

Remarkable Lady

Category: Bravery

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My aunt was a one-of-a-kind lady. Her laugh was infectious, and she gave the warmest hugs. I miss that laugh. And those hugs.

Every holiday was special. She made sure every one of her nieces and nephews had the perfect gift and spent the same on each of us, I mean to the cent! We all felt her love and knew she was proud of every single one of us. The saying, "to know her, was to love her," could not be more fitting.

When she was diagnosed with cancer, she put on a brave face and acted as if she had something minor, like a hangnail. Being a healthcare professional, I knew better.

Over the next year, she could not hide her deteriorating health. In her final days, she still smiled and still wanted to know how we all were doing. I remember her telling me, "You know, I had plans," and then she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Never once, did she show anger at her situation in front of me. When I was with her, I always found myself wondering, "How did she do that?"

The last day I saw her, she was in a lot of pain, and it was heartbreaking. I helped take her to the emergency department. The CT scan showed advanced cancer throughout the body. Before I left, I hugged and kissed her. She knew it was going to be the last time that I saw her. She said, "You tell your boys that I will always be with them." I bawled uncontrollably and told her how much I loved her and that she was the best aunt I could have ever asked for. Not once did she cry. She put on a brave face and smiled at me as I walked out. She passed away a few days later.

My aunt was a remarkable lady who helped shape me into the person I am today. She taught me kindness and compassion, and how to be positive and thankful for what you have been given, all the way to the end. Her resilience and bravery still speak to me today.

*Jennifer Walker
Carbondale, Illinois*