GOLDBERG
Dr. Mauricio,

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Dr. Mauricio Golberg dies at 80; prominent South County surgeon

JAMESTOWN — Dr. Mauricio Golberg, 80, of 200 East Shore Rd., died Saturday at Newport Hospital. He was the husband of Claire (Simcock) Golberg.

Born in Argentina, a son of the late Marcus and Bertha Golberg, he came to this country in 1951, and lived in Jamestown for 19 years. He had lived in Peace Dale, Bristol, Block Island, Colorado and Boston.

A prominent surgeon for many years, specializing in cardiovascular surgery as well as general surgery, he was in practice for more than 50 years, mostly in South County. In the 1950s, Dr. Golberg was a pioneer in heart transplant research.

Dr. Golberg was a graduate of the University of Cordova Medical School in Cordova, Argentina. He was a member of the American College of Thoracic Surgeons and the Rhode Island Medical Society.

After retiring, Dr. Golberg studied art under his long-time friend, Dr. Alberto Gambarini of South Kingstown, also a retired surgeon.

Besides his wife, he leaves a son, Mark Golberg of Cambridge, Mass.; a daughter, Jane Coleman of Clifton, N.J.; a sister, Lakie Malamud in Argentina, and two grandchildren. He was the brother of the late Samuel Golberg.

The funeral service will be held Wednesday at 11 a.m. in Mount Sinai Memorial Chapel, 825 Hope St., Providence. Burial will be in Mount Hope Cemetery, Swansea.

GOLBERG, Dr. Mauricio

May 30, 1998. Beloved husband of Claire (Simcock) Golberg. Residence: 200 East Shore Rd., Jamestown. Dear father of Mark Golberg, Cambridge MA and Jane Coleman, Clifton N.J. Dear brother of Lakie Malamud, Argentina and the late Samuel Golberg. Devoted grandfather of Mordecai and Israel. Funeral Service 11 AM Wednesday at MOUNT SINAI MEMORIAL CHAPEL, 825 Hope at 4th Sts, Providence. Relatives and friends are invited. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to American Heart Assoc. Relatives and friends may join the family in a remembrance on Tuesday 2-4, 6-8 PM at LAWRENCE E. FAGAN JR FUNERAL HOME, 825 Boston Neck Rd., Rt 1A, North Kingstown. Memorial observance to be private.

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GOLDBERG, Dr. Mauricio

Dr. Golberg's caring extended far beyond the walls of his office

When you settle in a new place there are three things you need: a mechanic for your car, an accountant for your taxes and someone to oversee your health care.

After I'd transplanted myself here from Appalachia, 22 years ago, Gerry Goldstein, the emperor of South County (at least the potentate of the Journal's news bureau) pointed me toward two out of three.

Foremost of these was Dr. Mauricio Golberg, who was my doctor and unquestionably among the most beloved men in southern Rhode Island. He has long been dear to me because it was he who discovered something wrong during an annual physical; he who said, "I want you to see a specialist."



MARTHA SMITH

Dr. Golberg, that most gentle and compassionate of doctors — and the kindest of people — left us last week, just shy of his 81st birthday, slipping away peacefully during his afternoon nap.

"It was totally unexpected," says his son, Mark. Indeed, when Dr. Golberg had a checkup recently he told his wife, Claire, the report was better than he expected.

It is nearly impossible to describe what a wonderful man he was; how, despite the fact that he'd been a pioneer in heart-transplant research, he was perfectly content to be a small-town doctor.

He loved South County: for a time he was Block Island's doctor; he lived for many years in Peace Dale, practicing in Narragansett, and then, ultimately, he built a fantastic house in Jamestown, more as a gift for Claire than for himself.

Born in Argentina, Dr. Golberg retained a charming accent and, invariably, when I arrived in his examining room with raging tonsillitis or the flu, he would ask, "Zo, shveet-hot, vot is wrong?"

hood — "I know you vill understand this because you are a writer!" — the abysmal poverty he saw in the streets and the deplorable medical care. He had had a fascinating life and yet here he was, prescribing antibiotics and caring for arthritic fishermen.

When Claire required special medical attention, Dr. Golberg took her to the man I was raving about, Dr. J. Douglas Nisbet Sr., the prominent gynecologist who practiced in Warwick. Now retired, Nisbet often spoke of his respect for Dr. Golberg.

"When he brings his wife for an appointment," he would say, in wonder, "he sits with her in the waiting room and comes in with her for the visit. You *never* see men doing this for their wives. He is so concerned . . . . I really admire him."

While many people know that Dr. Golberg had taken up art in his retirement, studying with his longtime friend Dr. Alberto Gambarini, of South Kingstown, also a retired surgeon, most people probably do not know of his devotion to his old patients.

In the final years of his practice, when his office hours were curtailed, Dr. Golberg made house calls, tending those who were unable to get out.

And then, when he was officially retired, he topped himself: armed with his little black bag, he would go to the nursing homes to see those he'd cared for throughout their lives. He would take their blood pressure, chat with them.

They were thrilled.

Even though he had handed me over to Nisbet, Dr. Golberg never lost interest in my welfare. In fact, that was the hallmark of his entire life: no matter how long he'd been your doctor, your friend, he maintained a steadfast concern for your well-being.

It's easy to say there are no doctors like him anymore, that the conveyer belt of managed care doesn't permit such practices; there probably *are* some, somewhere, but they are in the vast minority.

Mauricio Golberg's legacy will be that he loved and cared for his patients far beyond the office and the hospital room, that he was a part of their lives, the true compassionate healer.

From the poverty of Argentina, he became the richest man in the world.