In the onward rush of time, we stop for a moment to pay tribute to a giant of Ophthalmology, a great teacher, and a unique leader—Dr. Jack S. Guyton, born October 19, 1914, and departed from this world June 23, 1987.

Dr. Guyton’s career can be divided into three phases. In the first, as a young man at the Wilmer Institute of Johns Hopkins Hospital, he was the “boy wonder” of ophthalmology. Under the famous Professor Allen Woods, he and several brilliant physicians produced a creative revolution in cataract surgery. (In time, the Professor chose Dr. Guyton as his personal surgeon when he developed cataracts.) While in Baltimore, Dr. Guyton became the Assistant Director of the Wilmer Institute, engaged in research, and was involved in projects dealing with gas casualties during World War II.

In the second phase of his career, Dr. Guyton came to Henry Ford Hospital and helped develop the modern era of this institution, leading the Department of Ophthalmology to new distinction and training over 100 ophthalmologists.

In the third phase, building on his natural talent in mathematics, he created the Department of Biological Mathematics and Computer Sciences. He also consulted with IBM on the development and use of the largest computers and was recognized as one of the great minds in this nation’s computer field.

On the personal side, Dr. Guyton loved hunting and golfing and in his earlier years was active in aviation. As in Medicine, his endeavors were often larger than life.

A man is probably best judged by the overall curve of his life. Using this measurement, Dr. Guyton’s career was impressive for it encompassed a rigorous dedication to truth and excellence, major contributions to Medicine at both Johns Hopkins and Henry Ford Hospital, superb and successful care of his patients, and a source of inspiration to many young physicians. Those who were fortunate enough to work closely with him admired him greatly and tried to emulate him.

As he slips away into history and from our mortal sight, he leaves behind an aura best expressed by a poem by William Blake:

Bring me my bow of burning gold:
Bring me my arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire.

Requiescat in Pace

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