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Rolling Stone Begins to Gather Moss: I recently tallied up all my various home addresses since college and counted sixteen. The current one has been home, however, for seven years, and will likely remain home for seventeen more. So friends, please write the address in ink this time. The journey has included medical school in Cincinnati, residencies in Indianapolis and Denver, and four years in the Indian Health Service in Arizona. Then a brief detour through Portland, Maine, to my present (and boyhood) home in Mentor, Ohio.

I may have once feared being stifled by a return, but have in fact found the experience liberating. Almost-forgotten connections with people from my past become reborn. One can view one’s roots with an outsider’s perspective.

Standard American Family, Without Apologies: Jean and I met in Denver in 1978, married in 1983, and now have a son Patrick (seven) and a daughter Susan (six). Jean is an accountant who accepted a promotion to homemaker a few years back. The kids are warm, fun-loving, unique creatures who keep us good company. Perhaps the greatest blessing of all is that they actually get along with each other. We continually give thanks for this and hope it lasts. So far, so good! My wife and parents have also developed a strong friendship, another blessing to count.

The Mission, Part II: Somewhere back as a bright, overly self-conscious kid, I developed the notion that I had a Mission in life that would have a major effect on the world. As time has gone by, this Mission has been progressively scaled back to reality, a welcome transition. It was such a burden and so abstract. My goal now is to learn about life piece by piece, and to do some small, but tangible worthwhile things along the way. No midlife crisis appears to be imminent.

Brag Sheet: A sweet wife and two lovable children are not to be taken for granted. Joining twelve other doctors and erecting a large medical office building has been an education in business and real estate, which hopefully will remain painless. Simply having friends and neighbors as patients in my ENT practice, and being on occasion able to do something significant for them, makes it all make sense.

Boola Boola: Yale, to me, was sort of a gigantic hot tub, bubbling with opposing ideas—an exciting place, liberating, in that one could balance oneself between competing arguments without being swept away by any. Yalies have always been an intense lot, going very far in very many different directions. I loved my time at Yale and find the reunions almost as amazing.