

My most cherished story is a love story that I felt privileged to witness.

The husband was our patient and his wife spent everyday by his side but did go home at night to sleep. On the evening that he died, although the family thought it best for her to go home, she felt she needed to stay. She told me that they had been together so long she could not leave and not be here when he needed her the most.

When we were getting our medications ready for delivery, she came to the desk to tell us his breathing had changed. Upon entering his room, I realized his death was imminent. We helped her to lay down beside him and she requested that she have these last moments alone with him. I came out, called the rest of her family, and told her I would be back in 10 minutes.

When I came back into the room, they were laying together and she said to me *“I don't feel him anymore.”* I was touched by her words and how she expressed his dying in such an intimate and loving manner.

This happened years ago but I take this with me in so many aspects of my life. When someone comes to Hospice for the last part of their journey, we realize that this isn't just about our “patient.” There are so many other people that are travelling on this journey with them and what an honour it is to be here for them.

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