Michaella Cavasso

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You are my sunshine

In the middle of summer of 2010 my mom got a call from my grandma “The doctors told me I have six months to live” for years my mother and I lived with my grandma but just recently she moved back to her hometown in Novato, California. When we got the news that she only had six months to live we moved the next month into her house to be with her, we were always together and we decided it needed to be that way till the end. We left our lives in Santa Rosa but truly our hearts were with my grandma, we needed to be there. We moved in and she was doing great, still walking and with her personality that definitely wasn’t the warmest but we loved it because it was the only thing we truly still recognized of her. She had this really sarcastic way about her, she was one of those people to never let you too close because she didn’t want to hurt you, funny because that’s all she did to us. In September she started to get so weak and she really could not do anything without our help, we feed her, bathed her, helped her walk. She hated asking for help, she tried to do everything on her own, even if it took hours, and Ms. Independent I would call her. And she’d say it right back. She had gone from this woman who was so independent to someone who had to actually start asking for help. It was hard seeing someone I loved and lived most of my life with become this totally different person, she was becoming pale and it looked like the life was already taken out of her, skin and bones was all that was left of her. Her smile disappeared as well, the only way she would smile was when I was singing to her and holding her hand cold and soft, sitting on a chair next to the hospital bed in our living room. I was always grandma’s baby. After I was done singing a song to her she’d always look up at me and say, “Come on baby, one more song. I’m not getting any younger.” I’d laugh and sing one more song. It was Christmas time now, and we gathered with our huge family and she was strong enough to come along, even though we had to leave early because she was so exhausted, It was then in the car ride home I realized that would be our last Christmas with her there and I cried quietly in the back seat not making a single sound because I was suppose to be strong for her, but I wasn’t. I was not strong at all. After that night my grandma went into this comatose state, she was still there but not really, not at all. Two months went by, getting worse and worse but still hanging in there, it was February now on my birthday she was rushed to the hospital because she couldn’t breathe, we found out her lungs were completely filled with cancer by this time. There was no going back. Two weeks later I had to leave for a cheerleading competition at Disneyland, I would only be gone for four days, a few hours before I left I sat with my grandma, it was a cold rainy day which we both loved, and I sang to her which I didn’t know then but it would be the last time. “You are my sunshine, my only sunshine you make me happy when skies are grey You’ll never know dear how much I love you; please don’t take my sunshine away.” It was time for me to leave and I kissed my grandma’s forehead and said goodbye and she smiled and tilted her head up, eyes closed and whispered. “You’ll always be my sunshine, baby.” I shed one tear, one single tear and said, “I will always love you.” And went out the door. It was an eight-hour drive to los Angeles with my 7 month pregnant sister, Nicole. My brother in law Bryan, my eldest niece Kaylee and my nephew Kolby. We finally arrived to Disneyland and it was so warm and sunny, feeling the sun on my skin for the first time in a while made me happy. I smiled like I hadn’t in a very long time. The next day I had my cheer competition and right after I called my mom and told her we won first place. But I could not care less about cheer at that point I wanted to know how my grandma was so I asked and my mom took a long pause and said “she’s fine sweetheart, just fine” later I would find out that that was the total opposite of what she was it started raining right after I made that phone call “no” I whispered to myself, please no. Two days passed and it was time to go home, we left at around 11 at night, and my brother in law and sister were fighting, and me being the person I am had to say something I screamed “Please Bryan stop treating my sister so badly!” I should have shut up because the next moment he turned around and slapped me so hard across the face I couldn’t breathe. And my sister’s face ill never forget pale and scared , she grabbed me and held me so close and whispered in my ear “please don’t tell mom, Michaella.” I didn’t speak for the next eight hours, we got home to my sisters house and rested for a little while and she finally decided to take me home to my mom’s. She told me to call her on our way and see how grandma was. I dialed my mom’s number my hands shaking because I didn’t feel right, I was trembling and my heart hurt, literally hurt. She picked up. “Hi baby, what’s up?” she said; her voice so soft and quiet more than usual. “Me and sissy our on way home, just wanted to see how grandma was?” My mom started crying, the worst cry I ever heard. “I’m sorry baby, I’m so sorry I couldn’t tell you but she passed away on Saturday.” I screamed. This cannot be happening, I dropped my phone and started crying like I never cried before, my sister knew. She pulled over and we both cried with each other. I can’t believe I wasn’t there for her when she left this earth, she was gone. And she was not coming back. Before my grandma died she told me she was proud of me for who I was and who I was becoming. Probably one of the only sweet things she ever told me; she became to gentle in her last few months. Oh how I wish she didn’t leave because she took apart of me with her, and some days I can’t handle it. I still think she’s here, just far away. I wish she could see me graduate this year, I know she would be so proud of me, she was the only one who ever saw the good in me and she’s gone but truly never forgotten and I will miss her till the day she dies and whenever it rains I still hear in my head, “You are my sunshine, my only sunshine; you make me happy when skies are grey-“