

In Memory of Professor John Michael Goldman

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John Michael Goldman, Emeritus Professor of Haematology at the Imperial College London, died on 24th December 2013. He was a pioneer in the field of chronic myeloid leukemia (CML), having made seminal contributions in the use of autologous and allogeneic stem cell transplantation, and ABL tyrosine kinase inhibitors (TKI) for the treatment of patients with CML. He also led the international efforts for molecular monitoring of patients with CML on therapy. He offered much intellectual leadership in not only the field of CML, but also other hematological malignancies. It was doubly saddening that we lost John just 10 days following the loss of another pioneer in this field, Professor Janet Rowley, who deciphered the molecular anatomy of the Philadelphia chromosome, a classic landmark in the study of CML.

John read psychology and physiology at Magdalene College, Oxford, and medicine at St Bartholomew's Hospital

Medical School, London. He received postgraduate training in hematology in London, Miami and Boston. He spent most of his professional career at the Hammersmith Hospital/Imperial College London (previously Royal Postgraduate School of Medicine) with brief periods at the Whitehead Institute in Cambridge, Massachusetts, working with George Daley under the tutelage of the Nobel laureate David Baltimore, and as a Fogarty Scholar at the National Institute of Health, Bethesda, Maryland. In 1988, he assumed a senior leadership role for the Anthony Nolan Trust (London), which plays a pivotal international role for identifying volunteer donors for stem cell transplantation. John's involvement in the Anthony Nolan trust was laudable, not least because he was able to deploy his skills of diplomacy in guiding such a significant initiative.

I first met John in 1984 when I was a fellow in hematology and oncology. Though I did not know John well, he agreed to supervise my doctorate in CML. Little was I to know how he would slowly, but surely, play an increasing role in all wakes of my life, not only as my mentor, colleague and co-author, but also as my close friend and confidante. I was fortunate enough to have lived with him for extended periods in London, during 1986 and 2008, during which I saw, firsthand, his exemplary devotion to his work, his various other passions and wonderful idiosyncrasies. John loved his family, in particular his three children and his grandchildren. He had many mentees and friends; he enjoyed arts and humanities and a sophisticated lifestyle. Though he had a superb kitchen (where I sometimes cooked for us), unashamedly, John would declare that he had no interest, nor skill, in cooking. We shared our various personal and professional sorrows and challenges, but also much joy and laughter, as we travelled and worked together in the far corners of the globe particularly over the past two decades. John was

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instrumental in founding several professional societies, in particular the European Haematology Association, the European Group for Blood and Marrow Transplantation, and the British Society of Blood and Marrow Transplantation. He also engendered vital support for various cancer charities, such as LEUKA 2000, International CML Foundation, and provided guidance to Alpine Oncology Foundation which I founded in 2011. It is telling that, only a fortnight prior to him passing, we began work to establish the Africa CML Network.

People in many walks of life were shocked and saddened on hearing the news of John's passing last Christmas Eve. The abundant praises, tributes and testimonies expressed by his family, friends, patients, and colleagues serve to exemplify some of the indelible impressions he made on so many people's lives. John is, and will continue to be missed by many. I will miss John's elegance, his intellect, his wonderful capacity to teach, his unique sense of humor, his tact, his sense of

vision, and his love for life. I feel indebted to John for sharing all these aspects of himself with us all.

*I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer; and noon a purple glow;
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.
—W. B. Yeats, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree**