

Reflection:

The person that has passed away was my father, Kyriakos Angelis. This person meant the world to me and literally everything. When I had problems or I needed someone to rant to I would always go to my dad. I remember all the good times we shared and I even miss the bad times we had. One of the good memories I have of my father was when I went to the beach with him when I was 8 years old. He would always dig a hole in the sand and when we were running away from the waves, we would fall into the holes he had dug and flail around until we finally realized we were okay and nowhere near dying. A bad memory I have of my dad was when we were coming back from grocery shopping and he gave me clear instructions on not to drop the eggs or crack them. My little carefree self took the eggs and brushed it off thinking, "Pshh, I got this." I slammed the eggs on the table and they fell all over the floor. On instinct, my legs told me to run and hide. I found myself in my room only to hear my dad call out, "Sophia if you don't get your a** down here now, you will look like one of these eggs!" So, I faced my biggest fear (a.k.a. my dad) and he was so upset with me that he grabbed the brand new cool ranch doritos we had just bought and smacked me over the head with them. The bag popped open and we had a kitchen floor full of my favorite chips and egg yolks. Dina starts to cry and when asked what was the matter, she replied with, "Those were my favorite kind of chips." My dad was the type of person that was tough to others, but opened up and showed us his soft side. My sister and I were his only weakness.

I decided to create my sugar skull in remembrance of this person because his personality inspired me to be creative, or at least try to be. He was someone who I respected the most in my family and I thought making this project should be in memory of him and who he was as a person. It's a good way to give you a sneak peek into his personality. My sugar skull reflects this person because of the extra little pieces I snuck in like the wings. These little pieces indicate how much of an angel he was to his daughters and the glitter on the back of my skull resembled his thoughts he kept to himself. He was very mysterious and wouldn't tell us much of anything sometimes.

Día de los Muertos opened my mind to celebrating the passing of loved ones because it showed me you don't only have to show the sad part of a passing. In my culture, it's a tradition to dress up in all black for the rest of your life and not to be happy for a year. So everyday, my grandma and aunt are the only ones who are going to wear all black for the rest of their lives and you will always catch them shedding a tear or sobbing uncontrollably. My aunt and grandma threw out and even donated all of their clothes unless they were black. If you took a peek in their closet you would think they have turned goth. I tried to do the all black tradition only to find out that it just wasn't who I was as a person. I can't focus on the bad things in life, and I can't stay upset for a while either. I am a happy, bubbly person and I can't help it. I'm not saying I don't get those days where I miss my daddy, because I do. But, I do know one thing, that he is always here with me as cliché as it sounds.

Eulogy:

Hola, mi nombre es Sophia. Yo soy joven y divertida. Yo soy la hija de Kyriakos. Él fue de Grecia. Él fue mi padre. Él fue divertido, joven, alto, serio, y amable. Yo estoy en el clase de español. Yo estoy nerviosa. Yo amo a mi padre. Gracias.