

The day i lost a friend

[Life](#), [Death](#)



The Day I Lost a Friend When a close friend to you dies, it can be really hard to accept. When my best friend Nancy called me to tell me my friend Sandra had died, I felt overwhelmed with all my emotions. I will never forget how one ordinary work day suddenly ended with shock, hurt, sadness, and anger. I was 28 years old when Sandra died. Sandra was 26 years old when she died. It was early morning July 28, 2008 when I received the phone call. I was at work and remember the conversation and my reaction like it was yesterday. I had just sat down at my desk and signed into my work phone after doing my morning work. I remember being speechless with my jaw wide open and tears welling up in my eyes. My co-workers were looking at me with concern asking me what was wrong, but I couldn't speak. When the phone conversation started with my best friend Nancy, I knew something was wrong. She started our conversation calmly, but you could tell there was an important message. She proceeded with our conversation asking me, "Are you sitting down?" My reply was, "Yes! I'm sitting down. What is wrong?" She then ask, "Promise you will stay calm? I know you are at work." Again I reply, "I promise to do my best staying calm." She began to tell me the news of my friend Sandra passing away that very morning. It felt so surreal. I wanted to believe it were not true. I was so shocked that I couldn't cry. When reality finally set in, so did the overwhelming feeling of all my emotions. After the phone conversation had ended, I began to cry. I got up from my desk and went to the bathroom. I was crying telling myself it couldn't be true. No matter how unreal I wanted it to be, it was real. I loved her dearly. The sadness I felt was because she was so young and left behind her son. I felt angry because she could have been anything she wanted, or she could

have done something good with her life but she didn't. I felt guilty for leaving her without a true friend who cared. In that very moment, I felt yet again, the terrible loss of another friend because of the choices she chose to make.

When Sandra died, a part of me felt empty. She was a smart and beautiful young woman. She was loving and outspoken. You knew where you stood with her. Sandra was also an awesome mom, despite the choices she made before she passed away. When she died, she left a hole which was once occupied by her. Not only was it occupied by her as a friend, but that space was also occupied by Sandra as my sister. She has been missed very much.