

“Dad...”

This is not just any father, this is not just any Navy officer... when I was born, and my dad didn't know what was about to happen to him. He didn't know that he was about to be the father of a deaf daughter. Growing up, he was always there for me; he made sure that every door is opened for me. My father is my teacher; I learned so many things from him throughout years. He was a community leader, president of my school (Parents, Teachers Association) PTA, he was recognized as one of the finalists for Navy of the year and many more. The sacrifices he made for me and my brother who is diagnosed with high functioning autism is greatly recognized and admired. Now when I was growing up, I'm living a normal life, a family, a roof under our heads and everything... I always admired him, no matter what, after a small fight, after accomplishment. I am writing this now, about two weeks since my dad set out to Africa, I have to admit it that I am scared of what will happen later after he's gone but his strength, his appearance, and his presence is always around us. I am scared because I am so used to having him around everyday, when I need him and if I need something, he will make sure I get it. This is not about the accomplishments, about the things he done.

He is my hero not because of the stuff, not because he's a military officer but because of he gave me the world that I live in today. The things that I learned from my father, I can't forget the lessons he taught me. I remember our nightly sessions at the local coffee house where we will ponder over the meaning of life, the world events and Latin. It was like school, where I learn from the best. I remember looking up to my dad and I saw not my father but my hero, the one that I aspire to be and to learn from. He always seemed to know everything, from a magic quarter trick to Russian czars. He praised and encouraged my devotion to learning and my curiosity about the meaning of everything. Not only that he was my hero, he was everyone else's hero, my father is a true description of a hero and everything a hero can be. Sacrifices promising, determined, hardworking and loyalty.

"Sine labore nihil" nothing without work, I grew up with that phrase, it taught me that if you don't work for it, you would get nothing from it. My father, he got everything he ever wanted because he worked for it, he gave up lot of his time to create lives for me, for my brother and my mom and people everywhere.