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The CUA exists to promote the highest standard of urologic care for Canadians and to advance the art and science of urology.



It's the third decade of the 21st century, and we all confidently assume (of course) that we are in the vanguard of clinical and scientific advancement. We earnestly label our educational sessions with monikers such as “cutting-edge,” “state-of-the-art,” and “bench-to-bedside.” We look back at the inception of the Canadian Urological Association 75 years ago and smile fondly about our clumsy, humble beginnings. How quaint we were then. How far we have come.

Transport yourself to 2095. Urologists there will most likely look back from 75 years hence and chuckle about how we practice today: our blunt approach to cancer and its mysteries, the use of lasers for stone disease (what??). “Urodynamics? Good God, Jim. Give me my tri-corder!”

In 2095, CRISPR gene editing for correction and prevention of hypospadias and extrophy might be the standard of care. Hopefully, there will be a pill for renal cell carcinoma and muscle-invasive bladder cancer, long since recognized as biological diseases, not surgical ones. Better still, medication to prevent prostate cancer and all that 20th century grief associated with its anticipation, trans-differentiation, extirpation, radiation, cryoablation, and subsequent dribbling consternation.

“What’s a scalpel anyhow, mom?” says a future millennial 2.0. And so on, in painfully ironic detail.

Once upon a time, we all had a chance to become urologists and we took it. As a result, we became part of several timeless, concentric circles with various levels of overlap. In my experiences, both on and off the CUA executive, I have observed cooperation and intense conflict within this three-dimensional Venn diagram. I believe this is because CUA members care. The opposite of caring is apathy. I don’t see apathy at the annual general meeting or the CUA executive meetings. I see energy and competition. Hopefully, Canadian urologists of 2095 will reap the rewards of this energy and competition.

I’m wishful that the president of 2095 bestows kind remembrances on the CUA of 2020. Or maybe she will wag a scolding finger at us like Scrooge’s ghost of Christmas yet to come, you know, all the things we got wrong — our male-dominated societies, the self-interested chest-thumping, overtreatment of disease, the tyranny of Kaplan-Meier curves, etc. Or maybe she will acknowledge us as pioneers of a sort, hardly risking life and limb in a foreign land, but at least exploring unknowns from a comfortable middle-class existence. It’s hard to predict.

Whatever 2095 urologists *think* about us here in 2020, one thing I *know* for sure is that it is a privilege and also a pleasantly disorienting experience to serve as your president. The resilience and selfless manner with which the CUA leadership responded to COVID-19 and the cancellation of our meeting in Victoria was exceptional. We should all be proud.