


 NADIA KABIR BARR



Living in a Bubble

"WHAT? How could she have died two months ago and we didn't even know about it?" I asked the lady standing in front of me. "Well she was ill for a couple of months prior to her death and had been admitted to hospital for most of that time", was her reply. I was horrified that our next door neighbour should have passed away and we had been totally oblivious of this news. It was also a shock to hear that Faith had been in hospital for more than a month and that she had subsequently lost her life to cancer. Had we become so wrapped up in our own lives that we did not even realise that our neighbour had been taken ill and was lying in hospital fighting for her life?

A few weeks prior to finding out about Faith's death, I remember commenting to my mother that I had not seen Faith taking her dog for a walk for a while and had missed having our little chats. Initially I had just assumed that she had gone on holiday or that we had missed seeing

each other because of our different timings. But when the weeks turned into months, I finally decided that I had to find out where Faith had gone, so I went next door hoping to get some news. I was not greeted by Faith but instead given this sad news by her niece.

I should give you a little more information about who I am referring to. Faith Eaton was our neighbour and we had become acquainted with her soon after we had moved into our current home. She was an absolutely delightful lady in her seventies with an equally wonderful personality to match. I recall spending many an occasion standing in the driveway outside our house on our way to school first thing in the morning or on our way back and laughing and chatting about anything under the sun. It was not as if we were constantly in and out of each other's houses, in fact quite the contrary where we would visit her every now and then, usually during Christmas or some such occasion. But Faith had become