



The author at  
Lucy's grave seven  
years to the month  
after her death

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIKA LARSEN

# loving lucy

A father  
remembers  
the daughter  
who broke  
his heart

by Liam Callanan

On Father's Day, Mary Grace, my five-year-old, will give me a card featuring many *M*'s, her favorite letter. Honor, my two-year-old, will give me an earsplitting wake-up shriek. And my first child, Lucy, won't give me anything at all.

Lucy's grave is in the children's section of an old urban cemetery in Washington, D.C. On the granite marker, underneath her name, Lucy Callanan, is a single date: February 19, 1998.

When my wife, Susan, and I arrived at labor and delivery that day, the receptionist gave us one of those little smiles medical people offer up when you both know that what's coming will be painful. In the examining room, Susan put on her gown and sat on the edge of the bed, her bare feet dangling. I was sent downstairs to do paperwork.