

Journal Entry 19th June 2025

Category: Loss

written by Astra Chang-Ramsden | July 9, 2025

Sitting by myself on the balcony at the Asa Wright Nature Centre. Waiting for the dawn chorus. Hungry and waiting for breakfast. And wondering: Am I too familiar with Death?

We first came into each other's circles in 2008, when Uncle Steve died.

For the next few years, we watched each other from afar.

But then, in 2011 when I started in the Intensive Care Unit, we moved into the same neighbourhood. I saw Death more and more, especially during holiday season.

When Granny Vasquez died this year, we became intimate neighbours. Death would see me in my nighty and my comings and goings in and out of the house.

And now, I'm sad to say, I see Death in my father's face. I see the lines and gleaming in the eyes that I recognize as traits of my old friend.

Has Death become a dance partner, a confidant, a lover? Do I look for him with excitement? Do I anticipate his next move? Would I find him in a room full of strangers?

Maybe. The next few months will tell how close Death is to me.

Astra Chang-Ramsden

Cascade, Trinidad and Tobago