

A lesson hard learned

When I was a boy, my father taught me how to play sports.

As I matured and I got into fights with the other kids, he taught me temperance.

When old enough, he taught me to work hard.

Through his comrade's tales (he would not glorify violence to his children) he taught me the value of serving your country.

Through his example, he taught the value of a family.

And just when you would have thought all the lessons had past, one last powerful parting lesson was yet to come. How a man should die.

As the end came near, there lay a man who was not consumed with bitterness, who hid his fear to make it easier on his family.

Near the end he just discreetly took his eldest son's hand, squeezed harder than others in the room could tell, and in whispered secrecy made me promise to take care of his wife.