

Hi, it's Marie.

I am not ready to write this letter. I do not want to write this letter. But I am dying.

There are so many things that I could say that I really just don't know where to start. Except that there are many people I love. There are many things I have done with great memories. And many things I had hoped yet to do. Except tell you that I am dying.

What I would like from each of you who get this letter is to know I never thought I would be here after simply going to the hospital to get better. It is crazy that the hospital kept putting band aids on my problem until a band aid just would not work and the problem became so big I am writing to you now.

The Doctors, in the hospital and outside, missed some things or simply lied to me about treatments and results. Or, most likely, a combination of both with a focus now on covering their asses as I have to rely on hospice at home as a final solution.

I know, probably everyone who has had a bad experience with medical issues may think they were done wrong. That's why the hospital issue will be solved. That is for my husband Sam else to take on now because I can't do it. I simply want to be at peace and without pain.

I will tell you that I have not been kind or gentle to the hospital. You know how I speak out and the how is with words some people do not want to hear. Foul words? Fuck you! What would you have to say when you know they have done you wrong? I let them know.

But now, I want you to know that I have a special feeling for each of you. Some more feeling than others. But I do care and I do want you to know that our memories together are with me right until the end. Some memories are good. Some are not.

For my family, I have three older brothers. One, Paul, camped out in the hospital parking lot in his car just to be available when the doctors said I could have visitors. And understood when I could not have visitors. He is also helping Sam and I at home while still very much respecting our privacy and leaving us to our wife and husband grief.

For my other brothers, Martin and John, I love them both. Their inability to put a priority on anything else other than themselves and money is something they will have to deal with while carrying words that are not in this letter with them for the rest of their lives.

My mother, Rosemary, will have a hard time with me dying. Please give her your support. No parent should have a child die before they die. That's just not happening now. I love my mother and all that she has been for me.

My father died a number of years ago. Not a day goes by that I do not think of him. Every time I see a crow, I know it is him checking in on me. That's a different story. If you see me soon, ask me and I will tell you the story.

Erick and Nikki are our children. I cannot start to say how much I love them. And our grandchildren. And a grandchild too. Wow.

I was especially proud of Erik at Christmas. He is Santa. Yes, the beard is real and when he dressed in the Santa suit, hundreds of children at his church and with Christmas 4 Kids with the Saint Lucie County Fire District saw the same magic in him that I saw. The kid in Erik came out. I miss him.

Nikki has had many conversations with me in the past few months. She is like her father and always sees the sunny side of things. Just like Sam she is so positive on everything. Sometimes, reality gets in the way, but I love her very much. She has promised to continue to be like Sam and help him when I no longer can.

Christal Mims is a mini-me. A Marie who will Call You Next Thursday and has no problems letting you know what is on her mind the same way I do. I hope she never changes and remembers me for some of those special times even if I did drive her to the wrong hospital when she was giving birth.

Myrna Gonzalez is someone else you will see and hear her as I die. When I called everyone personally to let them know I will soon be gone, she was the one who cried the loudest and with the feelings from within that are hard to describe but touch your heart.

My longest lifetime friend is Ann Brown. The stories we can tell. And likely have told many of you. I need an entire book to get all the words for Ann together. Ann, I love you and you really are a best friend forever.

There are many others of you who I can only tell you that I am missing our times together right now. And know you will be saddened when I am no longer here.

I know that the greatest sadness will be felt by my best friend of more than 40 years and my only husband – Sam.

Sam has been my constant, my companion, my lover, my best friend and someone I know is torn apart by my death. Please help him through all of this. There are some who will attack him for standing up for me and for being my rock all these years. Fuck them. There I go again.

Sam and I have been through some very good times, gone great places, and seen many things. I just did not think we would be writing the last chapter of Marie and Sam like this. I am sorry but my love is larger than sadness. I know my memories of him will have lasted me all my life when I die. I am sure his memories of me will hold the same place. Forever and Ever Amen.

Like I started this letter to each of you, I am not ready to write this letter. I do not want to write this letter. But I am dying.

Please know that this letter is only a small part of what I want to say and have time to say.

Close you eyes. Think of me. I am thinking of each and every one of you.

Miss me because I miss you. I think we all grieve because we so much miss the smiles, the happiness, and the dreams we have shared and just don't want to give them up.

I am not giving up those things about and for each of you.

Marie Yates