

Family Background

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Jessica's Eulogy for Dad

Stories are important. The stories people tell about themselves define who they are. This is the story of my family.

Let me tell you about Dad. Dad fixed cars for a living, but he would have done it even if old man Mulroney hadn't paid him. It was a lifelong fascination for him - practically a calling. On his breaks, he read books. Science, literature, anything he could get his hands on. The other guys looked at him funny, but they didn't say anything - he was the best damn mechanic in the place and they knew it too.

The books were how he and Mom met. She was shelving books in the library to make some extra money. He knocked over the book cart by accident, and they both bent down to pick up the mess, and their eyes met... you know the drill.

Mom and Dad got married and bought a house together. Dad couldn't afford much on his mechanic's wages, but it was cozy. Before too long, they had a baby boy. That was Milo. Kathy followed shortly after, and by the time Mom had me and Lindsay, old man Mulroney had retired and left Dad the garage. Now most people, being put in charge of a business like that, would stop fixing cars, but not Dad. He had motor oil in his veins.

So it was doubly tragic that it was a car accident that took Mom from us. I was 15. I can't imagine what it must have been like for Dad, but it just about killed us kids. And we could tell Dad was hurting too. He tried to put on his bravest face for us, but we could tell. He was distracted, perturbed, on edge all the time. He just wasn't Dad.

And so it was that Dad forgot to check the safety lock on one of the lifts and lost both his legs. By that point, I was in college and Milo was already in his first job, but we all immediately came home to help. We got him the best wheelchair we could find, put a lift on the stairs, made the house safe for him.

After that, Dad didn't go into the garage much anymore. Driving just wasn't the same in his new, specially-equipped sedan. He became increasingly distant, and eventually he just stopped returning our calls altogether. I haven't spoken to my father in over ten years.

You know what the last thing Dad said to me was? We were coming back from the park. I had to catch the bus back to the airport, so I was just going to take him home. He got this weird gleam in his eye, and he turned to me and asked me if I believed in fate. I said I wasn't sure. He said, "Well, I don't know. I just can't help thinking that if one little thing had gone just a little differently..." Then he trailed off, wheeled himself over to the lift, cast one long glance back at me, and waved.

Do you think that's true? If one little thing had gone differently, would our lives be completely changed? If that lift had fallen differently, would Dad have been fine? Or would his distraction have led something else to go wrong?

I don't know either, Dad. But I love you, and I miss you, and nothing that could have happened would change that.

The Funeral

Dad passed away last week. The doctors said he went peacefully in his sleep and there was nothing anyone could have done. Milo, being the lawyer in the family as well as the closest to Dad, made most of the arrangements.

Dad was buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery next to Mom. It was a small, private ceremony. Afterwards, a memorial service was held at the cemetery, during which several family members gave eulogies.

Milo has asked the family to stick around after the service so that they can deal with some family business concerning Dad's will.

The Family

- **Milo** is Dad's oldest child. He's a partner in a law firm in the city, and mostly works on contracts for corporations. He is not married.
- **Kathy** is Dad's second child. She is married to **Patrick**, a systems administrator at a shipping company. Kathy used to work as an administrative assistant at the same company, but quit when she and Patrick had their first child, **Devon**. Devon and his younger sister **Lily** are both in middle school.
- **Jessica** is Dad's third child. While in college, Jessica started dating **Faith**. The two of them came out to Dad and Faith's parents a year later, and both families were supportive and accepting. Jessica works as a video editor for NBC News, and Faith is a restaurant inspector for the city.
- **Lindsay** is Dad's youngest child. She writes a syndicated advice column for a newspaper. She is married to **Rick**, a neurologist. They then have two children, **Paula** and **Noah**. Paula is in sixth grade, and Noah is in fourth grade.
- **Larry** is Dad's younger brother. He is a veteran of World War II, in which he was an Navy pilot in the Pacific. After retiring from the Air Force, Larry opened a sandwich shop, which he runs to this day.