

My Dad

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Personal Narrative- My Dad

Oh my god, I thought this day would never come. He'll be all right, I hope? Why him, why not some one else? On the far southwest corner of the ranch the cool wind whispered through the tall cotton wood trees, forcing me to feel helpless. Time was winding down and I was to. Indescribable hot sweats came over me, my knees began to buckle. I heard my dads voice say, "I'm a goner" echo through the dust cloud that my jittery [feet](#) were creating. He was never wrong, in my opinion, but I wanted him to be so badly. I said a prayer and we said, "I love you" for the last time. The ambulance putted up the road barley cleaning it while I sat and watched my daddy slip away, in front of my eyes. Suffocating and fading fast he looked right at me and I thought I had lost my best friend forever.

After many years of hard labor as a mechanic, my dad developed bone spurs in his upper spine at the age of 51. Pain was involved in his everyday life but never stopped him from taking care of his family. Although he could still maintain the [ranch](#), he lost an asset that we loved, and that was throwing a ball here and there. After a while it took control of his life and he wasn't able to do anything. A family discussion was held, options flew here and there, finally a verdict. He would get the surgery, and be back and happy in no time. While

making this decision there were things we had talked about. Such as what would we do if we lost you? In [addition](#), is it a safe surgery? It was a touchy subject but we had to talk about it. The doctor told us he had never had a death and that it was a common operation. This made my mom and I feel a wee bit more comfortable until the day of surgery.

He couldn't eat or drink certain things, no painkillers, and was even told to think about happy things. These precautions were taken to lessen the chance of a problem during surgery smaller.

The next week flew by quickly and during that week my family spent every moment together like it was our last. My dad and I threw the ball, just like old times, even though it hurt him.

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