



2019 Ben Strauss Youth Program

Middle School

Teen Essay Contest

Brennan Geib

How Cancer Affected Me

My story about cancer starts all the way back to May 5th, 2016. It felt like an average morning as I laid in bed. The sun was shining, and the wind was howling. Then suddenly I heard a bang. I thought it was just my cats playing and one of them fell. So I laid my head back down.

Then all of a sudden sirens burst into the air. I looked outside to see what was going on. Then I saw an ambulance. I was wondering where it was going. Then I saw it turn. It turned right into our driveway. My heart started pounding. Blood was rushing thru my body. I looked back outside. Then 3 men came rushing out, running to our door. I rushed downstairs to see what all of this was about. Then I saw it. There was my Nana laying on the ground because she passed out.

My parents and I have lived with my nana my whole life. We've always been close: watching movies, making crafts, and baking over 15 different cookies at Christmas.

This was a Monday, and I had school. I begged my Mom so hard to let me go with her to the hospital. But my mom said no and just not to think about Nana. But I couldn't. All I could think about was would she be ok.

I was right. The day was rough and I couldn't focus. I cried, and I got off task. Everyone kept asking me what was wrong and I got really annoyed because I didn't want to talk about it. My nana had been sick for a while. She was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2015. She had been seeing doctors for about 6 months.

When I finally got home, I was happy until I heard the words “Nana passed away this morning”. I tried to stay strong but I couldn’t. At dinner, I ate half a sandwich, and that was it. No one really ate a lot of food.

I had soccer that night, but my dad canceled it. All night I kept remembering the good memories I had with her.

I couldn’t think about what my life would be like without her. Everything was rough for about two or three months. But then I finally felt better. It was easier to focus and do everything again.

But that’s not all. About a year later, everything started up again. In about January 2017 on a Friday I came home from school. I was ready for my weekend to spend with my family on my Dad's side of the family. I was watching TV and laying with my dog. Then my mom came up to me. I could tell something was wrong. She said my Grammy (my dad’s mom) was just put on hospice care and would not last much longer because her cancer was getting worse.

I knew she had cancer, but I didn’t think it was that bad. Me and my cousins went to the hospital every day. All 24 cousins were there and all 10 aunts and uncles. We were all one big family. Together there in support and love for our Grammy.

We spent every day going to the hospital until... On February 1st, 2017. She had passed away. In just about 10 months I lost two of my grandmothers. Since this was my second death it wasn’t as hard to deal with it. I also got to say goodbye.

But for the first death, it wasn’t as easy. It was the first death I ever dealt with. And it was sudden. I never got to say goodbye. Or say I love you one last time. All this didn’t just affect me but it also affected my whole family. My father’s side and my mom’s side.

When things seem to get better, sometimes they get worse. From this whole experience, I learned that sometimes things change and I have to adjust. I also learned that I have to learn to let things go. There isn’t a day that goes by when I don’t think about them.