

About My Mother
By Marla Lukofsky

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Yesterday was the anniversary of my mom's death. On that day back in 2006, in the afternoon, my mom took her last breath, in her own bed, just as she had wanted, just as it should be. She was diagnosed with Acute Myeloid Leukemia one year after my dad died. It was terminal.

I remember when I went to say the mourner's prayer for 11 months at synagogue. I met so many people in the same situation. They were of great comfort to me. This daily prayer and those people there helped me get out of bed every morning. It was there that I met one of my now dearest friends, out of my tragedy.

Some people were there for the anniversary of their loved one's passing. One woman who was in her late 60's said to me, "It's been 10 years now since my dad died and it still hurts. I feel like an orphan." I wondered then, will that be me as years go by. Now I know the answer. Yes, it still hurts.

It's still a surreal feeling/sensation that you are gone. I carry on in disbelief. I carry on with distractions, superficial as they may be. I carry on by hearing your words in my head. You said I am stronger than I think. I don't know about that.

Sometimes I think I see you at the supermarket, or the drug store. I want to run up and hug you and tell you I've missed you so. But it's not really you. (And that strange woman keeps wondering why I'm staring at her.)

I think about you often. Maybe more than you thought I would. Maybe not. People say we were alike. I didn't see it. Certainly not physically. You were taller, thinner, blue eyed, fair skinned and had perfect posture. I'm nothing like that. I used to think I was adopted because I didn't look like you. But I have my birth bracelet and certificate that you gave me and I know I came out of you.

I don't need a synagogue or a candle to commemorate your death, although I do it out of respect for you.

I wonder if you can see me now.

I wonder if you know that I'm singing again.

You and Daddy thought I had a good voice and was a good writer. I write now too. Sometimes I even write about you.

Love Marla, your baby.

Bio: Marla Lukofsky is an inspirational Keynote Speaker, Stand-Up Comedian, Writer, Voice-over actor, Speaking Coach, Cancer Survivor.
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