

## **Book review on Too Nice to be Forgotten**

**By Deborah Kwok**

Death took away Petrina and Ariel's father but it can never erase their memory of the kindness and greatness of their father.

After reading Petrina and Ariel's book, I was reminded of how my family and I grieved the loss of my grandmother in December 2004. My grandmother died of pancreas head tumour. In the last few months before she left, she lost her weight drastically. It hurt our feelings when we saw her every time. She was getting thinner and thinner every day. There was nothing we could do, except praying to God for his mercy. We prayed days and nights, hoping that God would heal her. Thanks to God. My grandmother did not experience great pains. She faced death boldly. She was baptised at home. She was hospitalised and dosed with drugs only for her last day in the world.

My grandmother was born in Canton. She married my grandfather at nineteen. According to my father, my father and his brothers and sister grew up in a loving and close family under the care of my grandmother. They were poor and my grandmother had to work to raise her family. She was a part-time domestic helper and a home worker for sewing toy-clothes. She worked so hard that all her children could go to school. My grandmother looked after me at my early age when my mother had to go to work. My grandmother loved me very much. When examining the things she left behind, my father and I even found my milk tooth kept in a small box under her bed.

Now, I still think of my grandmother, especially when I am alone. Death should not have the final say. God will wipe away every tear from our eyes. Soon or later, Petrina and Ariel will meet their father and I will meet my grandmother in the heaven.

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