

Loey complained of sore shoulders and went to a doctor. She was sent to physio which only made the pain worse.

We tried another doctor who did blood tests and the next day we were off to haematology. We were stunned to find it was a cancer centre. So began weekly trips for treatment.



Ray and Loey's care was made possible thanks to the generosity of people just like you. Donate now and help care for people like them in the future.

From the start we were told no cure was available but you live in hope. The treatments were experimental and each seemed to work for a short while. Then Myeloma would take over. Eventually we ran out of options and stopped treatment.

We knew this was the end.

We coped at home for a while but eventually it became more than I could handle.

An ambulance took her to hospital where they stabilised her as best they could and then transferred her to hospice.

We had been in contact with hospice previously. In the early days we sometimes didn't know how to handle things. The nurses provided the reassurance and advice we needed to cope but we had not visited the site. I arrived to find Loey sitting in a little room. She loved it. A big sliding door she could go out through to enjoy the view. Fields of cattle and endless variety of birds doing

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birdie things, A table and seat where she could sit outside and have a quiet wine which I brought her.

The staff were brilliant. Friendly and helpful giving the support that she needed. Loey was coping amazingly well with her situation. She was a bubbly people person and the doctors began to think she didn't belong there. Perhaps a nursing home nearer to where I lived would be a better option. I said I hope they do a blood test first and thankfully they did realising her time was short.

Loey's friends all wanted to visit her so she organised a roster. One morning one afternoon visitor. I could come and stay over night but would count as a visitor so I would go home and return the next day. She even had a day out for lunch with her two best friends.

I was nervous about staying. I was told she may die in her sleep or bleed out and that scared me but we had been together, best buddies for years so there was no way I would abandon her in her time of need. So I would come and stay the night and head home in the morning. The little drop down bed was comfortable enough, though a little narrow. My sleeping bag kept sliding on the squab but I got enough sleep.

The nurses were wonderful but two stood out. Jacqi we had met before at the cancer centre so knew Loey and was able to give that comforting familiar



connection and Jasmine who turned out to be a second cousin. Don't let that detract from the wonderful care she received from the rest of the staff. They all did an amazing job.

The night before Loey died I stayed the night. She presented as the happy positive lady I knew so well. But I knew she must have been in turmoil inside but wanted to protect me. She ate her meal and went to bed. I vaguely recall the nurses taking her to the room sometime in the night.

I woke at six and got dressed. I sat waiting for her to stir. She slept on.

Seven. Eight. Nine. Still sleeping. At ten a nurse tried to wake her but no. This was her last sleep.

I stayed all day but finally decided to go home and come back the next day. She told me "I don't want people hanging around waiting for me to die". I went home and returned about 8am but she had gone in the early morning.

I miss her so much.

Thankyou wonderful Waipuna Hospice for making her last days comfortable. I will never forget your kindness and compassion.

Ray Amore

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