

Jordy Voss

ENGL 1010: Introduction to Writing

Andrew Adams

June 5, 2017

Just My Sister

“Great job, Jordan. You made my mom cry.”

Almost every weekend, I had the opportunity to go see my sister, her husband, their dog, and their four beautiful children in Ivins, Utah. I stuffed my mouth full of the savory and sweet my sister prepared for us, I attended their place of worship here and there, I chatted endlessly to the adults and I played football endlessly with the kids. Those moments were more than enjoyable. They were comforting. My main purpose in going to Dixie State University for school was to be with my family and I met that goal of seeing them often.

However, I felt a constant void between my sister and I, or rather, my half-sister and I. We shared the same father, but her mother and our father had divorced many years ago, thus leaving me to be the product of our father’s following marriage. My sister and I were 20 years apart, having many differences generationally. We were able to speak like adults, but lacked a feeling of “sibling”. We didn’t tease each other, or talk about memories or stories, or have inside jokes. I always imagined what that would have been like, if my parents ever had decided to have more kids.

“Sami has a musical next month if you want to go.”

My sister’s kids were much closer to my age than her. The oldest was born when I was three and I had grown up with her and her siblings when we both lived on the west side of St. George many years prior. It was easy for my sister to talk about her kids.

“Mikey wants to go to MIT, isn’t that crazy?”

Her kids were her whole life, which was understandable. She had dedicated her whole life to them.

“Come speak some Chinese to your uncle.”

But sometimes you just want to change the subject.

Eventually, I made the decision to leave Dixie and go back home to Orem to begin attending school the following summer semester. It made sense for me to go back home and pursue my passions, hopefully gathering enough skills and knowledge to pursue entry into the multiple industries I had an interest in. For the first time in a while, I had a clear path that I truly had the faith to take. However, telling my sister that I was leaving was strange, even difficult. I tried to act like it was no big deal, but I knew that wasn’t true. Her children were surprised and confused that I was deciding to leave, and my sister was disappointed that I wouldn’t be able to spend time with her family as often as I was while attending school down by her home. But the weeks passed and acted like we had all the time in the world to work and play.

The last day with this gracious family came slowly, but with a sharp halt the final week of school. We attended church, holding on to each other tightly in the pews. We found ourselves in the darkness of their living room after the Sunday meetings, continuing a weekend tradition of watching the latest episode of *Face-Off* that week. It was almost as if the stars were aligned. That week was the season finale. We were ending a journey that we started together. Pure coincidence, I guess.

We laid exhausted on the carpeted floor. Cheering for the champion felt good for all of us. We were rooting for him since the first episode. After our victory, I climbed the stairs to

noticed my sister and younger niece doing a large stack of dishes in the kitchen. The messes we left were large and insane compared to what I was used to with my family of three back in Orem. I figured I ought to aid them in their journey through burned on tomato paste. It was the least I could do to show my appreciation. I approached them from behind and heard my niece respond to my arrival with a statement I was not prepared for.

“Great job, Jordan. You made my mom cry.”

I panicked. What did she mean? I thought I had hurt her mother’s feelings somehow. I couldn’t remember a single thing that I would have done to upset my sister in a way that would make her cry. Dread filled my head as I searched for my sister’s face that was turned from mine. But my eyes met hers through the reflection of the kitchen window. A single tear streamed down her cheek.

“I don’t want you to leave.”

The way she spoke was like a shot ringing through my ears. I felt breathless as if she kicked me square in the chest. I didn’t know what to say. I never knew what to say. I didn’t know what to do. I sometimes knew what to do. My heart broke. Right there. My emotions had lost all connection to what was going on in my head. My sister had made me feel immeasurable guilt without meaning to, but I was the only one who could be blamed.

I didn’t think that I had grown any closer to her the semester I had come down for school, but the sentence my sister spoke proved me wrong. I was never closer to her than in that moment. She was more than just my sister. She was my friend. We had learned to confide in each other, something I didn’t realize was a feeling of “sibling”. She told me the problems in her life, and I told her mine. We learned to give each other what was necessary to become closer.

Emotional collateral. We gathered the things we had in common subconsciously, and we figured out how to connect on a level that was difficult to replace or recreate.

I was so grateful for the love that I had felt, the true joy that I experienced being with my loved ones. The times of sorrow that we were able to share and support each other through, and the times of great joy and happiness we had and made the best of. It was cliché, but love *is* the most powerful force known to man. I had cried on my way home that night, but I felt an experience of growth. Growth that could never be replaced. Although I was unsure of where exactly my life was going to take me, I knew that my family would always have my back. I had theirs.

Plus, my sister still calls me to this day.