

It feels like you were here just yesterday. Every day I would wake up and see you sitting in your living room chair with the news on with your cup of coffee on the chair side table alongside your favorite chocolate covered hostess donuts. It's funny, I had thought you found the secret to immortality. As far back as I remember, you would start the day with a cup of coffee, a cigarette, and one or two of those hostess donuts. It kept you healthy for dozens of years. So, in a way, I guess I saw it coming once you weren't smoking anymore. But who could let you smoke after what happened. You were entirely independent until you had that stroke, and I know it must have hurt oh so much to need our help. It showed, trust me. I don't blame you for all the yelling and fussing because I know that was the only way you were able to express yourself, and I was just glad you were, because honestly, I feel like keeping everything bottled up is what led to your stroke 4 years ago.

You were so strong and dealt with so much. I just wish your generation was more open to therapy and openly talking about mental health, but we can't go back, and sadly, you cannot come back. I sit here torn, not knowing if I should be sad those of us here lost you, or happy those up above got the gift of a lifetime. You are free from all the suffering now, yet it still does not feel real. I wish I could spend more time with you, though, in a way, you will never leave my side. I see you when I look into the mirror, when I talk to my brother, and now more than ever, when I talk to my mom, your daughter. I see you whenever things are getting tough, whenever I need a push to keep going because lord knows you pushed through so much. You stayed strong for those around you, and we tried to stay strong for you. I love you Grandma. I told you that every day after your stroke, but I wish I could have expressed my appreciation while you were healthy enough to understand. Until we meet again.

