

## **Father's Day Memories**

Father's Day has evolved in my lifetime to be significant in so many levels. As the oldest child, I was always a "daddy's girl," tom-boyish, raised old school (no pain, no tears, no emotion) and proudly gave dad a printed tie on Father's Day.

As a teenager, I grew rebellious against parental establishment. I was disowned three times and harbored many ill feelings towards my father. It wasn't until college that we came to terms and "made up." Much too long for a feud to last. The Father's Day presents alternated begrudgingly between printed ties and dress shirts.

As an adult, dad nervously walked me down the aisle at my wedding, whispering, "are you sure?" Little did we know that after 13 years, "happily ever after" was not to be. Father's Day was celebrated by a card and a phone call.

As dad became my mother's primary caregiver, I supported him as much as I could from 2 hours away. Life became complicated, expensive and wearisome. I was fortunate enough to be in flexible job positions that allowed me to devote more time to my parents. Father's Day was celebrated by treating dad to dinner, either homecooked, or at his favorite restaurant.

This is the first Father's Day that will be celebrated differently than in past years. My kids do not celebrate Father's Day (they didn't buy my story that I'm both their mother and their father). Father's Day at our house was later celebrated by dropping them off at Harrisburg Area Confirmation Camp. Even Con Camp will be shared differently this year, as a result of the pandemic. Now I send dad emails with pictures, church services or links to specialized items he's looking for. We video chat weekly via WhatsApp, and he relays his gardening tales and latest ailments.

By the time you read this, Father's Day will have come and gone. I hope that your latest traditions for celebration and remembrance brought you joy and peace, just like our Father in heaven comforts and strengthens us.

*"Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God. For just as we share abundantly in the sufferings of Christ, so also our comfort abounds through Christ." (2 Corinthians 1:3-5)*

Peace,

Ruth