

Mr. S,

This piece may have been one of the hardest I have ever had to write. Not in the sense that the assignment was really quite difficult, but rather that the subject was so close to my heart. I *really* wanted to do it justice. I wrote about my grandma Sandy, her death, the impact of it, and how it exemplifies time, life, and God. I put my versions of *her story* in it as well as details of the countless times I've heard it.


I did it in a very formal way, because it is a very serious piece. The font is a very basic sans serif font, because she was a simple woman in her own beautiful way. I also signed my name as the author line because my signature of "Sandra" is so similar to hers (my dad says). It is also a different color to emphasize that. I suppose it is also significant in the way it is in my name, like she is in me and in my heart, like the center of my name. (I hope you followed that.)

I really do wish I would have had more time to get a few more drafts in because I feel a bit more time could have let me produce a better tribute to her. (Those darn ulcers will get ya every time. Haha!.. I hope you get my joke.) My unfortunate, untimely sickness also prevents me from having the "zero draft" and second draft (as I was told to remind you of).

I really want the piece to be a tribute to my grandma, my dad, his suffering, and my family. I want people to read it and want to cry. I want them to feel the heartbreak of so many and feel the pain of the loss of such a great woman. And I know you might think I'm crazy because I never even met her. She died when my dad was eighteen, but I feel her presence watching over me all the time. I really do. I cried quite a few times in the midst of this piece, but I really think it was worth it, because she meant so much to us all.

I realize it's not perfect, but I really think I deserve an A because this piece is a part of me, and I really feel you will be able to tell that.

Thanks a bunch,



Brittany Sandra Pollock

In Loving Memory

Brilliant Sandra Pallock

I have a "happy place," as many people do. Mine consists of a fine, white sand beach my toes easily squish in and a slow rise and fall of small, crystal blue ocean waves. I walk up to a pair of purple beach chairs, one of which has someone seated in it: a woman. As I continue to walk up slightly behind her, I see she wears a red swimsuit and cover up, Her lips curled at the corners into a smile, eyes elegant hazel, and hair fixed in her perm. She turns slightly to me, as I greet her, "Hi Grandma." We sit and chat, splash our toes in the water, and enjoy each other's precious company. She plays with my hair, the way any beautician would. Here I am completely content; there is no pain, only complete relaxation. I feel her cheer me on during hard times or even pat my back when I'm upset. She is comforting to me.

I saw her there when I had an MRI, my wisdom teeth taken out, when I tried to get away from upsetting times, and even when I was simply stressed. I feel such a strong connection to her. She is the one I look up to, and she makes me strive to be a better person. It is a blessing to have such an influence in my life. Knowing a person with such a positive affect like that is a truly cherished gift. Those are the real world heroes. Not only that, they are the everyday heroes.

Grandma Sandra (Sandy) continued about her daily tasks: gardening, prayer, dinner, and making a living. She was beautiful: her lips curled at the corners into a smile, eyes elegant hazel, and hair fixed in her perm. Though it didn't pay well, she was a beautician and loved every minute of it. The money she made went toward up keeping her home and supporting her family, especially her beloved son. She loved God and was a very religious person, she prayed

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regularly and fervently. It was her faith in God that helped her through very difficult years and the days when she could barely make ends meet. However, she never lost her positive and always pulled through.

It was on April 15, 1988 that the unthinkable happened. Sandra took off in her tan Chrysler down a long, gravel road. She was carrying ~~about~~ her daily life. As she cruised, the car lurched one way and another as if it had a mind of its own. It spun as the dust and pebbles flew into the air. She jerked the steering wheel left and right, attempting with all her might to steady the sliding car. She held on for dear life ~~X~~ the life she saw flash before her eyes. She prayed and tried to catch her breath as it was expelled from her lungs in the whirling motions of the vehicle. She thought of her son as she looked left and right wondering which way the car spun. Then it stopped all in a moment's time.

Time can seem longer or slower than it really is. It "flies when you're having fun" and "drags on" in cases of boredom. Time is used, misused, forgotten, and hoped for. Time is free, but what makes it valuable is how it is spent, used. Sandra used her time for others, but had it whisked away from her so quickly. There is only so much of it on earth, and then suddenly it's gone in an instant. There is no way to know the exact moment death will abduct a soul, and only God knows when time is up.

It was her son that was left in utter agony. His beloved mother, his support system, and his everything were taken away just like that. His emotions so deeply captured his whole heart and mind to ~~where~~ ^{that} he thought of her incessantly. His broken heart reached out to her in the best way he knew how. He wrote.

Mom

Tears are flowing.
Rivers roll.
Your death burns like
wildfire in my mind.

And there, still, you lie,
while the nights of summer end,
awaiting my return
with the patience of a friend.

Visitation

To the touch,
she was cold as winter,
To sight,
as white as snow.

She lay there,
still, like the night.
In a peace,
as quiet as the sands.

A Lonely Drive

As I turn into the lane,
I kill the power to my radio.
I drop down one gear,
reducing my speed to a slow breeze.

I grip the wheel tighter
to keep my hands from trembling,
and the fears from gathering
like leaves ~~in~~^{As} the fall.

The slow breeze carries me on
as I follow a river of stone,
passing row after row of concrete, marble,
and grasses that grow.

The engine stops.
And like a slow burning ember
my eyes drift left,
my hand trembles, opening the door.

Although I am among many,
I am very much alone.
I stand, stare
at the polished rose marble.

All the words hurt,
but the ones at the bottom hurt most...

"Mother of Ryan J. Pollock"

Feb. 26, 1991

April 15, 1991

Ryan J. Pollock
3802 22nd Ave. #3
Kearney, NE 68847

Three years ago...

I woke up
smiling at the new day.

As I fed ^{at the new day} the cats,
the hogs and cattle,
a gentle breeze
took my mind off the sweat
that ran from my brow.

Late that afternoon
the phone rang;
I answered--mom spoke.
And after we said our last "good-by",
the humming of the phone
lingered in my mind.

That evening
I left the farm;
and for ten miles
the dust followed me
as I chased the sun
down the Clay county line.

That night
my skin rippled
my ~~hands~~ ^{arms} shook
trembled with fear;
I knew she was gone.

Three years ago
I went to sleep...

crying.

Every April 15th

Like a passing storm
coming only once in a season,
she is gone,
never to be seen again.

Touch her face...I can't
Reach for the clearing sky...I must.

The tan Chrysler she lost control of was found. It was half wrapped around a tree. On the side of the gravel road, the car stood covered in dust and crinkled like tin foil. Sandra had no struggle, no pain; she was killed instantly upon impact. The driver's side door was crushed into the tree. Rescuers were horrified such a terrible thing could happen to a woman of such kindness, such virtue.

I often questioned why God would do such a thing. But the longer I contemplated her death, the more I was almost certain Grandma's incident was not God's original plan. They say the devil works hardest to break the faith of those closest to God. The devil has been known to cause numerous disasters, simply because he hates humans. It is said car accidents are the makings of devil, and look at how many countless accidents happen every day. I believe Sandra's tragedy is no different.

Perhaps the devil thought he could shake her faith and that of her loved ones, and perhaps it did to some extent. However, that funeral was said to have the most people a funeral had ever seen in that sleepy, little Nebraska town. A small world must have united against the devil's awful hate. The devil certainly tried, but the faith of that town must have strengthened as they joined together, to pray as one as she left the physical world.

Life is held together so delicately. We are like the petals of a flower, and God the center, holding us together. The devil is the wind, relentlessly trying to tear us from God, and in the end all petals die. Grandma Sandy may not be physically alive now, but she can live in my heart where she is loved. She won't leave me to fight death or time by myself.