

Nahja Lewis
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English Portion

For Spanish class, I had to find a creative way to represent someone that I loved that has passed away. This came at great timing because on October 30th was the anniversary of my aunt's death. Therefore, I decided to write about her. My aunt's name was Mamie Lee Lewis-Frost. She was much more than these four names. She was a kind-hearted, giving, loving, and funny person.

To say that she meant the world to me would be an understatement. She was much more than just my mother's sister and my grandmother's daughter. She was a positive role model in my life. She and I had a deeper connection than anyone could think of or explain. I decided to write about her because like I said previously, the four year anniversary of her death was recently. I also decided to write about her because she is on my mind a lot. I remember a lot about her and how she used to comfort me when I was feeling sad. She was like a powerhouse for my family. She, as well as my mother, helped keep the family together.

I remember when she was in the hospital because she needed surgery in August of 2010. I took the train ride to Columbia from Philadelphia. I didn't know the reason for going but I went anyways. When she was having her operation I remember there being a lot of people in the waiting room. It looked like the waiting room was just for my family and friends. When she was well enough to go home, she had to eat soft foods. I remember sitting on the side of her family feeding her Jell-o. I eventually went back home. Three short months later, I had to return there because she was getting sick. When I arrived at the hospital that morning, I called her on the phone to tell her that everything will be alright and I will see her when she comes home. She couldn't talk though. I wanted to go to the room she was in. However, since the sickness she had was contagious I couldn't. That day she passed away.

My sugar skull reflect her because she had a colorful personality. She was always happy. I remember she had a special name for me which was "Pretty Girl". I felt very happy when she called me that because she was very special to me. She gave that name to me. I put a heart with glitter on the top of the skull because she was my heart. She was like another mother to me. When she passed away, I felt like my heart burst into a million pieces, like individual pieces of glitter.

"Dia de los Muertos" opened my mind up to think about my deceased family members. Like those that celebrate them in other countries, I started to think about the life of the person and what they did and good memories instead of mourning. My family's traditions are similar to those in Peru. We gather around to remember the person. My family does mourn the death but we help each other to stay strong at the sad time.

Mi nombre es Nahja Lewis. Esto panegírico es por mi tía. Su nombre fue Mamie Lewis-Frost. Ella fue de Columbia, South Carolina. Ella vivió hasta que la edad de cincuenta y cuatro. Yo estoy en Columbia, South Carolina, en la casa de mi familia. Yo estoy triste pero yo aprendo ella no suele quiere me estar. Ella suele estar orgulloso de me. El deceso de mi tia es desgraciado pero ella es nunca olvidado.