and who we count on will live forever. Even if they are not near us, we can use their lectures and pass it to the next generation to let them live forever. Rest in Peace, Master.