

Never Facing the Music Alone

At the edge of my bed, with my body weak and my arms heavy, my thoughts tangled in a chaotic symphony of uncertainty. The world around me moving in slow motion, each note a reality striking like a lingering echo of sorrowful melody. I looked up and there was my mom, standing right next to me, her presence a gentle chord in the dissonance. She softly smiled and said, “Everything went well.”

And suddenly, it all came rushing back. My thoughts cressendoing. Lamenting the person I once was, before finding out I had cancer. Silence sat heavy in my chest in the middle of a once-familiar tune. Yet in that moment, surrounded by the quiet hum of the hospital machines. I realized I wasn't alone in this composition. My family was there, their presence steady like the constant rhythm of a metronome, making me whole, keeping me from losing myself in the discord. They were my harmony in the chaos, my ensemble in this written piece.

And so, I took a breath. The music of my life had changed, but maybe just maybe, I could find a new way to play it. My mom squeezed my hand, a steady note in the shifting melody. My dad stood strong, a deep rhythm holding everything together. My siblings filled the space with laughter and warmth, familiar chords in a song I thought I had lost.

They were my harmony, my steady beat, my reason to keep playing.

And with them beside me, I knew—no matter how the tune changed, I would never face the music alone.

- Katerina Schek