

A slumber party in honor of my sister

After my sister Linda's funeral my younger sister and I went to her house to get boxes of old pictures. It was the house we grew up in. Linda had moved back in after our parents died. As we walked in the house I looked at my sister Mattie on oxygen and thought, soon I will lose another sister. Mattie was in the late stages of an incurable disease that she had been battling for over a year.

We started going through the old pictures and remembering the times when we were kids, so many good memories. I realized that most of those times were in our bedroom and found out why our mother wanted us to share a room. We had a guest room that we rarely used and Linda asked our parents many times if she could have that room but mom said you girls need to share a room. We thought it was because mom wanted that room for

guests. We grew up when there were no cell phones, or internet and we did not have a television in our room so all we did was talk. We shared secrets and knew what boys we liked. I can't count how many times one of us walked in that room and said "I'm going to tell you something but you can't tell anyone in the world." Sometimes we got mad at each other and threatened to tell our parents what the other did but we never did. We knew things about each other that our parents didn't know.

I could see this was a good time for Mattie, she was happy and had forgotten about her illness. I called my husband and told him I was going to be late. Mattie and I went in our old room and continued talking and remembering the past. I told Mattie " I wish we could go back to when we were kids and our parents were still alive" and that night I got my wish. We fell asleep and

I had a dream that I was about five, our parents were still alive and we were getting ready for school. I saw my father, I hadn't seen him in years. Everything was the same as it was when we were kids.

I woke up and tried to wake Mattie up but she was gone, she died in her sleep. Her life ended in the same place it started. I'm thankful we had that time together. I notified her son and called my husband to tell him what happened, he was there within fifteen minutes to be with me.

That night I told my two daughters that I wanted to have a slumber party. My daughters had always had separate rooms and I wanted them to make some memories like my sisters and I had. I told them " no phones or television, we are going to talk." That night I told them stories of when we were kids and I told them the story of how Mattie died. We had a very enjoyable time. It was getting late so I told

my girls I was going to bed and will leave
you alone to make your own memories.

I went to bed, my husband was already
asleep and I could hear them in the other
room talking and laughing.

Years have passed since Mattie died and
my daughters are grown now but every
year on the anniversary of Mattie's death
they have a slumber party in her honor.

She would've liked that.