

PREPARATION

Sixty-seven cancer patients all resigned to death (all happy); their faces show peace and tranquility, if you catch them in one of their moments without drugs.

There were eight beds to a room.

It seems that now when it is discovered that one has cancer, the doctor writes the patient a letter and tells him the final verdict instead of telling him in person. Some think it is better that way.

Each man in that ward was ready and waiting and was at peace with the world.

The ones that I knew said their letters told them that it was not too bad; that it was a privilege to be one of the lucky ones selected to know and have time to prepare for death before death, and to think of the good life they have had. These few that I knew said they were happy and had no regrets, and, if they had ever hurt anyone, the pain they had suffered more than paid the debt.

When my husband told me he was happy and was ready, I looked shocked, but I knew in my heart he was sincere (like he went). So did all the other seven men in his ward, one by one, and it can't be long until the balance of the sixty-seven will follow.

Not one of them was blue and despondent. They tried to help themselves as much as possible. When some had a hemorriage or some choked, etc., I could not hide my fright and tears. They would always say, "Don't cry; everything is all right."

When death is close at hand, you open your heart. Those that could not talk would write on pads. Their notes and faces showed that they had become resigned to their fate and put their lives in order.

In that room you did not need money. You could not spend it. In my husband's papers, I found a little verse:

When you lie down and pass away
You will hold nothing in those hands, they say,
Only the things you've given away.
He meant not money but kindness and love.

He also wrote this on a pad:

Now, don't feel sorry
My life has been full
I have put enough away to be respectable.

One day one of the patients said, "This is such a beautiful world I sort of hate to leave all of you."

All my childhood I could not stand the thought of death, but, after seeing all that took place among those cancer patients, death could not be so bad. Not one was bitter or resentful. They all smiled. Their faces seemed to glow. The atmosphere was different somehow.

I have experienced the agony of watching someone die of that dread disease. I watched the death of my husband. I held his hand--God held the other, as he drifted away to Eternity. I wish I could have gone with him. (He squeezed my hand--that was his way of telling me he loved me.)

To wait for death is not pleasant. I wish I knew why a person had to suffer so. He was not so bad.

Anyone who has never seen a person spending his last days with cancer cannot imagine the miseries.

I am sorry if I have hurt him in any way, and if he ever hurt me, I forgive and forget.