
The Empathy In The Family

It was a rainy Thursday; I remember it like it was yesterday. I was in college, and I had just finished my class. I decided to go with one of my friends to eat. We got into my car and drove to our favorite fast food. While I was eating pizza, I received a text message from my aunt. She usually doesn't text me. I suddenly got goosebumps. The feeling was similar to watching a horror movie reaching its climax. I was getting butterflies in my stomach just looking at my phone. My breathing became rapid and shallow. I could feel my pulse pounding in my temples. I was compressing my lips, and I got very nervous. It felt like I can't swallow, and I might choke. I unlocked my phone to read the text message. "Come to the Razavi hospital, now. ". Once that first tear broke free, the rest followed in an unbroken stream. I immediately made a call to my dad. "You have reached the voicemail of. . . ". I got into my car, and I started driving to the hospital.

It was raining very heavily. Dark black clouds had covered the whole sky. The sky was also crying with me. I suddenly felt cold, and alone. While I was driving to the hospital, I wished that this is not happening. I got to the hospital. I ran very fast to her room. I saw my family standing in front of her room. I saw my father's silent tears. I had barely seen him crying during my life. I hugged him, and I could feel he is shaking in my arms. I entered her room, and I saw my grandfather cuddling my grandma's cold body. It was the first time that I saw my grandfather's tears. I embraced him like a long-lost brother for a long time. I could not resist anymore, and I started weeping. I could feel a large hole in my heart. I got out of the room, and I saw all my family members. We all had something in common. We all lost a lovely person in our lives. We all had the same feeling, and we were trying to the same goal, accepting the loss of my grandma. I could feel a strong connection, and I could comprehend a common feeling among all my family members. It was like the connection between the team members of the best team ever.

After two long days, my cousin and my uncle got there. They bought the first ticket they found, and they immediately moved to Iran. It was a cold and snowy night. We were all at my grandma's house. There was deafening lack of noise that is noise, in her house. My cousin entered the building. "Where are you, Aziz? Aziz?". He kept saying this while he was weeping over her bed, but Aziz was not there anymore. My aunt made him a cup of herbal tea. She hugged my cousin. "It's ok, my dearest nephew, don't cry. She is living in a much better place now. Don't cry sweetie", she said this while she was silently crying. I hugged my uncle. His face was wet and warm. I could see a big sadness in his eyes. Once again, all my family from all around the world got together, but this time for an unfortunate reason. We were missing one person. For around two weeks, we would all get together at my grand ma's house every day.

Need help with the assignment?

Our professionals are ready to assist with any writing!

GET HELP

There was a warm and friendly atmosphere at her house. We could feel that we have each other to share our feelings with them. We had the feeling that there is someone for us. We supported each other in all the situations, and this would give us the confidence. Without each other's support, it could be almost impossible to accept the loss of my grandma. I cannot imagine how hard it was for my father. He lost the dearest person in his life, his mother. We were all sharing the same feelings, and we would try hard to help each other in this painful situation.

My beloved grandma (or as we called her, "Aziz" which means "Dear" in English) was a hard worker, a fighter, and the kindest person I knew. She raised six children and taught them to be pleasant and honest people. When I was very young, she taught me to follow my heart and never give up no matter what happens. She had always brought snacks with herself when we would travel together. She had big black eyes and a delightful face. She had stories to tell, and every time I would learn more things from her. When I was sixteen-years-old, doctors diagnosed my grandma with Myeloma cancer. How is this possible? She was so kind to herself and all the people around her. Even though she had cancer, she would go outside and do exercise. She had never stopped exercising until doctors said that she is in stage four of multiple myeloma cancer. She now had strange people helping her take her medications and refilling her oxygen tanks. She deserved a much better life than the one that was handed to her. We lost this beautiful angel when I was nineteen-years-old, and we still feel a void in our hearts.

The strong support and connection between all of us helped us to accept the loss of my beloved grandma. I had provided a shoulder to lean on for all my family members who were experiencing the same sense of loss. We knew that everyone's understanding of death is different, and this is the personal journey that we are allowed to feel, think, say or do whatever it is that we need to heal. We had been always there for ourselves, and I felt extremely supportive during that time. Without that supportive atmosphere, none of us could accept the loss of my grandma. During this unfortunate situation, I received and gave empathy at every single second.

Need help with the assignment?

Our professionals are ready to assist with any writing!

[GET HELP](#)