

The Greatest Thing about My Dad

By son Dan Percefull

Dad – most of you knew him as a doctor. I did, too. I know he worked very hard and long days. He took care of a lot of people and I even watched him perform an endoscopy. He has a great bedside manner.

He was a student and read and studied every night in the living room – like cramming for a college final. He knew something about most everything and I never found a spot on the globe that he didn't know.

He was a musician of the trumpet, cornet and both slide and valve trombones.

He was a fly fisherman. That was almost the greatest thing about my dad! He taught me to ski, to shoot, to fish and to paint. Yes he had lots patience.

He was a Lion and helped build the Englewood community with great friends. His club built the Englewood pool in the 50's so kids would not drown swimming in the Platte River. He helped build the train now at Belleview Park.

He was a photographer and a gardener. He played classical music to grow his tomatoes in the back yard.

He was a golfer, a dancer and often Santa.

He had a great sense of humor – speaking of three legged pigs and a startled smirk of expression.

He had a small voice, often only heard by those listening and an amazing vocabulary and he occasionally suggested a large dose of courage to be the best medicine.

He never forgot dessert and lunch was served at noon on Saturday.

But that is still not the greatest thing. He was a friend, a companion and wonderful father. He drove strange cars. He didn't let us sleep late or watch too much T.V. But this is still no the greatest.

Brad was an Eagle Scout and dad went along on the polar bear Merritt Badge camp out.

Annette was a debutant.

We were all pretty good swimmers.

But the one thing he did EVERY DAY, ALL DAY, with all his energy – with all his heart –

The greatest thing about my dad – was the way he loved my mom.