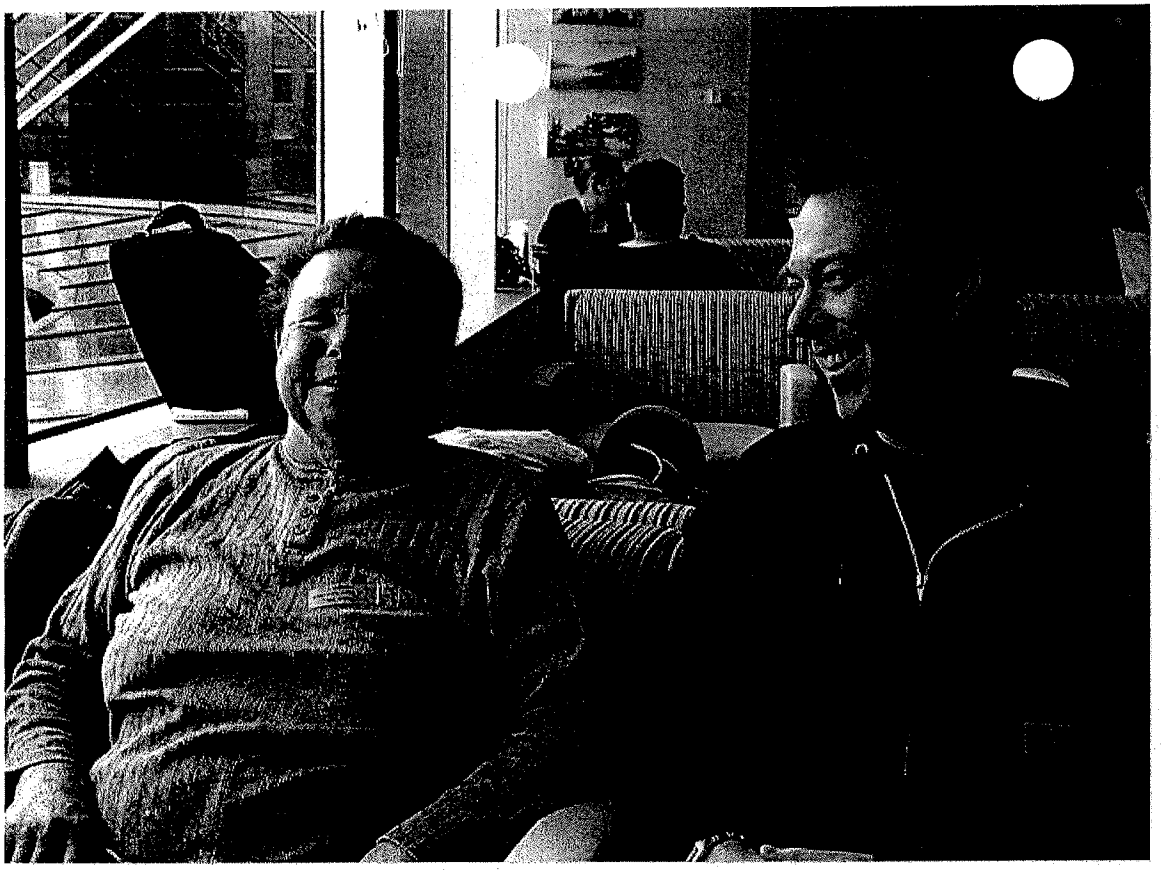

Maryanne Clayton with her son, Eric, in the Fred Hutch waiting room: "I just kept going."

Terminal Uncertainty

Washington's new "Death With Dignity" law allows doctors to help people commit suicide—once they've determined that the patient has only six months to live. But what if they're wrong?

By Nina Shapiro
Tuesday, January 13, 2009 12:00am | NEWS & COMMENT

She noticed the back pain first. Driving to the grocery store, Maryanne Clayton would have to pull over to the side of the road in tears. Then 62, a retired computer technician, she went to see a doctor in the Tri-Cities, where she lived. The diagnosis was grim. She already had Stage IV lung cancer, the most advanced form there is. Her tumor had metastasized up her spine. The doctor gave Clayton two to four months to live.

That was almost four years ago.

Prodded by a son who lives in Seattle, Clayton sought treatment from Dr. Renato Martins, a lung cancer specialist at Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center. Too weak to endure the toxicity of chemotherapy, she started with radiation, which at first made her even weaker but eventually

built her strength. Given dodgy prospects with the standard treatments, Clayton then decided to participate in the clinical trial of a new drug called pemetrexate.

Her response was remarkable. The tumors shrunk, and although they eventually grew back, they shrunk again when she enrolled in a second clinical trial. (Pemetrexate has since been approved by the FDA for initial treatment in lung cancer cases.) She now comes to the Hutch every three weeks to see Martins, get CT scans, and undergo her drug regimen. The prognosis she was given has proved to be "quite wrong."

"I just kept going and going," says Clayton. "You kind of don't notice how long it's been." She is a plain-spoken woman with a raspy voice, a pink face, and grayish-brown hair that fell out during treatment but grew back newly lustrous. "I had to have cancer to have nice hair," she deadpans, putting a hand to her short tresses as she sits, one day last month, in a Fred Hutchinson waiting room. Since the day she was given two to four months to live, Clayton has gone with her children on a series of vacations, including a cruise to the Caribbean, a trip to Hawaii, and a tour of the Southwest that culminated in a visit to the Grand Canyon. There she rode a hot-air balloon that hit a snag as it descended and tipped over, sending everybody crawling out.

"We almost lost her because she was having too much fun, not from cancer," Martins chuckles.

Her experience underscores the difficulty doctors have in forecasting how long patients have to live—a difficulty that is about to become even more pertinent as the Washington Death With Dignity Act takes effect March 4. The law, passed by initiative last November and modeled closely on a 14-year-old law in Oregon, makes Washington the only other state in the country to allow terminally ill patients to obtain lethal medication. As in Oregon, the law is tightly linked to a prognosis: Two doctors must say a patient has six months or less to live before such medication can be prescribed.

Doctors also shade their prognoses according to their own biases and desires. Christakis' study fou . that the longer a doctor kne . patient, the more likely their prognosis was inaccurate, suggesting that doctors who get attached to their patients are reluctant to talk of their imminent demise. What's more, Christakis says, doctors see death "as a mark of failure."

Oncologists in particular tend to adopt a cheerleading attitude "right up to the end," says Brian Wicks, an orthopedic surgeon and past president of the Washington State Medical Association. Rather than talk about death, he says, their attitude is "Hey, one more round of chemo!"

But it is also true that one more round of chemo, or new drugs like the one that helped Clayton, or sometimes even just leaving patients alone, can help them in ways that are impossible to predict. J. Randall Curtis, a pulmonary disease specialist and director of an end-of-life research program at Harborview Medical Center, recalls treating an older man with severe emphysema a couple of years ago. "I didn't think I could get him off life support," Curtis says. The man was on a ventilator. Every day Randall tested whether the patient could breathe on his own, and every day the patient failed the test. He had previously made it clear that he did not want to be kept alive by machines, according to Curtis, and so the doctor and the man's family made the wrenching decision to pull the plug.

But instead of dying as expected, the man slowly began to get better. Curtis doesn't know exactly why, but guesses that for that patient, "being off the ventilator was probably better than being on it. He was more comfortable, less stressed." Curtis says the man lived for at least a year afterwards.

Curtis also once kept a patient on life support against his better judgment because her family insisted. "I thought she would live days to weeks," he says of the woman, who was suffering from septic shock and multiple organ failure. Instead she improved enough to eventually leave the hospital and come back for a visit some six or eight months later.

"It was humbling," he says. "It was not amazing. That's the kind of thing in medicine that happens frequently."