A Touching Memory

During the summer of 1987 my dad, who had been diagnosed with throat cancer, came to Bend for his final visit. He had been given six months to live, and he wanted to see Calvin before he passed. We had given Calvin my dad’s name Robert as his middle name in honor of my dad. Grandpa Bob wanted to see Calvin Robert, or Bobbie as my dad called him. They had a great visit. Grandpa was so proud of Bobbie.

Late one night on that visit my dad and I sat at the kitchen table drinking beer and talking. I knew that my dad would not live much longer, and I wanted to pass on some thoughts to him.

“Dad, you instilled morals in me and Rick [my brother] which will stay with us forever. You taught us never to lie or steal,” I told him. “I think those lessons stuck with both of us.”

I am so glad I got a final chance to thank him for the lessons he taught us.

He looked at me and said, “Thank you so much, Dave, for that kindness.”

He died that fall.

In retrospect the fact that Dad was terminally ill brought out the desire in me to share those final thoughts. I think it is a testament to all of us to not wait to share special thoughts with our loved ones in the living years, as we never know when the end will come.