

Passing

by Eamon Doyle

I woke up to the sound of thunder that day. It was a continuous cycle of lightning followed by thunder. I was mesmerised by the flash of the fast-passed lightning hitting the ground.

“Come down so we can go”, shouted Mam. “We’re going to be late”.

“Hold on Ma, I may get changed”.

“Hurry on would you!”, commanded Mam.

I went downstairs to the displeased face of my mother. We all squeezed into the back seats of the five-seater hatchback. All six of us tried to get comfortable but this seemed impossible.

We arrived at St. John’s, maybe for the last time. The rain pouring down, I got out of the car. I slowly walked up the long corridor to the Elm Ward.

“Is he going to get better?”, my little brother Luke asked.

“I promise you he’ll be fine”, assured Mam.

As we got to the room he was in, I took a few moments to compose myself. “Hello Granddad”, Mam said positively. She got no response. He was too sick to talk, he always was. I could see he was in pain. No one else could see it though so I kept it to myself. I smiled at him, as to say hello. I wasn’t able to speak because I thought everyone would be able to tell I was depressed.

I looked around the room and all I could see was the dreary, gloomy and depressed people, praying and hoping that he would get better.

There was nothing but silence in the room. Just the sound of the heart monitor keeping everybody sane.

But in an instant Granddad’s eyes were closed and the monitor was flatlining.

“Nurse, nurse”, we all shouted simultaneously.

“You need to leave” the nurse replied.

“Why?”, I asked.

“Trust me, you don’t want to see this”, the nurse said with a tone of sympathy.

All I did was wait. Wait until somebody opened the two big doors and let me see my granddad. The nurse walked out.

“I have some bad news” she said. “He didn’t make it”.

As we all stood there wondering what to do next, I ran, not knowing what to do with myself. I just knew I did not want to be there.