

A memoir story



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Essay Review The essay is an effective topic and is made more interesting by the fact that it is a personal story based on real experience. The thesis that life has gotten better since hearing the bad news of impending death is an interesting angle and certainly makes for a compelling subject. However, too much of the essay was spent reiterating the depressed feelings that came as a result of the news and too little prose spent on why life is better. In addition, the essay concludes with few specifics of what it is that makes life a gift that was unrecognized before the news. In all, a topic that should be inspirational is left as disturbing and depressing.

Structurally, the first paragraph could be better by placing the first two sentences at the end of the paragraph. Also, all of the activity that took place at the hospital, and probably the church, could have been incorporated into one shorter paragraph and eliminate some of the redundant emotions. As an example, Kate gets introduced twice; once in the opening sentence and again in the body of the paragraph. Paragraphs three and four are both addressing the confusion of being faced with dying. These could be incorporated into one paragraph. The conclusion doesn't address the thesis. The premise of the essay was how life is a gift, but concludes with the writer waiting in heaven for their family to die.

There were a number of grammar errors, mainly commas and the use of quotes. The quotes of the priest in paragraph four are used, but it is a statement of what he said, not his actual words. Also, the two sentences that comprise paragraph six should be incorporated into a longer paragraph that expresses a whole idea.

I have marked the grammatical errors in the original essay below.

Essay

In some strange way the day I found out I was going to die was the same day I began to live life to the fullest. It sounds like a hallmark card, I know, but it is the truth. [place at the end of the paragraph] When I left the doctor's office I could not believe what I had heard. I thought I was going to be okay, I mean I had the hysterectomy, radiation and chemo. I did exactly what the doctors told me to do. He must be wrong; one year is not nearly enough time with the kids. " I am not going to see my girls graduate, I will not be present at their weddings, I will not have grandchildren,"[should be a period here] these are all the thoughts that were running rampant in my mind.

I could feel my heart racing; my breathing was erratic and shallow. I couldn't seem to catch my breath. I felt myself being sucked into a big black hole. Everything around me became blotchy, bluish grey, [sp gray] in color. My head was spinning and alas I passed out. The next thing I remember I was in the ER at Stonybrook Hospital. I could hear the hustle and bustle of the nurses around me. My husband was calling my name, " Cindy wake up...." [insert period] It all seems very surreal now; apparently I had a panic episode triggered by stress.

The following morning I met my therapist, Kate, who would become one of my support pillars. When I first met Kate, I remember thinking " I can handle this; I am a strong woman." I realized I couldn't speak I was so scared, nervous, and anxious. She said, " Hi I am Kate [insert comma] the psychologist in the oncology department." I said " I am dying and I don't know what to do." I sobbed for what seemed like an eternity. I was looking for something or someone to hold on to and there she was. After talking for a couple of hours I was calmer.

When I left the hospital I went straight to church. I couldn't bear to face my

girls. They would know something was wrong with Mommy. Would they be able to see death beside me? I felt that I needed to let it all out so I went to visit my priest. What I really wanted was to have my dad hold me and tell everything was going to be okay[comma here not after but] but, my dad passed 3 years ago, so instead I went to Father Andres, my priest. After many tears, words, and sobs he said, " God had a calling for all of us and it was my time to join him." I took these words to heart.

Going home is [was] the hardest thing I have had to do. I had to face my kids and tell them everything was not going to be all right. Before my surgery I told the girls “ don’t worry everything will be all right.” I was not going to be able to say that now. How hard was it going to be to see the reactions on their faces as I prepared them for the inevitable? As a mom I do not want to hurt my girls, instead I want to take their pain away. How can I take the pain away, they are losing their mom, they need me? [sentence is awkward] I make every day count, I tell them I love them everyday, tell them stories about growing up and most importantly I live everyday like it is my last.

Every day is a gift

I think to myself I’m glad its me and not one of my kids or my sisters or my mom that is going through this. I just couldnt handle it if I knew it was someone close to me. [either delete this paragraph or incorporate it into the previous paragraph]

I thank God everyday that I wake up and have another day with my family. If it wasnt for my husband [comma] my kids [comma] and the rest of my family, I wouldnt be here. I dont know how much time I have left but I’m not leaving this life without a fight. When its my time to go I will know that I lived

my life the best I know how. If heaven is like they say it is Ill be just fine and waiting for my family and friends to come.