

Dear Dad

Kyle Eggleston

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Dear Dad,

I miss you. I don't know how many times I can say it. I miss you so much. I need my dad. Decisions come and go I get that, but those decisions aren't enough. Not when it comes down to missing my dad. I know there's nothing I can do to bring you back from the dead. It's rather permanent. I wish death wasn't like that. I wish I could bring you back from the dead on so many different occasions. I can sit here and wish all day and nothing would come from it. That's what this life is all about I suppose. We live, learn, and die. There's no escape from any of it. I suppose that's what I get for wanting the impossible.

So, here I sit day in and day out wishing for something that I have no control over. Not having control over something .. feels so distant. I can't do that. So many things in this life that I don't have control over. I need to have control over something, anything in my life.

I guess I might never know the answer to any of it. I need to accept that.

Love,

Kyle