



The cry of the widow

You hear that cry,
that shriek,
that uncontrollable sobbing
from the widow.
The patient is actively dying.
We are doing compressions.
We are giving medications.
There is still no pulse.
Compressions have stopped.
The patient is dead.

We have to call the family
for them and for ourselves
It is up to us, and no one else, because we were his doctors.
We took care of him and we were with him until the very end.
We tried everything but nothing could save him.

The phone call that will change their lives forever.

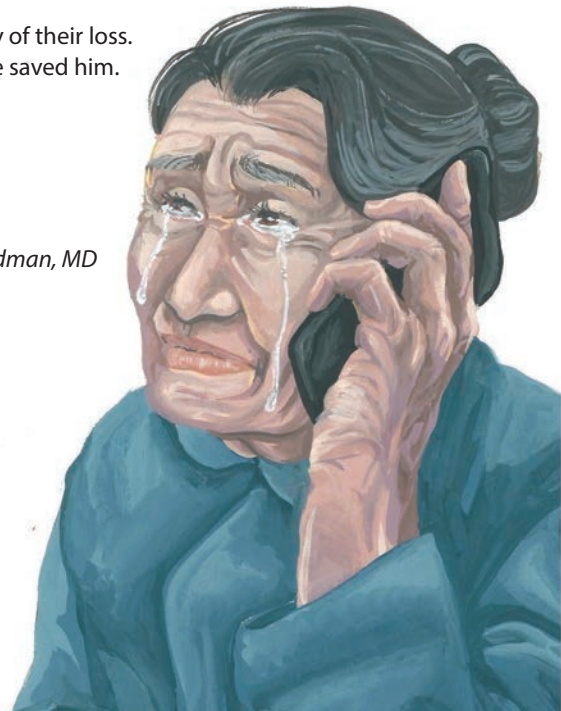
They pick up the phone almost immediately.
You hear the desperation in their voice wishing, hoping and praying for
you to tell them good news.
But it is not the case.
It's that last moment of normalcy and of hope that is completely
shattered

You hear that cry, that shriek, that uncontrollable sobbing from the
widow.

You give them time to process the enormity of their loss.
I wish it were different. I wish we could have saved him.

We are here for you and mourning with you
during this time.
You are not alone—we are crying with you.

— Naomi Friedman, MD



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