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You're Still Beautiful

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I see you sitting there looking out the window, wondering if you'll remember me today. You look at me and stare, and question yourself, "Do I know her?" I smile and you smile back. I ask how you are, and you whisper, "I don't know . . . I guess I am all right." I try to talk to you, but you barely respond. I try to bring up the good memories that I have of us together, but you don't remember any of them, not a single one. You just sit there and smile, and rub my hand. I still don't believe that this could happen to you. I don't know why, and to me, it just looks like you're suffering. I sit there quietly, looking at the other elderly people sitting in the room. I look back at you and tears start to form in my eyes. I think to myself, you're already dead, you don't remember me, you don't remember anything, but you can't help it and it's not your fault."

Cover Page Footnote

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SAMAMTHA MORINGELLO

YOU'RE STILL BEAUTIFUL

I see you sitting there looking out the window, wondering if you'll remember me today. You look at me and stare, and question yourself, "Do I know her?" I smile and you smile back. I ask how you are, and you whisper, "I don't know . . . I guess I am all right." I try to talk to you, but you barely respond. I try to bring up the good memories that I have of us together, but you don't remember any of them, not a single one. You just sit there and smile, and rub my hand. I still don't believe that this could happen to you. I don't know why, and to me, it just looks like you're suffering. I sit there quietly, looking at the other elderly people sitting in the room. I look back at you and tears start to form in my eyes. I think to myself, you're already dead, you don't remember me, you don't remember anything, but you can't help it and it's not your fault.

I look at you again, and I see a certain sparkle in your eyes. The same sparkle that I used to see when you would sing, dance, laugh. It doesn't seem that long ago, and it hasn't been, it's only been four years. She looked beautiful in that moment, untouched and unharmed. You are not the same person, but you're still my grandma.

I get up to go and the smile wipes away from your face. You ask sadly, "Where are you going?" I tell her, "I have to go to work, but I'll be back." She nods her head okay, as I give her a kiss goodbye. She yells to me, "Be careful!" I smile and say, "Don't worry grandma, I will." During those times in her worry, her sense of being a grandma comes back. That's when I know deep inside her, the old her still lives. I look back at her and she is looking out the window. She has already forgotten me.