

Ladies and gentlemen,

Thank you for being here today to honor and celebrate the life of my father. Standing before you, I am reminded of a story that paints the perfect picture of who he was.

It was a chilly autumn afternoon, the kind where the leaves crunched under your feet and the smell of pumpkin pie wafted through the air. Dad decided it was the perfect day to teach me how to ride a bike. I was petrified, wobbling and certain I'd end up hugging the ground. But Dad was there, running alongside me, his hand steady on the back of the seat. As the bike started to pick up speed, I heard him shout, "You've got this!" His laughter echoed in the air as he let go. To my surprise, I was actually riding! But, in my focus, I hadn't noticed him slow down to a walk. I called out, panicked, "Dad?" And there he was, with a grin that could light up a room, cheering me on, saying, "I'm right here, buddy." That's who Dad was. He was always there to guide us, support us, and then let us steer our own way when it was time. He believed in us even when we doubted ourselves, and he knew exactly when to lend a hand or let go so we could learn on our own.

Dad's generosity knew no bounds. Whether it was spending weekends helping neighbors with their home projects or coaching the local kids' soccer team, he gave his time and heart freely. He taught us that the measure of a person is not just in their words, but in their deeds.

Though he's no longer physically with us, his spirit and the lessons he shared continue to guide us every day. I find comfort in knowing that his love and values will carry on through us all. Let us remember him with smiles, laughter, and the cherished memories that made his life so beautifully full.

Thank you, Dad, for being our rock, our guide, and our hero. We miss you and love you always.