

The Retirement of ‘Dr’ Susan P Corzilius is Noted, with Relief...

Susan had mental issues that followed her throughout her life. We can only hope the number of folks impacted has been limited to her immediate family.

Whether it can be attributed to a physical incident or genetics, I don't know, though I do remember vividly one incident. It happened when she was about 2 years old. A neighbor girl came up to her and sank a metal toy hand rake into her skull. Being not much older, I remember it well, the blood pouring out and her screaming with a rake stuck in her head. I think the incident, and the attention it gave her, set the bar for the rest of her life – she commanded my parents attention to the exclusion of siblings, and she never learned to play or have friends....

When her younger sister Cynthia was born, Susan absolutely ignored her, later agitating against her at every opportunity. Not in an outright blatant manner, but in subtle ways. Susan ignored her in play and in support. Susan never learned to love.

As Cynthia grew older, especially in her adolescent years, the amplification of any deed and the insidious lies told about her led her to, and enforced, a debilitating lack of confidence. Eventually this led to disruptive and addictive behaviors, including to drugs. Susan assailed not only Cynthia, but also our mother when she worked to get her through rehabilitation. Regardless that Cynthia exceeded in so many areas, she could find no love and sank into periodic bouts of depression.

Susan revered her father over her mother and her siblings, vying to be his full focus. Susan could do no wrong, pointing out the actions and behaviors of her siblings, and her grades were always the standard the rest were compared to. Susan chose to go to medical school as a way to continue to curry favor, and possibly to give her authority over others' bodies and minds, and she did moderately well.

Susan used her medical skills to diagnose my mother of her Addison's, but also declared Cynthia was psychotic and was likely to one day shoot up the family (Cynthia had a decorated military career, following in father's footsteps). The realization of the futility in having to deal with a revered sister and her diagnosis only sank Cynthia further in her depressive bouts.

I had left relatively early due to the toxic environment, but I worried then (and continue to worry) about my younger brother who lived in the shadow of Susan's familial perturbations. During the same period, Susan quit speaking with her maternal Grandmother, over simple advice on student loans, a vindictive silence that lasted the more than two decades until her death.

Towards the end of the millennium, father began having an affair with the marriage counselor. As this progressed (and the marriage fell apart from insincere counseling), Susan continued to stand by him and through the ensuing divorce. When his health issues caught up with him and he began having hospitalization she, in conjunction with

the new wife, conspired to keep the rest of the family from being able to visit; and later, conspired to manipulate the disposition of his estate.

These behaviors and actions, coupled with his passing tore apart the family, and especially impacted Cynthia. She passed away from a drug overdose, a year later, shortly after entering her fourth decade. Susan insisted it was suicide, something she apparently hoped to give credibility to her ostracizing efforts; and she had the gall to show up at her house during a bereavement gathering to talk about Cynthia's failures.

After the death of my father and Cynthia, Susan turned her efforts to strengthening her relationship with our Mother, while turning her focus of attacks on me, her older brother. Using conversation she would inject specious accusations of egregious behaviors as a boy whenever she had the opportunity. Needless to say, her actions were called out, eventually my cutting off any contact with her. Still she created a faux loving relationship with mother, under the auspices of care for her disease.

Throughout all of this, Susan had raised three beautiful girls; and unfortunately, the insecurities they exhibited told the story all too well of Susan's projections. Susan had difficulties regardless of the relationship. Yes, her marriage did not last but a few years, but the sorrow to see the relations with her children, and their disposition, was too much. She still had to be number one, regardless the cost. And she has never let go of those contrived grievances from her past.

Seeing that Susan is finally retiring as a doctor brings some measure of relief, that she will no longer be working with others, and especially patients. I can only imagine the subtle allegations and insidious manipulations she has fostered on her peers and managers over the years. Her spiteful and vindictive tendencies and behaviors are incongruous with those of a doctor, let alone her lack of empathy. I can only hope that not too many patients were impacted.

May her remaining retirement years be spent where her reach is limited.

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