

Good not letting go essay example

[Life](#), [Friendship](#)



I was atop the highest peak of Mt. Everest when I slipped at the edge of the ravine. The feeling of fear, helpless surrender to the Divine Power enveloped me while I free fall to an immense space feeling an eerie cold downwards. As I surmised that distance to the ground started getting near, I felt shortness of breath. Suddenly, I awoke with my heart pounding incessantly and perspiration was all over my body. From then, I thought, letting go had negative repercussions. I would never let go. The affirmation was short lived. Sooner, more than later, I was faced with an experience requiring me to change my contention. Life, in its temporal state, requires man to learn about letting go.

I was one of the fortunate people who had developed a strong bond with a grandparent. My grandmother was instrumental as the primary care giver during my childhood years . When I was growing up, my parents were both working to augment the family's source of income. Thus, my grandmother was the one who attended to my physical and emotional needs. I remember her assisting me in wearing my school uniform, in preparing my food, as well as in engaging me in productive activities while I was waiting patiently for my parents to arrive home from work. There were lots of stories about her days when she was a young lady and how she eventually became married. She narrated challenges in their marital life, including the successive birth of her children, including my mother. There were descriptions of how life was then, when it was simple and laid back. She told me plans for my future: how she perceived me to become successful in the field of endeavor I would pursue. She was my confidante, my inspiration, my support.

As I continued pursuing my academic programs, I eventually increased my

circle of friends. My focus and orientation shifted from my grandmother's caring assistance to slow seeking of independence. I was surprised when I was stirred one morning by a commotion at my grandmother's bedroom. She had difficulty breathing and was rushed to the hospital. I never saw her alive again.

There was no experience of death in the family prior to this. I was devastated . I remember crying for the longest time. I could not eat. I purposely did not attend school for about a week. I miss her so much. I had so many wonderful memories of my grandmother. Right after her death, I could not accept that fact that I was not able to renew our close bonds. I blamed myself for not having known that she must have suffered in silence. I thought I failed her. She must have waited for me. Again, the thought returned: I would never let go.

The feeling was heavy. When I returned to school, I isolated myself from my peers. The blame-game persisted. My academic performance suffered. My relationships with friends deteriorated. My life plummeted to depression, anxiety, and failure. Then, I remembered my grandmother's words: you are to succeed. I know you will. I believe you will. Let go. I had a good life. My purpose in life had been fulfilled. One of the goals in my life is to see to it that you succeed.

I was awakened from my slumber. I knew then what to do. Unlike the free fall feeling in my dream, letting go now allowed me to soar to unprecedented heights. I am determined to succeed. I learned to let go.

Works Cited

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