On 27 July 1985, as this issue of Seminars in Liver Disease devoted to hepatic transplantation was being prepared, Art Moore, a young and exceptionally gifted trainee in transplantation surgery at the University of Pittsburgh, was tragically killed in an automobile accident. The Editors join with Dr. Moore’s colleagues in Pittsburgh in dedicating this issue to him.

Dr. Arthur Eugene Moore (1953-1985) was a product of the University of Alabama School of Medicine, and of the residency training program at the University-affiliated Baptist Medical Center. Subsequently, he completed one year of his fellowship in the Multiple Organ Transplantation Program of the University of Pittsburgh. In the last 3 months of that program, he helped Dr. Goran Klintmalm establish the satellite center at Baylor University Hospital in Dallas, Texas. His next two years were committed to special training in thoracic surgery at the University of Pittsburgh with special emphasis on transplantation of the thoracic organs. After this, he planned to spend a final year in a “super fellowship” that would have provided him with absolutely unique qualifications in clinical transplantation.

Art had a passion for foreign automobiles, and on July 27, he drove to a nearby town to obtain a part for his car from a junk yard. The accident in which he died occurred as he was driving back to Pittsburgh. Although he was not yet 32 years old, he was thought to be one of the most promising fellows who had ever gone through the rigorous Pittsburgh transplantation program. Art had wanted to be a transplant surgeon, not just an ordinary one, but the best there was. He was determined to be an instrument of society and a credit to all those who knew him. The fact that he was destined so clearly to succeed in these objectives made his loss unbearable to all who knew him or who had worked with him. For as long as we live, we will miss Art Moore.

In the long run, it was Art’s mother who said something that could not remove the sorrow but that at least gave us some understanding. When it was all over, she comforted us with dry eyes saying that she never doubted for a moment the Lord’s wisdom, even at the most terrible of times when she learned of Art’s death. She explained that Art had done in his life all of the things that he really wanted to and had come up short only in not doing them as much as he would have liked to.

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