

Great Grandma's Last Goodbye

My dad's eyes get big and sympathetic as he picks up his phone and answers it. A smile quickly flashes across his face, but then disappears.

Even before I am told the depressing news, I know what had happened, and what is happening right at that moment. "Bad news," sighs my dad, "She's finally let go. Your mom's pretty sad."

I am absolutely silent as we march out of the store, and toward the parking lot. My brother keeps nagging my dad with annoying questions, because he is too little to understand. I just wish he would stop.

"It has been three days since Great Grandma's death, but it still feels like it was yesterday!" I think, as we pull up in front of the funeral home. As I step out of the car, I hear my brother's cries of complaint as he wakes up from his catnap.

"Typical," I think. Then, knowing that they are going to take awhile, I head off to the doors where my aunt greets me.

The next day I wake up cheerful and chipper, and jump out of bed. Then, remembering what had happened, my stomach drops. Today is the funeral, and going means missing school, but even as I love school, I knew that Great Grandma was so much more.

The same process of getting my brother out of the car, happens again, so I walk right in the doors, and wait for my aunt to show up. When she comes into view, I rush, zig-zagging through the maze of people, and give her a big hug.

The first thing she asks me is, "Do you want to see Great Grandma?"

I look at Great-Grandma, and shudder, I love her, but right now, she is kind of creepy. My aunt reads my face, and nods, almost understandingly.

“Not yet.”

I feel a soft tap on my shoulder, turn around, and jump. “OMG, Lucy you scared me!” I shriek.

Lucy laughs, but then becomes serious. “I’ve been wanting to ask you if you want to go see Grandma Garozzo?” At first I feel tiny, and afraid, but then realize that Great Grandma meant more to her than to me. After all, she was her grandma, and my great grandma, so she must have a lot of courage to do this.

“Okay,” I finally decide, “let’s go.”

Time was passing quickly, and all too soon, it is time for the speeches. “The ceremony will begin, please take your seats,” booms a voice that sounds like it means business. Immediate family sits up front, so I plop down on a couch in the front row, next to my cousin Lucy. After a while her dad sits down next to her, he has a box of tissue under his arm, and he sets it down between himself and Lucy, then immediately takes one.

Soon it is time for all of the speeches to start. Right away I see silent tears slipping down Lucy’s cheeks, so I reach over, and take her hand, she looks up, and smiles, before turning back to the podium.

“I can’t believe that I didn’t give Great-Grandma a kiss on the forehead when I had the chance,” I think, while Lucy sobs with all her might.

I reach up and feel my face, which is wet, "*I'm crying,*" I realize, before feeling a firm but gentle grip, and right away I understand that Lucy is holding it, so I smile, and then wait for the ceremony to end.