

Chapter 200

In the dimly lit ICU, Charlotte remained haunted by guilt over her role in Norma's heart attack, despite Saint's reassurances about the factors that contributed to her grandmother's condition. She sat on a bench, her attention captured by a relentless stream of news reports: tales of crime and disaster, a stark contrast to the personal grief encasing her.

Beside her, Mrs. Meyer tended to Sammy, ensuring his coat did not soil her pristine dress. Saint was intimately familiar with the room, a space where life and death intertwined, where stories often reached their tragic conclusions. As the early hours of the morning crept by, a nurse appeared, her demeanor suggesting it was time for reflection and farewells. Saint sensed the nurse's silent acknowledgment of the moment's weight without the need for words.

Taking a seat next to Norma, Saint found herself alone with the beeping machines and the fading rhythm of her grandmother's once-energetic heart. She focused on the clutter of medical equipment around her, recalling a past moment when she desperately wished for someone else's life to be spared. Holding Norma's hand, memories flooded back—her grandmother's comforting grasp during childhood walks and shared milestones, moments now bittersweet with the understanding of their significance.

Saint spoke softly, expressing her promises to God and her commitment to kindness in life. She felt a deep connection with her grandmother while grappling with self-doubt about whether she had truly lived up to the name "Saint." Her thoughts wandered to the stark contrast between bad memories and the good ones that slipped away from consciousness.

In a moment of vulnerability, she expressed her longing to share simple joys with her grandmother, like enjoying ice cream together at Lacey's, sharing dreams now shadowed by grief. Saint leaned in closer, kissing Norma's cheek, a gesture underscored by an apology for any perceived shortcomings. Tears streamed down her face, a tribute to the love they shared and a lament for what was slipping away. The emotional weight of the moment was heavy, a bittersweet farewell wrapped in love and longing .