

99 WRITING

Memoir

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

It was May 22, 2012 and I went to school just like any other day. My godmother picked me up later, and I was so happy because I hadn't seen her in a long time. She took me to my house and everyone was there, like everybody in my family. I walked in my house. It was quiet. I saw everyone crying and hugging each other. I went by my mom and she hugged me and my brother, Alex. She said, "Guys, yesterday when you heard me crying and yelling it was because of your dad. Someone killed him..." At that moment, I just started to cry.

I didn't go to school for a week or more. I was surprised because I just transferred schools and the one I am at now sent me cards about how my dad was the best. I think everyone knew my dad because at school he coached most of the sports. That's what he loved to do. My old school also sent me cards and I missed them, but I still talk to them now.

As I said earlier, my dad knew lots of people. When

my family went to the funeral, I thought it was just going to be my family, but it wasn't. All his friends were there and some other people I didn't know, but I guess they knew me. The first day of the funeral we had to wear Cubs gear because my dad loved the Cubs. That day was the day of the wake. Everyone got to say goodbye. The next day, my family got to say our last goodbyes. That was the day we went to the St. Adalbert church and the entire church was filled. Some people had to stand outside and everything. When we went to the church, some people who were very special to my dad, plus my mom, held the casket and walked it down the aisle. When the mass was over and people tried to leave, it was like a maze. I saw some people that I haven't seen in forever. We went back to the funeral home and buried him. It was very hot that day and everyone was wearing black. The people who worked there put the casket in the hole they dug. Everyone was touching the casket and crying. Everyone got to grab the dirt and put it over the casket. Some people put roses and things they loved on top of the casket, too.

I went back to school a few days later and I thought it was going to be horrible. I walked into class and everyone was just hugging me and saying sorry, and just tried to keep me happy. Later when we went to recess, I found out that they had planted a tree in the garden. There is a stone with my dad's name by the tree. I was really happy to hear how much they cared about my dad.

When that happened, it didn't really hit me that my dad had died. Now I understand,

and when I try to talk about my dad, it hurts and I cry. On the day he died, his birthday, we sometimes go to see him at the cemetery. We bring food and baseball stuff because the park is across the street. We have so much fun, but at the end when it is time to say goodbye, I think of all the good memories I had with him.