Hello, friend.

I want to share a personal story with you.
My first real experience with end of life was my Uncle Charlie. He was 72, had outlived two wives, and had no children of his own. I moved him into my home in my thirties, while I had a small baby and a full-time job. I had no idea what I was doing. I'd never cared for an elderly person before, and I learned as I went, one day at a time. Somewhere in that mess of diapers and doctor's appointments, my uncle became one of my best friends. And I became fiercely determined that his final chapter would be handled with dignity and grace.

In my forties, it was my father. Terminal lung cancer. Dad was my best friend in the world. When he sat me down and told me he wanted the "lights" to go out on his terms, and asked if he could count on me to make that happen, I said yes without hesitating. I took a leave from work. I followed him to the bank, to the lawyer, to the funeral home, standing beside him as he laid out exactly what he wanted. I was there to witness it all, to make sure every wish was honoured.

Dad passed away in my arms, exactly the way he asked. Every detail handled the way he'd instructed. And that gave me something I didn't expect in the middle of losing him: peace. It made my grieving easier, because there was nothing left unresolved, nothing I had to guess at.

In my fifties, it was my mother. She had lived with me for fifteen years, helping me raise my own children. I promised her she'd pass away at home, holding my hand. Her condition became more than we could manage at home in the end, and she spent her last week in the hospital. I slept in her room every one of those nights. On my birthday, in 2022, my mother passed away holding my hand.

Three people. Three decades of my life. Three different endings. And one thing I learned, over and over, in the hardest way possible: when someone's wishes are known and honoured, grief still hurts, but it doesn't haunt you. There's a peace that comes from doing right by the people you love, right up to the very last moment.

That's why My Closing Words exists. Because every life has an important story, and every person deserves to have their final chapter handled with dignity. So that fewer families have to figure this out by instinct, the way I did. So that the people you love know, without question, what you wanted and that you were cared for exactly as you asked.

I built this because I lived it. And I'd be honoured to help you write your own story's ending, with the same dignity my uncle, my father, and my mother taught me to fight for.

With warmth,

Linda O'Connor
Founder, My Closing Words