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### Changed

What would you do if you found out your best friend was dying? What would you say to them? How would you react? Many don't have to think about these things until they are adults. But for some unlucky people, such as myself, we have to learn at a young age. We also have to find a way to move on with the hole that will always be in our hearts, and learn how to cope with how different our family will always be.

I always loved my mother; I have never doubted that. But what I didn't always do was appreciate the things she did for me, or the things she gave up for her children. At 14 years old, Rebekkah gave birth to the first of her four sons, and from there, our family blossomed. I, her only daughter, was born nine years later. She gave up her entire childhood for her kids. She loved her family with her entire being, and would have sacrificed anything for us.

On September 12, 2017, after a successful rehearsal for drama club, I looked at my phone and saw a message from my dad. This was the message that changed my life forever. "Mom is in the hospital. Call me when you can." My world began to crumble. He explained to me that her heart had stopped, and that we would know more soon. I only got to see her for a few minutes that day. I was too scared to look at her at first; I didn't want to see my mother with tubes and wires coming from places they shouldn't have been. I told myself that I'd see her when she woke up.

Then, four days later, I was saying goodbye. I sat by her bed and held her hand for hours. She was still warm. I cried until my eyes hurt. So many people came to see her. I never knew how many lives she touched, how many people loved her. I wished that was enough to save her. Her brain no longer worked, but her organs were still pumping, her blood was still flowing. Unfortunately, no amount of wishing would work. My mother was going to die, and nobody could do anything about it. I thought about all the stupid arguments we had over the years. I wanted to take them all back. I thought about all the things she did for me throughout my life. I didn't thank her. I thought about the last time I talked to her. It was just hours before she went into cardiac arrest. I was running late, I didn't want to miss the bus. I asked her about when she would be home, she told me 5 o'clock. I said "okay" and walked away from her room. From down the hall, I heard her say "I love you." I didn't say it back.

Now, two years after she died, I still miss her more than I could ever explain. I still slip up and wonder when she'll be home. I still talk to her, even though I don't know if she can hear me. I lost one of the most important people in my life, and I will never get over that, but I gained many things too. My family is forever different because of that day. We are closer, yet distant. We lost our glue, our rock, our hero. But we live on for her. We keep fighting for her. We name our children for her. We may have lost our mother, but if she were still here, we would not have our beautiful baby Beckie. She is the first grandchild, and carries on the legacy of her Grandmother Rebekkah: kind, determined, loving, and most of all, hopeful.