

Essay for Hospice

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In our society, we never mention the word death. Although everyone has to eventually face the inevitable, we make believe we will live forever.

Then one day, you go to the doctor and he gives you the news...you have a lethal form of pancreatic cancer and you will die within 6 months. First, you cry... Then ask why me? What did I do wrong? What could I have done differently?

Finally, you accept death as a continuous part of life.

Birth and Death are really the same thing. When you are in your mother's womb, you are safe and warm. It is dark. Then you experience a great deal of pain, and enter a bright room. You are put in your mother's arms and are surrounded by love. So it is with death. You feel safe in life, you experience the pain that comes with disease. You die and enter a brightly lit room where Jesus takes you in his arms and surrounds you with love.

We are very fortunate in Ocala to have Hospice. The staff is professional, competent, caring and help you through the dying process. As if that were not enough, Hospice supports the caretaker and helps the family through the funeral and grieving process.

I currently live in a Senior Community, of which many residents used Hospice and I have heard only praise for their services.

Thank you, Hospice.