

*The Truth About Michael*

My first feelings were of shock and disbelief. When Michael's wife returned to the hospital soon after he had died, the job of telling her about Michael's death fell to me.

I then had to repeat the whole thing over again when my father arrived at the hospital. After hugging my father, I told him that Michael had died and my father fell to his knees. Seeing my father's reaction and his pain was very difficult for me but there was nothing I could do to ease the pain we both felt at this time. Little did I realize that I was in the middle of a nightmare that would only get worse before it got better.

During this time, the hospital staff asked me if any one in my family had a blood disorder. I remembered about two years before when I had been very ill I had been told I might have Leukemia. A bone marrow test was done at that time, and although I did not have Leukemia, I was diagnosed with Leukopenia, which is a condition of the white blood cells. The doctors continued to ask me a lot of questions because they said my brother had died of Leukemia.

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Michael's wife and I went home to my house from the hospital and began planning my brother's funeral.