

# **A True Story**

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*I wrote a true story about my friend who's mom died of cancer a while back.*

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# 1 - "She's gone, and there's nothing you can do about

Tears welled up inside me. The words kept repeating themselves in my head. "She's gone...there's nothing you can do about it."

In early April of 2001, my mom was diagnosed with cancer. She was always the foundation of our family, the light of the home. Now she was getting sicker by the day. Family came to help, and my mom couldn't do all the things she did before. Cooking, helping with homework, talking, even just watering the garden while watching my sister and me play in the pool outside.

After 3 weeks of pain, my mom started to go to the hospital for her chemotherapy. My dad would drive her to the hospital and she would stay there for about an hour. She'd come back with a look on her face like she was washed out, exhausted. She tried to make the best of the situation like saying, "They'll find a cure, don't worry!"

Finally, my mom started to stay at the hospital. She had lost all of her hair and was so skinny and pale you could mistake her for a bleached toothpick. After staying at the hospital for a while, she asked to privately talk to my sister and me. She said, "Stephanie, Beverly, you need to understand that lots of people in this hospital are sick. That's what a hospital is for; to take care of sick people. But sometimes the sick people can't be cured. Sometimes they have to move on."

This was too much for me. I could tell that my mom was about to tell me that she was not going to make it. I could feel her anticipation, her fear. She said, "I have been sick for a long time, and now I understand that it doesn't matter what kind of sickness you have, it matters what kind of family supports you. Which is why your dad has hired a nanny to take care of you while I'm gone." I replied, "How long are you going to be gone?" My mom sighed and just managed to say, "Forever."

I couldn't believe this was happening. My mom had just confessed that she was going to die. My mother, the life of the house, was going to perish in a gloomy hospital.

2 weeks later, my mother died. I cried my heart out, praying that I would wake up from this horrible dream. I never did stop crying, I never did stop thinking about her, I never did wake up from this life that was tormenting me. I was ripped away from all I knew, living like nothing had gone wrong, but inside of me I was driven into a deep depression.

The funeral went by as a blur. Tears, suffering, you could hardly recognize my mom in the open casket. After the funeral I went in my backyard and started swinging on the swing in the middle of the garden. Suddenly, I felt happy. Like my mother was right beside me. The swing was being lifted by the wind, pushed by the wisps of sunlight. And somehow I knew that everything was going to be okay.