

Personal Narrative - The Day My Father Left Us

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The Day My Father Left Us

My story begins when I was in the second grade. Times were good, and I was enjoying my childhood. On a certain Sunday I and my mom attended church, as we did on other Sunday's. This time though my dad decided not to come with us because he said he was tired. So we were off on our own doing our regular Sunday activities.

Activities on this day were pretty normal. We attended a nice church service, mingled with friends, helped out around the church, and either went out to eat or headed home for a nice cooked meal. On this particular day we had went out with a few church family members to a nice restaurant and decided to go home and relax for the week ahead of us. As we came home we were in for a big [surprise](#).

As we walked into our home we noticed a few questionable observations of our home. While it took us a while, we noticed that a few [items](#) were missing, including our TV, our stereo system, and a few articles that my pops used on a daily basis. Our first instinct was that we had been robbed; from this our next [intuition](#) was to make a few phone calls. While we made these phone calls it turns that was not the case. This was when the surprise

really hit us.

My pops had walked out on me and my mom. This was hard to take in at first, which resulted in mixed emotions running through both me and mom's head. It was officially known that my pops walked out on us when we came across a letter. The letter was written by him for us. While I thought this was...

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