

Mary Rose's Reflection at Joe's Funeral Mass

If you don't know me, I am Mary Veasey, Joe's littlest sister.

To start off I would like to read something that my brother wrote in his journal on March 11, 2007. This is what he said:

I know I have been through a lot in the past few months but lately things have been getting really mixed up. So messed up that I can't blame my cancer, my situation/history, or even the constant changes of drugs that go through my body. I know something is wrong I just can't figure it out: or maybe multiple things are wrong. It's like one complex math equation with multiple variables which means the possibility of multiple solutions ... or incorrect answers ... or worse no solution. I wish whatever was wrong with me were that simple and I could figure out the answer but its not. Everything is constantly changing. I'm use to dealing with stress but usually it comes in only one form, but now it's just a lot of little things and I'm not sure I can handle it. I'll write more about it later.

He never continued it.

This passage shows how intelligent my brother was and how much of a "know it all" he was. He and I were like alike in that way. I didn't start to realize this until August 1, 2006 (the day he was diagnosed with leukemia). In a way cancer brought me closer to him. Sometimes bad things, even really bad things, can be found to have good things in them. God had a plan for hint and even though it meant heartache for many people around the world, we have to realize that God needed him more than we did, probably to build something great. And as hard as it was for him to deal with his illness, it was just as hard for him to know that he was making other people sad. It's okay to be sad but we need to take the good memories and just think about them and remember Joe is still here, even if he's not visible.

Mary Rose Veasey

