It was an average day of 7th grade. I had just come back to school from the loss of my grandfather. I was re-acclimating myself after the weeks upon weeks I missed. I hadn't had the chance to grieve properly, so I was hoping that getting back into a routine of normalcy it would help me feel better. The day went by relatively uneventfully. I talked to my friends and they were supportive of me and how I felt. The first half of the day just blurs by. It was 6th period, and it was my music class I was forced to take. I sat in class, thinking nothing of importance until the class got a phone call. As I was sent to the office to go home, I remember a fellow student saying something that etched in my mind forever.

“Lucky.”

I thought nothing of what I heard as I continued up to the front office. It was unusual for me to go home early, as my mother would normally wait for me to get home if something happened. I reached the office; my grandmother was engaging in conversation with the receptionist. While she finalized everything, the receptionist tried to offer her sympathy.

“Sorry for your loss.”

This immediately shifted my mind into a more worried state. My mom was 5 months pregnant at the time. I wondered if she had a miscarriage, seeing as that would have cause for alarm. I got into the car and my mother was bawling her eyes out. I wanted to ask what had happened, but the words didn’t come out of my mouth. She then proceeded to tell me that my father had been murdered just the night before. My dad wasn’t that involved in my life, so not knowing about what happened until the next day made sense. I was unsure of what to think, so many thoughts rushed through my mind. I wasn’t even able to cry, because I was so appalled at what had happened. My brain was just a mix of thoughts racing at a thousand miles per minute. I thought of the last words I had told my dad on the phone before he died. I told him I loved him

This wouldn’t seem too out of the ordinary, however, I never told my dad that ever. I would always just end the phone calls we would have with a goodbye or a simple parting word, but I never said I loved him. That very time, it just blurted out as I hung up the phone, and my family asked why I did it. At the time, I had no idea, since I didn’t think of saying it in my head.

I sat for the rest of the car ride home in silence. Reflecting heavily over how my lasts words to my father were an unusual “I love you” and how from the perspective of others I was “lucky” to get to leave school early. Since that fateful day, Ive always tried to express how I felt, because I never knew when someone might die tomorrow, and I’ve always tried to understand when people are bitter, distant or just negative, because I don’t know what's happening from their perspective.