

Crying Pen Productions

will be heard

MY LAST GOODBYE

He stepped into the hospital room and felt the world shrink.

Machines hummed softly. The air carried the smell of bleach and final moments. And there she was, the woman who once ran down a dirt road chasing after a boy who thought he could ride a bike with no hands.

She didn't look like the grandmother who patched scraped knees or stirred pots big enough to feed a whole neighborhood. Time had thinned her. Life had quieted her.

But when her eyes slowly opened and settled on him, something familiar returned.

A smile found her tired face, and for a brief moment, he swore the years peeled away like old wallpaper.

"Hello, Junebug," she whispered.

"Hey, Nana."

His voice broke. He hadn't planned for that. But grandmothers always notice.

"Why are you looking so sad?" she asked.

The tears came before he could stop them. He moved to the chair beside her bed and gently rested his head on her arm. It felt smaller than he remembered, but still safe.

"I don't want you to die," he said. The words fell heavy, like stones leaving his chest.

“Oh, baby,” she breathed, her hand brushing his shoulder with what strength she had left. “Don’t be sad. I lived a good life. And being part of yours, having you be part of mine, that’s one of my greatest gifts.”

Her eyes drifted toward the ceiling, the way people do when they’re remembering something too beautiful to hold too closely.

“We laughed together. We cried together. We made memories that don’t disappear just because I do. When I’m gone, all of that stays with you. It’s yours.”

He swallowed hard.

“But Nana… I’m scared to say my last goodbye.”

“Then don’t,” she said, smiling again, softer now. “Just say ‘see you later.’ Goodbye is for people who don’t believe in meeting again.”

She paused, then added gently, “God gave us a promise. Where He is, we can be too. Trust Him. Let faith close the distance.”

Her hand lifted, just enough to touch his face.

The room grew quiet. Not empty, quiet. Peace slipped in behind her words and stayed.

He remained by her side the rest of the day, listening to the rhythm of her breathing, memorizing the rise and fall of her chest. When her eyes finally closed and did not open again, the ache came, but despair did not.

He never said goodbye.

He leaned close, let his breath rest near her ear, and whispered the only truth his heart could hold.

“See you later.”



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