

Remarks from Dad's Memorial Service

Wednesday, January 10, 2018

Growing up, I had the best of both worlds. Grew up with siblings — both a wonderful sister and brother in our house, but because I was the youngest (and came into to this world as a little bit of a surprise), I also experienced having my parents — ALL to myself — so was somewhat also a pseudo only-child for a good chunk of time.

During those years, when Debbie and Todd were off at school, my Dad was my best pal. We were pretty much inseparable. We spent so much time together.

Going to the hardware store and running errands; holding the flashlight for him when he was fixing some appliance; working together in his ever-expanding vegetable garden which was his pride and joy; spending Sunday afternoons rooting on the Redskins; spending time listening to me practice my guitar lessons; and Dad was always an eager and willing participant for sampling the baked goods I regularly concocted.

Dad was always so patient and supportive of me — and I never doubted for one minute his love, devotion and how much he cared about me.

And Dad taught me EVERYTHING.

When the question comes up who was my favorite teacher growing up? – I would say my dad (and not the teachers I had all through school).

When thinking back — a lot of what he taught me centered around *transportation*. Maybe that was because Dad liked to keep moving so much.

Actually, that's a little funny, because when I was very, very young and knew my dad was an "engineer." It wasn't until years later — that I found out that did NOT mean that my dad drove a train for a living.

But Dad... was a patient instructor on all matters.

He taught me first how to ride a bike, running along the sidewalk in Longmeadow after taking the training wheels off of my brand new blue bicycle. He taught me to drive (twice) first automatic transmission and then later a stick-shift taking me to the hilliest streets, so I could master using the clutch.

I remember when I was 16, before taking my driving test, he taught me how to parallel park by getting cones and setting them up in a nearby vacant parking lot and we practiced and practiced until I got it right. It did take a while. (Though, Dad would be quite pleased to know, that to this day, I have very impressive parallel parking skills — which have come in handy living in the city for so many years.)

Dad also helped me night after night with my homework — most notably in math (which was — and what unfortunately remains to this day, not the strongest subject for me).

Dad got me through fractions and percentages, the dreaded algebra word problems and trigonometry. How to write and balance a check book; how to quickly calculate a tip; to read a map properly; how to check the air pressure in my tires; how to throw and catch a softball when I was on a team for a couple of summers. And so, so much more.

But mostly, I will always cherish, how much my Dad cared and looked out for me.

I wasn't much of a lover of amusement park rides, like roller coasters — but I did LOVE the carousel. And some of the fondest memories I have — is Dad taking me by the hand and leading me up to the merry-go-round platform. He would always make sure, he picked me up and placed me on a pony that would also go up and down — and not the ones that just go around in circles. That was Dad. He always made sure that he would do everything he could, so I would experience the most joy — and that the ride was always the best it could possibly be.

Dad I love you; you were the most wonderful father anyone could ever have hoped for. I will miss you so much.