

*Jack, 8 years old:*

"They could do with a bench here". Grandpa suggests. "Why?" I ask, as we turn around to gain perspective of the hill we just trotted. His eyes glisten and I look toward the valley of green sprawled below us. "Woah!" I hear myself whisper as I witness the sinking sun, being swallowed by a sky of indigo and fiery red, kissing the treetops as if they appreciated our admiration for their beauty. Out of breath, I answer, "Grandpa, I could do with a short break." I crouch and place my hands on my knees and take a deep breath. I end up falling to the ground in defeat "C'mon Jack, I know you've got little legs but we're not even half way up yet and I'm not too youthful myself; you've got no excuse!" My temples feel pressure from the February chill, but hikes like these with Grandpa are something I'll never pass up. He continues, "And as much as I long to stay up here longer to appreciate this view, I've got to get you home in time for dinner". Taking in the approaching twilight one last time, he sighs. With aching hamstrings, I jumped to my feet, really wishing there was a bench here.

I ring the doorbell. My mother opens the door and immediately pulls me in, "you're practically frozen jack" she says in distress pressing her warm hands against my rosy cheeks. "I wish you'd wait until May to do these hikes with him, he's gonna get sick. It's the middle of February dad!" Grandpa chuckles and ruffles my hair playfully, "You'd think otherwise had you seen the view Jack and I just witnessed. Sunsets happen in the winter too and they deserve to be watched just as intently, perhaps even more, than the ones we watch in the summer".

*Jack, 40 years later.*

I hadn't understood then; my grandpa, a man of a quiet routine, a man of humility. He didn't need a public monument of remembrance, but now that he's not here anymore I selfishly wish his memory was louder. Whenever I take my own children up this same path, I stop at this exact point, "*there should be a bench here*". The words echo in my mind and clench my heart; I miss him. Because he was right; there should be a bench here. "Dad! Look at me!" Bea calls out to me as she begins to do cartwheels along the icy grass. I shudder, "I hope you put on your gloves young lady, I don't want you catching a cold!" I replied. Stuffing my hands into my pockets for extra warmth, Amelia begins to weave her arm through mine and presses her cheek against my bulky winter coat. I stare into the distance, the same view my grandpa admired so fondly. She whispers, "You know jack, in all seriousness, they *could* do with a bench here"

*Bea, 30 years later.*

I wish my father were here to see this. The icy winds of February pinch my cheeks and I can't quite tell if it's the bitter wind or the breathtaking view before me that's making my eyes prick with tears. The sun sets its final fire on the horizon below and I stand up and head home.

*A stranger, a sunset later.*

Breathless from hiking, atop the hill I find a bench dedicated, '*they could do with a bench here*' Random... I think to myself. "Grandpa!" I shout. "I found somewhere we can rest a while". I turn around and it all makes sense. "And look at this view!"

