

(This response is from a student who lost her father in the shooting at Fort Hood last year)

I saw you a lot today. I saw you as the wind blowing through the trees, knocking leaves down ever so gently. One by one they fell, but you were there to catch them. You were the soft ground under mine and their bodies. You are the ant, triumphantly crawling up the leg of the porch chair, moving slowly, but confidently. You are the clouds in the sky, watching me from heaven, blowing slowly away as to spend as much time soaking up the pure air in the stratosphere. You are the manly lizard crawling on the hood of your car, not moving because you like the feeling of the warm hood on your belly. You are the birds chirping, telling me that you love me ever so softly, so that only my ears can hear it. I whisper it back, but not with the air of sophistication and mystery as you do. You are everything else I see in nature. You are the world around me as I know it, protecting me and wrapping me in the blanket of blissful peace that only you, as nature, can. I love you, Dad.

Ashley F.