

JOHN EDWARD HINSON

It's hard to believe a year has passed since you left this world. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you - of your voice, your laughter, and the quiet comfort of our conversations. I miss those more than I can say.

Losing you has been heartbreaking in so many ways. In the final chapter of your life, there was distance between us - not by choice, but by circumstance. I know there were voices around you, guiding decisions, shaping narratives. And I wish so deeply that things had been different. That we had one more chance to talk, to reconnect, to say the things that mattered most.

Even through that silence, I never stopped loving you. I never stopped hoping you knew how much I cared, how much I wanted you to be proud of me. You were always my number one - in childhood, in life, and still now in memory.

I carry your spirit with me every day, and I'll keep holding on to the best parts of you - your wisdom, your humor, your heart.

I miss you, Dad. And I always will.