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Humanities ½
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My Aunt

My aunt taught me many things. I would go over to her house every summer for a week. One summer my mom had me bring Harry Potter with me to see if I could get into reading. I started to read it a bit and I wasn't very interested. My aunt saw me reading it and asked me how I liked it. I told her that it was okay and she asked if she could read it with me. She read it aloud and all of a sudden I could really hear the story. It was like watching a movie in my head. From that moment I fell in love with reading and devoured books.

One summer she and my uncle taught me to play poker, Texas Hold'em. Every summer we would play and my uncle would joke with my parents that we were smoking cigars and drinking Jack Daniels while playing poker. He is funny like that, however my parents didn't always enjoy his jokes. I remember when they gave me my first poker set. It looked so official in its grey case and every time I saw them I would bring it with me.

My aunt taught me kindness. She was not only always so kind to me, but she made me want to be kind to others. When she was diagnosed with cancer and was close to losing her battle, my family and I went to go say goodbye to her. I took my guitar and her lessons of kindness and played her a song, Lean On Me, while my sister sang. It was a surreal moment, I felt like I was doing something right, and that even though she was going through so much pain, this gift of music could somehow ease it.

My aunt taught me sadness. What it's like to lose someone you love, and how to get through it.

When my parents came up to the summer camp I went to every year and told me she had passed, I felt true sadness. There was an empty place in my heart where she had once been, like a tunnel with no end in sight. Over time, I have learned to fill that place with the sweet memories of her, of the poker games, of reading with her, and of her laughter. Her laughter was the best, like chimes on a windy day. She is like an open door, she opened me up to many new things and she also had to leave. Even though she has left through that opened door, I will always remember and love her.