

Kelly O'Brien

One person that I know I have helped in the past year of my life is my mom. She has gone through so many hardships and I feel that I have helped her through them. One painful thing she had to go through was a divorce from her husband of 17 years. I'm a triplet, my mom stayed home to take care of us, so when she got divorced she had to move out with no job and support three kids going to a Catholic grade school and soon a Catholic high school. I remember her walking through neighborhoods and looking for boxes that she could use for moving. She then got a job at a local school [St. Martin of Tours] as a third grade teacher.

It seemed like everything was going wrong: about every appliance in the house was broke, bills were everywhere, and there seemed to be nothing left. On top of that, her father was extremely sick and had no money left to pay his nursing home bills. My mom paid for them and took great care of him. After a few sad months, he died. My mom was exasperated and heart broken. Nothing seemed to be going right for her. Recently another death occurred in my mom's life: a student in her class died from cancer unexpectedly. I remember her coming down the stairs and breaking down into tears.

I feel that I have helped my mom through these painful times by not only helping her with her job by correcting papers, but offering her moral support and comforting her. When she got divorced, my brother, sister and I all contributed by helping pack things up and making the best of our new house. We tolerate switching back and forth between houses because deep down we know that our mom has made the most sacrifices and we should help her "carry her cross". I have worked strenuously on scholarships, hoping to lessen the financial burden that weighs on my mom's mind. Sending three kids to a Catholic high school at once will not be easy.

When my grandpa was sick and dying my mom took us to the nursing home so we could keep him company. I think that he enjoyed those simple visits more than anything and that brought joy to my mom's heart. When my grandpa died, my mom got a call in the morning about the horrible news. I saw her crying and gave her a big consoling hug to try to lift her spirits. The student in her class had been diagnosed for a long time but his death was still a huge shock to everyone. It came like a big slap in the face to my mom. She had tried her hardest to make him feel comfortable with the other kids and now she had to face them in the morning and give his classmates the bad news. I recall her asking my advice on how to handle the day after his death. I hope I helped her. She said that I did.

I view my mom as being a strong willed, determined woman, and also a loving person with a big heart. I think that I have contributed to her breakthrough out of all these sad experiences. Now my mom seems to be a happy mother of three kids who enjoys life. I will try to help her as best as I can till the very end.

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