

## Healing

When I was younger, I had always imagined what it was like to be happy. It was sad. For a fifteen-year old to wonder when she would ever be happy again. When you lose someone, who means the world to you, it is not easy. Everyone experiences it at some point in his or her life. Sadly, I experienced it at my earlier stage of life.

My mom was always there for me. Until she was not. And then that's when you realize it's completely possible for a fifteen year old girl to have a form of depression. I used to never finish any meal given to me. Anything that reminded me of my mother I had extreme hatred for. Even her favorite meal. Once my father had tried to cheer me up by making the meal my mother used to make me. I loved that meal. Then. Now it was different. Completely.

It felt like it got better and worse every day. You think you'll be fine. Until it happens. And then you're not fine. I ended up going to therapy. I hadn't talked very much since the incident. They did everything to get me to say my feelings. But I felt like I couldn't. Like I was incapable. Once I heard my father say to the therapist, "I know I lost my wife but it feels like I lost my daughter too." I couldn't believe my father would say such a thing.

My mother had cancer. I ran. Away. Far away, to my grandmother's house. She welcomed me in. Everything felt fine. I wish I could feel this feeling now. My parents finally found me. Seven weeks later I came home from school on a rainy day. Something felt off. Something was way off. I came home and said she was gone. She died at 1:39. I wish I could have said goodbye.

I've been overcoming this. I have had therapy four days a week for two months. I still have a mother figure around the house, my sweet grandma! I know my mother is still with me, up in heaven. I can feel her. She's proud, because she knows I'll see her one day. So now I live life to its fullest, knowing that I fought through something that was so hard.

I have so many different things I have overcome. I am proud! I have even started talking again! When my father and grandmother heard my voice again for the first time in four months they started bursting into tears. I'm healing. I've waited for this moment for so long and it has finally come. I am starting a support group at my school for kids who have lost someone close to them as I did. My father and I am working on healing together. I'm hoping that in this group we can also heal together.

---*Kate Nichols*