

## He Left so I Could Learn

It was my second day on the job. I was sitting in my seemingly gilded cubicle, overlooking Manhattan, and pinching my right arm to make sure it was real. I landed an internship at Condé Nast Traveler. Every aspiring writer I've ever known secretly dreamt of an Anthony Bourdain lifestyle. Travel the world and write about its most colorful pockets.

When my phone rang, and it was Mom telling me Dad had a heart attack. He didn't make it. I felt as though the perfectly carpeted floors had dropped out from under me. Now that I've come out the other side, I realize Dad left me with a hefty stack of teachings. Here are three ideals I know he would've liked for me to embrace.

First, you have to stand on your own two feet. As much as our parents love and support us, they can't go to our school and confess to the principal that we stole a candy bar from Sara. We have to do that. Neither can they walk into the Condé Nast office and nail a job interview for us. At some point, we have to put on our "big girl pants" and be brave, even if we're not.

Also, there's a difference between love and co-dependence. Being grateful to have someone to turn to for love and support is not the same as needing someone to turn to for love and support. With the loss of my father, I've also lost my sounding board. All I can glean from that is it's time to look within myself and make proper assessments. If I can't make sound decisions with the tools already in my kit, then I risk falling for anything.

Finally, memories are, perhaps, the only item that cannot be taken away from us. Will I miss my father? Every single day. What can I do in those times? I can open up our suitcase of memories, pick out my favorite one, and dream about it, talk about it, or write about it. Maybe I can't pick up the phone and call him anymore, but that doesn't mean he's gone.

Next week, I'm off to Istanbul to explore their art scene. As soon as I read the email from my editor, I picked up my phone to call Dad. Then, I realized he'll never answer my calls again. I fought back the tears, got up to make a cup of peppermint tea, and added a new note to my iPhone titled, "Istanbul Packing List."

In the end, life goes on. I'm not sure why he had to leave during the single most poignant chapter in my life. So, I won't dwell on that. Instead, I'll hold tightly to these three ideals and write about Karaköy in Istanbul's Beyoğlu district. Dad will be with me every step of the way.