

SAD NEWS

Accepting bad news is part of growing up.

When I heard the phone ring in the middle of the night, I knew something was wrong. Telephone calls at this time are either wrong numbers or bad news. It was bad news. My grandmother had died.

At first, I didn't know what to do. I mean, I was sad and scared, and I couldn't get over the idea I'd never see my Grammy again. And my mom was super-upset and crying. It's bad enough for your grandmother to die, but your mother . . .

After a while we calmed down and all went down to the kitchen. Daddy fixed coffee and hot chocolate, and we sat around the kitchen table and talked. We talked for a long time. Till it started to get light outside. And I learned a lot. I learned a lot about families and how important they are. And for the first time I realized that someday I might get a bad phone call in the middle of the night, too.

*just like my
mom.*