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Narrative Essay

Through something difficult I'm currently going through, I discovered new things about myself. It showed me that I don't realize how things could change in one moment. How one moment someone could be perfectly fine, and the next end up in the hospital. Everyone says don't take anything for granted and try to live life to the fullest. It was what felt like a normal day, until around 7:30 at night when I was making dinner for my boyfriend and me. My dad was texting me about my puppy, his name is Maverick and he is a Shiba Inu. Then randomly, he says "FYI At the hospital all day Monica is staying she is having seizures. I'll call you later tonight if I know anything". Monica is my stepmom, and she has had many health problems in the past, but nothing too severe or tragic. She works in a hospital in the ER as a nurse or wherever they need her. She became very close with the nurses in the ER, and they're like family there since she's been working there for about three years now. My dad didn't get to call me until about 2 in the afternoon with an update on her condition. So all night, I've been worried about her and me watching Grey's Anatomy so all the trauma and surgeries weren't helping my nerves. Don't get me wrong, I've gone through death and trauma in my family. But never someone so close who's been like a parent to me for almost five years.

She was having seizures all night, so my dad had her moved to a room right next to the nurse's station to keep an eye on her so nothing got worse. While everything was happening that

night, my dad got kicked out right after because it was the end of visiting hours. He was crying on the phone to me and telling me all the horrible things she was saying. In her defense, she had seizures almost every fifteen to twenty minutes. So she didn't have a moment to let her brain relax, and she's a nurse and has seen a lot. It was probably extremely scary from her point of view. My step-mom was saying stuff. For example, she didn't think she'd make it through the night, or in between, she was crying.

I currently live in Hampton, VA, with my boyfriend and two roommates. I live about four and a half or five hours away from home, and they live about twenty-five thirty minutes away from my mom's house. They both live in South Jersey. Even with the distance and it was getting late at night, I asked my dad if he thought I should head home right then or wait for tomorrow (today) for more information to see if I should come up. He told me to wait, so I did. When he called me a bit ago, he told me about what the neuro specialist in that hospital said he thought was happening. We found out that she had what the doctor described as brain stones. This is called brain calcification, which is when the person has calcium in the brain.

Everyone says it but you never realize until something tragic happens that your time with someone is so special. Even the normal moments when you're just watching a TV show together or doing a simple task together. I'm about to get off the ferry from Lewes, Delaware, and stay at my mom's house in Cape May, New Jersey. I have a few of her favorite things with me that I know help her with anxiety and stress while she's under observation. I got A couple of things I got for her favorite drink from Wawa and a coloring book. Right when I got that text and heard everything from my dad, I wish I spent more time talking to her because I wasn't and still not 100% sure what the side effects would be. So, if there was anything I learned in the last 24 hours, it is not to take the time I had with anyone for granted. You should try and live in the moment as

much as you can, along with cherishing it because you don't know how much it can change in the blink of an eye.