It’s about 6:30 the morning of June 26,2014. My phone rings and Aunt Rosa’s name pops up on the screen. I’ll call her back when I get up. Phone rings again and Uncle Neal name pops up on the screen and he calls right back. As the phone rang back to back. I rolled over and looked at the brown ceiling fan stuck. I’m hoping no one calls again.

On the third call I answer. In a calm but demanding tone uncle Neal says, “Mommom! Get up Mommom! We have to go see my mom!” I replied, “I was the last one there last night. I told her I was coming back today, I’ll go later. I hang up the phone frustrated already having an idea of why I needed to go to the nursing home. Phone rings again. As I answer I feel a sense of emptiness. “Mommom, listen mommom! My mom passed, call your mom!” aunt Rosa said in a calm voice. I yelled, in fetal position “NOOOOOO, I DON’T WANT TO DO THIS AGAIN! I CAN’T DO THIS AGAIN! As I’m driving disobeying the law running every red light and stop sign like it would make a difference of how she would be when I got there. I pull up and see the sign of the nursing home that read, Wallingford Nursing Home and Rehab. I say to myself, I hate this place. Everyone is out of their cars and standing in walkway waiting for me. So, I walk past everyone including my mom wonder how she got there so fast. Uncle Brett says, “Mommom, we gonna wait for the Pastor to come and all go in together.” In silence I walk pass everyone to sit on the bench and wait. Uncle Neal comes and stand next to me and says, “It’s going to be ok.” “No, it’s not! You don’t know how it feels to suddenly lose your fiance two months ago and now your grandma! I don’t want to do this! I said. The pastor comes and walks up and gives me a hug and say, it’s going to be ok. As we get closer to her room the door is closed and the curtain is drawn. Everyone is crying and rubbing grandma hands, cheeks, and legs. As I walk closer to the head of the bed all I see is a smile on grandma face. I say out loud, while leaning in to smell her hair “she’s all smiling.” I lift and start shaking my head in disbelief as tears fall. Everyone is looking and a few say, “Yes, she is look at her.” “Last night when I was here, she kept saying she wanted to go see Uncle Chucky and could I take her home.” Chucky was her son who passed away 11-12 years prior. Someone said, “well she got both”. As the room filled with quiet laughter. Everyone starts saying memories and how they’re going to miss the things she used to say and do and all she’s done for people. A nurse walks in and ask if there was anything they could do for us. We all replied, “No but thank you!” “For the past couple of days mom kept telling me to call Biancia, call Biancia and tell her to bring her ass here to see me.” aunt Rosa said. Then when I finally got on the phone she said, “you better come see me before I die.” I replied. Some laughed and uncle Brett said, “she loved her some Mommom.” I looked up with tears and said, “y’all always say that.” The room was quiet for a few seconds and the pastor says, “Are you all ready to pray?” everyone replied, “Yes.” After prayer everyone says, “AMEN!” and releases hands. “Mrs. Bean was my girl, Briona and Brett gonna miss her. When we was at the buffet for her birthday the kids was laughing saying look at grandma putting snacks in her bag.” with a laughing tone Aunt Lavonne said. Uncle Brett walks over to my mom and says, “Bernadette you have all moms information at the house right?” “Yes, Brett we can all me at your house” my mom said. Aunt Rosa says “we don’t have to say who’s doing the eulogy he doesn’t even get to say no. Right Pastor?” While everyone laughs in agreeance. Uncle Neal says, “who is gonna do moms body?” “FOSTERS! She has everything written out already. I’ll bring that to Brett’s to.” my mom says. While everyone is talking arrangements. I say, “I’m going to get ready to leave because I don’t want to be here when they come get my baby!” We all begin to give grandma kisses and say our goodbyes and see you later. Then we each hug on another and begin to walk out the nursing home and the pastor says, “who was the last one to see Mother last night?” I replied, “I was. Mommom,” said uncle Neal. While walking out the double doors.