

He Lived So He Could Die

He was in his' 20s. All the test results had come in and the doctor had told him the bad news: He had AIDS and was facing the next few years of slowly dying a painfully hopeless death.

He went home and thought about the doctor bills that he wouldn't be able to pay. He thought about the slow deterioration of a life he once enjoyed. He decided that it would be best for everyone if he took an early exit and leave his family and friends quietly - and quickly. He took enough drugs to end a life and quietly sat back and waited for his peaceful farewell.

But this sad story doesn't end here. Someone discovered him. They rushed him to the hospital. We were alerted that an aids victim was close to death.

But the wonders of modern medicine came through and saved the young man's life. It saved him so that he could die a much slower, painful death down the road.

Now I'm not suggesting that the medical profession was wrong in saving him - it's their job to save lives. But I can't help but feel sorry for this man who only wanted to die quietly and in peace. Now he'll have to travel a hard, long, lonely road that will lead him to a painful death from Aids.

There's a part of me that is sorry that he was found. I'm not much on judging others, but I can sure understand where this guy was coming from. I'm really not sure what I would do if I was told that I was going to die from Aids.

The sad part is that I really doubt if this young man will die from Aids.