REMEMBERING MY SISTER, MARCIA

What makes a person beautiful? Is it just appearance or perfection of features and physical form? Perhaps there is a deeper beauty that comes from within, shining like a beacon that illuminates everyone in contact. This beauty is the glory of wisdom and courage, the power of inner strength and fortitude, the calmness of serenity and focus. This beauty comes from having faced life’s biggest challenges and overcoming them. This beauty comes from having known life’s greatest suffering and rising above them.

My sister was the definition of beautiful and more. Marcia was a beautiful person. She had beautiful features and a deep inner beauty rarely seen in others. When our mother (Aunt Vie) brought home Marcia Sharone Gordon from the hospital she was so beautiful and very cute, sucking on one side of her lip. Everybody fell in love with this baby. She had a sweet and pleasant personality. She did not cry much. When she took her very first steps, I was there to watch her.

As Marcia grew older, she continued to suck on her lip so much so that one side of the lip was larger than the other side. We would put all sorts of smelly ointments and bitter solutions for her to stop. All Marcia did was to use her dress or blouse to wipe off the solutions and went back to sucking her lip. Our mother had three children (Etna, Marcia and Delroy) and we never quarrelled or fought. I was big sister to her and she always called me sister as we grew up together. Marcia was kind, generous, loving, courteous and gracious. I am humbled in having such a beautiful sister. She had the most beautiful and captivating smile. Marcia, there will never be enough love and gratitude to offer or a means to repay you but my heart will always be filled with joy of knowing you.

I remember in 2019 when Marcia came home to Jamaica for one of her yearly extended stays. She along with Kamarah, Maxine and Bunny coordinated a birthday party for me. The party was secretly executed with precision and to a T. It was not until the ninth hour that I became aware of some unusual activities taking place. I noticed my friends showing up, family members from both afar and near. Marcia coordinated the equipment for the afternoon party and managed the payments to the vendors. It was a beautiful afternoon and one that I will always remember with a smile. My sister, Marcia, made that awesome day, possible.

Marcia was a loving and caring Aunt to her 5 nieces and 2 nephews. She was especially close to Kamarah. You could say the two were joined at the hip. I had no fear that if anything should happen to me, Marcia would take over and raise Kamarah as her own.I cannot believe that today I would be paying tribute to my younger sibling. You see, my sister was 14 years younger than me and I always thought that Marcia would be the one to bury me. She was a responsible person and law abiding. I never thought that she would be gone so soon.

Whenever we spoke, we would always end our conversation with… Alright Marcia, love you and she would say …Yes Sister, love you. Today, her voice is still. So, I say to you for the last time – I love you, Marcia.