

Who is my hero?

Who is my hero? It's hard for me to think of just one person who rescues me like a superhero. I could say my parents, who have so much love for me, but I can't lie and say they don't make me feel down in the dumps. I could say my brother and sister who protect me like a shield, but I can't lie and say they are my hero when at times they make me feel like I am in their shadows. I could say my cousin Olivia or Grandma who both lost their lives in a fight to cancer, they fought till they couldn't anymore. Both women whom I love very much, and have set a strong example of what a strong woman looks like. I could write about all these amazing people in my life, but I won't. Instead I will write about an amazing woman who loves to dance, who makes a phenomenal charcuterie board, loves her family, one of the funniest people I know, and can always make me happy; these qualities are why my Nana is my hero.

I love going over to her house to go swimming and catch up. She always brings me charcuterie and plays fun music on her Alexa. My family always makes a joke on how she shouts at her Alexa to play her music, she goes "ALEXA, LOUDER." One memory that I have with her is when my sister's best friend died. At this time in life I had felt like the Barbies you randomly stop playing with when you're a kid: unused, or forgotten with the distraction of my sister's grief.

I was home alone one day, so my Nana and I spent the day together. We had gone out for a nice breakfast together. After breakfast my Nana and I talked. She wanted to know how I was doing; it felt good to have someone ask me if I was okay. I told her the truth. I told her that I felt alone and that everyone was focused on Lucia. I told her how I would ball up my emotions so that people wouldn't have to worry about me, but in reality, I wanted people to worry about me.

She had asked me one deep question that had caught me off guard:

“When do you cry?”

Four simple words, yet they meant so much.

I told her, “ Alone, at night.”

She told my mom about how I was feeling. At first, I was mad at her for telling my mom after I had just opened up to her, but then I realized she did it because she loves and cares for me. This is why my Nana is my hero: she cares for me, she loves me, and she knows how to make me laugh.

Love you Nana, I can't imagine where I would be without you in my life.