SUBMISSION CONTENT:

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I have watched the misery of my grandmothers when, after they could no longer care for themselves they were placed in a nursing home. My husband worked in a geriatric ward for 18 years and knows what a negative experience it is for some people. My mother was placed in care by another family member without consultation with me and fretted terribly. On the other hand, my father lived at home and maintained independence until a few weeks before his death. My various cats and dogs have been given an injection when their quality of life couldn't be maintained, quietly in the arms of those who loved them. I am not afraid of death, having experienced it when I was 19. But I am afraid of being robbed of my life style by dependence on others who do not know me, or understand my way of life. After a very rich life, I know how I want to leave it and do not believe that my wishes should be overridden by the religious beliefs of others. Heather Murray Tobias (poet)

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File1:

File2:

File3: