

## THE ENTRY I NEVER WANTED TO MAKE

Journal entry by Kelli Sloan — Jun 21, 2018

On Tuesday, June 12, 2018, day #256 since diagnosis, My Mother, everyone's sweet Cosie, was finally cured, in remission forever, never again will she have another's biopsy, lab draw, or worry again. She is finally pain free from Lupus, debilitating back, neck, and leg injuries, along with finally being Acute Myeloid Leukemia free. She truly did Beat AML, as evidenced by her leukemia free biopsy results just 2 weeks prior to her homegoing to Glory. Her organs had been so damaged they could not fight off infection any longer. Our hearts are shattered and we yearn for the day we can rejoice and worship at the feet of Jesus with her. I guess this will be my final journal entry, the one I prayed to never have to make. Most of you already know this, but in case some may not, I wanted to disclose the information here. Thank you for all the love and support you have shown to our family, me and my kids, my dad, my sister and her daughter, and all her sisters, and her bone marrow buddy brother, in these darkest of days. I pray she knew how much I loved her. I miss her more than I ever even thought possible. I don't have the strength to write much right now, as I am struggling, to be honest, so I will just copy and paste here my last Facebook post regarding my mom's passing. Thank you once again for loving my mom. She was the best of the best. Pray for my dad, too, please. He was married to his best friend for 43 years. This is the hardest thing in the world.

Tuesday, June 12th 2018 was the absolute worst day of my life. I will forever relive the moments from around 11am until 9:54pm and thereafter. The horrific and tragic things I witnessed with my own eyes and certain phrases such as "10 seconds til pulse check" are forever engrained into my memory. I wish I could erase all the bad and all the sad. One day, when I join my beautiful momma again, those horrible memories will be wiped away. On the worst day of my life, I also witnessed beautiful people, a whole team of professionals working their hardest, not only to save my mother's life, but to do everything in their power to be of help to our family. Compassion overflowed from the staff at The James Cancer Center. There was a receptionist, Emily, who must have gotten up 5 dozen times to swipe her badge to let us in and out 1-2 at a time to go back and forth to see my mom. She let Matti Rose play on her lap at her desk and colored with her while I was saying goodbye to my mom. Seth, the chaplain was with us during my mom's first code and CPR upon arrival to ICU at 1:45pm. He stayed with us for over an hour along with Aubrie the social worker and another woman whose name I didn't get. Seth was standing by my dad as we watched them doing CPR for 15 minutes on my mom again that evening until almost 10pm. Sam and Veronica, the two ICU nurses, worked nonstop on my sweet mom as they were trying to help her blood clot enough to remove her port and get a dialysis catheter in bc she was in DIC. They worked around me as I laid my head against my mom and held her hand. They worked around all her grandchildren coming in to say how much they loved their mum. They NEVER once seemed to make us feel as though we were in their way. After my mom had gone on to Heaven, those girls brought a whole tray of sandwiches and chips and cooked and juices in for our family, as they knew none of us had eaten all day. Another social worker came and let my Ben help paint mom's hand to make handprints for all her grand babies. Mom always let the boys and Matti color or paint all over her legs and give her tattoos so I'm sure she got a kick out of being painted up again. I saw Nate climb up into that bed and just rub his Mum's feet for the longest time after she had passed away. It was one of the most precious things I've ever seen. That's one of the reasons why she had such a special bond with Nate. She saw his heart. Jake is dealing with this in

his own way. Just how I, and his Mum, would have expected him too. And Matti is dancing and twirling around just as Mum would want her to. Dr. Alice Mims gave my mom the best chance at life when the doctors in Charleston, SC had already given up on her back in September. We got an extra 9 months to spend with my mom. I will forever be grateful for this amazing doctor. Two weeks ago, my mom's biopsy showed zero signs of leukemia. Unfortunately, her organs had been so damaged from the effects of AML and chemo. Nobody, not even her doctors, realized how sick she had been lately bc my mom NEVER ever complained. She always had the thumbs up attitude and said "I feel good". She makes me realize I have nothing to ever complain about again. The physical ailments my mother withstood for literally years are tremendous and she never ever complained. That was who she was.

In addition to all the amazing people at The James on Tuesday, I have had an outpouring of love and support from so many of you. You know who you are, and because I haven't been sleeping much, I don't want to leave anyone out, but all the wonderful food, and gifts, and cards, and people offering to take a Sloan kid here and there to help keep them busy, has been amazing and a blessing. Thank you. You don't know how much it has helped me. There are moments when I literally feel like I cannot breathe at times. There are bouts of nausea. There are times I just need to run to my room and scream and cry. I can honestly say I'm not sure how to move on without my mom. She sustained me through everything. The single most common thing I've heard from all the people say to me at her visitation and funeral was that she always gave the BEST advice. That's the honest truth. Imagine getting that advice from someone every single day, about each and every thing, no matter how big of a thing or how minute and silly. That was my relationship with my mom. The fact that I cannot pick up my phone to text or call her is crushing me. I've wanted to tell her so many things through these past 4 days and I can't hear her voice now. Nobody can ever fill the void in my heart. Nobody can ever reassure me like she did. Nobody can ever let me vent and let me know it was ok just to get it off my chest like she did. Nobody has ever made me feel more loved than she did.

I'm sleeping with her pajamas and I can smell her. I dread the day these pajama pants of hers lose their scent. I feel like she is here beside me since I can smell her. I wish I had climbed in that hospital bed with her on Monday night when I stayed with her. I would have just snuggled and held her hand all night. Instead, I slept by the window on the couch and just let her rest. But I didn't know. I didn't know I would lose her the next day. I've beaten myself up over that more than anything. I'm so sorry, Mom. I miss you with everything inside me.