

Sattler, Scott-Tribute by Scott Marcus
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STRIVING FOR IMPERFECTION

Saying farewell to a healer

The first time I met Dr. Scott Sattler was at his office, back in the nineties.

I was selling pagers — prior to the omnipresence of cell phones. Scott was the decision maker for a local medi-

cal group. I was ushered into the room and warmly greeted with an outstretched hand and smile that seemed like it could split his face in half. Prominent on the wall behind his desk was a poster consisting of Sanskrit writing.

In sales, one learns to establish “emotional rapport” quickly, a fancy term for “be friendly and interested in what the person in front of you finds of import.” However, actually curious, I asked of him, “What does that mean?”

I’m sure I’m gumming up the translation but, as I recall, it was something about “The doctor is not the healer.” He elaborated that he was merely the vehicle by which healing could take place, but that healing came from a greater source and simply

directed him, in conjunction with the natural abilities of the human body.

I knew I would like him from that moment on. I was not wrong.

We crossed paths regularly. His twisted, playful, quick-witted sense of humor made him a regular in the annual pun-off, in which I competed several times.

A few years ago, he was diagnosed with cancer but continued to be active, speaking on the “Gift of Cancer.” I recall him arriving at the Center for Spiritual Living, wool beanie covering his now hairless head, yet his ever-present smile still bursting forth sunshine. Using word and song, he shared how his knowledge of having a terminal disease actually made him more aware and grateful of what life brought. He didn’t show regret, simply acceptance of the path on which he now walked. Scott was active in the Sufi faith and his inclusive lessons and stories brought tears of joy to the eyes of those of us in the chairs. His singing voice was pure, penetrating to our souls. The fact that Scott’s story of having

cancer could bring forth so much gladness in others summed him up.

Wanting so much to be near that optimism, and being the producer of a motivational podcast at the time, I asked if he’d be willing to share his story on a wider level. We scheduled an hour and I met him at his home, recording equipment in hand. Listening to him, I felt like I was sitting at the foot of wisdom. It was an interview I wished would never end.

The next time I saw him, a few months later, he was in remission. He was happy, of course, but it was as if he always knew he would beat the disease. His hair was growing back; he had lost the roundness of younger years, radiating health. He didn’t look like he had just gone six rounds with chemotherapy. Instead, as always, the feeling I got when around him was lightness and an appreciation for everything.

The last time we spoke was when he called me on the phone a few months ago, having read one of my columns and wanting to thank me for the inspiration and positivity. I felt

we had gone full circle. So, I was stunned and greatly saddened to learn that the malignancy returned a short while ago, and took from us our cheerful, jubilant, soulful medical doctor.

My memories of Scott include first and foremost, his impish, playful smile. If there was anyone whose eyes actually twinkled, that would have been Scott. When he looked at you, you picked up an aura of knowledge; not just because he was a learned man, but he seemed to transcend human existence, as if experiencing you on multiple dimensions; knowing something wonderful about you that even you couldn’t see. But you felt it when in his presence.

I will miss his sharp, yet kind and playful wit; his humility, knowledge, compassion, spirituality, thoughtfulness, humanity — and his ability to spout forth bad jokes as if they were all lined up, waiting to pour out of his mouth with the slightest prompt. And when they did, they immediately were followed by that smile and twinkle — each and every time.

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I was not there when he passed, and I have no reason to know this, but I believe that as he left this plane of existence, he was at peace with a life well-lived, smiling, eager to heal on a higher vibration.

He said he was not the healer, yet my life was more complete and whole when I was around him.

Rest in peace Scott Sattler. You are leaving a hole that will never be

filled, but know that you indeed healed many of us by simply letting us get to know you.

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