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Honorable Mention, Middle School Division (\$25)

Family

Many people say that things in life do not happen by accident. They also say that everything that happens has a purpose. Bad or scary things can bring out important messages. I have learned this because of something tragic happening to my grandpa. By observing the reactions of my other family members, I realized how much love and respect is shown for my family.

My grandpa's incident started at a basketball game. My family and I were at our usual halfcourt seats. We knew that my grandparents were at the game, but they were sitting in the upper deck. Just about four or five minutes into the game a man approached my dad and asked for my fathers name. I could not make out what they were saying, but the worried look on my parents faces told me that it was not a good situation.

My dad and the man quickly walked away. It took me a while to ask my mom what was happening and in response, she said that my grandpa had passed out in the stands. I was young confused, and had mixed feelings. I was lost between being worried, scared, or should I feel nothing at all? I looked over at my four year old sister, and I felt as confused as she was. I had heard of people passing out plenty of times, But this was the first time that it was some body that I knew or some one that was related to me.

When my dad came back, everybody was hungry for the facts. My dad said that my grandpa was lucky sitting near him when he passed out, was a trained nurse who rushed to my grandpa and began to perform CPR. When extra help arrived a man working at the game brought a defibulator. My grandpa was then transported to a hospital. My dad finally gave the message of all of the other messages, the message was that my grandpa had suffered a heart attack.

There was a deadly silence in the room. I was not worried when he had passed out, but a heart attack was different. I was so nervous that I could feel butterflies fluttering in my stomach.

The final word was that my grandpa survived. When he said that, I felt as if somebody had poured a bucket of relief on top of my head in pain. I realized at that moment that family is very important in my life. My family seems to give me somebody to be with, and someone to help me when I need it. If I feel lonesome, I can spend time with family.

I can remember walking into the hospital and noticing that just about every single one of my family members were there. Every one of them showed respect for my grandpa. This gave me a very proud and warming feeling. When I walked into his room, there were piles of tubes and bags on top of my grandpas body. I felt so bad for him and was unsure of how he would react to seeing us. To answer that question, when he saw us, his smile was shining like a million suns. That smile caused me to think that everyone was glad to see him and he felt even better to see us. I got a sense of deep and true love. The first thing that he did was to shake my hand. He shook it in the way that he did when he was proud of me. I felt great love, power, and strength in his grip. That moment seemed to have poked through a brick wall that had kept me from truly understanding what family is about.

I then remember one particular moment. It was when I was younger. My grandpa had taken me out fishing. He and I sat together. The sun was shining and I felt great. Just the fact that we were sitting there together felt just great. I have learned from my grandpas smile and us fishing that family is about just being together.

Everybody in my family thinks about his heart attack when they see him. We just feel so happy that he is still alive. Family is so important. I do not know were my family would be without my grandpa. Just seeing my family faces when they heard about his heart attack could not be compared to how they felt seeing him alive. My family loves him so much that they had to smile. Emotions and all of your deepest feelings would be lost without family.