



Perspective/Opinion

Match Day Memory

By Zachary Markman, MD

Dr. Markman, a PGY4 resident in the Department of Psychiatry shares what he remembers about his own Match Day ...

I didn't think I would be nervous for Match Day. I knew from earlier in the week that I had matched, and I was fairly confident I would be happy with where I ended up. I thought I had a reasonable chance at getting my first choice, and an excellent chance at getting my third choice. And I would have been happy with any of them, except for my very last choice; I really didn't want that one.

So, I went to bed the night before Match Day feeling unconcerned. But something in me felt the pressure of a computer algorithm deciding where I would spend the next four years of my life. I didn't sleep at all.

I had already decided not to go to my school's Match Day ceremony; I lived out of town, and the idea of watching some people get their dreams crushed while others got them fulfilled didn't really appeal to me. I wanted to react to my own match privately. I signed on first thing, so that I could check the results with just my fiancé by me. First choice!!!

Though the Match Day ceremony wasn't for me, I met up with most of my med school class for the after-party later that day, and I got to celebrate with and congratulate some of the great friends I had made. Spirits were high, but somewhat bittersweet as we knew we would be embarking on, mostly, separate journeys. I was lucky to end up matching at a program near some family and friends, and I have been grateful for the opportunity ever since!

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