

My toughest 2 minutes

Saturday Oct. 10th, 2008

Yesterday was a day no parent should have to deal with. It was a day that I put off because of the pain I knew I would inevitably have to go through but did not want to face.

It all started last August 29th with the passing on my father. I had grown up with not the best of relationships with him as he was a very tough and demanding father. As we aged, our relationship got much better. I was a lost soul for many years and it was my father who would constantly meet me and keep telling me I was a good person who just needed some direction. He was retired and had plenty of time on his hand and would drive from his house in Long Island to New Jersey where I worked to meet with me to assist with my emotional development. True he had as much time as possible but little did I realize at the time is that he chose to spend it with me. For that I will always be both thankful and appreciative. What I learned looking back is that I never thanked him verbally for taking the time to help me grow.

The relationship certainly changed after the situation with my brothers but little did I realize it was me that needed to change. He had been trying to help me for years but I was reluctant to hear him. Yes he would repeat the same things over and over but he was just trying to get his point across and I was not taking his advice.

On what would have been my father's 79th birthday, we received a phone call no parent should ever receive. It was my ex-wife alerting us of the death of our son, Gregg. Even though in my soul I felt it was inevitable, the phone call put me in shock. It was Yom Kipper and I did not have too much time to think as we needed to get to NY and deal with the situation up there. I thought the pain the following day was the worst I would ever have to endure until yesterday.

I miss Gregg more than anything I could put into words. He was a kind and thoughtful person who was always trying to please me. I miss his early morning phone calls with sports updates and our trips to sporting events. What I miss the most of all was like my father how he stood by me through my toughest time and was always there for me.

Standing at the grave sites yesterday was the most intense emotional pain I have ever gone through. There was a 2 minute stretch that I thought lasted forever and thought I would never make it through. I only made it through with the great support of my family.

The lesson learned by me is to try and tell people around me how important they are to me and how much I need/depend on them. It is certainly a work in progress and I am going through what I believe are the necessary steps to achieve this. I am reaching out for help and realizing there are people out there who are there for me to assist me along this path. Life is short and we never know how it will turn out but memories are forever and are something we will never forget.