

## Moms final days 2004

Lorraine called me Thursday March 4, because she thought Mom was taking a turn for the worst. I went out Thursday, then again on Friday morning, as I had planned to stay for the week-end while Lorraine and Wes went to Edmonton. Mom was coughing some on Thursday until she cleared some of it out. After that she didn't cough as much. Lorraine had given her water pills and she had lost a lot of water from them. I thought this was going to help her lungs.

Mom was very weak and it was getting more and more difficult to get her into the bathroom. It was like one person could not help her alone. She had no strength to stand on her feet. A health nurse came and went over her condition and did an evaluation and sent suggestions to Dr. Dahl. It was determined by this time that she was breathing with a small portion of her lungs. She would need to either go to the hospital for I.V. antibiotics or try it at home. We chose to give her the antibiotics at home because we know that she would not like to be poked with needles and have all the things done that is necessary in hospitals. She has had some very close calls in the past and we thought that she could get through this one as well.

Mom would answer questions when she was asked. I brought an attachment for the sewing machines that she used to have, because I wanted to know what they were. She told me that they were rufflers and she recognized them right away. These three attachments were quite elaborate, so my curiosity had to see if she could tell me more about them.

Mom ate her food Friday. She ate a big bowl of grapefruit and Lorraine had fed her oatmeal earlier. I gave her a good sized bowl of clam soup and some of Lorraine's fresh bread. I gave her a bowl of fruit cocktail, bananas, yogurt and ice cream later in the evening. Aunt Verna was with us most of the evening. Mom was very peaceful and calm, sleeping a lot. I started the antibiotic. I started to get ready for bed and she was alert and awake and had her eyes open. I told her that it was bed time but she must not have gone to sleep right away. I came back into the room in the night and she said to me "where are you going?"

I asked how she was in the morning [about 6am] and she said she was very comfortable, even though she had been in the same position all night. I wanted to get her ready for the nurse who was coming at 7:30 so I got her on the commode and brushed her teeth and washed her face. I did not know how to get her back to bed by myself so I propped her up with pillows and said we had to wait for the nurse, about a half hour. I know that with pneumonia they want patients moving and up a bit. Maybe she has been in bed too much. The nurse came and helped me bath and fix her up for the day. She ate oatmeal and toast, later some potatoe chips and cottage cheese. She told me the chips were too salty. She ate chicken cordon blue, baked potatoe and parsnips for dinner. She was drinking juice and water during the day. Another nurse came in the afternoon and told me her Oxygen level was at 95 so I thought she was making some improvement. Her blood pressure was low, just 82/40. Dennis came and she talked to him. He told her we loved her and she said "thank you". He talked about his blessing for tomorrow and she told him she would not like to do that. He told her that she had done lots of things in her life, and she said and I don't want to do them again."

Dennis helped me take her to the bathroom two times in the afternoon and she did have a lot of water, so I thought things were working well. Aunt Verna and Dennis left later, thinking that everything was the same. I went up to her room and turned on the T.V. She had her eyes partly open and I wondered if I was disturbing her, so I kept turning it down. About 10:15 she said very loud Carol I need to go to the bathroom. I was surprised because she had called me Lorna earlier in the day and I had given her a bad time about that, she just looked at me when I asked her if I looked like Lorna. She had never called out like that to me before.

I got her on the commode by her bed instead of taking her to the bathroom. It seemed that when we took the oxygen off to take her to the bathroom she was exhausted when we got her back to bed. I was worried that I could not do it alone, I said Mom we are alone so you need to help me. She seemed to help a bit. It was not too hard moving her this time. She did not do anything at all in the commode. She said "I need to lie down". I said "but you haven't done anything". I swung her back around to the edge of the bed, got on the other side and tugged her over to the middle. I put all her pillows around her and I asked her if she was comfortable. She told me "No". I kept trying the pillows different ways. She never complained about not being comfortable before, we could just about put her any way and she said it was okay. I was sitting on a chair looking at her wondering what else I could do and then I saw her face go white and she just stopped breathing. I moved her face from side to side and tried to call her to wake up but she was gone. She never said anything, never smiled, just passed on. She went peacefully she did not struggle or anything like that. Her heart just stopped at 10:35pm March 6, 2004.

Aunt Verna, Dennis and Randy came, then Dr. Ken Dahl. Christensen's were there a little less than two hours after she passed.