

# Olivia Carmody

I thought he just forgot to take his insulin.

It was the day before spring break, March 29th, 2017. The bags were out in our dining room, my mom was scurrying about to get the last minute things. I was on my usual schedule for school, packing my bags, brushing my teeth, everything was perfectly normal.

My mom received a call from the high school. I saw her face drop, and the color drain from her cheeks. I start to panic. I tried to listen in on the conversation, but it was muffled.

"Daddy passed out at school," my mom said as she hung up the phone. "Do you want me to call someone to give you a ride to middle school?"

"It's probably best if we stick together as a family, I can be just late," I replied.

We rushed to the high school, pulled up by the ambulance, and I met my brother inside among other teachers and faculty. We were then separated from our mother for an unknown reason. After what seemed like hours, we were led out to the principal's car to be escorted straight to Genesys.

I sat uncomfortably in the waiting room with the head of the school board next to me and my brother and mother behind me. All of us were on the edge of our seats.

The nurse opened the double doors in front of me, instructed us to come back through the emergency rooms. I saw the doctors swarming my dad's room, emergency room three. They drew back the curtains, only to see the monstrosity that is the CPR



machine. The thing beat violently on his chest. I tried to grasp onto each moment I saw him, blinking away the tears as we waited in the family room next door.

We all sat on the couch on the back wall, my mom in the middle, my brother on the right, I'm was on the left. We grasped our hands together, waiting silently. A nurse entered the room and introduced herself as the head of the emergency wing.

"His pulse is not revitalizing, but we are still going to try for another 20 minutes," the nurse said.

The door shut. I heard my mom trying to hold back her sobbing. We began to pray. I heard the door clicked open as the nurse walked back in. The air in the room was still. The first two words that she said was:

"I'm sorry."

