

Bianca Oglesby

Eulogy

Hola todos. Hoy es un día triste. Yo soy una de sus hijos.

Mi padre fue de Filadelfia.

El fue un bajo, bien arreglado hombre con una grande corazón.

Mi padre se **murio** el trece de septiembre.

Mi padre fue un hombre alegre.

Nosotros estamos en el templo.

Yo estoy triste, pero Yo fui bien.

Día de los Muertos es cómo yo celebrar mi padre.

Reflection

The person that I am talking about, and making the skull, mask, and eulogy is for my father, Eric Johnson. He was my father, but I didn't really know a lot about him. I know that I look like him, he was someone who had a good job. I choose my father because it's something that I'm not really comfortable talking about. I guess writing it will work. It's just seem like something good to talk about because I don't talk about him very much. He's a hard subject because I know how my family and what my mom thinks of him. I don't know what to really think of him. I'm happy that I chose him as the person to talk about.

When I was doing the sugar skull I knew that I wanted to have it reflect what I wanted my father to be. I know he died from lupus, but I wanted it to have more than just that. It would have just been plain. I put so many colors of glitter on it because when I imagine my dad, I see him as a happy man who loved his kids. I think that pretending that he is that way is better than not knowing him at all. We also made a mask and it was almost the same as the sugar skull, but I put a lot more purple on it for lupus.

I think that the way that Día de los Muertos opened me up was that, even though I never cried about my dad, or even been to a funeral or have someone close to me pass away, it makes me want to celebrate him more than I do. I think that maybe I can take time and actually get to know his side, well also my other side of my family. I feel I like I can make more of an effort to talk to them, even though they don't really try and do anything. I think I talk to my father's mother maybe 7 times a year, and I haven't seen her in almost 3 years. I wonder if she doesn't talk to me sometimes because it's hard or that my mom and her don't get along.

I think that I have talked about more than what I was suppose to talk about. I have said more than need, but once I start talking about my father, when I do I can't stop talking about it

because I have a lot of questions. I know that you can't answer them, but I just needed to get more out. Like I said before I don't really talk about my dad.