

February 4, 2014

## A LETTER TO MY DAD!

Dear Dad,

Carpe diem you once said,  
So this is from the bottom of my heart, and the top of my head,  
Congratulations on your upcoming retirement,  
Happy birthday too, my gift an ode to you my "inspirement",  
LOL, yeah, it's a word in the urban dictionary,

You were and are a visionary,  
66 years of a wonderful life and 50+ years of much appreciated hard work (your days at KFC  
count too!) deserves a celebration,  
A great dad and grandfather, Purdue grad, Kappa Alpha Psi guy, accountant, computer  
programmer, innovator, best laugh I've ever heard, and an inspiration,  
A humble story of gratitude from your second son Jason,

Mom once said that you wanted to work for the CIA,  
I'm glad that you didn't, but you would have been a great spy anyway,  
Thank you for the home you and mom made for me, Johnny, and Justin on Guilford Avenue  
North\*,  
Thousands of conversations during walks to the store and on summer days sitting on the porch,

Watching people walk to the Indiana State fair, charging them \$3-\$5 to park their cars in our  
yards,  
Trading stories of sports and bike injuries via leg and arm scars,  
Socratic lessons in love, life, the birds and the bees,  
Perhaps unbeknownst to you, your stash of Players magazines,  
The occasional Rice-a-Roni, grilled cheese, and Sloppy Joe meals you made,

Errand trips to Lil' Butch and Hooks, I always got to keep the change!  
Birthday trips to Service Merchandise,  
Spray painting frames on Johnny's mini-bikes,  
Sharing your perspective on the past, future, and present news of the day,  
Oil changes and car washes in our driveway,  
Looking back, a great way to spend a Saturday,  
1983, seven years old in the kitchen,  
You and me talking about Reagan's state of the union speech while eating chicken,

Trips to Kenton, Tennessee,  
One stop light hometown of the Moore family,  
With a street sign that bears our last name,  
The spark that lit my love of history's flame,

Mornings on the corner of 39th and College,

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In a suit standing on the bus stop, shoes always polished,  
A friend and I waved from the Franklin Township school bus; he asked what does he do?  
Beaming with pride, I replied,  
An accountant at Blue Cross Blue Shield downtown on Capitol Avenue!

Signatures on slips of permission,  
From Coleco Vision to college tuition,  
Attendance at games, practice, graduations and plays,  
Taking us to school, camp, Scouts, and science fair days,  
Hundreds of trips to hardware stores and crazy home improvement projects,  
Digging a four foot Koi pond in the back yard the size of two Somerset Buicks,

42 years of marital bliss with my other hero mom,  
Wise words and advice, always level headed and calm,  
Discipline from what had to be the largest belt ever owned,  
Remember that home Jeri curl kit? I looked like Don King Jr. with his hair un-combed!

Standing on a VW Bus to install a basketball court on a thorn tree!  
We must have had 100 flat basketballs, but it was always the place to be,  
The only place to ball for like 3 or 4 blocks,  
I tried to emulate your 180 degree fade away jump shots,  
20+ kids playing pickup games like everyday,  
Spring, summer, fall, winter, and sometimes even in the rain,  
5 on 5 elimination games, naw man I got "next",  
Growled our hood's version of Michael Jordan and passed the ball to you twice like check,  
check, check,  
Unfazed, you still played like, "pass me the ball",  
On our log tree bench, heard many kids say, damn I wish I had a daddy like y'all!

One day, when I was small, as always, with a group playing ball,  
For whatever dumb reason, I kicked a gang of kids out of our yard,  
A day later, walking to the store, I got bum rushed real hard,  
Pride crushed, I ran home to you, crying, head busted and bleeding teeth,  
You cleaned me up and walked back with me to face my fears and foes and squash the beef,  
Thank you for all of the love, time, talks, sacrifices, and life lessons,  
Your greatest gift to me outside of life is your presence.

Love,

Jason

\*I know you said that it's not really North, lol!