The Day of an Unbreakable Bond

Bryonesha A. Jackson

Xavier University of Louisiana, pathways@xula.edu

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Byronesha Jackson

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“A sibling may be the keeper of one’s identity, the only person with the keys to one’s unfettered, more fundamental self.” – Marian Sandmaier

I was my parent’s first and only child. Being an only child has its perks, such as receiving anything one can possibly think of under the sky. I was an angel in my parent’s eyes, that is, until they came home with a little boy three years later. After that they did not stop. A little girl came within two years and another boy the next. Before I knew it my family had doubled in size. Instead of being the only child I became the oldest child.

Once I had taken on that new position, I had a major change in my life. Not only did I have to share my luxurious life, but I was now the responsible one. I had to think positive. Having younger siblings couldn’t be so bad. It was actually fortunate. I now had people to play and enjoy life with. As siblings we did have our ups and downs, but what siblings don’t? My brothers had the famous argument of who was better at what and why. My little sister and I always disagreed on the simplest of things, as sisters do; however, we always found her butting into the boys’ conversation. With time we grew closer to each other and before we knew it, one of us could not do anything without the other.

We participated actively in many activities. We took on roles in our church, such as usher board member, Sunday school secretary, youth choir members, and many more. We were also very active in sports. My brothers were star players in football, basketball, and baseball, while my sister and I took on dance, softball, and basketball as well. We became known as The Jackson Kids. There was nothing we couldn’t do……
On the day of May 20, 2013, that all changed. As part of a normal routine in our country lives, we were all getting ready for practice for spring softball and baseball. An argument sprung up between the boys and my sister. This was just one of those normal days. My parents were not home, and I was in charge of getting everyone where they needed to be on time. We got in the car and were headed on our way. A mile or two as I was driving down the highway, I somehow drifted onto the low shoulder. I overcorrected, the vehicle overturned, and everything went blank. That was the day I lost my one and only sister. The day that changed my life forever. Holding her in my arms, hearing her last words, living her last moment with her was the most devastating occurrence of my life.

Through my experience, not only have I learned to live life to its fullest potential, but I have realized that we have to appreciate every moment as if it were our last. My sister was only ten years old. She still lives with me in my heart, but losing her helped me become as strong and bold as I am today. Many can see how this event would impact me, but what people do not realize is that it can happen to anyone. Yes, that is a common statement, but from a primary point of view, I can say that it is devastatingly true. Though my journey has continued with knowing that we cannot stay stuck in the past, the loss still tears me apart. It may hurt now, and every time the memory replays over in my head, but that only gives strength to move forward and work harder for my goals. Life waits for no one. It is never too late to begin, but we have to begin because no one knows when it is time to end.