

Clyde & Sheryl

20-Sep-02

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have been thinking about writing this letter for some time now. There are many things people feel about their parents that never get said. It is important that they do get said.

I am most grateful for the things you have done for me, Allen, and JoAnn. That we were raised to be honest, hard working, interested in learning, bold, and generous. You taught us those things by example. The things you did molded our character ... and for that I am grateful.

What do I remember? Many things ... far more than I could possibly list in a letter. What specific things stick out right now?

I remember, when I was a kid, the time we picked up a man near August Keller's farm at night. The man sat in the back of our pickup (I think he sat on a box that crushed Mom's cake) and gave him a ride. I remember in Pick City when the folks living in a trailer house behind our house had their electricity cut off in the winter ... how both of you were upset ... how we ran an extension cord back to their trailer so they had electricity. Those things stuck with me ... it is important that we help others ... and that we do what is right.

I remember the many hours we spent fishing ... in Pick City and north of Beulah. And the many hours we spent playing cards, and visiting friends and relatives, and the great humor and the many stories. Those things stuck with me ... it is important to do things with other people, that we are not afraid to laugh at ourselves and with others, and that we have fun and enjoy life.

I remember the time we spent in church and Sunday School and Bible School and the many discussions about religion. Those things stuck with me ... it is important that we worship together.

I remember the trip we took to Germany and how, in the airport, you quickly and easily you talked to strangers ... something that is not often seen in airports. And how you were quick to introduce yourselves and visit with people no matter where we were. Those things stuck with me ... it is important that we are bold and unafraid to talk to others ... it leads to many friendships.

I remember how you teased kids ... all in fun. And how you challenged us with questions ... "how do you know the world is round?", and the puzzles. Those things stuck with me ... it is important that we take time to talk to kids, to have fun with them, and to make them think.

I remember how you took us along to wire houses, plant gardens, and harvest potatoes in Uncle Art's field. Those things stuck with me ... it is important to learn to do things and be self-sufficient.

I remember the time you spent volunteering for the German Fest and at the nursing home and other places. And the summers we spent on the farm working with relatives and friends. Those things stuck with me ... it is important to volunteer and to enjoy working.

I remember the singing in the pickup / car, in church, and later in your German Singing Group. Those things stuck with me ... it is important to sing.

We are fortunate to have both of you as parents. That you cared for us and showed us how to be capable folks who enjoy life and enjoy being with others. For that I am most grateful.

With love,