

YVONNE. It's a shame you never knew your grandfather. He was a great person. Just -- a really great man. Growing up, I can remember a lot of laughter in our household. Lots of parties. You know? Social event of the season and such. Then, about five years before you were born, he had a stroke. Well, being an avid golfer, there's a certain irony in that. He always said, that the death of the golfer is determined by the number of strokes he's had. He had two. (Pause) The first one didn't kill him. It just left him bedridden. Well, it didn't kill him physically. Emotionally, though, that's another story. He was confined to his room with only a small window to look out of. He could barely speak. Nothing coherent - just the usual babble trying to masquerade as language -- but not one intelligible word. Not one. (*Yvonne drifts deep into thought.*) He couldn't be left alone according to Mother. One of us needed to be there at all times. She, Hattie, and I would take shifts. Let me tell you - it's a terrible thing to look down in pathetic sympathy at the shell of the man who is half you, you know? Watching a parent die is like watching a part of yourself just fade away - to God knows where. I couldn't grasp it at the time. I guess you could say that I was oblivious to the concept of oblivion. So, it was my watch. Lucky me. I was sitting in the room watching a videotape of some golf match -- maybe it was the Masters -- maybe not -- but I could sense that something was wrong. He suddenly had this panicked look in his eyes. I asked him where it hurt and if he needed any help or if I should call a doctor. I didn't know what to do. So, I started for the phone to call for help, when he said two words - "Daughter" and "No". I stopped dead in my tracks. Then he looked at me and whispered the word "Time". I don't know how long I stood there with the receiver in my hand, but it must have been a long time. The moment hit him quickly. He just closed his eyes and that was the last I ever saw of him. (*She looks at Sydney.*) I gave a dying man his last wish -- and Mother thinks I killed him.