

My trip out of New England was quiet and hardly anyone was on the road. The traffic really picked up crossing over into New York and down into New Jersey.

By the time I reached the highway North of the beltway in Washington DC, it was very late and it started to rain very lightly and there remained a light fog over the weather soaked highway. I could hear the water mist splash to the underside of the truck, making the music on my radio sound far away. I turned off the radio hoping for some quiet time to think about my upcoming visit home and his death. The night was becoming surprisingly dark and there was very little traffic on the road at this hour. My cell phone rang and I hit the hands-free button on the steering wheel.

“Hello,” I said.

A raspy voice on the other end said, “Drew, it's Craig.”

“Hey Craig, it's late is there a problem?”

“No, I just heard about your dad from Brian and I wanted to let you know how sorry I was.”

“Thanks; I still am having a hard time thinking he's gone. I spent a few days with him last time I was back at mom and dad's and he seemed fine to me. I knew he was sick, but just not how bad.”

“How is your mom dealing with the loss?”

“Fine, I guess. She has always been a rock. She seems to be able to deal with everything that goes along with losing dad.”

“Going home must be a little hard after living up North for so long?”