



My grandmother loved butterflies. She was entranced by them: their color, their beauty, their grace. When she spotted one, she would sit silently and watch it, obviously appreciating its true nature. Little did she know that she was a butterfly: one-of-a-kind. My grandmother is one of the most selfless and kindhearted people I have ever met. She put every person's happiness and well-being before her own. She did everything she could to never hear the growl of a stomach or see a tear pour from an eye. She wanted everyone to know how important and loved they are, without asking anything in return.

She spent her entire life caring for others, even up until her last breath. My aunt told me that while she was in the hospital on her last day, she spent hours talking about me. She talked about my boyfriend at the time and how excited she was that I had someone that made me happy. She continued to talk about how much she loved and cared about her family and her friends, even when she needed our support the most. That's the thing about my grandmother. She did not want the focus on her. She did not want us to worry about her. Her happiness came from the happiness of others. Knowing that I had a smile across my face and joy in my heart did the same for her.

The day that she died was hard on all of us. There was a piece missing in everyone's hearts. At her funeral, I listened to stories that people shared about her. Each and every tale showed how caring she was. From my aunts and uncles to the neighborhood kids, each person had a story to tell of her compassion. When the memorial was over, everyone stood outside and sympathized with each other. In the midst of it all, I saw a butterfly float by. It was one last reminder that the world lost the most special butterfly: my grandmother.

Since that day, I have been inspired to spread the love and compassion that she did. I want to carry on her legacy of positivity and care. I may not know what I want to do for a career or where I want to live in 15 years, but I do know that I want to be as happy and joyful as she was. I want every person that I speak with to know how important they are to the world, just as she did. I hope that I will be able to change the lives of others. I hope that one day people will view me as unique and special, just as my grandmother saw butterflies.

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