**Letters to the Editor**

Aloha Dr Goldstein,

This is to thank you for your excellent and eloquent piece in Saturday’s Star-Bulletin. It has been my observation that back during my nursing career I was expected to do to my patients things that might have gotten me arrested had I done them to another species of animal. Sad indeed that our patients are dying, tragic that they are forced to do so on the rack, shorn of their dignity and personalities.

I am appending a sonnet written by a family member on the occasion of his father’s death due to intractible liver cancer—he chose to leave before the full horrors of hepatic illness descended on him—

**Last Rites**

“Now is the time,” you said, as we three sat
Around your bed, the supper dishes done,
Your young, new wife, your sister and your son,
Just settled down for quiet evening chat.
“Now is the time,” you said, making your great,
Last choice—ours to abet, yours to command—
The means beside you just as you had planned,
Resolved to die still managing your fate.
Mindful of Socrates, you took the draught,
The glass in your own hand, “Why so sad?”
You asked. “Sit close and let us all be glad
Together in our love.” And so we laughed,
or tried to, holding hands until you slept.
Then we went to separate rooms and wept.

*Name withheld at request of author, a registered nurse.*

**Father’s Day Poem**

I saw them standing there
It’s been so many years—
Years of change and tears
Since I had seen them there.

Standing side by side,
Different postures each—
Those two I’d tried to teach
To stand tall side by side.

I’d longed to see them grin
As even now they did—
So little change since kids,
When I loved to see them grin.

Walking just ahead—
Both in blazers blue,
Clowning as they used to do—
Walking or jumping in bed.

I felt a father’s pride
In two such handsome sons—
Collegiate work all done.
I felt a father’s pride

As I saw them standing there.

*Robert Swaim Flowers MD*