Brian D.

<u>Neutral</u>

  I had been woken up from an uneasy feeling that morning. I didn't know why but I couldn't pin that feeling down. It was later that morning that I had found out that a piece of me was missing; the piece that held my grandfather in me. My grandfather had just passed away.

  As we arrived at the hospital, I was very depressed. Tears of grief and sorrow filled my eyes as we walked inside. After a couple feet of walking, there lying in front of me was my grandfather.

  Later that day, my dad had let us stay home from school. It wasn't long before had my family then start planning a funeral. A couple of days had passed and it was time to bury him. In the process of burying him, once again everyone's eyes were filled with tears. I was really upset but then I started thinking about all the good moments that my grandfather and I had shared. I thought that even though I would never see him again, he would be in a better place; in our hearts and in our minds. Later that night, I had a dream. I dreamt about all the warm and happy thoughts that me and my grandfather had shared. I then woke up crying. Even though I was very emotional at the time, I had a feeling that my grandpa was looking down at me; smiling. I then fell asleep knowing that even though everyone was still upset, there would always be someone looking down at us with love and respect; that person would be grandpa.