

February 15, 2026

Dear Dad,

It's been just over a year since you died. I won't lie, at first I was angry and mad at God for taking you away from us. Especially away from mom. But I came to realize that this life just isn't meant to go on forever. It has its limitations. No one's supposed to live forever. It almost feels like a curse at times.

But that's just how this life is and I don't think it's very fair. Well I have a feeling that this life just isn't meant to be fair. I'm not sure *why* that is, but that's just how it feels at times. I don't know how to change that feeling.

I wish I could talk with you one last time. Spend a day with you at least. I remember the fishing trips we would use to take. I don't remember catching anything, but I remember spending time with you. Those were some good times.

There are regrets in my mind. I should have called you the day you died, or the day before. But there was no telling that it was going to happen. So I don't believe I could have done that. Maybe regrets are not a good thing to hold onto, I know you wouldn't want me to hold onto such things. So I will try not to.

I love you dad, I miss you so much.

Love,  
Kyle