

## **My Family's Tragedy** by Mackenzie Adamson

I remember it like it was yesterday. July 30, 2016 was the hardest day of my life and it changed our family forever. A tragedy that no one knew was coming or even thought could happen, struck our family like lightning. Even today, over three years later, my family is still going through hope, healing and recovery.

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon. My mom and dad were watching my two younger cousins. My younger brother Gavin and my cousin Hayden were playing outside with my dad. I was inside with my younger cousin Isla and my mom. My mom got a phone call from my grandma and answered it like always. All of a sudden, my mom fell to the floor screaming. When I watched my mom fall to the ground, I knew something devastating had happened. She told me to get my dad from outside. I opened the back door nervously shaking and ran like the Flash. I got my dad to come in the house and helped my mom. I heard her tell him that our cousin Ally was shot and killed. Immediately, my heart sank into my stomach. Seeing her so heartbroken made me feel empty and hopeless. I stayed with my mom all night to comfort her. Later, as we listened to the news reporter on TV talking about Ally, it seemed so unreal.

Ally was out on her daily run that she had done for so many years. But on this run, someone shot her from behind, bullets hitting her in the back. Ally was brutally murdered and the killer got away.

My family still talks and cries about his horrible day. It's hard to get past such a traumatic event. But we will always remember Ally and the memories we shared, which helps us to heal and recover from her death. She was a nurse and loved to write like I do. She was working on getting a degree in creative writing. Ally was tiny, smart, always smiling, and so funny. We will always remember everything about her and wish she was still here with us. Recently, with the fear of COV ID-19, we asked ourselves what she would have thought about this and whether she would have been scared. She probably would have found some humor such a scary time and would have made us all feel safe.

Over three years have passed and we still don't know who the awful person is that killed Ally. But my family still has hope that they will find the murderer and that justice will be served.

Hope, healing and recovery are strong words. In this frightening chapter of my life, they are used in a positive way. My family and I are healing and recovering from Ally's death and finding peace in the memories we have of her. We continue to hope and pray that one day the person that took Ally's life will be found. We will always remember and love Ally forever.