

From the moment my mom was diagnosed with Ovarian cancer at age 57, she chose life. She had a loving husband of 40 years, 2 daughters, and 2 beautiful granddaughters. And she continued to choose life with every excruciating surgery, chemo treatment, radiation treatment - even when she elected to have the colostomy surgery that mortified her. She chose life.

But there came a definitive point when life was no longer a choice for her. Her doctors acknowledged there was nothing else they could do. She regretfully acknowledged this as well, but it was not her choice to die. The cancer decided that. Without the option to live, the only choice she could've hoped for was a peaceful death. She entered hospice with this hope in mind. But unfortunately it wasn't enough. After an agonizing 5-year battle with cancer she endured an even more agonizing last week and an agonizing death. The things that I had to see and do for her during that last week are the things she never wanted me to see. They are things she never wanted to experience.

Until shortly before her death my mom was fully mentally competent, and if it was legal, she could've made the decision to end her unnecessary suffering. My last memories of her could've been from the beautiful weekend that our whole family spent together for the last time. But instead my last memories are of my own trip to see her the week of her death when she was barely recognizable and in excruciating pain.

When this bill is passed I want those of you who are uncomfortable with it to know that you never have to choose it for yourself if you don't want to.

But I want this choice for me. I want this choice so that if I'm in my mom's situation that my two daughters don't have to experience what I went through. Please give me that option.

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