

Evan
-written by Hannah, his sister

My name is Hannah. My story begins in July of 2011 with my little brother, Evan. At the time, I was getting ready to start the fourth grade. We had noticed he had a large lump on the back of his head, almost egg shaped. My mom and dad took him to our local emergency room. After multiple tests, they dismissed it and said it was “just a bump.” My parents thought otherwise and took him to Lehigh Valley Health Network. Within a few hours, my baby brother was diagnosed with Clear Cell Sarcoma of the Kidney, a rare form of childhood cancer - just two weeks before his third birthday. While my brother was in the hospital, my sister and I stayed with our aunt. Eventually we were told that Evan would only live six months to a year. But he fought. He fought for his family, and he especially fought for himself. In October of 2011, Evan had one of his kidneys and part of the other kidney removed. He then had more chemo. After two years had passed, my baby brother had beaten the odds. He had gone into remission and we thought this crazy journey was over...

Fast forward to 2014. This was the time when I was old enough to finally understand what was actually happening. I mean, I wasn't completely left in the dark before...I just knew that Evan was “sick.” I just didn't exactly know why or how. Also happening at this time - Evan had relapsed and our crazy journey had once again begun. During the summer of 2014, our family was given the opportunity to visit the beach for a week. It was exactly what was needed, to have a break from all the crazy. While we were there Evan had been complaining of that his hip and leg were bothering him. When we had gotten back, one of the first things my mom did was call the clinic to let them know. We had brought him in right away. After a few

tests, we got the news that broke us even more. The cancer had spread.

Fast forward to June 2015. At this time, I was 14. My mom had just given me the news that Evan was getting sicker. She was telling me something that I already knew. This was when all I wanted to do was to be close to him and never let go. A couple weeks later on July 2, 2015, Evan took his last breath at 7:21pm. My heart was shattered. My heart is still shattered. Now that Evan is no longer with us, my job is to tell his story and to let him live on through my memory. I love and miss you endlessly, my Superman. Fly high.