

A person to bring



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

A Special Place for a Special Person There is no one else I can think of bringing to a special place except my grandfather. I have my fondest childhood memories reminiscing about happy times shared with my parents in a maternal house in the suburbs. Although I was part of a fairly small family with only one sibling, a brother, our nuclear family initially resided with maternal grandparents including the seven siblings of my mother. It was a riotously happy family, filled with love, affection, kindness and holistic support. My grandfather, like me, was fun loving and an avid sports fan, especially of football. In my earliest memory as a child, I remember growing up under the care of my grandparents; simply because my parents had to earn a living to support our daily needs. In their absence, my grandfather took the time to providing guidance and assistance in being physically present in relevant landmarks of my life. He was with me on my first day at school and patiently waited until my classes were over. I remember him peeking from the windows of my classroom to assure me that I have nothing to fear – that he is there for me. All school activities were attended religiously by my grandfather, despite his old age. I saw him in pictures with me after I played football in school. My grandfather was with me to attend to a complaint with a class adviser who practiced favoritism, during graduation and especially proud to pin a medal for exemplary performance in academic pursuits. His presence was especially felt during special occasions: birthdays, Christmases, New Year's celebration as he was always excited to assist in taking care of all table arrangements for all the food we loved to eat, and wrapped presents and gifts to commemorate these exceptional events. Yes, he had been everywhere with me until the time his life had to end due to prostate cancer. I was in my senior high school when he left, accompanied

by my father and uncle, to the hospital – never to come back in within our midst. If I had the opportunity to bring any person -- past or present, fictional or nonfictional -- to a place that is special to me, I would definitely bring my grandfather to where I am now, here, in among the rest of the family, to share all the challenges, trials, difficulties, happiness, success and triumphs in life. I am sure he would have been more than jubilant to be with me, and my parents and brother anywhere we plan to go – or to stay, for that matter. For a special place really is nothing special when one person, tremendously loved, is lost and is not able to share that place, or event with. Actually, any ordinary place would be rendered special when shared with that one person who treated me special and loved me unconditionally until his very last breathe.