

Descriptive essay narrative essay

[Health & Medicine](#), [Cancer](#)



Four years ago I lost two of the most essential people in my life, my Grandmothers Delores Rugley and Elizabeth Cargill. They were the sweetest, funniest, and most loving people I could ever imagine. They filled the room with smiles and cherished moments. Having two grandmothers whose arms were always opened wide to welcome you with love was a great feeling. Their smile was brighter than the stars that sparkled high above. They listened without judgment and took the time to share. But that was just the beginning. My grandmother Delores was the one who did all of the wonderful cooking.

I could just imagine all those great Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners we had. I could smell and taste her wonderful sweet potato pies, juicy greens, sweet cornbread and the list goes on. Cooking was not all she did though; even in her 70s she was a hard worker. Delores was never terrified to say what was on her mind. She always kept her grandchildren and great-grandchildren in check. In 2008, she passed away due to ovarian cancer. Myfamilywas never the same after that tragic moment. My grandmother Elizabeth was a little on the sweet side. Every time I would come visit her she would have the biggest smile on her face.

She did not do a lot of cooking but she could give out a lot of love. She was always there for me when things got a little out of hand. I could hear her now telling me everything is going to be alright. She was diagnosed with breast cancer and had to get surgery to get her breast removed. But one thing I realized about her was that she was a fighter. She may have had that surgery but she did not let that cancer get her down. As she got older my family decided to put her in anursinghome. I remember all the times I visited

her in the nursing home she would always be so proud to tell her nurses that I was her granddaughter.

As she was in the nursing home she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. Also in 2008, that was the one battle she did not win. That was a devastating year for me. Delores and Elizabeth were more than just my grandmother's; they were my life, my soul, my world. But as I think about it, they are now my angels. Sometimes I can feel their touch as they are guiding me to the right side of the path. When I wake up in the middle of the night I can sometimes see them standing over me. That just goes to show me they are still here with me every step of the way.