

On Rosh Hashanah 1996 we attended evening services at Martin's Run with Eugene and Esther. Although Eugene had advanced dementia, he still enjoyed the familiar chants of the service and he certainly knew we were there.

After the service, we accompanied him back to the Care Center. He was incontinent and needed to have his diaper changed. While this was happening, he grunted and spoke:

This is no way to live!

An hour later we received a call.
Eugene had died,