

## One Last Parade

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Life is like a toy train you start and then the train goes along the tracks and keeps going. Well just like the train, you keep going and you go around your life you grow, get older, and try new things, but at some point, the track ends. Now think about a toy train with a broken wheel it goes along the track but ends quicker than the other train. The reason for this is that the first train did not have a broken wheel, well just like life people without a broken wheel has never had cancer and sadly, this year my grandpa had a broken wheel/cancer and did not survive.

His name was Ronald Carl Dietrich and he was my beloved grandfather. When I was a little girl, my grandpa would tell me fascinating stories of his adventures with his friends but the main one was about the many adventures with the award winning train float. My grandpa built the float himself and he always entered it in the Harvest Homecoming parade. One of my greatest memories was when I was four years old and rode on the train float in my grandpa's arms. My grandfather built more than one float but this one was his favorite.

Of course, my grandpa did more than just build floats and put them in parades he also was an extreme holiday decorator. Let's just say he was dang good at what he did. That decorating trait has been passed down to my uncle, my mom, my brother, and myself. Every Halloween he would set up a haunted house in his barn and have trick or treaters go through it if they dared. He did this before my mom and my uncle were alive and we still do it every year even without my grandpa. However, Halloween was a special year in my family the reason why

it was so special is that my family and I would go to the pumpkin patch and get pumpkins. In addition, it is sad to say that this Halloween will be my first Halloween without my grandpa.

When my grandpa told me he had stage four-brain cancer my heart dropped. I never felt so sick to my stomach in all my life because I knew he had no chance of surviving. I tried spending as much time with him as possible but it did not feel the same because I knew he was going to die very soon. Then one day my grandpa was rushed into the hospital and after school, I went to go see him but when I went into the room I could not help but start to cry. My uncle and my grandma took me and my brother out of the hospital room and my grandma started hugging my older brother Rylan while crying at the same time and me and my uncle did the exact same thing. We all eventually went back into the room and I saw all my cousin's great uncles/aunts and great grandmas and my mom in the room holding my grandpa's hands.

When I went home that day I started praying. Praying for my grandpa to be ok, praying for my family to be the way it used to be, but none of it came true. All I could think of was before my grandpa died and how it was his dream to take Santa through light up Corydon on his train float. I thought about how we made his dream come true four days before he died. He said his last and final wishes were, "when I die I want my casket to be carried on the train float to the cemetery, I just want one last parade." We did just that, and we even got a sign on the side of the float saying one last parade with a picture of my grandpa on it. This is how I lost a much-loved person in my life to cancer.