Hannah Jamison Jamison1

Elijah Johnson

English 1101

February 10, 2016

The other side of the Room

It was a warm July morning with chances of gloomy rain showers in the afternoon; turns out the rain was not the cause of the gloom that came later that day. Seven a.m. I was out of bed and on my way to take care of two of the brightest little kids I chose to nanny everyday over summer. The morning was a drag, ten o’clock passed, naptime and lunch went after that; I remember the smell of dinosaur chicken nuggets still filled the small apartment when I heard my phone ring from the other side of the room. Nonchalant and unaware of the situation I slowly walk over to answer the phone and when I do I can hear the distress and sadness in my best friends voice, as she cry’s my name. The conversation was short and quiet, as I was expecting to make plans for a day at the pool when I got off work but instead the knowledge I received from that phone call changed the game forever.

“How am I going to last an entire week out of the country without seeing my daughter and without smoking my cigarettes?’ “You’ll be fine, we’re going to have the best week of our lives serving god.” The flight from Denver to Florida was easy, it was the four-hour flight from Florida across the Caribbean Sea that got me. I’m so happy she’s here; I know she’s a junior and this is the senior mission trip but I’m so happy she’s here.

Jamison2

Thoughts emotions and memories filled my head. What happened? Why? What could I have done? What’s next? Friends became family that day and throughout the community everyone was lost. So again, what’s next? Our hearts drop as our phones vibrate at the same time, a text, following that, silence.

It’s the first day the food is odd, sleeping on the floor was just the best and the waters already not working. “Are you kidding my hairs a mess I look like a disaster”. “Do you want me to braid it for you?” She’s so sweet she hasn’t complained once about the showers and is taking time to do my hair. This is going to be a good week with a good group of people. Maybe we’ll become closer friends spending a week together. We’re friends, but maybe this is my chance to know everyone better and something’s telling me to know her.

We all got to know her so well, she was so happy in that time, why didn’t we see something, why didn’t we help. It was the text from our youth pastor that ended those questions in our minds. It was comforting to remember all the good memories of her, and how she impacted all of our lives positively but in different ways. It’s what we needed in the moment. It’s what any kid, teen, or adult needed in a time of sorrow. The other topic on everyone’s mind came in the next text which read: Monday, July – 2015.

Jamison3

The heat is incredible thank goodness we are back on the air-conditioned bus, and thank goodness she always comes prepared with her goldfish. No one else thinks so bring gold fish when you’re going to be in another country for a week I guess. We’re all so sad its almost over, its been such an incredible week with incredible people what are we going to do when we have to go back to reality? I wonder if we will all be as close back home as we’ve been here. I know her and I will be good friends. I can’t believe how alike we are, and how little I knew, thank you god for putting her in my life.

We were all dreading it but the day had to come. Walking through the same doors of the church that I once walked through with her gave me the chills. It was a beautiful ceremony for such a beautiful girl. “Why god, why did you take her from her family’s life, her daughters life, why did you take her from my life?”

It’s the last day in Jamaica and sadness fills the air at breakfast. It has been such an incredible week spent with the most amazing people. The friendships and relationships gained this week will be ones of a lifetime, I know it. I can’t stop myself from crying over the thought of leaving this paradise. I look at her and I can tell she feels the same way. The comfort from her and all these people I couldn’t imagine a better group of people to experience this with. I know she’s a junior and wasn’t supposed to be here, but god, me and you both know she was supposed to be here.

Jamison4

Waking up this morning hasn’t been any easier since the morning after I got that phone call. Weeks passed now months, and I still find myself thinking about her every now and then. I think of the happiness she brought to my life and the realization of myself that came to me when getting to know her better in Jamaica. I miss her everyday, but I know I have a sweet angel watching over me from heaven.