

The hard times in life

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



The Hard Times in Life Thinking of truly difficult times in life is far from difficult. Reminiscing on difficult times will always bring back sad memories and feelings. It seems as though the most difficult times are the easiest to remember. Personally, the most difficult time of my life was the first few days after my father's bicycle accident. For almost three days, I could not see my father who had gotten hit head-on by a red Chevrolet truck. It was truly the most difficult thing I've ever experienced not knowing whether or not I would see him alive again. It started out like any other typical Tuesday. I had just gotten home from the state choral competition in Jackson and my father was setting off on his weekly Tuesday night ride. I came home around 6 o'clock, just in time to see my mom coming out the door crying. This was one of the few times I had ever seen my mom cry. Obviously curious as to why she was crying, I asked what was wrong. She blatantly said, " your dad's been hit. " It took a while for her words to sink in, but after a few seconds I knew exactly what she meant and it was truly gut-wrenching to hear. She told my brothers and I that we couldn't go to the hospital with her and that's when I broke down. It was so nerve-racking to think of what all was happening at the hospital and whether or not he would be okay. The next few days weren't any better. My uncle, aunt, cousin, and grandmother, all of whom are on my mom's side of the family, came and stayed the night with us, while my mom stayed at the hospital. It was nice to have support from my family being there but it was hard because I had to go to school the next day enduring all the horrible feelings and thoughts throughout those days. My other grandmother and grandfather, uncle and aunt, from my father's side, came that Wednesday. Again, I was thankful to have so much family around,

but it was just too much. Going 3 days without seeing my father was awful. Hearing what all had happened to him brought tears to my eyes. The worst feeling was the feeling that I could do nothing but wait. Seconds, minutes, and hours felt like days, months, and years. That Friday was the first day I was able to see him. Seeing my dad lying in a hospital bed, bruised from head to toe, with a broken leg and broken arm, truly broke me down and humbled me. I try to never take anything for granted anymore and I constantly remind myself that I am certainly so blessed by God to still have my father around.