

M'Lynn Eatenton: (40-50) Mother of Shelby. She is loving, over-protective and feels the need to have a firm grasp on everything in her world. She is a busy woman. She is especially concerned for her daughters health, and meddles from a place of love.

“Yes. Yes. I feel fine. I feel great. I could jog to Texas and back, but my daughter can’t. She never could. I am so mad I don’t know what to do. I want to know why. I want to know why Shelby’s life is over. How is that baby ever going to understand how wonderful his mother was? Will he ever understand what she went through for him? I don’t understand. Lord, I wish I could. It is not supposed to happen this way. I’m supposed to go first. I’ve always been ready to go first. I can’t stand this. I just want to hit somebody until they feel as bad as I do. I . . . just want to hit something . . . And hit it hard.”

I stayed there. I kept on pushing...just like I always have where Shelby was concerned...hoping she’d sit up and argue with me. But finally we all realized there was no hope. At that point I panicked. I was afraid that I wouldn’t survive the next few minutes while they turned off the machines. Drum couldn’t take it. He left. Jackson couldn’t take it. He left. It struck me as amusing. Men are supposed to be made of steel or something. But I couldn’t leave. I just sat there holding Shelby’s hand while the sounds got softer and the beeps got farther apart until all was quiet. There was no noise, no tremble. Just peace. I realized as a woman how lucky I was. I was there when this wonderful person drifted into this world, and I was there when she drifted out. It was the most precious moment of my life so far.