

Ladies and gentlemen,

Thank you all for gathering here today to bid farewell to our beloved Dr. Smith, or as I like to call him, the man who has probably seen more sore throats than anyone else on the planet! After all, he's been practicing medicine since dinosaurs roamed the Earth - or so it seems!

When Doc started his career, I believe "house calls" meant he visited the Flintstones. And over the decades, he's skillfully managed to diagnose everything from the common cold to the rare "I-only-sneeze-on-Tuesdays" syndrome. He has a talent for listening patiently, nodding wisely, and prescribing just the right pill or a reassuring smile that says, "You'll survive."

His stethoscope has been more of a trusted sidekick than any superhero ever had. Though with all the gadgets and modern technologies today, I suspect he might retire it soon and invest in an app for that!

Dr. Smith, we salute you for your years of service, your dedication, and for wearing that white coat with more panache than anyone else. May your retirement be filled with joy, relaxation, and zero 2 a.m. emergencies-- unless they involve fishing accidents or a high score in golf.

Let's raise a toast to Dr. Smith, the man of the hour, whose legacy will continue to inspire and whose laughter, thankfully, is contagious and not the kind he would need to write a prescription for. Cheers to the doctor we all adore!