
How My Mother's Sickness Changed My Life

In life, many events affect us and the decisions we make. Certain events change everything. They change our perspectives of life, behaviors, and how we think. As for me, the most life-changing moment was when my mother was extremely sick. I have never been so emotional and desperate. The thought of almost losing my mother scared me so much such that I learned to appreciate life, appreciate my mom, my family in general and friends.

I grew up in a beautiful, loving family of five. My parents have been together for the past thirty three years, and we have gotten accustomed to our family setting. As the last born, I am closest to my mom and I talk to her regularly. I have a great relationship with my dad, but the bond between my mom and me is quite special. I call my mom in case of anything, and she is always there for me. My mom has been there for me through sickness, tumultuous teenage years, heartbreaks, transitions and everything else in my life. I also like to think that I have always been there for my mom though it cannot compare to her being there for me.

In all my life I had never seen my mom sick, aside from common colds and food allergies. On that fateful day, about eleven at night, dad called me saying that he was rushing mom to the hospital because she had difficulty breathing and chest pains. My siblings and I rushed to the hospital to be on her side. After emergency care and diagnosis, the doctors found out that mom had hypertension. We were all shocked, but we tried to be positive by telling mom that hypertension is manageable. After a day in the hospital, mom was discharged, and we all went home to be with her.

After two days, my elder siblings went back to work and their families, and I was left alone with mom. To my relief, mom was getting appeared to be getting better day by day. However, she talked less, and it appeared that the diagnosis was stressing her. I tried to cheer her up by watching her favorite shows and going for evening walks with her until she seemed better.

One evening, I went to the supermarket to get groceries, and I left her alone because she said she was fine. I hurried because I did not want to leave her for long. Once I came back, I knocked at the door three times, and she did not answer. I began to panic wondering what could have gone wrong. I fumbled with my keys while shouting mom, mom! I dropped everything at the door and rushed to the living room where I found her passed out on the floor. I lifted her, fanned her and tried waking her up as hard as I could but she could not wake up. I shook her violently while begging her to wake up. I ran to the phone to call my dad and called 911 for an ambulance while crying.

I have never been so scared in my life like that day. I did not know what to do as I waited for the emergency response. I fell on my knees right next to mom and prayed. I cried to God telling Him I was not ready for my mother to go. My hands clasped dearly to my mom as I cried and prayed. I kissed my mom's forehead and asked her not to leave me alone in this world.

Finally, the ambulance arrived after what seemed like a lifetime. The paramedics checked her for a pulse and confirmed that there was a pulse. For a moment I was so happy even though mom was not out of the woods yet. They took her to the ambulance and administered first aid

as the ambulance sped off towards the hospital. I held on to her hand as tears flowed down my chest. The paramedics told me she was stable and yet she was not waking up, and this made me worry more.

An hour later, my mom woke up. I held on to my mom and sobbed like a little child as she whispered to me "I am okay baby. " That impactful moment of finding my sick mother passed out on the floor remains the scariest event of my life. Two years later, my eyes still tear up when I think about it. The incident changed my perspective on life. I appreciate my mom and my family more. I no longer give her excuses when she needs me because I know the feeling of almost losing her. The fear, pain, and sheer helplessness at that moment almost paralyzed me. I prayed to God to spare my mom because I could not imagine my life without her. I am glad my mom is okay now. She has learned to manage her hypertension over time. I check up on my mom as much as I can. I am more empathetic, loving, and compassionate and I do not take good health and this life for granted as it can easily slip away.

eduzaurus.com