



## IN MEMORIAM

CUAJ honours its members and friends who have passed away. We invite colleagues of the deceased to submit brief remembrances. Please limit your notice to 200 words. Send your notice to [journal@cua.org](mailto:journal@cua.org) or fax it to 514-395-1664.



### Dr. Philip Klotz

Dr. Klotz died on September 16, 2009, at the age of 83. He leaves his wife of 60 years, Jenny Klotz (nee Volpé); sons and daughters-in-law Laurence and Ursula, Bob and Lyn, James and Bonnie, and John and Karen and their families; brothers Sidney and Marvin; grandchildren Alex, Raychel, Betsy, Andrew, Daniel, Sasha, Jeremy and Jori and a large extended family. He will also be missed by thousands of his devoted patients and colleagues.

During medical school at the University of Toronto, Dr. Klotz served in the Army Reserve Medical Corp, where he became an expert bugler. Phil was an inducted member of the honorary medical society, Alpha Omega Alpha. He graduated from medicine in 1948, interned at Toronto General Hospital, did residency training in urology in the University of Toronto Gallie Course, and, in 1951, began practice in Toronto, where he remained for the rest of his career. Dr. Klotz practiced for 30 years as a urologist at Mount Sinai Hospital, where he served as Chief of Urology and Chief of Staff. Teaching medicine was his passion. He retired as Associate Professor of Surgery at the University of Toronto in 1991, but continued to serve his patients on a part-time basis until 2007. For much of Dr. Klotz's career, he was active in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, eventually serving as its President. Later, he was appointed by the Attorney General of Ontario to serve on the Courts Management Committee. His skills extended beyond medicine – he was an accomplished cabinet maker, a talented drummer and a lifelong supporter of the Canadian Opera Company. He was a 45-year member of Alpine Ski Club and a longstanding member of the Donalda Club in Toronto.

**Editor's Note:** My father enjoyed the practice of medicine immensely, and under that influence I decided to pursue a medical career from a young age. He never overtly encouraged me to go into urology. I made this decision independently (or so I believed), based on the obvious merits of the field, and the fit with my personality and interests. But sharing a lifelong preoccupation with urology with my father was a wonderful experience. We never ran out of things to talk about. Naturally, the pendulum shifted over time; early in my career, I'd ask for his advice; later on in his, he'd ask for mine. This was gratifying to both of us.

Phil had a charmed life, and he was both aware of this and grateful for it. He had a wonderful marriage which lasted 60 years. He achieved a balance between work, family and his many other interests. He taught my 3 brothers and I the basics of carpentry, roofing, plumbing and mechanics. One of his proudest achievements in his 60s was obtaining his master's certificate in small engine maintenance. My brothers and I each played a musical instrument, and our band, the "Klotz Ink Blotz," with Phil's driving rhythm on drums, was a feature of many family occasions. Sadly for posterity, but happily for musical aesthetics, we never received a recording contract. But we had a lot of fun.

Ironically, Phil died of prostate cancer. He was diagnosed in 1989, after a transurethral resection of the prostate. Prostate-specific antigen became available shortly after his T1b diagnosis; his was 22. He was found to have a solitary bone metastasis 3 years later. Remarkably, he lived with metastatic disease, on and off androgen deprivation therapy (ADT), for 17 years. I learned to appreciate a lot of the subtler effects of ADT by observing its impact on someone I knew so well. He was completely asymptomatic until 3 months before he died. He had a full life.