

# Healthcare People Are My People

The people are what matter in each MRI and scan encounter.

July 7, 2025 By [Adam Hayden](#)

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Y'all.

Scan central around here.

Grand Scan-tral Station.

For real.

Like one MRI every week or two since at least the start of Spring.

It is not ideal.

The people are what matter in each scan encounter.

These are my people. The techs, or whatever.

I mean—

They are not my people.

They are healthcare people.

But healthcare people are my people.

And patients—no shit—are healthcare people.

No shade. Y'all earned something big.

But so did we.

Maybe not the illness, but doing what I do with it, that's achievement. Some white coats and blue gowns see each other. Those are healthcare people. They both helped somebody out that day. I promise it. Care happens in and outside the clinic, sisters and brothers, siblings, and cousins.

Or, they attended a disruptor conference.

That was a joke.

And kind of a jab.

At any rate, the people involved in caring—with, through, and for, we're a caravan of tired humanity.

Some of us are paid.

Some of us are patients.

Some of us are both.

Most of us are just trying to get through the next thing without making it worse for anyone else.

I used to think it was about roles.

Patient. Provider.

But it's not that clean.

It's more like—

Everybody just shut the fuck up and be cool.

This is healthcare people.

Me: a 43-year-old dying fat aging punk rocker with three kids.

Him: young, good-looking, probably fresh out of school, life ahead of him.

And we're chill.

This is the scene.

He walked me to the MRI machine while telling me about a horror movie set in an MRI machine.

And that didn't even feel weird.

Because this is it.

The beautiful obscurity. The pain. The absurdity. The dumb jokes. The mutual vibe.

Healthcare people.

This is why tonight was a decent scan.

"I think it's in the trailer for Insidious."

What?

"The thing that crawls in the MRI machine..."

Oh, that movie you were talking about?

"Yeah. I mean, my job is hard enough already—just getting people in these things!"

Ha! I'm sure it is.

"Now somebody has something crawling on them in the machine?!"

"Insidious?"—his equally young, trim-fitted scrubs-and-trainers colleague chimes in.

One time I was waiting patiently for registration—me, I mean, story shift—and someone checking in for their scan brought the consent form to the desk and asked, "Why does it ask if I am claustrophobic?"

Oh no.

Much love to the docs I know, but that's on y'all. She didn't order that scan for herself. You better tell somebody about it.

And I'll tell you:

She was not happy with you 40 minutes later.

I'll let this stay off record for his scene points. I won't spill tech's tea, but I listened closely enough. I'll say this about him:

Dude took care and intent with the IV placement. He knew.

The cancer. The chemo. The platelets down. the incessant labs. The follow-up scans.

I caught the flash of a healer in that moment.

He handed me the call button before sliding my table into the machine.

"In case something crawls in here with me, right?"

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