

Never Forgotten

As time went on and as life flew by, things changed, and people changed for the good and the bad. I could never understand the way he was. The way he talked, thought, believed... I could never understand. It seemed as if he lived in a state of hatred and hostility. He always appeared unhappy when we were ever around. I had a sense of dismay every time I would work with him. There was something wrong with us, something wrong with him.

I trudged down the creaking steps to head to the grocery store with my mom. I would always stop and knock on the green door leading to her room. I would get a friendly “Good morning Lizabeth.” I walked by his room and, well, all I heard were mumbles. I continued to get dressed and ready, but I started to dread the day with him being home. I listened to my mom’s footsteps as she came out the door with me to meet in the car. She started the car and headed down the driveway. That’s when she started her morning prayer. “Thank you, Lord, for this day please be with us...”, I interrupt her. She gave me a baffled look and asked me what was wrong. I asked her the same question I did all the time, “Will it get better?” With a calming face, she looked down on me and a grin shone out of her. She gave me the same answer as always when I had asked. “God’s own time, God’s own will.” I simpered and my mom continued the prayer.

On our way home from the long day of shopping, mom and I listened to our favorite songs. We laughed, joked, and carried on with each other. As we were singing along to my favorite gospel band, The Gaithers, the music turned off and I could not hear anything. I glanced over at my mom and she was still singing and bobbing her head to the music that was supposedly still playing. I was confused. “Did I become deaf? Am I dreaming?” I thought. Then I made out a

small, still voice that said, "Soon, very soon." I was stuttering to ask what it meant, but the deafness went away, and I heard the music playing again.

We drove up the gravel road that led to our home. Mom and I walked in with groceries piled in our hands. I took my first step into the house, doing so as quiet as I could. I did not want to wake him. "Where have you been," an angry voice echoed through the house? I replied silently, explaining that we only had gone to the store. My mom came in the house as fast as a storm when she heard the voice. She asked me what had happened, and I just told her to listen. The bickering started between the two. I went to my room, and I cried and prayed. "I am tired of this da..." I covered my ears and did not hear the rest.

I did not move until I felt a large thud downstairs. I steadily crept down the stairs and looked around, searching for something that may have fallen, only to find my mom sitting at the table crying. I gazed out the window but found his truck was gone from the driveway. He had left.

I gathered my feed bucket and trudged outside to my dogs. I heard a loud voice say, "Come! Now!" I see my mom running to the car. I dropped my bucket and dog food spilled everywhere, though I did not care. I sat in the car waiting for her to explain. As the tears rolled down her face, she was silent. I got brave enough to ask what happened. She mumbled something but I could not hear, I asked again. She cleared her throat and said, "Your dad."

We arrived at the hospital, he was in very bad condition. My mom asked what had happened and I listened. My dad was speeding, and he was not paying attention...he ran into a powerline and crashed. The patient doctors explained to her what they were going to do, but by the looks of it, he would not make it. I prayed so hard for him. Then the deafness reoccurred,

“My own time, my own will.” There and then I knew that was the voice that had spoken to me before. It was God. I got a smile on my face but asked him why.

The deafness vanished and I heard a deep voice I know. It was Dad. I ran in the room he was laid in. He spoke tenderly to me, “Come here Lizabeth,” he said. I kind of tipped toed over, wondering what he is going to say. He tells me to bend down to hear him. As he took a deep breath, he spoke, “It’s going to be all right, I am so sorry for everything. But I think I am ready to go home.” I asked him what he meant. He replied, “I love you.”