

Lifeline for a Drowning Man

It was a shock when we learned my wife had cancer. It was even more of a shock to find out after repeat surgeries and chemo that she was not going to be one of the survivors. Her one request was to be able to die at home – in familiar surroundings – with people who knew her and loved her. It was a long tough battle. Lots of time to talk about the future – what life would be like after she was gone. I thought I was prepared for it, but I was holding her in my arms when she finally slipped away. In the instant it took for her to stop breathing my heart and my world both shattered with the sudden realization that life would never be the same.

Nothing mattered any more and I started to slip into a deepening depression that only got worse as time went on. Physically, emotionally and psychologically exhausted – unable to sleep at night, unable to focus during the day - it was becoming more effort than it was worth to just carry on .

Fortunately for me, I encountered someone from the YWCA Bereavement Program. Before I knew it, I was seeing a counselor, then joining group therapy. Looking back, I know that I wouldn't have made it without the intervention from the YWCA. Like a lifeline for a drowning man, it rescued me from despair and saved my life.

