

## **Echoes of Sorrow: Navigating the Storm of Loss**

by Scarlett Bocachica

In the silent, dimly lit room, my mother's weeping echoed throughout our home like a mournful melody, each tear a solitary note in the symphony of our sorrow. The house, once a place of warmth and laughter, now lay in disruption, a chaotic canvas of memories ripped apart by my father's sudden departure.

As an 11-year-old, I felt like a sailor navigating relentless waters, trying to cook a decent meal for my four siblings and my delicate newborn baby sister. In the living room, my older brother, a gentle giant in our broken home, rocked our two-week-old sister in his arms, whispering soothing lullabies to calm her restless cries, like a lighthouse guiding a ship during a wild storm. The musty air clung to the walls like a frightened child, a constant reminder of our faltering fumes from our failing air conditioning, which had burst to the heaviness of our grief. Each passing day, we fought to maintain cleanliness in our home, a war against the creeping, crawling chaos that reflected our own inner commotion.

Amidst the chaos, there was a yearning, a constant longing for the mother we once knew. Her smile, once as bright as the morning sun, has dimmed, eclipsed by the shadow of our loss. I sobbed and whispered to myself, a glimpse of hope, "I miss my mom. I miss the person she used to be." Repeating those words, like a sacred chant, became a lifeline, a plea to the world to grant her comfort and healing, in the face of this unfathomable storm.