

THE FIRST GOODBYE

UNKNOWN

I've been away for like two and a half months. I went back to visit my grandma in Europe and she's really bad with dementia at the moment. She's like really, really sick. I haven't been able to see her for like three and a half years. She's fallen more and more ill and now she can't get out of bed and stuff. So I thought that I wasn't gonna get a chance to go and say goodbye. I was anxious if she was actually gonna remember me because dementia is - it's quite scary and things can turn pretty quickly.

I was so terrified that when I walked in that door I was gonna feel so much joy and happiness to see her but she wasn't gonna be able to remember who I actually was. So, the whole plane ride over I was just going through that, over and over in my head.

But she did know. She remembered. Just walking into the room and seeing her face... I just could not stop - I cried for about three hours. But it wasn't sad crying - I mean it was a mixture of sad crying because she's not well, but it was also just getting to see her and having my time to say goodbye to her.

When I walked in and saw her face, we both just... Like, she didn't say anything because she can't speak that much anymore, but the feeling that I felt was pretty indescribable. She's kinda like my second mum kind of thing.

It was hard, I was so happy I got to see her but then I... I felt so guilty when I had to leave because I only had ten days.

(exhales)

(MORE)

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

I think that I need to realise that I went there and made the effort to say goodbye and that's - I should feel at peace, and that should be enough. Y'know, we live on this side of the world, she lives there and um... Yeah I think I just need to realise that. I just hope that she maybe, hopefully, potentially will still be around next year and I'll get to see her again for the last time. But for now I have to be okay with the fact that I may not get the chance to do that.