My Angel

May 1999—
The year we would be forced to face our fear.

As the thoughts of my aunt having cancer begin to sink in my life and the lives of our family began to grow dim.

As a young child I didn’t quite understand, but as I have gotten older I have witnessed God’s hand.

She has lost her hair too many times to count, but still refuses to say “count me out.”

She still makes her famous casserole every year, even if she is oxygen bound and slightly out of gear.

She has been through it all, but no one shall know, because she never allows her inner pain to show.

She has been given this life because God alone knows she can handle the strife.

She has friends that never waver and always stand tall, even when she cannot stand at all.

We have watched her suffer and seen her cry but also see the fight she gives in order to avoid good-bye.

She has strengthened our family and enriched our bond, something that will always and forever live on.

She never complains or thinks “God, why me?” Instead she praises Him and says “One day I’ll see.”

She is still abiding here with us on this earth. God has something to teach us of worth!

—Andrea M. Boothe