

Failed Hope

By Chris Hirschhorn

Three years ago, my New Jersey son phoned and gave me bad news. My only daughter, Karen, estranged from me, was diagnosed with Breast Cancer. I immediately phoned my niece, Pamela, in Queens, NY because she had breast cancer. She said 'Don't worry, Aunt Chris. There are so many ways to combat breast cancer today.' Pam gave me hope. So I didn't worry.

A few years ago, my New Jersey son phoned and said that our Karen had just passed, surrounded by her friends and a self-chosen 'mother.' It seemed that the new treatment to fight cancer caused liver problems and all hope was dashed.

I almost lost my daughter when Karen was five years old in 1970. She was playing across the street with a neighbor's daughter when her seven-year-old brother returned from a play date. I was waiting on my front porch and much to my horror watched her run across the street to greet him and saw her hit by a passing car.

I screamed and the driver stopped her car. When I stopped screaming, the driver continued down the hill. The driver didn't see her, she was so tiny. Karen was hit twice. The second time I saw that the rear tire was about to roll over her head and I petitioned God and the angels. 'NO, NO!' I screamed. They heard me and I witnessed her body flip and the car's rear tire went over Karen's legs. No one thought about writing the license plate number. We were concerned with the miracle.

Years later, my daughter and I had many wonderful trips together. She even asked me to come to Erlangen, Germany when she quit working with Siemens and I did. We even enjoyed being in Berlin at the first anniversary of the 'downing of the wall.' We hoped to have many years of happiness together.

A misunderstanding caused the breach and her Guardian Angels took my Karen.