

EVERY SECOND

Every second something changes. One second someone is here, and the next they are gone. Sometimes you know that they are going; and sometimes they just disappear. Whether this makes a big change in your life or doesn't matter at all is up to you.

I realized all of this the second I found out my uncle had passed away. I did not know him really well but I loved him because he was an amazing uncle. Everyone that was close with him knew that he would be gone soon because he had had cancer. It was a cancer that he had gotten rid of about a year or so before his death but it had come back and it was worse. I had gone to visit him in the hospital a few times but he was asleep or couldn't talk much. Every time I saw him I would remember the great times we had before he was in the hospital. I remember playing with him as a toddler laughing and screaming while he swung me around wrapped in a blanket. I remember playing chess with him when I was nine or ten and his laugh when my dog jumped on the table and knocked over all of the small plastic pieces.

When my mom told me of his passing with tears in her eyes I did not know how to react. It felt like I had let him go, like he had finally fallen out of my reach. We all knew this day would come soon but I think we all just chose to not think about it. Not think about him in the hospital. Not think about how he became more and more sick the more the doctors tried to treat him. They tried everything but nothing had worked like they wanted it to. We could all feel him slowly slipping away from us even before his death. I sat down on the couch in my living

room and started to cry. The more I wiped them away the more the tears came. My mom sat down next to me on the couch and my dad walked in and did the same. We all sat in silence for a few minutes holding each other. It was as if Jeff, which was my uncle's name, was bringing us closer together. Then my mom told me that before Jeff passed away he had told her that I was the only kid that he felt he could connect to, that I was the first and only kid he felt like he could actually talk to. Sitting on the couch remembering this I smiled, tears still spilling down my cheeks but I realized something. I realized how lucky I was just knowing Jeff and having him in my life. I realized that even though he was gone and I could never see him again he would always be in my life, in my heart, and I would never forget him.