



# In Memory of A Very Dear Friend, Sally

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~ Kimmy Poon ~ 10<sup>th</sup> Sep 08

**I** have been feeling very sorrowful for the past week because my best friend Sally died of liver cancer on 3rd Aug 08. It just seemed to have happened all so suddenly.

Sally was an ex-colleague with my current employer and we had known each other for almost 20 years. She was a very considerate person who took good care of everyone. She was in many ways my mentor and consultant, like teaching me how to make nutritious congee and simple healthy food. She provided answers to all my questions related to health and body. If I needed any assistance and advice, she would readily give me a hand. I was utterly saddened to have lost such an amiable and altruistic friend.

On 2<sup>nd</sup> Aug 08, I received a call from our common friend, telling me that Sally was seriously sick in the hospital. My brain suddenly went from blank to numb and I didn't know what to do or how to react. I then told my husband and we decided to rush to the hospital. The taxi driver obviously was very smart and he must have sensed the urgency, so he drove very fast, rushing us from Tuen Mun to Shatin. Our common friend kept on calling me on my mobile on our way and it hurt like being stabbed every time I answered her call because I was so afraid that Sally would be dead before we could reach her.

When I saw Sally lying in the hospital bed, tears flowed uncontrollably from my eyes. My dear friend was screaming in pain. She was trying her best to stay awake and to fight the chronic illness. However, it was just beyond man's capacity to overcome it. Sally couldn't open her eyes and was shrieking non-stop. I was standing at the edge of her bed and was trying my best to encourage her to remain strong. Frankly I didn't know if she still recognised me. Finally, the doctor came in and decided to administer a shot of tranquillizer to calm her down and soon put her to sleep.

While Sally was finally asleep, I talked to her husband and found that nobody actually knew she had been so sick for a very long time already. She had strongly desired to keep her terminal sickness a secret because she knew we would all get very worried but then nobody could do anything to help combat or improve her deteriorating condition. Even her own mother and sisters were kept in the dark and the truth had only dawned on them during the last week when Sally's husband felt he could hold it no more. Nobody could sense her sickness during the last half year. She had also refused to have any latest hospital treatments because she believed that would further worsen her situation and destroy her body. She preferred to consult a Chinese practitioner for some natural healing methods.



**( cont. "In Memory Of A Very Dear Friend, Sally )**

Unfortunately, everything was futile. Sally's health condition suddenly worsened at the beginning of August. My eyes were red with tears streaming down my face when I had to finally say goodbye to her. She was pronounced dead in the morning of 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2008.

Since then I have been thinking about her all the time and it's hard for me to forget her face and her voice. I remember when I saw her in a day camp in June, I just didn't notice a hint of her sickness. Everything just seemed normal.

While she was in the hospital later on I once gave her a call as I wanted to borrow a mini-sized mah-jong from her. Her voice was hoarse and she sounded so bad over the phone, so I asked if she was very ill. She still put on a brave face and claimed it was a minor flu and that she was fine and would recover soon. We then agreed that she would visit me at my home when she was well again. I had absolutely no idea that she was actually hospitalised already. She also promised me that her husband would pass on that mini mah-jong to me sometime later as she had been very busy lately. Yet we never made it to meet up for the mah-jong for some reasons. In retrospect, it has simply struck me hard that she was really very considerate till the very end.

During her funeral, her husband told me that his wife still remembered the mini mah-jong that she had promised to lend me. He then passed that onto me at the funeral parlour ----- my last present from her.

There was immense grief in the ceremony. Nevertheless, everyone is hopeful that we'd meet each other one day in heaven because Sally was a Christian. My husband and I didn't say goodbye to her during the ceremony as we strongly believe that we will meet up one day at the very end of our twilight years.

I was melancholic to have lost a best friend like Sally. I hope her family will recover from this trauma soon.