

Joselito B. Buluran, MD (1962-2021)

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The first time I saw Doctor Joselito Buluran or JB as he was fondly called, was when we were oriented before we began our Pre-Residency.

He was shy and most of the time quiet when in the presence of people he was not familiar with. He always had a ready smile and laughed just as easily. Sometimes you felt he was the kid in school who was bullied and made fun of. He was easy to get along with and probably had no enemies. He was very unassuming.

Unknown to most of us he was in fact Chinese by blood who grew up locally; he was the youngest in the family (born when his mother was in her 60's). It was sometimes funny that given that fact and the way he looked, one may think he could be retarded. Now that was funny because he was in fact quite intelligent. Now imagine that and combine that with his study habits you had a powerhouse of a resident who would be prepared for the weekly grand rounds or the subspecialty hour. The night before the grand rounds you would see him pouring over Cummings and you would still see him reading when you woke up the next day. He was always studying. It was therefore no surprise that he readily passed the USMLE when he took it in our 2nd year of residency.

JB was not athletic. But that did not stop him from participating in the PSO-HNS sportsfests. And even if he did not know how to play and looked like a duck out of water, he gamely joined the tennis tournament between residents thought up by another co-resident. He was easy to get along with and seemed like he never got angry. In fact, of all the residents, he may have been the subject and target of more jokes and practical jokes than anyone else.

He made sure he did what was assigned to him. As an intern's monitor, a position he reveled in, he was constantly teaching the



interns. One day I saw him in the ENT chair at the OPD and asked him what he was doing. He answered that he was testing the interns if they know how to actually remove cerumen and he was in the chair because he was the patient.

It was also when he was intern's monitor that he met the love of his life. Suddenly, his world changed. From a happy-go-lucky guy with a ready smile he suddenly became serious. So serious in fact that he approached me one night and confronted me if I was showing interest in the same person he was interested in. I'm kind of smiling because I still remember that night. That was totally not in

character for JB. I assured him that he had nothing to fear because I had no interest, and the girl was his. He courted her and in the end they got married.

We parted ways when we graduated, and we barely saw each other even during conventions. He moved back to Norzagaray where he established his practice. I always thought he would be using his MLE but he never did. Once when we were somewhere in Bulacan near Norzagaray, my wife needed a phone and I thought since we were in Buluran territory why not try to find him. He was easy to find because the people we asked pointed us to where he lived.

And so it is with sadness that I heard of his passing. Maybe it's ironic that he had a very fine heart but in the end it was his heart that did him in.

If you took your Temporal Bone Course at the EAMC, then JB has touched your lives. He was the one who made those dissection bowls you used.