

"LETTING GO "- SHAUN GUAJARDO

Eduardo Guajardo was my dad and he died after a lung transplant and bronchitis at the age of 48. He was born in Santiago, Chile and grew up in Brazil. He loved Ferraris, playing soccer and coke. He even played soccer for Brazil.

He was special to me because he would always listen to what I had to say and to my questions. He was always there for me. Dad was a kind, loving, caring and nice man. But he also had a silly side. When I'd be going to bed he'd poke at me in a fun way and he'd say boo to wake me up.

He'd make me laugh by his jokes, funny faces and the things he'd make from origami. He thought how he made the origami shapes was his special secret that he said he would share with me when I became a teenager. Now it is something I'll not know from him, to learn it elsewhere won't be the same.

Dad liked to play on the laptop, watch the bull fights and take my older sister and I shopping.

He didn't have a job, he considered his job was being a father and keeping his kids safe.

I was his only son and spent every second weekend at his house. He would listen to me and cared about how I was feeling, especially if I was sad. We'd spend time "chilling out" watching TV and challenging each other on the iphone.

I will miss seeing him, hugging him and being in his company. I'm going to miss him on Father's Day for the rest of my life. I'll miss talking to him about watches, glasses, cars and football. I'll miss him during the years I go through puberty, when I buy my first car, when I get my first job and even when I become a father myself.