

Is it possible to lose something you have never known? When I was six months old my brother, Alex, passed away from a terminal illness called Tay Sachs. He isn't the only older brother I have, but I will never know what life could have been like if I had another brother to look out for me, to give me advice, and to pick on me, to show that he cares. I may never know even the simplest of things about him such as what his favorite color was, or what made him smile. Not only has it been difficult asking myself these questions throughout my life, but I have yet another tie to my brother; I was named after him. Knowing he was sick, my parents decided to place the 'A' in his name at the end and they came up with 'Lexa'. I have never met another person whose real name is the same as mine, and whenever people ask me how I got my name I am proud to say I was named after my big brother.

April 20th is a day many adolescents would use as an unofficial holiday to use drugs and become intoxicated. This day is a very different day for me. That was the incredible day I know my parents will never forget when Alex was born. I use this as my day every year to remember him; a day I can take out of my life to give recognition for the fact that somewhere my brother is looking down at me and hopefully is proud.