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Period A

Katrina Brought Hope

August 28, 2005, I evacuated to Houston, Texas for Hurricane Katrina. Katrina was just like any other storm that came through Louisiana, it would just be a couple days off of school and it would turn at the last minute; or so we thought. Katrina hit the coast on August 29, 2005 as a Category 5 hurricane. I had evacuated with my mom, step-dad and two sisters.

Unfortunately I had to leave my dad behind because he is a police officer for the St. Bernard Sheriff's Office. I was 13 when Katrina hit and I was not thinking that I had any chance of losing my father so I just gave him a cheek kiss and said I love you just like I was supposed to.

When we arrived at the hotel in the early morning Katrina hadn't hit land yet so we all took naps, but little did I know that when I woke up my life would be different. I woke and had heard that the hurricane had hit land and was over but the Levee had breached. I didn't know what that really meant for my home, my life, and most importantly my dad. My mom sat me down and talk to me about how there was 20 feet of water in St. Bernard. Once I heard that my heart dropped I needed to talk to my dad to see if he was okay. I tried calling him but the call wouldn't go through to his cell phone. I called my Uncle to see if he had heard anything from my dad, and he said no. Once again my heart dropped and I broke down. I didn't think I did enough for my dad to know that I loved him and I didn't want our last moment to be like that. At this time I was scared and I didn't know what I was going to do if I had lost my father. I kept

my hope that he was okay and that he would call. The next day I woke up and called my Uncle to see if he had talked to my dad again and he still said no word yet. Now I was really getting worried all the disaster was over, so why isn't he calling me just to tell me he is okay. About 5:00 in the evening I tried numerous times more to call but still no answer and no word from my Uncle yet. I lost all hope. I didn't know what to do, I was heart-broken and scared, I was thinking why it had to be my father, he did nothing wrong to deserve this. I started turning all blame toward God and asking him why he is doing this to me. God knew what he was doing though, and now I know that. The next day I got a call from my Uncle saying he had heard from my dad and he was okay but his phone had gotten stolen and he only had one call so he told my Uncle to call me to tell me he was okay. He had been moved from St. Bernard to New Orleans Prison with too many inmates for not enough cells.

I finally heard my dad's voice 5 days after the hurricane had hit. It was refreshing to hear him okay. At one point in those 5 days I had lost all hope and all faith. I didn't think I deserved what was happening to me. Looking back it brought me closer to my dad. I do not take anything for granted with my dad or with anyone I love; you never know when someone you love will not be there the next day. I now tell my dad every single day how much he means in my life and that I love him and no matter where I am going or wherever he is going I kiss him bye so if some tragedy must occur I know I did my best to make my time with my dad worthwhile. I now have hope again and faith and I am sure I will not lose either one again. I now live by one quote by Ovid, "My hopes are not always realized, but I always hope" this speaks to me now because no matter if anyone can see it or not, or no matter the situation with hope anything can be done

and now I know that and am thankful that God gave me another chance to live with hope and
live with my father.