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English 100

Narrative Project: Draft #1

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Losing the Battle

The struggle began. My mother was diagnosed with stage IV ovarian cancer and living in and out of the hospital receiving treatment. I was only 14 years old, so I began staying with my aunt and one night we got the call in the middle of the night. I was asleep upstairs and heard people crying and talking to each other then heard my aunt knock on the door and calling my name to wake me up. I vividly remember one of the worst conversations of my life.

“Gabriella, we have to go, to the hospital the doctor called this is it we have to hurry!”

I was still half asleep and in confusion and replied saying “Ok I’m coming!”

I knew this was going to be one of the hardest days of my life. The doctors can always tell you there is nothing left that they can do, but it never truly prepares you for losing a parent. When we arrived at the hospital it was too late. She was gone there was never a change to say goodbye. As I sat there crying for hours I heard my aunt talking to my other family members in the hallway about how we had to go and that it wasn’t good for me to sit there just crying.

My grand mom came into the room took the rings off my mom’s fingers and said

“She would want you to have these, don’t ever lose them”

As we left the hospital that next morning, I was silent. There were no words or emotions to describe what I was feeling. No one in the world could comfort me but I knew that I had to keep moving on that’s one thing my mom always taught me to do.

We all sat down for breakfast in the morning and no one really could say anything about what just happened. So, we shared memories and the good times, and began laughing together. This tragedy brought my family together even in the darkest of times we were together and could bring light to a horrible situation. My friends began calling me and sending their condolences, and comforting me, which really helped me get through the situation life threw at me.

To this day I never took the rings off. I wear them every day and think of the good times. The times before cancer treatments, surgeries, and hospitals. It became my everyday reminder that life is short, and what really matters are the memories, and being surrounded my family.