

**Eulogy for Dad: "Navigating the way"**

Growing up,

I was always told,

"Oh, you look so much like your *father!*" .....

Growing up,//// I did not like this.

Although I wanted nothing more

than to be like my dad in **every way**-

to be as *smart* as him, //

as **funny** as him, //

as loving as him- ////

I did not care to **look** like him.... ///

because *he* looked like Santa Claus.

*So much so* that the little children in Japan followed him around on his

trip there and kept asking for gifts.

Dad and I were **two of a kind**.

My family drove to California every year

and when I was *younger*,

I would pretend to read the map while he drove, ///

but soon enough, ///

I was his **co-pilot** over the 4000 mile trip.

Eventually I was old enough to drive on the trip,

but he never *needed* the map. ///

**Dad could always navigate the way. /////**

No matter how much I tried to

**deny** looking like him,

Dad and I looked alike, //

as well as,

,

**thought alike,**

talked alike and

*treated each other alike.* (alliteration)

As soon as I could walk...

I took up Dad's competitive nature. ///

Mom would find us **arguing** over rules.

Mom would find us **fighting** about a card game. (parallel construction)

Mom would find us **making** bets about the oddest things. ///

We were always competing.

**Then** I was young and *sure* I knew everything,

but as I get **older**,

I realize *how little* I know now.... (antithesis) ///

Except I DO know this..... Dad was *always* **right**. ////

**Dad could always navigate the way.**

Growing up,

my dad was **always** trying to teach me *something*. ////

He **taught** me *how to tie my shoes* and //

*how to ride a bike* and //

*how to drive a standard*.

But every now and then...Dad got a *little* **over-ambitious** when he was teaching me... //

my mom **always** laughs at the time

we were out to eat at **our** *favorite restaurant* one evening

and my mother returned to the table

to see my *father* and I **quibbling** *furiously*.

"What now?" was all she could manage to say.

Before I had a chance to speak,

my father *informed* her, //

**"Betty**, I just want to *teach* her this **little** thing

because it's **very** *important*. ///

**Everyone** needs to know how to do **long division**." ///

*Needless to say*, I was only 7 years old and had just started *subtraction*(narrative)

Oh, to be the daughter of an engineer (identification). //

**But still, he was always navigating the way.**

While **many** of you may have *parents*

that would *sit back* and let you try new things

or find out things on your own.... (identification)

**this was not my father.**

My **dad** was always right there next to me,

as much a part of the **action** as I was.

When I played **softball**,

he was not just the *supportive parent*,

but **also** the co-coach,

*team photographer*,

*sponsor*

and *batting order clipboard holder*.

In **elementary** plays,

I was the kid who **stuck out**

with the most *elaborate costume*

and **over-done** acting...

because dad and I practiced /// for endless hours.

While it *embarrassed* me then,

I realized later //

how many special memories it made ///

and how much it made me even more like him./// (magnification)

**Dad could always navigate the way. //////////**

*Even to this day,*

**Dad and I** have the same shopping patterns.

Dad's Christmas **list** would start in October //

and he would carry it around in his **day planner**,

always *adjusting* or *adding* to it,

making sure he got **exactly** what he wanted //

for the right person.

The word "budget" never really applied //

when getting anyone else **gifts**.

Getting gifts was something to be taken **seriously**.

John Sinor once said,

"It is **admirable** for a man to take his son fishing, ///

but there is a special place in heaven /

for the **father** who takes *his daughter* shopping."

**Daddy was always navigating the way. ///**

The Farmer's Market always *reminds* me of **Dad**. //

We would get up early on Saturday mornings

to **ride bikes** up to the square

to have **breakfast** and *enjoy* the morning.

And he would **always** push me ///

to ride all the way up Rock Street, //

which, for those of you who don't know, (identification)

is the second **steepest** street in Fayetteville. ////

*I wasn't allowed to get off and walk,*

but I had to just **keep** peddling up, //

pushing. ////

And at the top of the hill would be the *reward*,

just a couple **blocks** to the Farmer's Market.

**Dad could always navigate the way. /////**

One of my *favorite* memories

from **Dad and me** ///

is when we were *looking*

at the **stars** one night on the back porch. ///

He *pointed* out the **brightest star** in the sky ////

and said that he always thought of me

**as his brightest star.** //

And even though my dad is away from us now, ///

I can always look up and find the **brightest star**.

**And that's always where he'll be. ///**

**Still navigating the way...**