

We Knew

*By Sophy Churches*

When I was working as a nurse in a nursing home it was an everyday event that somebody died. We were unpacking the night cabinet of this old lady whom we were very fond of. She always had a smile for us and a kind word for what we did for her. She never complained like most old people, she suffered wordlessly her old age and passing. We were very sad about her departure from us but we did not feel any remorse, we all felt that we were doing everything we could to provide her last few months with us that must have made her happy and comfortable. Marge was our favorite patient. She died on the first day of summer, June 21<sup>st</sup>.

As we went through her cabinet, we found the usual things that old people gather: a few candies, hand creams, perfume, tissues, pens, pencils. Then we found a writing pad with her squiggly writing. It was two pages long. We were three nurses doing the job of cleaning up, and we put our heads together and started reading it. I cannot remember the whole content, but we were all in tears when we finished reading it.

"Do not be sorrowful whoever reads this, I am writing down my happiness of my life. I had a very happy life, wonderful childhood, gathering wild flowers on the meadows behind our house, taking them home and giving them to my mother. She always smiled and appreciated them, and put them in vases that she placed on the dining table. I had wonderful student years and college years, made lots of friends, and in college I met my future husband. We wandered around the neighborhood hand in hand and when we both graduated as teachers, we married. We were always happy and prosperous with what we had, we were very satisfied with our life. Then the babies came, beautiful blond fluffy haired babies, twin girls the first time, then a boy later. We loved our children and they grew up to be happy and complete human beings. I loved my family and I loved my garden. I grew roses, daisies, bluebells and pansies in the garden. I picked flowers and put them on the dining table like my mother did. I can just see my garden as I am laying helplessly in this bed. Dear Reader, do not think I was always this crippled, sickly, dribbly, shaky old woman. I was tall and slender, and I wore flowery summer dresses. I could manage my household with total ease and happiness. I was always smiling at people and I was generous to my neighbors and relations. We had family vacations together and came back refreshed and full of enjoyment in our lives. Please do not cry for me on the day I die. I hope I die on a summery sunny day that brings joy to everyone. I had a full life and I go with joy of my memories. Please be happy for me."

This was the content of the writing on the pad.