

My Nineteenth Birthday

My nineteenth birthday was a day that will hold a special place in my heart for the rest of my life. I remember waking up and having so many different feelings. They went from feelings of excitement, to fear, to nervousness, to uncertainty, and back to excitement again. All of these feelings were being built up inside of me because this was the day that I would get my tattoo for my grandmother.

My appointment was at 4 o'clock that day. I remember looking at the clock go by minute by minute, thinking this day was going to be one of the slowest days due to the anticipation I was feeling. My best friend from home drove an hour and a half to come be with me for my appointment. When she finally arrived on campus, we went shopping to kill some time before my appointment. When the time had finally come, I started to have doubts. I wasn't sure if I wanted to actually go through with it, but luckily my friend was there to calm my nerves down. Once I settled in at the appointment, the artist asked if there was significance to the tattoo. I explained to her that I wanted two butterflies. I wanted one to be looking over the other and have the one on top to be a Ruby color, and the butterfly on the bottom to be a Sapphire color. This was because my birthstone was Sapphire and my grandma's was Ruby. I further explained to her how my Grandma was always my best friend. She guided me through the first seventeen years of my life. Before she got sick, she attended every dance recital, softball game, swim meet, and basketball game she could. She would sing me songs and tell me she loved me all the time, so that it was never a question in my head. She would also sew my pants quite often because "there was nothing holy about holy jeans". My grandma would also be there for any tough question or problem that was thrown my way. Needless to say, she was my rock growing up. She will always continue to be my guardian angel and that was why I wanted one butterfly to overlook the other.

Before I knew it, the buzzing noise and tickle of the needle stopped. This surprised me because I felt as if the time flew by. The artist said she was done and told me to go look in the mirror. I looked and instantly smiled at the work of art. Now 4 years later, every day as I am getting dressed, I get to recall my nineteenth birthday and think about how that will forever be a day to remember.