



## *A Funeral*

Have you ever went to a funeral which you remember as clear as crystal from then till today? Well, I did. It all happened on November 18, 2006. Now, I'll start by telling you what had happened on that very day...

It was only dawn when my parents brought me and my two older siblings to the place that held my grandfather's funeral. We were all very young when my grandfather died. Although my siblings and I have never met our grandfather before, we heard a lot of stories of how great he was and we felt sad when we heard about the news about his death.

As soon as we reached there, we did a lot of things. I was only six years old when it all happened, so I had no clue about what I was doing but I cooperated and did as I was told. My brother and sister also did what they were told to do. After my siblings and I did the things we were told to do, we went out into the open car park to take a breather.

After taking in some fresh air, we went back and started to do some other things that you did in a funeral

wake. I remembered seeing quite a number of people that I had never seen before in my whole life mourning and even saw that some of their eyes were teary from crying just now. My grandfather's death must have really done a nasty blow to their hearts. Some were still crying their hearts out and upon seeing that, I felt like crying as well.

Before my tears came pouring down from my eyes, my mother brought me to my father. My father, together with my brother and sister, was standing near my grandfather's coffin. They were all looking at my grandfather that was inside the coffin.

My mother and I reached there in no time. Not sure of what to do, I just looked at my grandfather like what all of them were doing. After looking at my grandfather for what seemed like an eternity, we started praying and soon everyone who attended the funeral was praying as well. Once the praying was over, some people carried my grandfather's coffin out and walked slowly and carefully towards the entrance. We followed suit too. We walked towards the same direction as the people carrying the coffin was, until we reached outside of the entrance and looked at them while they brought my grandfather's coffin into a truck and drove off to somewhere.

Afterwards, my parents talked to my uncles and aunts and my siblings and I waited for them to finish talking. While waiting, we went out to the open car park

again to take a breather once more. I looked at my brother and sister and wondered what was going on in their heads, but I could not decipher what they were thinking from their expressions. But I knew what I was thinking at that time.

I gazed up towards the azure blue sky and prayed for my grandfather to take care and rest in peace.

My parents drove us back home once they had finished talking. The drive back home was silent. After we reached back home, we washed up and my mother cooked a few dishes for lunch and we ate in silence. After lunch, the day went by as usual.

I truly wished that I knew how my grandfather was really like, seeing him in person and not just by hearing stories about him, even if it was just once. Going to your loved ones' funerals really hurt a lot but it's a stage where everyone has to go through at one point or another, young or old. That was what I learnt from all these years.

Hopefully, my grandfather is resting in peace right now, watching over all of us from high above. Rest well, grandfather.

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