

SHE IS GONE

The sky was gloomy and so was my mind. It was hard to come to terms with the laws of life. I knew this day would come one day. One generation needs to perish to give way for the next generations. My grandma belonged to the older generation, so she had to leave us. I tried hard to convince myself of that eternal truth. Well it has been just three months. I told myself, time would heal the wound, yet I knew the vacuum she left in my heart will never be filled again.

I tried to turn the pages of my memory book from the times I was a kid. I tried to go back down the memory lane as far as it took me. In every junction I could see the loving face of my grandma next to me. I stopped and tried to tell myself the past is not a reality, it is gone. However, all these attempts did little to lift the gloom off my mind. My grandma lived with us, and she was like my second mother. She was kind and caring, and never reprimanded us harshly like my parents did sometimes.

She turned 85 last January, but she was very strong. Her appearance instilled courage in our hearts. She was not a very educated person, but she knew everything had many facets. She was great in her understating of the things in everyday life that she tried to look at a problem from many angles before she formed her opinion of something. So I loved her much and she was my closest friend and teacher as well.

Three months before on that fatal day, she complained of feeling feverish and she couldn't even talk to us. She looked as if she had got something in her throat which prevented her from articulating her thoughts. All food given to her was rejected. Immediately we took her to the doctor, but the illness remained the same. We received medicine from four specialists, but my grandma became even weaker. She didn't eat anything. At this instance we had her hospitalized. And there were more tests. According to those tests, the doctors said that, she has a cancer in her throat, and couldn't treat grandma because of her age and it was a thyroid cancer and also it had already spread to the other organs. On hearing that devastating news, I experienced what it was like when you are going to lose your most loved mentor and friend in life. We came home on that day speechless, fearing that we would lose control of the overwhelming feelings of grief if we tried to express ourselves.

Back home, I looked after her like a new born baby. She was completely like a toddler. We lovingly cared for her, just as she cared for us when we were young children. Days passed by, with our hearts getting heavier every day. After two weeks she said good bye to all of us peacefully. She heaved her last breath on my hands. It happened even sooner than we thought. I still wish that moment was a part of a nightmare and I would wake up anytime at the wakeup call by my grand ma and she would come and sit by my side stroking me while kindly asking me to wake up before it was too late. The way she tried to wake me up for school was a total contrast to that of my mother who used to scream at the top of her voice waking up the whole neighborhood. I miss her so much. No one can fill that void. I have heard that, at the moment of death the consciousness is distorted, but she was conscious until the moment she stopped breathing. Even the doctors said it was a lucky death. I am sure she has attained the supreme bliss of afterlife because no one deserves it more than her.