

Team Owen

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About two years ago, my neighbor, Owen, was diagnosed with cancer. He was only five. It was a tumor near his heart. He was my brother's best friend. My dad talked to his grandmother one day and she told us that he was diagnosed with cancer. To be more exact it was Ewing's Sarcoma. Eventually they started chemotherapy and we went to Children's Hospital often to visit him. He was allowed to come home only once in a while. We would bring him a present at the hospital. Often when he came to his house we invited him over. It was nice to get to see him. He was always positive and always happy and smiling. Eventually he was going to go to the Ellen Show. We were all very excited. Sadly, they shut down the program, so he didn't get a chance to go. He went on to another show and got to shave a lady's head. I also remember him dancing. He loved to show off his moves to the thriller. I would watch the videos and it would make me laugh, but it was also sad.

Then we found out great news! He beat the cancer! We got to come over to his house and we all played with all of the many presents he got. He was so so happy. He got a huge stuffed tiger. He also got a levitating toy. It was so much fun. He would come outside and ride his new bike, but he had to wear a thick jacket. They couldn't risk him getting sick because of his condition. He was very weak. I was happy to see him having fun, and he was always happy. I never saw him without a smile.

Sadly, about a week before Cinco de Mayo, his birthday, they told us that the chemo had destroyed too much of his lung tissues. My dad went over to see how Owen was doing. When he came back he seemed very sad. When I asked him how he was now, my dad told us that Owen had passed away. I remember I burst out into tears. I feel I did because I expected

that after they beat the cancer he would slowly get better. They told us that he was asleep and on a breathing machine in Children's Hospital. "He was asleep so he didn't feel as much pain." I felt very sad for his family, because they didn't get to talk to him one last time, but who knows it may have been better. My brother was only six at the time, so he didn't understand what exactly was going on. I also remember him asking me, "When is Owen coming back?" I had to tell him that Owen wasn't going to come back. When he finally realized that he really wasn't coming back he would say, "I'm going to miss Owen, he was my best friend." Owen was about to turn six. I remember when they used to go outside and ride bikes together. They would have races down our street. They would also go on our playset and play on the swings and see who could go faster down the slides. Owen and I would swing on the tire swing and we both liked the same song and we would sing it. I still think about how we would play together.

Owen will always be remembered, but now we have a "new" Owen. Owen's aunt gave birth to a baby boy, his name is Braxton. He looks so much like Owen. He is super cute and although he is only two, he seems to always be happy. Owen also has a half-sister now and she is almost one. Her name is Wyllow. When Owen passed away, everyone was sad. Two new lives were accepted into the world a year or two after this whole tragedy. Braxton and Wyllow are here now. It is a good thing to see that they have come after such a tragic thing.

After a few months his family started to let go of his old clothes and some toys. I can imagine it was very hard. They had a yard sale and the lady that got her head shaved was there to help, as she became a family friend. My parents went to Owen's funeral, but I was not able to go. They told me that it was very sad and that I would have probably become too sad. I got to go to his grave with everyone though and we still visit it once and awhile. It was very heartbreaking to

let go of the balloons for him on his birthday. I believe that they still do that every year. Although this whole situation was very sad and hard to believe, it helped me realize that I was not the only one to go through this. There are many cases of younger children who have cancer too.

One experience I had with cancer was with my cat, she was also diagnosed with cancer a month or two later. By now I figured out that most of the time cancer meant death. One day they took her to the vet and put her down because she was suffering so much. This was heartbreaking for me since I loved my cat very much. It helped me understand a little bit how Owen's parents must have felt.

After Owen's death there was a party to celebrate his life. They had people dance to his favorite songs and there was much more too. I am happy that I got to have Owen in my life. He would play with Monster High dolls, and we would do games with them. He was always such a strong, positive, happy person. He had such an amazing personality and I still miss him very much. It is still hard to believe what happened to him.