

Remembering Dr. Robert Scott

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Wounds that Heal:

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There are some people who walk in our midst, whose steps are so profound, pace-setting and powerful that they inspire us to get accustomed to their stride. When it becomes obvious that we cannot catch up, they slow down and put us on their shoulders, then carry on. In this world we live in, people are so often in a rush that they forget to lift each other up. Dr Robert Scott was an exception. Not only were his shoulders the perfect size, but he was a man with a rare peace and harmony in his stride.



The Late Dr. Robert Scott, M.D.

It is hard to speak about someone you wish was beside you to tell their own story. They can always reign you in when you are tempted to exaggerate. It is even harder to imagine them not telling their story again, especially if their story is worth telling for the umpteenth time.

His passing is so sudden, and hard to digest. It leaves wounds that we all currently believe can never heal. But beyond our grief, we can still imagine the good doctor smiling down from somewhere, convinced that his work is testimony that some wounds do heal.

Dr Scott was Zimbabwe's adopted son, father, brother and friend. I remember the day I volunteered at the Mother of Peace orphanage. It was the first time I met the good doctor. I say good not because of his kind-hearted nature, but because of how his presence transformed what would normally be a sad and somber experience into a cheery and fun-filled one. Here was this big, imposing figure, with an amazingly soft and comely personality. I watched as child after child sat at his table. As he attended to them, I observed the man whose passing we will all struggle to accept. He embraced children whom society would shun, because of the sheer fact that HIV has disfigured their adorable smiles and imposed boils and sores on their bodies. He did not seem to notice. He saw their smiles for what they are. And of course, they always left his table cupping candy bars, smiling away, feeling loved and alive.

Dr. Scott was known both as an HIV/AIDS specialist and an advocate for people living with HIV/AIDS in America as well as in Zimbabwe. Although the interests of Dr. Robert Scott were initially in the treatment of cases of HIV/AIDS within his own community in the East Bay area of California, he soon found himself providing life-saving care to nearly a thousand patients in the Harare and Mutoko communities of Zimbabwe,

by the time of his own untimely death. All the patients in Zimbabwe were treated free of charge through the efforts of the **AIDS Ministry**, which he co-founded at his home church, the Allen Temple Baptist Church in Oakland California. The Allen Temple AIDS Ministry has over the years provided free life-saving HIV/AIDS medications to patients at two clinics they established in Harare and Mutoko, and they also provide material support to the Mother of Peace AIDS Orphanage in Mutoko. Dr. Robert Scott worked with the likes of Oliver Mtukudzi in fundraisers that provided finances to purchase the medication given to patients in Zimbabwe.

Dr. Scott was revered not only as a physician, but as a humanitarian as well. He inspired scores of Americans, particularly from the Bay Area of California, to make life-changing trips to Zimbabwe, as they went to volunteer at the clinics and at the Orphanage. Hundreds of Bay Area volunteers also continue to organize and support the clinics, families and children impacted by HIV and AIDS in Harare and Mutoko. The **Allen Temple AIDS Ministry** was also inspiration to the development of a clinical services program by HIV/AIDS ZIMBABWE Charity, Inc. (HAZ). HAZ has worked closely with both Dr. Robert Scott and the AIDS Ministry for nearly five years. Dr. Robert Scott is the winner of numerous awards in recognition of his work with HIV/AIDS in the United States and in Zimbabwe.

Dr Scott was not just a doctor. Doctors aid physical wounds to heal. He went a step further. He healed hearts. He repaired broken homes. He proved that when you heal more than just the ailing body, you ultimately cover wounds for which there would have been no remedy. With that in mind, this wound that his passing has inflicted becomes nothing more than just another temporary cut. The same man who bandaged our wounded society, is the same man whose memory will clean the wound of his death, healing our broken hearts in the process. Some wounds do heal. I imagine him right now running his stethoscope across each and every one of our hearts.

Fare well Dr. Scott. You have fought a good fight.