

## **Father's Day - A Grandfather's View**

By Bill "Pa Paw" Fausett  
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Now well into my fifty's and knowing Father's Day is approaching once again, I find myself recalling my very first. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, June 16, 1969, when I became a father for the first time. A Father's Day I will never forget. Already prepared with the traditional cigars, I had to be a turkey strutting his stuff. Many of the Father's Day after that were spent away from home working and never stopping to think just how special this day really is.

After my retirement a few years back, I became a grandfather, and my whole life changed. I never dreamed I would be changing diapers, giving bottles in the middle of the floor, playing dolls, or outside watching bugs, birds, butterflies, bees, squirrels, rabbits, and loving every minute of it, with the most beautiful granddaughter anyone has ever seen (my opinion of course). That was a special year for me. I found myself asking the wife, "did our kids do that?" many times, and she telling me "yes", but you were working or just didn't notice. My granddaughter taught me more about beauty of life and how much I had missed, in the short time she was here, than I could have ever imagined. We lost her at 13 months, 2 days and 22 hours due to a very rare genetic disorder and again my life changed.

This Father's Day will be spent with my family and a new grandson, now 2 1/2 years old, and a great little guy. I see much of the same inquisitive nature in him. Making sure each visit he has a good time. I think I do it out of obligation, and not with the joy that I once had, but when you see that smile on his face you know you made his day a little better, and that makes it all worthwhile.

Memories are a part of our past, and some become a part of our heart.

At the end of Father's Day, when everyone has gone to bed, I will sit at my desk, drink one more cup of coffee, say a prayer, and once again, tell my granddaughter just how much I love and miss her, and somehow know she knows, and in my mind will hear her say.

"Pa Paw I love you too." Take time to smell the roses.

*Bill "Pa Paw" Fausett  
In Memory Of  
Jessica Lynn Webb  
12/4/1998 - 01/7/2000  
Forever In Our Hearts*