

Some reflections at my fathers side.

As I stated in my last post, on sept 5, my parents will be married 71 years. On its face one might therefore think I'm a bad student. But I also wrote in my January 2019 holiday card "also an important realization that whatever goodness and kindness I practice, was birthed from my parents who have always done the right and kind thing." I feel I've done much better with those lessons.

I have had some varied optics on my father. He has been my Dad, the center point of our extended family, my sports coach, my boss, my cheerleader, and my employee. I know I learned some good lesson from every position.

A few thought about today.

Dad

I was about 10 and we were on a family trip to Williamsburg, Va. My sisters had both picked out souvenirs earlier in the day when I came across a "ship in a bottle". I asked, as I had not gotten a gift at the last shop could I get the "ship" now? Dad responded "one thing has nothing to do with the other, we don't keep score on kindness". I went "shipless".

Coach

He was my little league coach. Like many little league teams our star hitter also was our best pitcher. With us hanging on to a two run lead late against an arch rival, the pitcher struck out and threw his bat. My Dad benched him. Our reliever got lit up. We lost. I felt the wrath of my teammates. Sometime, later in life, I better understood that paying the right way was the only way.

Cheerleader

I went out for 100 lb football in 7th grade weighing 75 lbs. I'm sure that was not Dad's first choice. ( I did switch to soccer in 8th). Quite a few days I could look up along the fence that ran along the road above the sunken field, and see my Dad looking down watching practice, the only parent doing so.

My Dad made stationery and school supplies running a business my Grandfather started. I spent some time working there. After working on the race track one semester, Al Goldberg and I headed to Aqueduct to get jobs and learn. My father gave his blessing to us and informed Mr Kelley we were "worth his attention". Dad knew nothing about the race track but ended up supporting us by visiting and coming racing often, and even owning some horses with his friends. We always felt his full support.

After he sold his business and retired, but with plenty of energy and knowledge, he and Mom came to Ky to help us with Matchmaker. His wisdom was invaluable, especially his advice on employees and customers, as we built our team and business.

I will never walk into a Broadway musical and not think of him.

A gentleman. A gentle man. A kind man. A most patient man ( I know I tested his limits). A wise man ( especially when I chose to listen )

And as he stated often when things didn't go my way, " nobody ever said it was going to be easy!"