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I watched my former husband struggle with the cancer that ravaged his stomach, intestines and bowels, and left him sucking on a bit of ice cube to moisturize his lips and throat when he could no longer process any kind of food. How brave he was through the last stages of cancer, when even morphine brought only a minimum of relief to his agony and his loved ones, including his sons and daughters, were powerless to ease his suffering. Right then and there I decided that in the event I had a terminal illness with no hope of remission or cure, that I would spare my loved ones the hopelessness and lostness a spouse or child feels when they are powerless over the suffering of another deeply loved one. I sincerely believe I should have that choice of if and when I would choose to end my breathing and my life form when there was no hope in sight other than terminal pain and suffering for my four adult children, my grandchildren and other loved ones. And I would want my Dr., not the government or a committee or others to make the Dr or me endure needless suffering ((as my former husband did before people were granted this right to Choice.). I respect each person to choose according to their Beliefs, and ask that I be allowed the same privilege.