

Cheering Me On at Cheers

"I'm coming to Boston," my sister declared days before my 23rd birthday. I had a honeydew-sized tumor on my adrenal gland and needed surgery. A newlywed with a demanding job, Shannon flew cross-country and moved into my Holly Hobby-sized apartment. We reverted to our childhood selves, bingeing on potato skins at Cheers, dancing on the floor piano at F. A. O. Schwarz, giggling like schoolgirls. When I awoke post-surgery to Shannon's hand on my arm, I felt safe, at home, even in the sterile recovery room. The pungent ammonia, incessant beeping and searing pain couldn't compete with my sister's calming presence. — *Amy Paturel*



Together in front of Cheers just a few days before my surgery. My sister, Shannon, is on the left.