

At the end of the day

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When the loud cheese cake eating
Fun game playing kids and their mom's
Go home,
And drag home with them their big plan making yakity yak yak men
Dad comes out
Looks around
Confirms that it is safe
And heads for the last slice of cheese cake
I confide
Dad listens
His comments are based on sweet cherries
His Cousin Don grew
And Beechnut no one was to know
His Father chewed
I go with him
On his memory path
We conclude with the same chuckle

That's what happened last night. When I went to bed, I was reflecting on our conversation, realizing that I had not written any thing for Dad's 80th birthday yet. As I was spreading the blankets, one snagged a file and out came some papers. In the morning I realized it was Memories of John R. Shaw and Josephine Cottam Shaw, written by Don F. Ellis (Dad's cousin who grew sweet cherries) dated 1934.

"Uncle John was always a happy go lucky Individual and very kind. In my life my father always had the habit of hiding candy and nuts and I always tried to find his new hiding places. So I was inquisitive in nature and I always tried to find out how many new bags of Beechnut he has used between visits – interesting."

"Aunt Joe always seemed to have a bundle of energy. It always amazed me that she could accomplish what she did. She had a stern nature about her but she always took the time to acknowledge me and to show an intrest in what I was interested in."

At the end of the day, the way I see it, my Dad is right up there with those good Joes.

Keith Shaw
February 25, 2007