

Irene put her keys in the tray at the door and her purse on the table. She moved by reflex to the stove and put the kettle on to boil water. It was definitely time for a tea. Perhaps with something stronger in it. Not that Irene was a drinker but this was what she would call “a time for a little something”.

Her eyes moved back and forth like she was reading a page that had outlined what the doctor had just told her. Trying to digest it. Trying to understand it. The symptoms had seemed so minor, she had almost not mentioned it to Dr. Brown a couple of weeks ago, but the test results had confirmed she was right to mention them.

Because minor was to become major. Really fast. Far faster than Irene, her husband or her children could likely adjust. And for Irene, the adjustment of her family was paramount. She had always been a good wife and mother and put their needs way before her own. Even though the children were now out on their own, doing fine, thank you very much, she still toiled for them, well almost all of them, almost as much as when they lived at home.

She did errands.

“Mom can you pick up this if you are going to the store today?” Irene