Personal Writing About My Mother And Her Stay In The Hospital Essay, Research Paper

Personal Writing About My Mother and Her Stay In the Hospital

by Master of Zoul

During second period math class, the PA comes on. I hear “David Higgins

to the office for an early dismissal, Please”. Being as I was only in the second

grade, I rushed to the office, only to see my God Mother waiting for me. She

tells me that we have to go pick up my other two brothers at pre-school. I asked

her why, but, she only responded with “I’ll explain later”. So I followed her to

the car and hopped in. We rushed to Mitzpah, where the pre-school my brothers

were in was. We picked up my two younger brothers and rushed to my God Mothers

home in Millville.

My God Mother then explained that my father would not be home for a

while, being as he was rushing to Cooper Hospital to see my mother. At this

point in time, being of such a young age, I started to block out a lot of what

she was telling us all. I only remember a little bit of that period of time

because of my memory block.

When my father had come home from the hospital, he told us all that our

mother had been envlolved in a serious car accident, and that she wouldn’t be

home for a few weeks. I don’t remember very much after that, except for the fact

that the period of time my mother was in the hospital fell on her birthday. So,

all of the family, except me, sat down next to the stereo. My father plugged in

a microphone, popped in a blank cassestte and hit record. Each one of the

children started to sing “Happy Birthday”, then ended with a personal message.

My father then recorded his message. I was in so much shock and horror that I

didn’t want to record anything. I was under the belief that my mother wasn’t

coming home at all.

My family kept trying to get me to record something, but, I refused.

After about a week or two of my mother being in the hospital, the whole family

got in the car, and went to visit her. Being as it was a very large hospital,

and alot of people were being brought in every so often. We were not allowed to

stay very long. We had to sign in, and then go upstairs to the waiting room. My

mother was in a special room, so we had to wait for a nurse to bring her out to

the waiting room.

We visited my mother and then went home. I can’t remembr much about the

visit, except that it was very short. My mother then eventually came home. She

had to sleep downstairs in a special bed, because she couldn’t walk up the

stairs. The accident had crushed her right ankle bone, making it rather hard for

her to walk. Actually, she wasn’t able to get out of bed for a long period of

time. When she was finally able to get out of the bed, she had to use a wheel

chair.

Once she was able to leave the house, the family started to look for a

new place to live. We couldn’t stay in the house we were living in because of

the damamge to my mothers ankle. She would never again be able to walk up the

steep stairs in the old house. We eventually found a house in Landisville, were

we currently reside. My mother did as much as she could to get the house

straightened up, with the help of a few very nice friends.

I have learned to love my mother alot more, and cherish life for all it

is. The accident had left a small memory block. But, until this day, I can

remember sitting in class and hearing “David Higgins to the office for an early

dismissal, Please”.