

THE BITTER NEWS

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I am normally a very private person. Very few people know much about me apart from my Tinsel World. I have asked myself many, many times if I really wanted to blurt my personal life worldwide. In fact that is the reason for such a lengthy delay since my last blog. In the end I decided it would be healing for me and the cliché of helping someone might apply.

My mother passed away on Dec.15 '06. She had not been feeling well since July '06 and even after taking tons of tests, her doctor had not been able to find out the reason. Finally in Nov., she agreed to see another doctor. After repeating many of the same tests, the diagnosis was not one we wanted to hear - liver cancer. 2 weeks later she suffered a major stroke from which she never regained consciousness and then died a week later at the age of 79.

Naturally I am awash in feelings. I loved my mother, but she made me crazy! The last couple of years more so then ever. On some days she used to call me at work 3 – 4 times a day. “Marcia the computer won’t work...Marcia the phone doesn’t work...Marcia eBay’s not working” on & on. Of course there were loads of other things she did that made me nuts. Sometimes all she had to do was say hello & I found myself losing patience. Yes, just by doing her usual motherly things she wore me out.

More then once I tried giving her away to an employee. No luck though... they had their own mother to deal with. I asked the motherless ones if they wanted to adopt her. No takers. I accepted the reality that I was just stuck with her and I would muddle through somehow.

Now however, I feel differently. Simply put, I would deal with all the aggravation just to have my mother back. If only I had it all to do over! Computer doesn't work mom? I'll be right over. Can't get a dial tone? No prob, I'll call the phone company. Yes, it is a cliché...if I only knew what the future was going to be.

I will not lecture those of you with mothers still alive. I will not say things like - treasure the time you have or you only have 1 mother or tell her you love her. I was told all of that & I just answered "yeah, yeah". Both of her parents lived to 88 and I thought I had time with her. I was all set for the visits to the assisted living apartment, and if necessary, after her expected 88 years, a nursing home.

It seems inevitable that we go through feelings of regret, remorse perhaps guilt & anger along with the sadness and emptiness at the death of family member. After all, we are only human. Of course knowing all of this doesn't always make the pain less! As my mother use to saygrowing old is not easy!!



Marge Ceppos in her 20's