



January 5, 2018

Dear Dr. Rosen,

I am writing to thank you for saving my dad's life on Friday, December 1, 2017. When you walked into the ER exam room that evening, you encountered a desperate trio: a critically ill patient too weak and discouraged to advocate for himself, a physically and emotionally exhausted wife begging for help, and a "no more Mister Nice Guy" daughter demanding that someone pay attention. In the hours that followed, you elevated yourself to Forever Hero in our hearts, as you actively listened, read a stack of medical records, observed, assessed, and then administered the Edrophonium Test that confirmed your suspicion of Myasthenia Gravis. You stood at my dad's feet, arms crossed and gaze focused, as that edrophonium began to work its magic: "What do you think, Wife?" "What do you think, Daughter?" And then, quite amazingly, you directed my dad, who moments earlier could not formulate words with his mouth and tongue, to repeat one of the most beautiful statements imaginable. As the respondent "I love my family" rang out fervently from his lips, I wanted to jump right out of my chair and kiss you, Dr. Rosen! Please accept this bag of chocolate kisses as a representative - and more appropriate - gesture of my gratitude! I have a hunch that you might be a clean eater; if that's the case, maybe your wonderful ER staff would enjoy a treat.

My oldest son just finished his first semester at KU School of Medicine, after more than ten years as a paramedic. I think that it's quite possible that he will be an ER doc eventually; if so, I sincerely hope that he will be able to bring the same level of kindness, experience, expertise, and thoroughness to his practice that we found in you. Thank you, Dr. Rosen. We are profoundly grateful.

Best regards,

Brenda Finch

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