

# THE IDEAL ALMANAC

## My Mom, Hospice, and 9/11

*Hello and Welcome to the May edition of the Ideal Almanac.*

We set up hospice care for my mom today. It was the best and easiest way to make sure she had oxygen, pain medications, professional help, and will make it easier to handle things when she passes. It is that time—hospice is basically a death sentence, whether it is hours, days, weeks, or even months. This is the end journey, and she and everyone know it. The doctor she went to yesterday told her nothing more could be done for her, and although his manner was brusque, it was the best way because it made the path forward clear. She already had 24 hours of at-home care with my siblings and me, our spouses, and other family and friends; she is engulfed in a continual cocoon of love and attention. Since there is no longer any reason to watch her diet, she asked for pizza for lunch this Sunday when I come back over, and of course, I will comply.

My brother and I took turns being with her when the very nice and competent social worker and

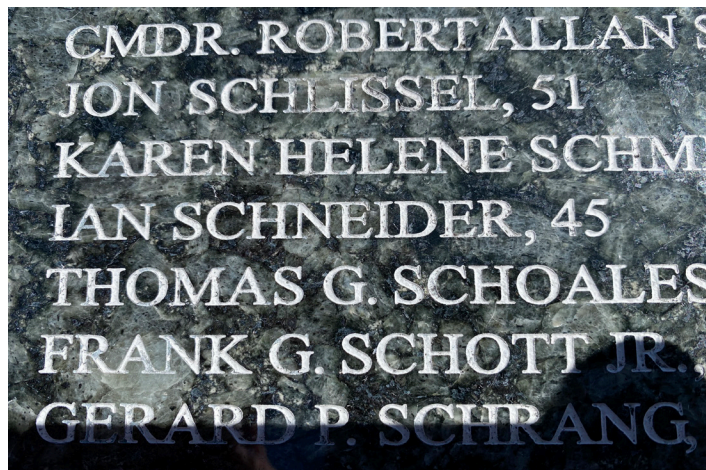
nurse interviewed her today. The social worker commented that with all of the care and protection we gave her, my mom must have deserved it. He was right; generally, you “reap what you sow,” as the Bible says, and my mom certainly deserves the path she has now. I am having trouble concentrating on work, and I had a short period before going to the chiropractor, so I found myself turning into this park to look at the view of Manhattan.

It is also a memorial to the victims of the 9/11 bombings, and I found myself looking at the names. One of the people I knew was Ian Schneider. I did not know him well; our kids knew each other from school, temple, and sports teams. His family has had to go on without him these past twenty years, a hole that I am sure had never been quite filled. He was a good man, father, and coach, and I hope by this time, he is already onto a new life. When she was feeling low yesterday, I said to my mom that she would be able to see her mom and her favorite Aunt Florence soon, and she felt some comfort in that thought. She is a really good person, a great mom, and a staunch defender of

my siblings and me. When it is her time to see God, I feel confident he will say, “Good job, welcome back home, go see your friends, your new assignment starts soon.”

May it be the same for all of us.

Regards,  
Andy



IDEAL  
JACOBS  
CORP.

515 Valley Street,  
Maplewood, NJ 07040

(973) 275-5100

info@idealjacobs.com

www.idealjacobs.com

CONNECT WITH US!



Read more of Andrew's blogs at:  
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/andrewcjacobs>