Jordon

Instructor Name

Course Number

Date

High School Memoir

One of the significant moments of my life occurred when I was a seventeen-year-old boy who lived with parents. My father was a factory worked and the sole breadwinner. I used to play basketball every evening. My mother stayed at home and took care of the house while my father would return at night from work.

On a hot summer day, as I returned home from a basketball match, I shouted,

“Hey, Mom! I am home and I am hungry.”

Then I heard my mother sobbing. Anxiously, I ran to her. She was sitting in the corner of the room, with her face covered by her palms, I asked,

 “What happened, mom?”

She kept on crying. I asked again,

 “What is wrong? Why are you crying?”

I immediately hugged her so she would stop crying. I ran to the kitchen and got a glass of water. After a few moments, she calmed a bit and told me,

 “They took your father…”

 She started crying again. I was shocked but still didn’t know who took my father. I set her head against my chest and asked,

“Who took him? I will get him back”

 She told me,

 “Three policemen came home and took him. They said he killed someone.”

 She started crying again. I was dumbfounded. My father was a fifty-two-year-old factory worker who would never even kill a fly. Everyone would always enjoy his company and praise him for his charity work.

I told my mother to calm down and I hurried to the police station where he was detained. I went to the reception and asked where I can meet my father. I was so numb at that time that it took me a good ten minutes to ask about what happened. Soon a tall forty year old police officer, Thomson appeared. He held his hand for a handshake. I shook his hand with my sweaty, trembling hand. He was a kind and warm person. He pulled out a chair and told me to sit. He said I could meet my father shortly. With tears in my eyes, I asked him,

“Why you arrested him? He would never kill anyone!”

 My tone raised as I spoke to him. He told me to calm down. He told me that on the day of murder, a man named Jarret, 34, and my father were only workers at the site. A few hours after they were assigned to a task together, Jarret was found dead. He was beaten with a brick to death. He told me,

“Listen, we don’t know the whole truth yet. But your father is our only suspect yet.”

I couldn’t believe a word he said. It felt like my heart stopped beating. I nearly shouted at him,

“What did my father say? He would never lie or kill anyone!”

He said,

“That is a problem. He neither confessed nor accepted anything. He’s just sitting quite.”

“Let me meet him!”, I snapped.

He called another officer who took me to my father. As soon as my father saw me, his expressions changed. He asked as he lowered his head down,

“Go take care of your mother!”

I knew something was up. He was always resolute and would never agree to any false accusation. He would even defend people who could not stand for themselves. I stood there silent.

In the dark detention room, I could see his gloomy face. He looked at me and said,

“Go home. Take care of your mother. Stay safe and study hard.”

 A tear rolled down his face. At that very moment. I was reassured that he was wrongly accused. I realized I had to find a way to set him free. We could not afford an expensive lawyer since we barely could afford necessities of life. A few moments later, a man dressed in a suit and carrying a briefcase, entered the room. He asked everyone to leave. As I left, an officer said,

“Well, your father is lucky. The best lawyer in town is going to defend him!”

I looked through the window of the detention room and saw the lawyer handing a handkerchief to my father to wipe off his tear. Seeing someone comfort my father relieved me. I waited to meet the lawyer. As soon as he came out, I rushed to him,

“Thank you for taking care of my father.”

He smiled at me. I, filled with hope, begged,

“We can’t pay you now but I will earn enough to pay all your fee.”

I started crying. He put his hand on my shoulder and said,

“You don’t have to. It’s payback.”

I couldn’t understand. He told me that after his parents had died, he was sent to an orphanage. My father visited him every week and soon he took the responsibility for all his education and living expenses.

I never knew about it. He told me his name is Michael Specter and he would fight for my father’s case as pro bono. In pro bono cases, the lawyer would not charge his client rather fight for his personal or professional interest (Rhode).I felt so thankful that I was speechless. He told me that his father did not defend him because he was threatened by the gang who killed Jarret. Michael told me he would take care of things.

At the trial, Michael managed to get my father acquitted. My family was relieved and rejoiced.

Suddenly, I heard my name and as I turned around, I realized the Judge had called my name to proceed with the trial. I was pulled back from my land of memories. I was now a defense lawyer who had dedicated his life to save innocent people from being wrongly accused. I believe the best way to be thankful is to help others (Bono et al.).

**Works Cited:**

Bono, Giacomo, et al. *Gratitude in Practice and the Practice of Gratitude*. 2012, pp. 464–81. *ResearchGate*, doi:10.1002/9780470939338.ch29.

Rhode, Deborah L. *Pro Bono in Principle and in Practice: Public Service and the Professions*. Stanford University Press, 2005.