

What qualities do I have that I'm thankful for? Well, there are many things, I'm talented, resourceful, and responsible. Earlier this year, I experienced a life-changing event that will always be remembered. A few weeks prior to the climax of the event, I visited my Grandmother who was in the hospital, recovering from a fall that happened. When she saw my face, she lit up, she was filled with joy. A few weeks later it came. The call. The call that we all dreaded to hear. The call that informed us that she was being moved to hospice. We were stunned to hear this, we were at a loss for words. We slept that night with an uneasy feeling. As soon as it was morning, we headed up to see her for maybe the last time. The drive was silent. We were deprived of words. As soon as I saw her in her room, I was shocked. She was breathing rapidly, her eyes for open but not filled with clarity I was used to seeing. I stayed there all morning talking to her, telling her that I love her. At 11:00 AM, I was alarmed, she was breathing louder and faster. I called my Mom to tell her she needs to come here to spend what might be the last minutes with her. The doctors rushed in and were in question whether or not she had hours or minutes to live. She started to breathe louder and louder, faster and faster. We all knew she only had minutes left. At 11:35 AM I held back the tears, took out my violin and played Vivaldi Spring telling her in the music sense that I will be okay, she needs to stop fighting. At 11:37, they called it, "Time of death, 11:37 AM". I let it out. I couldn't hold the tears in. She was gone. I was overwhelmed with emotion, my worst fear had come true. All of her stories, time with her, was over. But at that moment, I started to remember joyful memories I had with her, stories I will tell my children in the future. Suddenly, I felt relief knowing she was in a better place. I put my hand on her chest feeling the organs shutting down, her blood going cold, her skin getting pale. As I recall this life-changing memory, I realize that I am thankful for this. I got to spend her last hours on this earth with her. Whenever I play Vivaldi Spring, I think of her. Every memory I can remember flows through my head as I perform this piece. Knowing she is in a better place comforts me. As you read through this story, you may wonder what quality does this relate to. I am extremely alert and am courageous. When she was about to stop breathing, I was able to

take out my violin and play for her instead of breaking down and letting myself go. Six months ago I could not have written about this experience, but as I grow every day, learning, living life experiences. I am able to write this and share this incredible story.

Gillian Vit

vitg1@ccsdb Braves.org

Canandaigua Academy, Grade 10