



Nixon S. See, MD (1962-2023)

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While I am honored to be chosen among his many friends to pay tribute to him, I am struck by ambivalence, as I mourn just as deeply for Nixon's passing. Nevertheless, as this is likely my last opportunity to praise this great man, I aim to give a good accounting of his life and times.

Nix and I first met as applicants of the residency program in ORL-HNS at the Ospital ng Maynila Medical Center (OMMC) in September 1989. Subsequently, he established his practice in his hometown of Calapan, Oriental Mindoro. He was briefly affiliated with the PSO-HNS Southern Tagalog Chapter as a charter member but was forced to relinquish this and a flourishing practice and return to Manila to care for his wife. He joined the Fatima University Medical Center and College of Medicine, eventually becoming chairman of the Department of ORL-HNS. He rejoined OMMC as consultant in 2010.

Having been his close friend for more than three decades, I have known him to be a peaceful man. Indeed, he abhorred life's unnecessary complexities, wanting only a simple, quiet life, content in the knowledge that he has filled the cups of those whose lives he had touched.

I use PEACEFUL, not only in a literal sense, but also as an acronym that represents his qualities I have learned to love, as well as hate. Nix was a Principled man, to the point of being stubborn. His moral compass was always straight and true, unwavering, and without any gray areas. He was also a Practical man, choosing to be frugal for



himself, yet generous to his family. He was Exacting, meticulously insisting on accomplishing tasks in a specific, almost textbook-like manner. "So-so" was not in his vocabulary. An Amiable individual, he was never aloof and was ready to greet anyone with a genuine smile. He chose to live Cleanly, leading a life not only free of vices, but one pursued with healthy physical activity. Being meticulously principled was not without its drawbacks. He was Cranky. During a typical cantankerous mood, he would wipe his face with his palm, as if to "erase" it. This was followed by a long, deep snort. Woe to the junior resident who would earn his ire! I

would remember him say: "though I'm a specialist, I don't think I will ever become filthy rich." He was a man of charity, an Expert physician: competent, conscientious, caring, and humane. He was a devout Family man, one whose decisions, without exception, revolved around the welfare of his loved ones. While he reached impressive heights professionally, he remained grounded and Unassuming, a true epitome of humility. Lastly, he was a Loyal friend to the end.

I have lost a brother. Yet, during his final days, having witnessed how his illness ravaged his physical form relentlessly, mercilessly, I take solace in the knowledge that he is now in a place of eternal serenity, free of doubt, fear, and despair. I once read: God is indeed wise because He placed death at the end of life and not at its beginning. Truer words have never been said, for it allowed me to experience the richness of life with Nix. To my friend, I say: "Till we meet again."