

Ladies and gentlemen,

Today, I want to take a little trip down memory lane and share some delightful moments with my father that always bring a smile to my face. Growing up, my dad was the king of dad jokes, and he had an uncanny ability to turn even the most mundane situation into an adventure.

I remember one sunny afternoon when we decided to tackle fixing a leaky faucet. Of course, Dad insisted we didn't need a plumber's help because we were "experts." With tools scattered everywhere and my dad wearing his favorite--and I mean most outrageous--DIY outfit, we got to work. In the middle of the chaos, he looked at the leaky faucet, turned to me, and said with a wink, "Why do we need plumbers when we can create our own indoor water feature?"

Then, there were our Sunday morning pancake-making sessions. Every week without fail, Dad would flip pancakes so high, they nearly touched the ceiling. Sometimes they landed perfectly, and other times... well, let's just say the dog got some extra treats. But that was Dad, turning breakfast into a circus act, making sure laughter was the secret ingredient in every batch.

These memories, though perfectly imperfect, highlight the essence of my father--a man who found joy in the little things, who taught me to approach life with a sense of humor, and to never sweat the small stuff. So, here's to my dad--a marvelous character and my favorite comedian. The memories we shared will forever be my treasure trove of joy, a reminder of a life filled with laughter and love.

Thank you.