

For eng class the  
worse day in my life.  
when my grand  
mother died



The paper "A Death in the Family" is an outstanding example of an essay on English. When I look back to the tough times in my life, the departure of my dear ones seems to have left a deep impression. I could still experience the intense sadness and sense of loss I felt on each occasion. A death in the family could make any ordinary day the saddest. For me, the day in which my grandmother died remains the worst one to date. The reason for my deep affection towards her was not coincidental. Unlike many other families in our localities, our was a deeply knit community. Our grandparents, uncles and aunts lived just a ten minutes walk away from our home. As children, we were all drawn to the magical world of stories and old traditions that our grandparents' house offered. I had the privilege of being my grandmother's pet grandchild - always showered with praises and the choicest delicacies made on all occasions. Therefore, I made it a point to nurture this relationship to something very meaningful as I grew up. I was the first one to visit my grandparent on special occasions, and they were really proud of that. All this made it very difficult to accept the sudden, though not totally unexpected demise of my grandmother. She had the usual ailments related to old age, but I used to hope against hope that she will be there to witness all the significant events in my life. When I was woken up early one morning for the bad news, the world started to spin and I had no idea how to face the situation.

I realized how I was going to miss the solid source of comfort and assurance. The very proof for that was the fact that I could not think of anyone who is capable of consoling me after I heard the news. The only one who could have held me tight in her arms and kissed away my fears and sadness was no more alive. I felt frustrated at the sight of others lost in their world of grief. It <https://assignbuster.com/for-eng-class-the-worse-day-in-my-life-when-my-grand-mother-died/>

seemed no one care for me anymore. It was a moment of my self-realization too - that I had to brace up for myself from now onwards. The woman who held incredible healing power had in fact been my guardian angel, and from now onwards, I am going to be all alone to face the challenges of life. The faith in a life after death seemed insufficient to compensate for the good counsel in real life that my grandma was capable of providing. In my misery, I even forgot to behave well or to be polite to the visitors. I knew that I was duly forgiven because of my young age, but the truth was that I was totally lost, and did not care for the world around me.

I have no idea how I managed to go through the ordeals of the day. The hurried funeral seemed like endless torture of which my heartbreaking thoughts refuse to leave my mind. I was unable to see what was really happening, but the rituals which confirmed her death did annoy me to the core. I wished I had the power to stop them all, breathe life to the motionless, pale body of my grandma and resume our conversations on anything under the sun. I could not bear to look at her expressionless face. The childlike smile she had when I was in her sight was no more a reality. Even though I had learned to accept the reality of death from previous experiences, the death of the person who mattered the most in my life was more than what I could come to terms with. I found it difficult to communicate this to anyone in the family. For them, I was just another grandchild who was going through temporary grief as a grandma dies. But I knew that it was not as simple as that for me. No one even knew the depth of our relationship, the instinctive connection we had and the world of thoughts that we shared.

I regretted how insensitive I had been on the subject of death in my <https://assignbuster.com/for-eng-class-the-worse-day-in-my-life-when-my-grand-mother-died/>

conversations with my grandma. Since she was the one with whom I shared all my discoveries and learning, I expressed my views about old age and death with her many times. Though I knew that she did not care, I felt very sad when I remembered how many times I asked her when she was going to die. Her witty responses and sweet smile was just another source of assurance to me, and I knew that she was beyond the fear of death. But the irony was that her death made me so scared and insecure about myself. Death has suddenly become a cruel reality, and my heart pumped all through the days for the fear of it. Every second of the funeral rituals made me wince at the realization of my own mortality.

The day was the worst because I found it impossible to connect with a single human being or to share my grief with them. Since everyone seemed to be preoccupied with themselves, I tried to pour out my frustration, sadness, and fears through endless weeping. However, I found out that I could not do it in front of others and tried to lock myself in a room. The elders saw this as a bad sign and forced me out of it. I felt that they did not respect my feelings, which made me all the sadder. Even my parents seemed to neglect me as they got busy with the funeral. I knew that nothing was intentional, but my heart refused to believe this. I had experienced a lot of hardships in life since then, but I was self-reliant enough to survive them all. The only time when I felt totally powerless and lost was on the day my grandma died, and I consider it the worst day of my life.