

Dear Papa,

Each time I open my hallway cabinet I think of you. I hear a little scrrreeetch and I see a picture of you and I get lifted up off the ground. I am so emotional because I never got to meet you. You died before I was born. My mom mentioned to me how you liked hunting and fishing, playing cards, and golfing. She told me stories about how you loved spending time at the gun club with friends.

When we see Turkeys we say it's a sign that you are watching over me. You loved hunting so much. Mom looks back and wishes you were still here so I could get to meet you. Mom and Nana always say we would be good buddies together. I wish you were here to teach me to hunt and fish.

The outdoors is the finest place to be with all the fresh air. We would be together in this fresh air doing some hunting. When I was little I received a balloon for my birthday. I was being carried outside and I accidently let it go. The balloon floated up in the sky. When it got high it strangely lightened and we said it was a sign of you and I cried. I am so thankful that you kept my mom and family safe so I could be here. Without you our family would not be here. I miss you and I'm happy that I am part of you!

Love, Alex