

In Memoriam: Gerardo Manresa, Farewell

You know that in life I never addressed you by that familiar form, in spite of how close we were. Perhaps it was the difference in our ages. Today, though, let me address you informally as a friend from the pages of ARCHIVOS DE BRONCONEUMOLOGÍA, the journal whose second phase you started as editor and as president of the Spanish Society of Pulmonology and Thoracic Surgery (SEPAR).

My dear friend, Gerardo, let me begin with these lines by Benjamín González Buelta*:

*Al morir un amigo algo de mí,
que ya era él, se fue.
Algo de mí resucitó en él. Algo de él,
que todavía es yo, se quedó.
Algo de él
espera mi resurrección.*

What you received from all your colleagues, your friends at SEPAR, and from me, we have no way of knowing for now. I can say, though, what you have given those who knew you and regarded you as a friend.

The deep love of your profession, your enormous dedication to work, your altruism, taken at times to unexpected heights, your enthusiasm for your work will stay with us—how many times did you tell us that the drops you took every morning were called “enthusiasm”!

I, who knew you and experienced your protective shadow and enjoyed your close friendship, may talk about you with firsthand knowledge. I can also speak, and why not, of the deep faith that filled your life. I know it from the times you spoke to me about that part

of your being—and I say this now with tears. So then, were you perfect? Were you free of faults? Of course, you weren't; none of us are. But just as the sun with its radiant corona prevents us from peering at its spots, so there are radiant lives, like yours, whose defects, if any, are rendered practically invisible.

I know that others will talk of your accomplishments, the positions you held in life, your successes, your affable nature, and your respect for colleagues. I only wish to express my thanks for these nearly 50 years together, for your trust and your example. In my life there has been a before and after meeting you, and a before and after your departure.

Let me hear from your own lips the words of Charles Péguy†:

*¿Por qué estar fuera de vuestro pensamiento
simplemente porque estoy fuera de vuestra vida?
Yo os espero. No estoy lejos,
sólo al otro lado del camino.*

Until we meet again, Gerardo!

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*With a friend dies some part of me / that already was he, it went. / A part of me reborn in him. Something of him / that is still I, stayed. / Something of him / awaits my resurrection.

†Why should I leave your thoughts / merely because I've left your life? / I wait for you. I am not far, / just on the other side