

In memoriam

Isabel Díaz Buschmann



For Isabel:

There are times in life when things are not going too well and, all of a sudden, someone crosses your path and smiles, someone who gets you to see things differently and who helps you to carry on.

That's how I remember Isabel the first time I saw her... with her smile, that serene, confident smile that inspired instant trust that everything was going to get better.

I have been asked to write a few words about Isabel Díaz Buschmann. It must be the saddest thing I have ever had to do, but she deserves this small tribute and much, much more.

I am sure that nobody who ever met her—many of whom will probably read these lines—would not think of her as an ace in each and every one of her roles: colleague, friend, professional, wife, daughter, sister, and mother. But that's how it is; these extraordinary people stay so little time among us and, when they go, they leave us full of memories of their example and love of life—a life that she loved so much and fought so hard for, without complaint or reproach, only with courage, so much so that she almost overcame the illness that finally defeated her.

Her struggle gave her time to continue her personal and professional life. Her professional life began in the Institute of

Cardiology in Madrid, where she was a resident at the beginning of the 1990s and became a cardiologist to be reckoned with. After completing her training, she worked at the *Clínica La Milagrosa* in Madrid for several years and then accepted the challenge of creating and directing the Cardiology Department of the *Hospital Sur de Alcorcón*. Her capacity for hard work and her excellent training were soon recognized, and she was given the difficult task of directing two more cardiology departments: one at the *Hospital Infanta Elena* (Valdemoro, Spain) and the other at the *Hospital Rey Juan Carlos* (Móstoles, Spain). Characteristically, Isabel did not balk at this nearly impossible task. Rolling up her sleeves, she set to work quietly, as was her way with everything. She worked as hard and as well as the best of them, constructing three large cardiology departments from scratch, where she tried to be just another member of staff. At this, however, she failed miserably: she would always stand out from the crowd.

At this time of sadness for those close to her, our only consolation is that we will remember her with joy and cherish her memory and legacy.

I would like to take this opportunity to tell her children how wonderful their mother was, how much she loved them, and how tenaciously she fought to stay with them for as long as possible. Fortunately, she had time to leave her mark on them, a mark that will be forever engraved in their hearts.

For those who, like me, had the good fortune to be her friend, we have the immense task of keeping her alive in our memories, following her example, and—if at some time we have the opportunity—approaching someone who is having a hard time, smiling at them, as she once smiled at me, and offering them our help.

Isabel: tenacious, generous, brave, independent, smart, and kind... I will miss you.

Thank you for everything, my friend.

Almudena Castro
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