

Memoir Essay

Graduation was a mix of emotions all together just hearing that I was graduating was huge alone already, but the feeling didn't strike me right away. It was more of a built-up process; it was as if the closer I got to the building the more intensifying the emotions became. My heart was beating so loud it was almost the equivalent to the beats of the music I was listening to on my headphones; I almost couldn't differentiate between the two. Filling up with more anxiousness for the event I began to let myself drift off into thought only for a few seconds, only to then suddenly hear my mom ask me if I'm okay.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Only for me to lower the music on my headphones preparing myself for a conversation. "Yeah I'm good just a little bit nervous," knowing all too well that my response of a little bit was an understatement, I was doing my hardest to try and at least find a socket within myself to at least calm down the piling pounds of stress that just kept knocking against me. So fast forwarding into finally arriving at the building I greeted my friends all dressed up in their cap and gowns, greeting teachers old and new I turn to my mom telling me she'll see me inside when the ceremony starts to begin. When my friends and I started walking to the building I couldn't help but to think of my grandma. Just a few days ago before the graduation my mom and I visited the hospital she was staying at to check up on her, when we walked into her room I immediately went in for a hug, after hugging her I could she wasn't really in a full condition to leave the hospital. Part of me was happy she was doing better, but the other part of me was upset that she had to stay. When my friends and I were going into the side entrance of the building I felt a cold brisk air just blow straight against my face; the transition from the heat from outside into the extremities the cold air conditioning if the building replayed for me the time my grandma and I caught ourselves in a playful snowball fight in front of her house. We were fresh off from grocery shopping when the cab driver dropped us off at the corner of the street; we carried bags full of food and some home supplies. Half way down the street to her house the crunching of the snow beneath our feet made it tempting for me to pick some snow and make a snowball, with my snowball in hand I hurled it towards her leg exploding like chalk when you smash a piece of it against something on impact. I let out a small chuckle to only then start being pelted by snowballs myself, we continued this onslaught of snowballs for a good few minutes before we finally got tired enough to pick up the bags and head inside and make some breakfast. Almost every time she made breakfast I would ask if she could teach me how to cook and she would, it would first start off with me looking and observing while she talked me through it to then me assisting in the making; the eggs, milk, pancake mix, and just a pinch of vanilla extract I begin to whisk away. I would then move onto the stove with her to pour out the batter and to help with making the turkey bacon and sausages with the eggs; staying at a safe

distance we would cook away, the heat filling up the kitchen while either a cartoon or our favorite we would watch together would be playing in the background, the intoxicating aroma from the food attacking my nostrils edging my stomach on to growl out of hunger ready to eat.

As I was reminiscent in thought of the memory it was time for us to step out into the auditorium to start the graduation, but instead of being nervous I felt a sense of ease, it was almost as if the memory was like a reassurance to calm down. Even though going into the graduation I already knew that my grandma wasn't going to be able to attend it, the memory almost made it feel as if she was there although she was miles away; the memory also showed me what she meant to me as my grandmother, she was family but at the same time my best friend.