

Ali's gift

Ali was 32. She was my wife and devoted mother to our two beautiful children, James (three) and Stella (one). When she collapsed at home in the early hours and called out to me I knew straight away that something bad was happening, but I wasn't prepared for just how bad. I didn't know it at the time but Ali was suffering a brain haemorrhage.

She made it to hospital and was still trying to move before being airlifted to hospital. By the time doctors were able to assess her she had suffered a second bleed and there was nothing they could do. I was devastated, mostly for our children who would now grow up without their mother, she loved them so very much.

Ali loved medical shows on television and made me watch them more than I

liked. Because of this I knew what was coming next—the question of organ donation. We were registered donors but registering is the easy part. It was the hardest decision of my life. Hard because it felt like I was giving up on Ali, giving up on us and giving up on our children. Miracles happen, right?

Miracles do happen, just not for our family that day. Ali delivered a miracle to four other families whose lives have been changed forever. It has provided our family with some comfort to know that our Ali has been able to give something so special to four very sick Australians. If she were a soldier they would be awarding her a VC. Now Remembrance Day for me will be about remembering Ali and her life of giving to others.

Mark



With Ali.