

Dalton O. from Jacksonville, Florida

On my 8th birthday I was given a Daisy BB gun as my gift. My Papa bought it for me. Every afternoon my Papa and I would go and shoot my Daisy BB gun. We had the best time. My Papa found out that his cancer had come back and he got so sick that he couldn't go outside with me and shoot my gun anymore. I would go in his room and we would talk about guns and knives. He would show me his collections. This past year in November he passed away. My favorite memory was all the fun times we had shooting my Daisy BB gun. I know that he is in heaven right now with a target and a Daisy BB gun waiting on me to get there so we can shoot every day like we did before. I will love my Daisy gun forever because me and my Papa spent so much time shooting my gun.