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## Brown Bag Lunch

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# Brown Bag Lunch

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**Author Bio**

Bethanne Marie Mascio is a senior English and Religion major. Bethanne would like to acknowledge both her friends and family who have served as a constant source of love and support throughout her life.

## Brown Bag Lunch

The kitchen is in shambles, there's a telltale hole in the wall. I pull my bathrobe closer to my body. The fist shaped hole is about as tall as Kate. He must have missed, the first time. Whenever this happens I think back to the day she was born; her father and I were so happy. The third miscarriage had been the worst, and we were worried that we would never be able to have a family together. But when Kate was born (he insisted on naming her after me) I knew everything was going to be okay. Life was beautiful. She was beautiful. She was more sensitive than any baby I had come across, though. Once, when she was four I happened to pick up her favorite doll and throw it into the toy chest. Kate screamed so loudly I thought she was in pain. I have never seen her cry like that, to this day. And it was all because she thought I was hurting her baby. She had put her chubby little toddler hand on my face and told me that we weren't supposed to throw babies because it hurt them. And I can barely look at myself in the mirror anymore, knowing how I let my husband hurt my baby. Knowing I let her down and that I wasn't able to follow her four-year-old example. Knowing that the only thing I can do is pack her a brown bag lunch everyday and write a little note on her napkin, "I'm sorry and I love you."