

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY MISSED

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November 11, 1974, Sean Christian Anderson was born. I remember helping my mom take care of that little bitty baby. He was so cute. I was four years old when my baby brother was born. I remember being jealous of him, but also the wonderful feeling of being a big sister.

Through the years, we had our disagreements. When birthdays came though, we always got along. My mom has always made a big deal out of all of our birthdays. Now as Sean's birthday approaches, I miss him more and more. He loved birthday parties, but always seemed disappointed. Sean never got exactly what he wanted. Now every year, we're the ones who are disappointed.

Birthdays are like the holidays without the hype. Holidays are more publicized where birthdays kind of creep up on us. I used to love the holidays and I do like them again, but they aren't the same without Sean. I start to feel the sadness come back around the beginning of fall and it doesn't begin to go away until after January. I am beginning to feel like I've found a new normal and the pain isn't as intense this year.

Don't get me wrong, it still hurts and I still miss Sean, but the sadness seems a little dulled this year.

Each year, I think, here comes another one. One more birthday without my brother. One more year to remember the past birthdays and wish for future ones. Each year we still have a party for Sean. We just have to go to the cemetery. Sometimes we go separately, sometimes together. But we all go for the same reason. To pay tribute to that little boy born in the fall 1974. Happy Birthday, Little Bro. We miss you.