

April 6, 2015

Honorable Members of the Judiciary Committee:

I am writing to express my vehement opposition to **SB 7015 — “An Act Concerning an Aid in Dying for Terminally Ill Patients.”**

There is no true compassion in assisted suicide. Otherwise, why would terminally ill patients stop talking about suicide when they are given palliative care for depression and pain management? Again and again, this has proved to be the case. It shows that terminally ill patients desperately need a sign that someone — anyone — has enough heart to figure out something that can make their lives still worth living. And they *are* worth living. Forgiveness, repentance, reconciliation with family members, spiritual peace, and the time to prepare oneself to meet God have all been fruits of this end time, as testimonies from family after family have witnessed.

There is also a monstrous pretense going on with those who so avidly support assisted suicide — the pretense that it is purely a personal matter. Nothing could be further from the truth. This “solution” to terminal illness drags the whole of society into it, and — make no mistake — the whole of society pays the price. What is that price? For one, a higher suicide rate among healthy young people who absorb the death mindset, which is attested to by the shocking suicide rate in those 18 to 34 in assisted-suicide Oregon. Another price society pays is first the pressure, and later the “duty,” to euthanize the elderly, the disabled, and the “imperfect,” as seen in countries like The Netherlands.

Now, what country in history euthanized those it considered the “useless and imperfect”? You think what happened in Nazi Germany couldn’t happen in the U.S.? That would be mind-boggling naiveté and a near-criminal lack of understanding of history repeating itself.

My mother’s suffering in her last days was alleviated with medications that made her comfortable. As I sat by her bedside, holding her hand, I told her how much I loved her, asked her forgiveness, praised her for the mother she had been, prayed for her, and sang hymns for her. Although she was in a light coma, her head gradually turned toward me, and her grip on my hand didn’t falter. I know she heard me and that I was making her last days on this earth, and her journey to the next life, loving and peaceful.

Brutal destruction has no place in that journey. That’s what assisted suicide is.

Stop this bill now, once and for all.

Sincerely,

Susan M. Dowd  
Fairfield, Connecticut

