

Cancer Always Calls Collect -- Part 23 --- Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

by Linda Seccaspina

As I watched him search for eternal sleep, his life seemed to be passing him by as he whispered names from time to time. I have seen death many times, but I cannot imagine what it is like to experience it. My late sister needed permission to die during her last hours and I was chosen to give her the peace she needed. Why do we need permission if the end is near? Our mortality is finite, but the experience of passing is so different for each individual.

Does cancer carry any dignity at all?

We are all born and will all die - no getting out of the fact. Our culture's dread of mortality keeps us from experiencing all that life has to offer by making us terrified of confronting the final nature of our existence. Everyone does it differently, even from death to death, and we can never really know how we'll deal with it until we're confronted.

In the end nothing could bring him back because I tried. All those weeks and months, yet all I have left are the tears and memories. He said when he asked the final questions to those in charge he was confused. Answers were given quickly, but he wondered if they were the correct ones, or were they just covering up what they didn't know? They can tell you anything, but the end result of impending death is always the same.

Dying is such a private and very lonely process. The stages of emotions that I have witnessed my loved ones experience from the time that they receive the horrible news, up to the time of their last expiring breath, never gets easier for me to witness.

As far as those dying from cancer, the mortality rate of cancer has been on the rise for many years from 79 deaths per 100,000 in 1914, to over 350 deaths per 100,000 recently. It is a horrible disease and the toll it takes on not just the individual, but all their loved ones is incredibly hard. To this day the FDA has yet to license a cancer remedy on the basis of improved quality of life; so we continue to share cancer with courage, dignity, and above all, love.

Be at peace my love.

Note- Cancer is such a bully- This was the last chapter I wrote in my book "Cancer Calls Collect"-- Writing kept me going, sheer force and power kept him going. He was so much stronger than me.

