

COUNTRY HEARTS by Gisèle L Grievès

EXCERPT

Another day, the same chores; I am well on my way to having a fruitful end to my day when the doorbell rings. I almost don't answer it; it's almost suppertime and I still have a couple of things to do. But, no one ignores the door where I come from.

A few minutes later, all thoughts of chores and fruitful days are gone as I frantically dial another number.

"Hello?"

"Gerald, it's Jenny. I need your help. David has been in an accident. The police and a woman named Ally Darius, are here to take me to the hospital. Gerald, I need someone to watch the kids. My parents are on their way, but they have a twenty minute drive. Could you come sit with the kids until my parents get here?"

"I'm on my way. Take a breath, Jenny. It will be all right." He hangs up the phone.

Everything is a blur. I'm sitting in the back of a police car being escorted to the hospital. I can't breathe. "David's been in an accident" is all they will tell me. Obviously, it isn't good if they send police to your door. He should have been on his way home from work. I was angry that he was late and hadn't called. Dinner was sitting on the stove getting cold. ... Mom and Dad should be there soon to take over from Gerald and watch the kids. ... I can't breathe.

Turns out, Ally Darius is a grief counsellor. She is sitting in the passenger seat and looks back. "You are hyperventilating. Put your head between your knees. You need to stay calm. Everything will be fine. Take some deep breaths for me." But I can barely hear her over the roar of the sirens. I can't breathe...