

Robert Fritsch
Self
LD 335

It was 1943 and my mother was going to deliver my younger brother hopefully on March 3, 1944.

She had already had two children: my sister on December 9, 1942 and me on January 30, 1942. Just prior to my brother's delivery date my mother had a seizure, became disoriented, couldn't speak and had difficulty moving. She was semi-conscious. My sister and I were born in St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, CT. We were Roman Catholic. My mother was Protestant. Our family was well aware that if the situation became life threatening and a choice had to be made, my mother would of necessity be the choice to live. My father was 24 years old, had just become employed and had, as it turned out, very poor insurance which was cancelled after the birth. My mother was not employed. With two children already, my mother was NOT expendable. My father's family was doctrinaire Catholic. When this difficult decision had to be made and my paternal grandmother, Irish/Catholic and an ardent practitioner was told about the situation, she understood and agreed that my father had to have his wife for his sake and that of his young family. She acceded to choice.

On March 2nd my mother was taken to Hartford Hospital, non-denominational where she delivered a healthy brother with extreme difficulty. The situation was understood and alternative services were present if needed. If one had to be chosen to save the other it would have been my brother. Both survived with my mother partially paralyzed on her left side. My brother is now a successful artist as was my mother who is now deceased. She lives on in him. This was one of life's difficult decisions and my brother agrees on the choice and we were so fortunate it was ours to make. Our family's position is these decisions are the mother's and father's to make in consultation with their physician.