

# Fishing with Tony

Bert's story told by Barbara

*"I now hold the key to my heart  
where all our memories are locked away."*



I married Bert on 2nd November, 1963. He was a tall handsome man with auburn wavy hair. My husband was very caring, loving and patient. He was a very good working man and a wonderful loving father and granddad.

Bert started feeling unwell in 1981. He tried to keep up with his job but in 1983 his ulcers burst. He was very poorly and went down to six stone. Gradually he started to get a lot stronger and put weight back on. At last he got up to nine stone. We just carried on until 1995; Bert had a heart attack, which left him with angina. He also suffered asthma, spondylitis and arthritis. Bert attended hospital and went to the doctors. He was in hospital quite a lot. Sometimes I had to telephone an ambulance twice in one week.

Bert tried not to let his illnesses get him down. He was always the life and soul and always smiling especially when our son Tony took him fishing. Tony died May 8th 2006 and I've told Tony's story.

I had to phone an ambulance on 4th December, 2007. Bert had been up all night. The hospital did a lot of tests and X-rays. Bert's stomach was massive but they said not to worry. After four hours they sent us home. "Come on, we will have a taxi" I said. "No, we'll go on the bus" Bert said. Bert ran for the bus. "You can go on, Barb. You'll be cold" Bert said as we were going up the road to our house. Bert said he wanted to be sick. "No, I'll wait for you" I said.

When we got home I made Bert a drink. He said "Barb, I'm going to lie down". He was not upstairs more than two minutes. When he came down he was not the same man that had gone upstairs. Bert slumped on the settee and said "Barb, I'm going down". I will never, ever forget my husband's face. It was not my husband. "You're going nowhere. You said you would never leave me" I shouted. "Love me, Barb" Bert said. I said "I do love you" and gave him a kiss. I said, "I'll phone the ambulance back". "Don't lose me down, Barb" Bert said.

I went back in the hall to phone and Bert was right behind me. I don't know how he got there. He was leaning on me.

I couldn't hold him. He was a big man. I helped him to sit on the bottom step of the stairs. I held

his hands and he fell back looking at me while I phoned. When I looked back at Bert his eyes were shut. “Don’t leave me sweetheart!” I shouted, but I knew Bert had gone. The ambulance men worked hard on him but it was no good. I told Bert to go to the light where our son Tony would be waiting for him. I imagine Bert and Tony together now fishing and enjoying the sun.

The emptiness you feel after losing the love of your life is overwhelming. It’s so lonely even in a room full of people. God bless you, my sweetheart.