



TIME

By Julann Pontician

Time is a strange thing. When we want it to go by quickly, it drags and when we want time to move slowly, it flies. Since the death of my brother, Rob, I have shared a love-hate relationship with time.

When his leukaemia got so severe he could barely move, I wanted and prayed for the end to come quickly. He had suffered enough. After his death, I clung on to every day. I was so afraid of losing his face in my mind.

Now as the first year has passed, I have my emotions. I never thought a year could pass so fast. One of my strongest emotions is fear. I am afraid that this one year marks the end of my grieving process in the eyes of others. Will my friends stop listening to me talk about Rob? Do they understand that time doesn't ever completely stop the pain?

I am also afraid of the future. It is amazing that I have so much time ahead of me. Losing my brother has taught me to weed out the trivial things in life and concentrate on the important aspects. Everything I work on is in some way dedicated to Rob. At the same time, I am scared to live the rest of my life without him.

Some mornings I wake up smiling and go to sleep crying. As each day goes by, as time passes, I realise I cannot bring back what I have lost. However, with each smile my memory of Rob grows stronger and each tear I lose forces a little bit of pain away from those memories.

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