

Happy Father's Day, Dad

By Jackie Abbott

Was I ever blessed as a child! The best mom and dad in the world! Although we didn't have a lot of money, there was more than enough of love and happiness!

I've already told you about my mom. Now it's time to tell you about my dad.

What a great guy he was. When I look back now, I can see that a lot of my love and respect for him came into being because of his love and respect for my mom. Back in those days, very few moms were in the work force. The dads did the working and supporting. I recall that our "dinner" time was at the noon day meal because Dad came home from hard work ready to refuel for the remainder of the day. What fun that was... the opportunity to spend more time together as a family.

There was an old Victrola in our home that you had to wind up, then you could put the '78 record on and enjoy some music. Dad would reward us if we were good and minded our table manners and our reward was to get to select the song we wanted to hear. (More often than not, that took up a little time since there was usually three different requests... one from each of us youngsters.) But Dad also made sure that everyone had a chance before very many days passed by.

Dad always worked in some job involving fuel and service stations. He began as the driver of one of the trucks that delivered the gasoline to the service stations. (I have vague memories of visiting him in the hospital as he was burned during one of his trips.) Then he was the station's hired hand. Back then there was "full service." The hired hand filled up the gas tank, washed the windows, and swept the floors of the customer's car. And he also did the oil changes and car washes.

The last step was owning his own service station. That's when Mom entered the work force. I was old enough to pitch in by then. I graduated from sandwiches to real home-cooked meals. Did some house cleaning, laundry, and ran a few errands.

One of those funny, touching memories I have with my dad would be at a time I needed a "special" dress or shoes for some upcoming event. My dad's one addiction was watching wrestling on TV. And that was not my favorite... how yucky! Back then, there was only one TV in the house. So I would go to my room and read or do something besides watching those dudes in the ring. However, when I needed that "special" something, I would always watch the wrestling match and agree with Dad's cheers and comments. When the matches were over, he would look over to me, questioning me about school, my music, and whatever. Then came the truth of the matter. "What do you need or want to talk about?" he would ask. I must say it made me feel guilty to be a conspirator... but he never made me feel that way. I think he thought the little conspiracy was a joke and he enjoyed making me pay the price.

Like my Heavenly Father, he knew when to bless me and when to scold me so that I could mature into a "good girl" ...as he said. How I miss him... and look forward to seeing him in Heaven with my Heavenly Father. I know that he and mom are happy and secure in God's love and care.

Happy Father's Day!

