

Ally Perry

The moment he died, my life changed forever.

My grandpa died when I was 13, and if you have ever lost a loved one, you know that it's one of the hardest things. He was always a happy guy who loved to spend time with his family, baking, or fishing. He was on his way back from eating breakfast with my cousin and uncle when he collapsed. Before this he was in and out of the hospital, but still you can never expect something like that.

He lived in ortonville and would love making us pies, food, and many other things that kept him busy. Some of my favorite pies he would make were the cherry, pumpkin, and apple pies. He used to always be around and it is still weird not seeing him at everyone of my sisters softball tournaments or my soccer games.

"One thing I will always remember about him is that he loved joking around with me," I said. "When I was younger I used to hate my ears because they stick out farther than normal (thanks to grandma) and my grandpa would always joke with me about how they look. I have grown to love my ears because it's something that makes me unique and something to remind me of my grandparents."



After my grandpa passed away it brought my family closer. Now we start to eat thanksgiving together and babysit my cousins kids.

My grandpa dying was not easy but it has taught me to never take anyone's life for granted and to start being kinder to people because you never know how sudden things can happen.

