

What Did You Think Would Happen?

By Jaron Camp

There was a moment in 1986 when the world stopped spinning for three days. I was seven. Nothing mattered beyond the tears. Looking at you served as a reminder that day turning to night could end at any moment. After three days of flooding out my heartache, you told me it was time for my world to start again. But you were the reason it stopped in the first place. What did you think would happen?

I watched as some of your good friends made excuses as to why they weren't around. It was 1989, and your body betrayed you as fast as their friendships faded. Your once festive Friday nights turned into bedridden loneliness. Those relationships, like your body, weren't built to last. What did you think would happen?

You tried to stick it out, but I guess the multiple stays at the physical rehabilitation center only gave false hope. By 1993, you were moving on from us, and we had no choice in the matter. The strain of MS accompanied a new reality that life couldn't have dreams when your body lives in a nightmare. Your wants were drowning within your needs. What did you think would happen?

In early 2001 you exhaled into the night for the last time. I didn't cry because your leaving wasn't goodbye. Your fifteen year-long battle closed one chapter of a book where your name is part of a series that will become a legacy. I grew to realize that you were never drowning. Love taught you how to breathe underwater. I guess I learned something along the way. What did you think would happen?