

English 100, Second Place; Professor, Dr. Jacqueline S. Wilson

Inspiration

Margaret Voss

Ever since I was 8, I was awakened around 5:30 by the smells of vanilla french toast, sweet maple syrup, and golden crisp hash brown. My dad is a good chef. He cooks all the time. When I watch home video of when I was little, he used to sing to us when we were in our rockers, “Fly me to the moon, let me lay upon the stars.” And he has such a deep, rich voice. Every song Frank Sinatra sang, he probably knows. He use to sing his songs to help us fall asleep.

During breakfast we talked about the most strangest things. I was so promiscuous. I was always wondering why things were the way they are or why things happen a certain way. I swear he knew every detail or explanation I needed to hear. When my drink was getting low, he would refill it without asking because he knew I loved juice. This 45 minute breakfast made my day worth living. I felt like it’s where we connected the most. As soon as we were done, he got ready and was out of the house no later than 6. I hated watching him leave in his (which looked filthy) grey shirt and his jeans shorts with his boots laced all the way up. I mean I knew he would be back but I loved spending time with him.

My dad stands at 6’9” so that means he has to duck to go in a doorway. He’s super tan because he works outside. I swear his shoes are for giants. When I was little, I always wore them. I would slide them on my little feet and stomp around until they fell off. “Where’s my boots?” He would stay very loudly so I could hear him. As I scurried to put them back, he would pick me up and swing me around. He had me laughing so hard, I would snort.

He is also a very hard worker. He owns his own construction business. It's called, Voss Construction. He started his career by working with his father. And as he got older, he got quicker and better at his job. Than when he started a family with my mother, he decided to move out of Chicago and into the country. He than opened his own business. When he sets his mind to something, he usually accomplishes it. But one thing that bugged me is that he had to leave early and work long hours.

I appreciate him so much because I have realized that I won't have him in my life forever. I remember one time I came home from school on my 11th birthday and he wasn't there. "Where's dad?" I asked my mother. She sat down and explained to me that he has heart disease. It runs in the family and his dad had it. It was the scariest thing in my life. We went to the hospital and I couldn't stand looking at him. I remember seeing wires embedded in his chest, IV's poked in his arm, and the smell of hospital made my stomach tighten. He looked as if life was drained out of him. "Get up here." With tears running down my face I jump on the bed. He hugged me. "I'm going to be okay." He came home a week later but his disease kept getting worse. He struggles everyday but he still goes to work. If you ever see him you would think nothing ever happened to him, but he has had nine heart attacks.

He is a very strong person and I am so thankful for him. He is also conservative too. He doesn't cause drama or stir things up. He is laid back and a good person to go to if I ever need help. He did so much for other people. He has taught me that nothing should just be given to you. What he means is if I work hard enough, everything I work towards I should get, nothing is owed to me unless I work for it. I am so beyond blessed to call him my father and to have someone, like him, to help me get through life.