

As pooling bittersweet tears form, pressuring the backs of my eyelids, I'm far too proud to allow them to escape their anatomical dams, divulging my vulnerability to the world. With eyes opened exaggeratedly wide, as though surprised himself, with the disturbing results of a scan he ordered, my specialist looks at Eddie and says, "Your wife is a LOT sicker than she looks" – and once again I am reminded of the dangerous impact assessing a patient by how healthy they look can have on misdiagnosis – while at the same time grateful to have found a physician who non-dismissively recognizes how seriously ill I really am.