As an intern at Charity Hospital, I was responsible for night call duties. There was a woman on our service with cancer. She was not expected to live long, so she and her daughter decided to have Do Not Resuscitate orders. One night the patient went into agonal breaths. They called me, the intern, so I sat with her daughter as she listened to her mother’s raspy breaths until they became less, more quiet, then nothing. They held hands the whole time. Even when I pronounced the mother dead and finished my work, her daughter was still there by her bedside. It was dark and silent. The bond between the two would stay even though one body had expired. I expressed my condolences and the daughter gave me a half smile. When I die, I hope someone who loves me will sit next to me and hold my hand too.

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