



Eulogy for Jack Tu – June 7, 2018; by Kevin Glasgow

Good afternoon. Ne-how.

I am Kevin Glasgow, and I've known Jack for 34 years. Many of you will know Jack as a prodigious researcher, much honoured scientist, astute clinician; one the youngest -- if not the youngest – full professor of medicine at the University of Toronto. He was all that ... and so much more. For all his intellect and accolades, he was, at his essence, a very decent, humble, and thoughtful person. He was my friend.

As medical students at the University of Western Ontario in the 1980s, we shared an apartment on campus for three years. We were quite the odd couple – Jack was extremely messy in those days, and I was more inclined towards at least modicum of tidiness. At the beginning of our second year of med school, Jack, I, and several other med school chums moved Jack's personal belongings from his solo room at Bayfield Hall into our new shared two-bedroom apartment across the road. Clothes and paper were strewn everywhere in Jack's solo room. It was like a hurricane had blown through. While Jack had an organized mind, he was not an organized house-keeper. The group of us basically scraped the floor of debris, shoved it into green plastic garbage bags, and carried it to our new abode across the road. Jeff Price, who travelled from Windsor to be here today, helped carry those green garbage bags.

I really was beginning to wonder what on earth I was getting myself into rooming with Jack, whom I had only known casually during our first year of medical school.

Furthermore, neither of us could cook worth a hoot – he ate rice – Chinese; I ate potatoes – Irish. Our best mutual investment was a can opener.

Together we fought the ongoing cockroach battles at the Bayfield apartments with industrial doses of insecticide. We developed our own “med school starving student look” – easy for Jack, because he was skinny as a rake back then. Our look was augmented by the wearing of wrinkled clothes to class, because we didn’t see the point in using an iron. We did, of course, wash our clothes – occasionally ... although that usually involved parental assistance.

At Western, we drove hand-me-down cars that had seen better days. One of Jack’s best attributes was that he didn’t drink alcohol – he proved to be a very understanding designated driver for an Irish medical student. However, one day Jack’s ancient green Oldsmobile dropped its transmission on busy Wharncliffe Road in London ... Jack calmly drove at the car’s maximum speed of 2 mph – notwithstanding all the honking of horns behind him -- to the nearest service station. They offered 50 bucks for the car’s scrap value – Jack took it. It was a good deal.

Somehow, Jack and I survived our hand-to-mouth med school existence. Our mutual support for one another during those stressful -- yet wonderful -- years meant that we both did well academically – Jack, of course, a bit better than I.

Clinical clerkship – third year at Western Med School back then, when we began to see real patients – was, however, a particular challenge for Jack, who was the youngest member of our Meds '88 class. Not because he wasn't smart – that he was aplenty. But because at age 21 he looked all of 12 years old. Jack was the original Doogie Hawser. While I could at least grow a scraggly beard to look older, Jack's options to reassure patients that he was old enough to drive were much more limited. In fact, I don't think he even developed facial hair until he was nearly 30. Nevertheless, assisted by Gary Yim, Rob Ting, Vivian Lo and others during clerkship, Jack did great.

In our last year of medical school – our electives year at Western back then – Jack had a grand plan. He was going to the National Institutes of Health in the USA – I don't even think even I knew what the NIH was at that point. And so, Jack went to Bethesda and Washington and returned to London, Ontario, in a very excited state. He had found his life's calling – he was going to be a medical researcher!

He wrote an article about his NIH elective experience for the UWO Medical Journal – Jack's first medical publication. I was his copy editor.

During the early phase of Jack's research career, I continued to provide copy editor input for his draft publications – Jack said I was better than his word processor, which I took as a compliment. One day, when Jack was in early thirties, having already published in many top tier peer reviewed journals – CMAJ, New England Journal of Medicine, to name but a few – he asked me a question about his increasingly lengthy CV. Should he stop listing his medical student NIH article? Yes, Jack, I replied – we don't need to pad your resume anymore.

We remained close friends throughout our medical residencies in different cities, eventually ending up residing a 5-minute drive from one another here in Willowdale. We took trips together to the Dominican Republic and Mexico. We went to the Rogers Cup tennis tournament for many years. For five years we formally collaborated professionally, when I worked for the Cardiac Care Network of Ontario and Jack was making his indelible mark in cardiovascular health services research at the Institute for Clinical Evaluative Sciences. You will hear more about this in a few minutes from Drs. Ko and Naylor.

Jack and I shared realtors when we bought houses. And we both arranged for our final resting places to be here in York Cemetery.

We maintained a tennis rivalry over the course of 30 years – Jack being the better player; he was, after all, the former Kingston juniors champion. He was gracious enough to congratulate me on my occasional win, although he resisted his wife Jane's urgings to let me win more often. I was rationed. Despite the

sometimes lop-sided scores, the tennis was great fun. Even more than the tennis, though, I valued our chats together pre- and post-match. Together we solved world peace. I will miss these weekly sessions terribly.

In addition to tennis, Jack and I had a friendly rivalry regarding who could acquire the most letters behind his name. An “MD” degree was only the start. When Jack got a degree at Harvard, I just had to follow. And so on. While it is arguable who won this alphabet soup contest, I have to admit that Jack probably had the edge in quality of amassed initials.

Over the years, Jack was a loyal, true friend during good times and not-so-good times. No fair-weather friend was he. When I experienced significant health challenges in recent years, Jack was always there for me and my family. After one of my surgeries, Jack visited me in my convalescent bed with a present -- a copy of Nick Bolliteri’s Tennis Instruction Manual – he really knew how to motivate me for recovery! That was Jack.

Dr. and Mrs. Tu – you are rightfully proud of your son. He loved you very much and, as you know, was fiercely protective of your well-being.

Karen – Notwithstanding continual good-natured sibling teasing, Jack was very proud of his younger, highly accomplished sister.

Jane – You are the best thing to ever happen to Jack. I remember how excited he was to finally find his soul mate after various dating campaigns. You moderated his innate messiness, gave him an image makeover with more stylish clothes and better glasses, and, most importantly, you completed him.

Eric – You are truly the apple of your father’s eye. After each tennis game your father and I played, I would hear about your academic, musical, and athletic exploits. Your dad was a humble man, not given to boasting, but his chest would swell when he described his brilliant son. He was, however, somewhat concerned about your particular interest in basketball – he and I were conspiring on ways to re-focus your sporting interest on the only sport that really mattered to him – tennis, of course. Oh, and by way, I’m glad your parents went for the ridiculously priced Steinway.

Probably like all of you, I was in disbelief when I heard of Jack’s passing. I struggle to make any sense of this – Jack was to speak at my eulogy, not the other way around.

What I can say is that Jack has left the world a much better place – for cardiovascular patients worldwide, for his colleagues, friends, and family. Jack – we love you, we miss you. You will be forever in our hearts.

