

Cancer Docs, Wounded Healers and Weirdos

"I hear you."

April 4, 2024 By [Adam Hayden](#)

"I hear you."

Whitney and I find doctors we like. This could be attributed to at least two contributing factors: First, Whit and I generally like people.

I mean.

OK.

Some qualifier is required.

We did entertain the idea of a podcast called "Observation Hour," where we'd people watch and make incisive (and funny) critiques, in 60-minute doses. (If you'd support that, let us know. We could totally do that. No fooling. We could do this podcast. Let us know, founding patrons.)

Also.

I quote Seinfeld often: "People, they're the worst."

No doubt we harbor a misanthropic quality. Though, I'd note the things that bother us about "you people," I say with a smirk, is when the drama outweighs the issues.

"Somebody doesn't have GBM," we'll mention to each other when we catch just such a disproportionate drama response in progress.

Call it in.

Disproportionate drama response in progress.

We do generally like people. I think what we like about people is that we're all a bunch of freaking weirdos.

You're a weirdo.

You may not think so, and it's okay, I'm more weird than many, but our strange beliefs, our funny ways to brush our teeth, that we like particular socks and particular pens for writing, that you always say that one thing to the server, come on, we're a bunch of weirdos.

Whitney and I like people because we find those weird things, and we cherish them. Your weirdness is why we love you.

You're wondering what weird thing you have or do that we love.

We won't tell.

But you're probably doing it right now.

We love it.

See, you have to get to know someone to discover their weirdness, and so, if we know you're weird, we know we like you.

Anyway. We find doctors we like, and this is owing to one of at least two contributing factors, first, the one we just discussed that we like people, and doctors are people, and people are weird, and yada yada, and second, Whitney and I are healers.

We're wounded healers, to [cite](#) Arthur Frank.

Most doctors are wounded healers. How could you not be? On the frontlines of human fragility. I mean, we're not doctors, but doctors are wounded healers, and I think we're wounded healers, too. Whit and I have seen some shit, man. It's true. It's all good. But we both got those stories that connect. Y'all probably do, too. I bet the deep cut fans of this blog got some shit. I see you. Been through it. Brain cancer ain't the first rodeo.

Wounded weirdos.

That's what we like about people, and doctors.

My oncologist is good to start with scan impressions from the get. I'm eager to check in on steroid taper plan, but we're here first for the scan read. We hear the news: Slight tumor growth, yet slower growth than we feared. Overall a sigh of relief. I still scored a 4 out of 4 on the "worsening image findings likely for tumor progression," rubric, yet the growth that we see is not explosive.

"I was really prepared for all contingencies this morning, doc," I say.

Doc slowly turns his chair from the desk to face me. I haven't observed such an intentional move from him, at least not since diagnosis. He locks eyes. I mean, we really connect.

He knew what I meant.

These are fraught times, friends.

"I hear you," he says.

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