2019

Results of a Violent Crime

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways_journal/vol2016/iss1/8

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Before the incident, my family and I had been content and always active. Almost every summer, we would all take a family trip, and even if it wasn’t summer we had many family outings together. Also, money never seemed to be much of an issue for us. Before the incident, my mother could do anything she set her mind to. However, this all stripped away when my mother became a victim of a violent crime on December 1, 2010. She had just begun her break from work, when a man had decided to beat her in the parking lot of her workplace. The attack was detrimental, causing my mother to be permanently physically disabled. My mother had been in the prime of her life, working as a dental hygienist for twenty years alongside her sister. Together they owned a small family dental practice in Berkeley, California. However, because of the disability from the attack, she could no longer work. My mother’s disability was so severe it affected her quality of life, as well as mine because I was entering my first year of high school, a time when I needed her most. Because of my mother’s disability, the amount of interaction I had with her decreased. My mother was forced to spend most of her time in bed, resting, because the pain of walking was too much for her. Which meant if I ever needed her I would need to let her rest first before engaging with her.

Along with working her job, my mother also did most of the housework before she became disabled. Before the attack, I could always count on my mother greeting me in the kitchen, getting ready to cook dinner for all of us, after a bad day for me at school. Fortunately, she never lost the will to work. My mother tried to do what she could with what little strength she had. Of course her efforts depended on the rest of us doing more chores. She couldn’t do it all by herself, so I started taking on more cleaning around the house for her. I knew she wanted...
to do it herself, but disability would never allow it. My mother needed help with almost
everything. If she couldn’t make it down the stairs I would bring her food, help her walk, and
even help her sometimes put her clothes on. By doing more around the house, while having less
verbal interaction with her, I felt like I had to grow up for her.

My mother no longer works; she calls it a temporary retirement. With the loss of her
income we suffered financially. We struggled to pay bills and keep up with our mortgage, which
caused us to make major cutbacks on our spending. Money was also the cause of many fights
between my parents. It seemed as if the attack on my mother completely turned our house upside
down. My parents never fought as much as they did when my mother became disabled and could
not bring money in. When my mother worked, we would take family trips almost every summer,
and go on family outings over the weekends. Though we mostly had to stop in order to save
money to pay bills, we managed sporadic family outings. My mother would suddenly feel like
we needed to go out together and have fun, but we would need time to plan ahead.

After the attack, my family seemed to be hit with problem after problem. Fortunately,
things got better. I was able to mature and become more humble. We became used to my
mother’s disability and developed a system on how to get work done, while still being able to
have fun together. Now we don’t always get to spend the amount of time we want together, or
spend as much money as we want, but we are still a family who loves and cares for each other.
That is all we will ever need to keep our family together, which is more important than material
objects.