

Three years ago this evening, my mother passed away.Â I thought of this today, quite by accident.Â I was clearing out old boxes of mail and what-not, and I came across the old cards of condolence.Â As I read each one before consigning it to the recycling pile, it suddenly dawned on me what day it was — the third anniversary of her passing.



Here, then, is a link to [a journal I kept](#) of the last 25 days of her life.Â I have just forced myself to re-read it, and have used up the better part of a box of Kleenex in the process...