

# A family legend passes

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Blake Wilson Wilson 1/4 English 1101 Paper # 2 Narrative Essay 8/30/12 7:30PM “ AFamilyLegend Passes” It still feels like yesterday, a place I haven't quite left, here I was following behind an ambulance again. I remember being frustrated feeling overwhelmed over all of the repeating events, “ I wanted it to be over already”, how I learned to regret that thought.

We arrived to the hospital once again, I made my way to the parking garage and started circling hastily looking for a parking spot, I couldn't stop myself from thinking of the comedy of myself circling through the garage just like this “ Deja-vu” of a visit was coming to be. Things seemed kind of melancholy the standard procedures were taking place, the nurses were taking vitals, blood samples, doctors asking how much pain she was in, what medications she was on, she was being admitted once again, Carmen; my grandmother, my mom's mom.

It was getting late, I had to work the next day and my very pregnant wife needed some rest also, so we headed home. The next day I went to work as normal as a maintenance worker I went about my usual tasks; replacing ceiling tiles, carpet repairs, patching and painting walls etc. , I remember feeling uneasy all day, I called my mother around lunch time. I was told that they're Wilson 2/4 Going to turn off her pace maker the battery was dying and they were going to need to put a temporary one in her leg until the tech was able to get in, in a few days.

I hung up the phone with my mother and went back to work, I got a call around three telling me that she didn't get through the surgery so well and that even with the temporary pacemaker installed she wasn't stabilizing, suddenly I found myself on the interstate doing 95mph with short

emotionally unstable bursts of 115mph passing everyone I made it to the hospital from my house in about 4 minutes. What happened next I wasn't prepared for, I walked into the room and an unfamiliar chill overcame me I felt it coming before it could be said, " the doctors say she isn't going to make it this time Blake they want to sedate her and let her go peacefully" I stormed out of the room muttering " you would give up you bitch" to my mother, I was lost I knew those I would hear those words someday, but not this day it couldn't be could it? Well it was night now shows how much I was paying attention to time, everything was a blur to me now I felt numb I found myself wandering past everyone in the halls sobbing coming back from my smoke break emotionless to the world we sat through the night not sleeping.

It was morning time again I had to go into to work again, my mother and wife assured me she would be there when I got back two days went by like this, no sleep, emotionless, chainsmoking, no eating I couldn't think of any reason to be selfish and eat when my grandmother Wilson 3/4 was on her death bed, the smoking was just an attempt to keep my emotions under control.

I spent countless hours in the room holding my grandmothers hand, staring at the monitor, back at her and back again it was starting to seem like an countless cycle but I was enjoying the limited amount of time that was left, I went outside to smoke once more a feeling overcame me and I burst into tears something felt different, this was really happening I was going to lose the one grandma I knew all the hospital visits all the times she had recovered before now meant nothing,.

I remember all the times bringing meals to her, my disabled grandmother I would sit in her room for hours talking to her about the past, learning how

she used to program computers back in her younger years, so many memories flashing before my eyes “ they say life flashes before your eyes before you pass but nobody ever tells you all the memories go right before a loved one passes”, I walked into the room and it felt freezing cold my mother was weeping looking on the computer for a goodbye song, my wife sitting bedside in a chair looking on to me with a look in her eyes that said what next?

I held her hand one more time and whimpered out an I love you. I thought I felt my own heart beating, but soon discovered it was my dear grandmothers heart beat I could feel I felt the last few beats and then they stopped I sat bedside with my head laying on the bed for what felt to be an eternity I heard my wife ask if I was ok once more, I finally raised my head in awe she wasn't breathing anymore, eyes still half open I reached up and closed her eyes and collapsed onto the bed in an uncontrollable fit of tears.

Wilson 4/4 All I could do on the silent drive home was stare out the window mad at the world, now I knew what it felt like to lose a loved one, what a painful lesson, Maybe I should start showing more interest in those around me, you never know how precious those moments are.