

OK to Die Blog
13 November 2012

I pulled the stifling surgical mask off my face as I left my last patient's room. I had just finished suturing a complicated facial laceration and was bone-tired from the evening. Glancing at the clock, I saw that mercifully, my shift was over.

Collapsing into my chair to finish up my charting, I was slightly annoyed when my nurse held a clip-board in front of my face, "Here is your next patient."

"No, really, I'm done..." I started to explain to her until I saw what was written on the papers held by the clip-board... "Patient is ready to quit dialysis. Son doesn't want him to."

"Oh," I said slipping down deeply into the chair, "I guess this is my patient."

Read the full article at [OK to Die Blog](#)