

Katelyn's memoir won first place in the AVID 7 memoir contest (voted on by JWMS staff).

The 26th of December 2021. Silence under a gray sky. A great sorrow was felt from each person with heartfelt grief. The portrait hanging in the large empty house, once a symbol of the soul that once lived there, now stood alone, heavy with the recent silence. My grandmother, depicted in the portrait, seemed to turn her gaze towards me. Tears filled my eyes. I was struck by a memory of her smile, filled with laughter and joy. When I looked back at the portrait, I was reminded of the present. All that remained were quiet memories. At times, we are unaware of what we have until it is gone. We often trade moments with our loved ones to instead do things we find more «pleasurable». Although, we rarely ponder the results or outcome of our actions. We find that we only indulge in regret and remorse until the moment of consequence arises. Perhaps before this fateful day, I'd have spent the moment with her. Because just now, when the news came, I knew I would only ever share another moment with her again, wearing black.