

My moms bad news essay



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Until about two years ago I never really thought about how precious each and every day of life was. People always say live each day to the fullest because you never know when there won't be a next day. My mother said this to me about a million times over the first fifteen years of my life but, I never really put this piece of wisdom into action. I can remember it as if it happened yesterday, the day that began a change in my mom's life as well as mine.

It was cold and foggy outside and I had an orthodontist appointment. I can remember having a bad time at school that day and then thinking, "What a way to top off a terrible day by going to the orthodontist so he can give me a headache for the rest of the night." My mom drove me to my appointment and then to the Burger King right next to school so that I could eat lunch before returning. While we were eating I brought up the subject of what had happened that day that had made it so bad because I tell my mom everything, I mean everything. After I finished telling her my story she said, "You know how I went to the doctor today? I nodded and she continued, "Well, they told me that I'm going to need a total hysterectomy.

"When I heard that sentence come out of her mouth I immediately looked up with a puzzled look on my face. I stared at her for a moment and could see tiny glistening tears well up in her eyes. My mother rarely cries in front of me or anyone else for that matter, so I knew that this news had deeply affected her. At that instant I felt so bad for her and knew that my stupid high school problems were nothing compared to what she was feeling. Then she began explaining to me why she needed the surgery and all of the details that went along with it.

I felt like I was letting her down in a way because I couldn't do anything to help her. All that I could do was be there for her and listen to everything that she was saying. Six months later she went to the doctor again for a routine check-up that she had to have before the surgery because she was over forty years old. During the visit she had an EKG and chest x-rays which showed that she had a respiratory disease called Sarcoidosis.

This was the second wave of devastating news that had come to my mom and our family within a six month time period. What's interesting and somewhat troubling to know is that we would have never known that she had this lung disease if she wasn't over forty because she wouldn't have had the chest x-rays. Sarcoidosis is an auto immune disease that can affect any part of the body but, because it is in her lungs it affects the respiratory system. My mom sat my brothers and I down one day when she got the results back and explained to us what the disease was and what could happen to her. I remember sitting on the couch next to her as she began, " I have Sarcoidosis. " Then she went on to say that it creates scar tissue in her lungs which decreases the elasticity in them.

Therefore, because her lungs can't expand to their full potential she can't take in a lot of air when she breathes. This makes it a lot harder for her to inhale and has prevented her from doing some of the smallest things easily. Then she told us that there were two possibilities of what direction the disease could take. It could either go into remission after about two years or progress to the point of death.

Hearing her say that there is a chance that she could die from Sarcoidosis hit me like a ton of bricks. This was the most devastating and emotional moment of my life. I couldn't bear to think that my mom could die from this because she is my best friend and the one who I am closest to. I immediately broke down and started crying because the thought of her dying was so overwhelming that I couldn't control my emotions.

That was the day that I finally realized that I needed to actually live out the saying, "Live each day to the fullest," because I really don't know when my time will come. Seeing my mom go through this struggle for the past two years has taught me that I need to be able to take whatever life throws at me and deal with it. In doing so, I learn how to take each and every day one step at a time. Some days are a struggle for her but, with love, care, and companionship the relationship between my mom and I continue to grow deeper and deeper. It is through this situation that my mom has taught me to be strong, fearless, and hopeful so that I can live each day to the fullest and not take anything for granted.