

David

Opposites attract they say. David was my polar opposite. Of the seven billion people on this planet, I could not have chosen someone more different than myself.

David was a cat person. I am a dog person.

He thought carefully before he spoke. Sometimes taking many frustrating seconds before he answered. I blurted things out quickly, afraid I'd lose an opportunity to make my point.

I loved to vacation, especially at the beach. He hated it!

He liked his alone time. I thrived in a crowd.

David was a packrat and I throw everything out!

I learned a thing or two from him along the way. He taught me how to balance my checkbook, navigate a computer and make really good chicken soup. I taught him how to put his socks in a laundry basket and how to drive a stick shift. He burned out my clutch.

He was the only man that gave me room to grow. He looked on my independence as an asset and not a deficit. I was never held back

A prolific writer, he was at his best in front of his computer writing stories about his childhood, remembering family events and writing about his daughters. These stories were all part of a larger collection he called "Memoir-ish". These stories became our summer entertainment during happy hours on his front porch as I read them back to him.

He was an amazing girl dad. Especially during the teenage years. He loved his daughters. He nurtured them as individuals and was an advocate for their passions. They had his undivided attention. His pride in them was evident.

Accepting of differing views, David was fair minded and nonjudgmental. Champion of the underdog and a steward of the environment. A purveyor of second chances. Grounded in honesty. Slow to anger and easy to please. I never heard him say one bad word about any of his family members.

Never one for the limelight, he sought comfort on the periphery. Humble and unassuming, he moved through life quietly. An observer.

To my daughters: My pride in you is magnified. To whom much is given, much is expected but your devotion to dad humbled me. It made me do better and made a very difficult and very sad time bearable. So as we move forward without David. The world will be a little less kind and a little less gentle. I'll think of him every time a black cat crosses my path. I'll remember him when I hear Bob Dylan and Gordon Lightfoot and I will see him in the eyes of the grandchildren we would have shared.

May his memory remain a blessing for all of us