



**A COLLECTION OF POETRY
CELEBRATING THE CAREER OF
DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR
DONALD CHALMERS**

THE CLG AND FRIENDS

Foreword

This book has been created with love and affection to mark the retirement of our dear friend and colleague Distinguished Professor Don Chalmers. Don's professional contributions reach far and wide. Here we focus on his very significant contributions to the fields of health law and health ethics, over many years, particularly in the field of genomics.

One of Don's many attributes is his legendary skill in writing and reciting poetry, not to mention his even more legendary enthusiasm for bursting into song. With this in mind, and to recognise Don's fine contributions to the field that we all know and care about so much, we have created this collection of reflections on his contributions across the globe, in the poetic style. As a concession to those of us who cannot hold a tune, we have refrained from putting these contributions to song.

Don, we wish you all the best in your retirement, dearly hoping that you will continue to work with us over the years to come. I sign off with deepest thanks and very best wishes on behalf of the ELSI genomics community.

Distinguished Professor Dianne Nicol



Delphic Don – A Fragment (with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

In Hobart Town did Delphic Don
A stately research group decree:
Past where the sacred Derwent ran –
Through libraries measureless to man –
They named it CLG.
(His energies and brain foresaw
Links 'twixt genetics and the law.)
And from that first oracular vision,
There blossomed many a spectacular career:
With grants! Success! And recognition!
The Centre flourished, almost without peer.

“Distinguished” by nature and by name,
His erudition of the highest renown –
His intellect bright as any flame –
(Though this gushing may elicit the slightest frown)
Don steered the Centre from strength to strength
(Though we don't always understand the French).

But oh! When Delphic Don hears from afar
Ancestral voices prophesying war
(Or, as we know it, bureaucratic guff,
And “weasel words”, and all that other “stuff”) –
He takes up insights, deep wisdom, and wiles,
And with meeting procedure as his sword and shield
He forges onwards to the battle field,
Impeccable in paisley shirts of many styles.

And all should cry, Farewell! Farewell!
The time has come, we wish you well!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
Wish upon him all things nice:
Pleasures we cannot begrudge:
Grandchildren! Scotch! More time with the Judge!
Less time in committees, and more at the shack –
All that we ask is, you often come back.

DR REBEKAH MCWHIRTER AND DR JENNY KALDOR,
UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

**To the tune of I Ain't Marching Anymore by Phil Ochs
(Words adjusted by Lisa Eckstein)**

Oh Don came to the outpost of Hobart Town
At the end of a time in PNG
The faculty started growing
The ideas started flowing
But Don ain't a-marching anymore

Oh he started up a Centre for genetics and the law
He was there as our very long-term Dean
He heard many people a-lying
Comforted many more a-crying
But Don ain't a-marching anymore

It takes someone brave to lead us through the bumps
Never seemingly to fall
Now look what Don's started with a pen and a page
Tell us it was worth it all

For Don stole the crown of health law from the mainland folk
Served on every Committee
Yes, he even taught the students
He even taught the teachers
But Don ain't a-marching anymore

It takes someone brave to lead us through the bumps
Never seemingly to fall
Now look what Don's started with a pen and a page
Tell us it was worth it all

DR LISA ECKSTEIN, UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

A Legal Luminary Retires

It's a bright mildly breezy afternoon,
When I ran into this handsome bloke,
The name of whom I never knew.
His subsequent "I'm Don" sounded to me like a joke.

I later found out his name is truly Don,
Knowing him since then to be a man of erudition, honesty, and
integrity.
Even in retirement, his achievements remain undone.
And from him I have learned excellent abilities.

Despite being a walking encyclopedia of legal knowledge,
Don's simplicity and humility know no bound,
And his leadership skills can't but be acknowledged.
Indeed, as an academic don, Don deserves d crown.

OLUGBENGA OLATUNJI, UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA



Ode to a Gentleman

If you ever give a whistle
For the man from the land of the thistle
He'll be there, all twinkle-eyed and full of mirth
On life's stage where players strut,
His strides from Perth to Calicut
Have made a mark that will stand the test of time.

A giant of bioethics
With a sideline in genetics
Both arising from a passion for the law
With that nexus he has reckoned
E'en to Europe he's been beckoned
Yes, our man is a right legend in his world.

But 'neath his profile as a Dean
Of Law and so much in between
Stands an oak tree of a man: you know it's true
From his perch in Hobart-town
This thinker-poet of renown
Made a noise heard way, way back in Aberdeen.

So, let's raise a glass to Donny
And his manifest bonhomie
Few are worthier of honour than is he
May your twilight years be long
And may they e'er be filled with song
It's been a joy for all of us to ride with thee!

JEREMY KENNER, EXPERT ADVISOR – ETHICS, NATIONAL
HEALTH AND MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

Our Don

Our Don always finds the words sublime,
Our Don navigates a safe path each time,
Our Don gently guides and inspires,
And to us it seems he never tires.

Our Don's integrity is utmost, and while
'To Don' may be our simple toast, we remember
Our Don's guidance will always be there, and
Our Don's wise counsel for patience and care.

And so today while,
Our Don's leaving may cause our eyes to glisten,
We will remember fondly, all we ever needed to do was listen.

PROFESSOR JOANNE DICKINSON, MENZIES INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL
RESEARCH, UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

Viking Don

Viking Don,
On you rowed with Alistair.
How we laughed

Don is such a charmer
 He'll offer sage advice
In Scottish
 Or in Japanese
On all aspects of life!

DR HARRIET TEARE, CENTRE FOR LAW, HEALTH
AND EMERGING TECHNOLOGIES, UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Donald of the School (of Law)

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better,
Sent to where I met him down Tassie Law School, neat and cool,
He was lecturing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him,
Just 'on spec' addressed as follows: 'Donald of the School'.

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,
(and I think the same was written in an email from afar)
'Twas Marg his mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:
"Don has dun retired, and we don't know where he are."

Dreams of trees and palmers, visions came to me of Chalmers
Gone a-droving 'down the Derwent' where the western lawyers go
With students slowly stringing, Donald rides behind them singing,
The academic life has joys lay folk will never know.

And the School has friends to meet him,
and their kindly voices greet him
In the murmur of the lectures, in the tutes and in the bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of bioethics been extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy, little office, where a stingy
Ray of sunlight struggles feebly,
Down between the buildings tall,
And the foetid air and grit of the dusty, dirty uni
Through the open window floating, spreads its foulness over all.

And in place of smiling students,
I can hear the fiendish movements
Of the meetings and the zoom-es making hurry on my screen,
And the language uninviting of the managers all fighting,
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless bloody scream

And the hurrying staff all daunt me, and their pallid faces
Haunt me as they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous haste
Their eager eyes are greedy,
And their stunted forms are weedy,
For academics have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

CONT...

And I somehow wish I follow'd, my happy mate, ol' Donald
Like to take a turn at singing, fighting good fights which come and go,
While he faced the round eternal of the casebook and the journal-
But I doubt he'd suit the uni now,
Donald, please don't go.

PROFESSOR CAMERON STEWART, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY



mentor, teacher, friend
scholar, advocate, leader
ever my role model

DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR DIANNE NICOL,
UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

Cheer, wit and humour
A fierce and fast intellect
Orations not to be missed

PROFESSOR AINSLEY NEWSON, SYDNEY SCHOOL OF
PUBLIC HEALTH, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Deep within his kindness
Open the door to others
Night meets the morning sun

UEHIRO ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR JUSAKU MINARI,
CENTER FOR IPS CELL RESEARCH AND
APPLICATION

CHeerful and wise All the time
Lots of edits to Many statements
Everyone Remembers his Singing

PROFESSOR KAZUTO KATO, GRADUATE SCHOOL OF
MEDICINE, OSAKA UNIVERSITY

Our Magic Law School (with apologies to Alison Lester)

At our law school, at our magic law school, we teach and re-
search with aplomb,
Tutoring and lecturing, and studying the cases, watched over
by Professor Don.

Wild CALE staff are thundering past, racing to get in the way.
Preening and prancing and tossing their heads, with Don, they
hold no sway.

At our law school, at our magic law school, we review the cur-
riculum for hours,
cutting and changing and amending the rules, to avoid the cur-
tailing of powers.

A leather-bound volume, authored by Chalmers, lies tossed on
the desk on its side.
As we push back the cover we are dazzled by light, from the
glittering words inside.

At our law school, at our magic law school, our Distinguished
Professor is kindly and wise.
To the sound of his poems, we sleep through the night. . .

Adrift on the evening tide.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR JANE NIELSEN (AND RHYS EDWARDS)

A Nonsense Reflection on Time with Don

DR JOHN LIDDICOAT, UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE AND TESS WHITTON, UNIVERSITY
OF MELBOURNE

Don and the Utas went to see
On a beautiful heart-shaped band
They took some whiskey and plenty of mysteries,
All to send to paper land.
The Don looked out at the protégés around him,
And sang to a small lyric,
O lovely, ELSI! O ELSI, my love,
What a beautiful ELSI you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful ELSI you are.

The proteges sang back, "you elegant Scot'
How charmingly sweet you write,
Oh let us be a centre, too long we waiver,
But what shall we do for our acolytes.
They harried away for years and a day,
Collecting awards and respect,
Then one day did John, a foreigner stood,
With a patent at the end of his pen,
His pen,
His pen,
With a patent at the end of his pen.

It was sometime later when Tess arrived
In a beautiful woolen coat,
John took her aside and in the blue corridor to hide
as he imparted some wisdom, I quote,
"O green Tess..", [Don appears] "Oh, Tess, don't you know?,"
To Don he did quickly promote -
"A note!"
"A note!"
"John, won't you send me a note?"

The Chalmer said to John, one day as he came upon
the young man as Don shuffle-flew past,

CONT...

"Shall we teach contract?! I promise I'll compact
They worked away, for a year and some days,
Until John informed the man,
"I can't help you anymore, I must be a bore,
The PhD needs me. But, I know someone who can!"
"Tess"
"Yes, Tess"
But I know someone who can.

Tess and John were a part of Don's band,
And together they sailed the seas,
They rode the waves for years and a day,
Enjoying all of the teas.
But all things must end,
And new opportunities they come, especially when you're part of
this band
This band
This band,
And new opportunities they come, especially when you're part of
this band.

It was some years later, when they were each side of the equator,
That John spoke to Tess of the gift,
"When I'm showing people around, and I'm anxious of the crowd,
I just remember Don, and I feel a lift"
"Ha- I can see you go green, but what do you mean?"
"I just channel the great and wise Chalmers."
"I'm still not sure, can you give me some more?"
"I just pretend that I'm Don Chalmers,"
"Don!?"
"Don Chalmers."
I just pretend that I'm Don Chalmers.

Dear Don, are you listening? With eyes that are glistening
With pride, to the words of the fam.
You may be retiring this day, but you won't go away,
You have given us the greatest gift of academic program.
Thanks for your time, your words and your rhymes,
Your french as you shuffle-fly past,
We will remember kindly, your training and blindly-

CONT...

Follow the advice that's built to last.
To last
To last.
Follow your advice, that will last.

Dear Don, are you listening, with eyes that are glistening
with pride, to the words of your fam?
You may close your door, at the end of the corridor -
But we know it's not the last grand slam.
For your protégés are strong, and of them there's quite a throng -
Of us, following the words that you croon(ed).
So if we follow you to Hong Kong, hear music, play along,
And dance by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
We'll dance by the light of the moon.



Ode to a Sake Bottle and an Aficianado

DR ERIC MESLIN, PRESIDENT AND CEO, COUNCIL OF CANADIAN ACADEMIES,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Few libations can capture the imagination
Like whisky (or whiskey)
Its origin stories full of wonder, love, and struggle
Each evoke nature's purity and essence
Water cascading over rocks, the peat, the weather
Local terroir, each contributing their subtleties
Principles handed down from generation to generation
From master to apprentice to student
The aficionado knows this well, as befits one who teaches

Identity begets geo-political competitiveness
Producing hundreds of variations
Within Scotland of course
With its Highland, Lowland, Islay, Campbeltown, Speyside
But global appreciation and development grows
Canada, America, Japan, Finland, Taiwan, Ireland,
Australia, India, Germany emerge
The aficionado knows this world too, having travelled across
Meridians and time zones, though not always in business class

Experimenters try new methods, while traditionalists shake their
heads
Tastings, flights, bottles, corks, screw tops, casks, staves, fire
Labels tell stories, tasting notes give advice
With water or without? A drop, a dram, a dribble. Ice? Never
(Though a case was found frozen under Shackelton's Antarctic
hut)
The novice learns new ways but does not wish to be pressured
The aficionado knows this well, as informed consent is among
the fundamental principles

Even the warmth of a hand on a glass changes flavour by a
degree
As a handshake creates a bond lasting years
Like a wand at Ollivanders, does the whisky pick the man, or
the man pick the whisky?

CONT...

Appreciation grows with experience
But also lessons learned from others
Age imparts depth of character and humility in people and
whisky
The aficionado knows this well, whose collaborators have be-
come friends

But there is another libation,
Whose history is more ancient than even beloved whisky
Far to the East this libation calls home
Or perhaps to the North when the compass orients the world
differently from the perspective of the Tasman Sea

Sake
A different grain.
Rice
A crop, sustenance
Yet when fermented expresses itself most fully
Some say dating to 500 BCE or, according to the great Google,
At least since its brewing techniques first spread between 710
and 794 CE

Perhaps misunderstood, as whisky used to be
Too often generalized as a single entity
When specificity is required
Fushimi. Nada. Saijo.
The aficionado would remind us that distinctions in law and
common usage are informative.
Sake: generically nihonshu; legally Seishu
But words do more, they convey meaning
Just as bioethics is not one topic, but thousands
Just as the genome may be the collective noun for all genes in
an organism,
The human person is more than the sum of their genes
Each necessary yet connected

Sake
Diverse in its variety, type, expression, no two are the same
Warm, cold.
Paired with food

CONT...

Shots? Perhaps not. Sipping and appreciating. Hai.

And so it came to pass
A thoughtful scholar
A decent man
A respectful man
A humourous man
A law professor
A poet in his own right
A Tasmanian
An aficionado

Found himself with friends, fellow thinkers, fellow travelers in
Tokyo, in the year 1998
November Fourth and Fifth
Representing Australia at a gathering of national bioethics com-
missions
A 'Summit'
Only the second of its kind in the history of the world
An important event

Less a conference and more a confluence
A confluence of rivers
Rivers of scholarly disciplines - policy, ethics, health, medicine,
law, science, genomics
Rivers of cultures - American, Canadian, British, French, Japanese,
German, Argentinian
Were some of these not whisky countries?
Thirty-three countries in all
Only one, though, claims whisky and Sake. Nippon-koku
Rivers of ideas intermingling, joining, separating, agreeing, dis-
agreeing
Completing a stimulating and satisfying day of deliberations
Affixing signatures of thirty-three nations to a historic "Tokyo
Communiqué"

As befits so momentous an event, a celebration organized Novem-
ber Fourth evening
By invitation-only to the luminaries, including the aficionado
Directed to a special venue
Enjoying company, food, culture, friendship

CONT...

Small plates of sushi, sashimi, wasabi, daikon, unagi
Another splendid confluence: rivers of taste, bounty from the
 sea
Small nibbles become dinner
Satisfying palates and embedding memories
Music accompanies the event, brief speeches from the appreci-
 ative hosts

And then the Table
Staffed by distinguished persons in formal dress
A Sake master
The Table on which were arrayed many bottles – a river’s worth
 – of liquid fermented rice wine
The Table stretching wider than a small apartment
Sake
Generically nihonshu; legally Seishu
Twenty bottles? Thirty? Too many to count
By the time this story is re-told two decades from now there
 will have been one hundred

And the aficionado saw the river of sake bottles on the Table,
 and understood the river
Perhaps he recalled the words of Heraclitus (544 BCE) that “No
 man ever steps in the same river twice, for it’s not the
 same river and he’s not the same man.”
And with this, appreciating the Greek philosopher’s advice the
 aficionado sampled, tasted, learned from the Sake master
 who oversaw the Table
Never too much, just the right amount
Recognizing that it would be unjust to take more than one’s
 share,
and a waste of liver enzymes, to sample the same Sake twice
Explaining to others, including this author, the nuances
Whispered words of Japanese by the aficionado added to the
 mystery and the reverence

Moving from left to right along the river of sake bottles on the
 Table

CONT...

The aficionado appreciated their complexity, depth, taste
As with whisky there is a direct relationship between quality
and cost that is sensible and just
But is an unethical metric when applied to the US health care
system, a story for another day
All were excellent
Each was satisfying
Lessons best learned with a mentoring aficionado

And so it came to pass that as part of the festivities that evening
in Tokyo, November Fourth, 1998
That an incident occurred that will be recalled for generations
At least by the aficionado and this author (and perhaps one
other)

The incident itself would appear trifling at first
But recalling it today more than two decades later it has taken
on greater significance
Hence this Ode [cf. Wikipedia: ode – from Ancient Greek: ,
Romanized: ōd: an elaborately structured poem praising or
glorifying an event or individual, describing nature in-
tellectually as well as emotionally]

It was announced by the hosts that at the end of the evening
Guests would be permitted to return to the river of Sake on the
Table
Encouraged to select a bottle from the Table as a gift, a souvenir,
an appreciation
For the important work of the Second Summit of National Bioethics
Commissions
So many bottles so many guests
Which to select?
An ethical issue
Fortunately, the room was awash with such ethics experts
Some of whom were equally awash in Sake

Research was undertaken, as one would expect of so august
And evidence-based a group
A particular bottle was noted, selected, pointed out,
Effectively 'claimed' by the aficionado
The perfect bottle

CONT...

The virtuous bottle
The Platonic ideal of a Sake bottle
An expensive bottle

And to be clear, all bottles were to be appreciatively removed
From the river of sake bottles on the Table
At the end of the evening

And yet, as the evening drew down
And the call to approach the Table was reverently announced
by the Sake master
The perfect bottle, the virtuous bottle, the Platonic ideal of a
sake bottle, the expensive bottle
Had apparently been claimed by another
Fished from the river of sake bottles on the Table

Mon dieu

How could this be the aficionado wondered,
Perplexed,
Disappointed yes, but confused
Only moments earlier it had been there, noted, selected, pointed
out, effectively claimed by the aficionado
Everyone knew this, so it appeared

Here, my friends, the story takes a turn, a river-like undulating
turn

A turn perhaps best represented by the iconic unagi, while still
Alive and swimming, rather than like those only hours earlier
Presented on small plates

Some say another, an aficionado-in-training, had also noted,
selected, and effectively claimed the bottle, secreting it
away to be enjoyed (or sold?) elsewhere

For shame!

Rumours circulated of a possible culprit, though not a Tasma-
nian it should be noted

Others say the bottle was misplaced, and not secreted away by
anyone at all

An unfair accusation

Evidence, facts, data, and honour would have settled this

CONT...

An admission would have settled it
A CCTV video or an iPhone capture would surely have settled
it
Had either existed in 1998
Habeas lagenam!
No evidence, admissions or video captures were found, and
none have emerged since
A mystery worthy of Poirot, Holmes or Morse (including young
Endeavour)

The perfect bottle, the virtuous bottle, the Platonic ideal, and
expensive bottle was lost
Lost from the river of sake on the Table
Lost to the aficionado who was most deserving of this souvenir
Who most certainly would have appreciated its history, taste,
and virtue
And just as assuredly ensured a fair distributed sip to friends
and colleagues

But though lost in its physical manifestation, it was not lost to
memory
This bottle from the river of sake bottles on the Table
Survives through this accounting
Its value and mystery increasing in direct proportion to the
other one hundred-fold, one thousand-fold
This bottle remains in a metaphysical state of suspended ani-
mated perfection
For as long as we remember this story

Just as the aficionado himself
The thoughtful scholar
The decent man
The respectful man
The humorous man
The law professor
The great poet in his own right
The Tasmanian
Will forever be remembered by all of us who knew him then,
who know him now, and will know him for years to
come

Poem for Don

Dearest Don, oh Great One;
In honour of you these poems we have spun;

It was many years ago that you led establishment of the CLG;
Since then its success has been the source of much glee;

You taught us the importance of getting research grants;
Now Di, our new leader, promotes a similar stance;

(Pity though our current College
these things does not well support or acknowledge!)

Over the years many roles you have had – law academic, reformer and
more;

We are lucky to have had you here, that's for sure;

With fine appreciation of the arts you are the modern Renaissance man;
You have always been a doer with a philosophy of 'I can'!

Known for your hospitality and enjoyment of things fine;
You have had us all as guests many a time.

Many a joke about your love of chips;
Never to be told to Barb, else hear her quips;

I don't understand all the chips fuss;
You remain fit and dapper – good genes are a plus!

Generous of heart and a fabulous host;
But it was about others that you would be proud most;

You have taught generations of law students about contracts;
And you have helped us make many good contacts;

You have been a great supporter of women and a sought after mentor;
Always professional and positive and never a tormentor;

You have excelled as an expert on the international stage;
Sharing your knowledge on many a journal page;

CONT...

You have an enviable memory like a steel trap;
It makes me feel like mine is crap!

You have always been such a marvelous support;
Always quick to assist and offer a helpful retort;

Much of our success we owe to you;
You trained us well to consider things anew;

Innovative thinker, great colleague and contributor
(I am now wishing I had gone for iambic pentameter!)

Don – remarkable man that you are;
Thank you for everything that you have done to get us this far;

Legendary hard worker and committed to a tee;
But now as an Emeritus you are more free;

We celebrate all that you have done over the years;
Managing without you now the biggest of our fears;

So please visit often and keep us informed;
We don't want to lose our knack on how laws are best reformed;

The time has come to bid you farewell;
Lucky timing for you to escape current Law School hell!

We have taken on the DNA of your work ethic to our cores;
We remain forever Gratefully Yours!

PROFESSOR MARGARET OTLOWSKI, UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

Scotch

Our Don is a man of considerable renown,
He is seldom – if ever – seen with a frown,
On matters of law, genetics and health,
His expertise is of considerable wealth,
But for those of us who judge him frisky,
It's all because of his love of Scotch whisky!

PROFESSOR GRAEME LAURIE, JK MASON INSTITUTE FOR
MEDICINE, LIFE SCIENCES AND THE LAW, EDINBURGH
UNIVERSITY

N°312

*“Fleur, fleur, joie de vivre,
The clock strikes one, two, three – dream.
Kingdoms fall appeased.”*

DR PIN LEAN LAU, CENTRAL EUROPEAN UNIVERSITY

Best Wishes

Fine scotch, fine intellect, fine times, open heart

Don Chalmers is one of those rare human beings who engages with everyone with the same openness, enthusiasm and intensity of interest. His contributions to the field have been enormous and long-standing, enabling Australia and Tasmania to be early leaders in the field of genomics and the law. His ideas and actions have had an impact, across the globe, from Australia to Japan, Canada, the USA and to His homeland Scotland. His energy and commitment has sustained collaborations across the miles and over many years. I am proud that I have had the opportunity to be his colleague; to have pondered over intellectual puzzles with him; to received his sage advice in difficult times; and to have shared many laughs, meals and generous hospitality. Don has made our world spin a little faster, a little kinder and more joyous, and a little wiser. Enjoy your retirement, look back on a wonderful career with pride, knowing that you will be sorely missed, but that your legacy lives on.

PROFESSOR JANE KAYE, DIRECTOR OF THE CENTRE FOR LAW, HEALTH AND
EMERGING TECHNOLOGIES, UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

I have only met Prof. Chalmers on a couple of occasions, but he made a great impression on me, both as a scholar and as a man. I only wish I had had more opportunities to get to know and work with him. I wish him a long and happy retirement.

PROFESSOR RICHARD ASHCROFT, CITY, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

Sending love and thoughts to you, Don, and remembering so many times working together in Tasmania and all over the world.

DR JULIE MAXTON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

Thank you for being a lovely friend and colleague, Don, and congratulations on a beautiful career. Wishing you all the best from Buenos Aires for your retirement!

DR LILIANA SIEDE, HEALTH MINISTRY OF ARGENTINA

When I think of our scholar-colleague Prof. Don Chalmers, poetry, singing and an exceptional legal mind all come to the fore. Indeed, Don is a legal and ethical international leader but also a poet. His search for “le mot juste” stems no doubt from his legal training as lawyers are precise drafters, but I would add, also from his appreciation of the beauty of “les tournures des phrases”.

In short, Don is a constructive leader and generous scholar as well as a promoter of the inclusion of young researchers from different countries in high level international initiatives. He is a futurist as exemplified in his chapter entitled “Medical Research: Future Directions in the Genome Era” in the Routledge Handbook of Medical Law and Ethics (2015) edited by Yann Joly and myself. It is with Professor Joly that he built the unique data access system of the highly successful International Cancer Consortium.

I am against human reproductive cloning but I do think the ELSI community could use more scholarly, collegial visionaries like Professor Don Chalmers.

PROFESSOR BARTHA MARIA KNOPPERS OC, QC,
CENTRE OF GENOMICS AND POLICY, MCGILL UNIVERSITY

