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Narrative Essay- Final Essay

When Mama Left

Life asked death, “Why do people love me but hate you?” Death responded, “Because you are a beautiful lie and I am a painful truth.” Some say death is very saddening but very peaceful to the person sleeping in it. However the worst part is you really don’t know how much someone means to you until death takes him/her away. Dealing with a close death is very challenging. It caused me much pain, forced me to find a way to cope with it, and contributed to my realization of how even people in my own family are great hypocrites.

Dealing with the death of someone so close to me really caused me to be in great pain. My grandmother was the closest person I had to me, and seeing her on her deathbed really broke my heart. Even though I knew that she would be gone for good soon, I don’t think it really registered in my brain. She was the first real mother I ever had and everything about her was just so calm and encouraging. Realizing that I wouldn’t be able to feel her soft skin or hear her lovely voice anymore really broke me because where was I supposed to find someone as perfect as her to be in my life? When my dad called and said that she had finally passed, I didn’t know how to deal with it, so I just walked right out of the house with tears rolling down my cheeks. I walked and walked until my legs got weaker and I eventually walked to my best friend’s house and had a huge breakdown. I cried every day after that. When all the family was gathered together, I was in my little corner upset at everybody and everything. It was so bad. I wouldn’t eat, and I would snap at anybody who spoke to me, after all she was the person I went and cried to if I had a problem. She kept me together. So who was supposed to keep me together now?

Of course, I couldn’t go on acting like that so I had to find ways to cope with her being gone. I would think of the quotes she used to tell me and things she would always say to make me happy when I was stuck in a problem. Whenever I used to cry to her about certain things, she would tell me this quote from Tupac, “For every dark night, there’s a brighter day.” Sometimes when I thought everything was just over for me, I would think of that quote and realize things happen for a reason. So I would try to look for a little good in the outcome of the situation and try to build on that. Sometimes it really did work. To cope with her leaving herself I remembered this Bible scripture she always recited when she was praying or would say just at random times. It was a scripture from Psalm 23:4 and it states, “Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.” The only way I was able to get myself together after the funeral was by saying that over and over in my head. It helped me to see that no matter what, she will always be with me and she won’t be in all the pain she was in before. Some nights I even swore she was in my room when I woke up various times and heard and saw things, but maybe it was just me.

The worst part of my Grandmother’s death was seeing how people in my family could be so hypocritical. During one of the gatherings, my Aunt was being rude to my little brothers and talking about my father and my stepmother. My family had rented a hall to do the dinner after the funeral. When we were sitting down to eat, I had two seats saved for my little brothers because they didn’t drive in the same car that we did. When somebody asked if they could sit there, I said, “Sorry, I’m waiting for my little brothers to come and sit here.” My Aunt who was sitting across from me and was drinking already decided to say “Oh she’s saving it for those disgusting brats my brother has with his like tenth wife”. I got upset at that because she was always calling my little brothers “so sweet” and now she wanted to talk foolishness in front of people. Those days after my grandma died before and right after the funeral, that lady was talking so much garbage about her brothers and other people in the family. Being drunk that doesn’t give you the right to act like that. A quote my stepmom always said to me, “A drunk man’s words are a sober man thoughts.” So I knew that’s how she feels regularly but covers it up and acts hypocritical. That was literally the worst part of the whole death and funeral situation because she would not stop running her pretty little mouth.

Dealing with a death is a really hard thing. I was in great pain, had to find a way to deal with it, and even found out how people in your family can be hypocrites. It does hurt tremendously, but sometimes you won’t know the true value of a moment until it becomes a memory. Treasure all your moments now while you can because you never know when that person will be taken in death. Furthermore, when they do leave, just look back on all those great memories. Love leaves a memory that nobody can steal.