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about ten blankets. He was very weak and shivering all the time. He kept sipping hot water to warm his insides. The pain from his chest was so severe he was crying, and his tears were dropping on my hands. He said, "Oh, Hilda, I didn't want you to see me like this, go home." But I told him I loved him dearly, I was his wife and I wanted to be with him. I stayed for four hours, till the pain subsided somewhat and Henry was able to breathe easier, and relax a bit. The head nurse warned me that Henry was gravely ill and death was only hours away, and I'd be getting a phone call from the hospital anytime now, when I was home. They are going to send for the priest, to give Henry the last Sacraments. All this shook me, prepared as I have been for two years-- no matter, this kind of news is always a shock. The nurse was crying and she told me they all thought Henry was a great patient. I never slept all night, waiting for the phone call that I knew was coming soon. We swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Our Service Bay Diagnostic System always tells the truth. SBDS hooks right up to your vehicle so that you and your mechanic both know exactly what's wrong. Quickly and accurately. SBDS also provides a detailed print-out of the problem. So all you find on your bill is the truth. But the truth doesn't have to hurt. n WE SERVICE ANY FORD OR MERCURY CAR OR TRUCK. AND WE DO IT FASTER THAN ANYONE! WE MADE THIS \$40,000.00 INVESTMENT so THAT WE CAN FIX IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME. PLAZA LINCOLN MERCURY SALES LTD. 33 TERMINAL ROAD SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA 567-1616 AUGUST 28,1991 I went to see Henry, still sitting up in the chair, covered with blankets. He was fighting to breathe and could hardly talk to me. I told him not to try--"that I'd do the talking, as always"--that brought a wan smile to his white face, and he nod? ded. He did manage to say, "Hilda, I'm go? ing to leave you very soon. I don't want to go, but I can't hold out much longer." I looked at him and answered, "Yes, Henry, I know. I've known for a long time." He said, "Me, too." I went home, just to feed the cat and dog and possibly have a bath and a change of clothes, but half an hour after I reached home, the hospital called to say Henry's condition was worsening and he was having great difficulty breathing. When I got back there were four nurses trying to help Henry breathe. He was sit? ting upright and twisting his head back and forth, struggling to get air into his lungs. They were giving him morphine to relax him, so he wouldn't struggle so hard, but even that didn't stop the pain-- the agony he was going through. That was the one and only time, that I almost lost control. I wanted to bang my head against the wall-- or put my fist through the door--to hurt like Henry was hurting, because I felt so helpless, just watching. I bit my lip and tasted the blood from the cut I made-- it lasted only for a few seconds, then I was back on track again. I returned from the corridor to Henry and stayed by his side till the end, hours later. He gasped out, "Where's Hilda?" I an? swered, "Right here, Henry, and I won't leave you." He was wearing an oxygen mask-- the only aid that kept his brave heart barely flutter? ing. Dr. Tompkins told me that if they could keep him stable till next day, he'd have the operation done. I said, "What for? It's just a stopgap--for what?--a few hours--then all this tor? ture



again? I want you to let him go. Henry can't speak for himself but I'm his wife and I know it's what he would want. I'm sitting here now. Doctor, and praying hard that God will take him tonight and put him out of his misery." WE HAVE A FLEET OF 12 LOAN VEHICLES THAT YOU CAN RESERVE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. 66