

Gone

I held his freezing hand in mine, squeezing it reassuringly. “You’ll make it through this.” I said.

I felt a yawn coming, telling me that it was time to sleep. I got ready for bed then snuggled into my blanket on the chairs as I closed my eyes with my father’s frail body being the last thing I saw.

I opened my eyes to be greeted by the orange sky and the sound of waves crashing.

“So you’re finally awake.” A hoarse voice chuckled.

I knew that voice anywhere, and as soon as he finished chuckling, I sat up and searched my surroundings.

They settled on the slim figure on the rocks a little below. “Dad.” I whispered.

He turned to look at me and give me a smile that reached his eyes. He got up, walking away from me bit by bit.

“Where are you going?” I asked, stumbling as I tried to get up from the rock I was standing on.

He signed, the smile on his face now faintly going away. “Eva, I’m going first, okay?”

I furrowed my eyebrows. “What? Where?”

He looked ahead of him where the end of the rocky path was. “There.” He nodded his head as a gesture.

“I’m coming with you.” I hastily ran towards him.

“It’s not your time yet.” He said strictly. “I promise, if God has ways of us meeting like this, he’ll let us meet again.”

He continued walking as I just stood there, watching him without stopping him.

When he reached the end, he looked back at me. “I love you, remember that well.” He said as he fell backwards into the ocean with his bright smile.

I reached out my hand as I sat up on the chair in my father’s hospital room.

Everything was the same, he laid still in his bed with his oxygen mask and wires hooked up to his chest and arms.

I thought that everything was fine, because everything looked fine. Little did I know that he would pass away at dawn, the sky looking exactly like the one in my

dream later the next day.

I feel like the reason why I had that dream was to tell me that I still had a lot of life in me and I can't fast forward because of it. I stood without stopping him because I knew deep inside that I would have to let go of him at one point.

But knowing that he left happily with saying his last words to me, I felt content.

