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Title: **LaKay's My Dad_0003**

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Person:

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LaKays papers

[first pass LKA]

[Matheson collection / Simon Alva Matheson / LaKay's My Dad_0003]

complain, except when someone asked him how he was, and then the answer

was invariably either "Turribl" or "Tolrable"; no matter how he actually

felt. Pain has been born with the same patience that other problems

have.

Dad and Mom often state (brag a little, maybe) that they have never

had a quarrel. And to quite an extent that is true, though I do

remember some disagreements. But Dad always refused to lose his temper

and argue the point. He would give in first. But the more common way

of handling a disagreement was for Dad to begin with one position and

Mom for another. They would sit and discuss the problem, looking at it

from all sides and expressing various points of

view, until as often as

not Mom would wind up holding out for Dad's original position, and Dad

for hers.

Grandpa holds a special place in the hearts of all of the kids, the

grandkids, and the great-grand-kids. Laura's kids, call him

Super-Grandpa. The highlights of a trip to Cedar for them are the

chance to spend some time in Grandpa's room with him, listening to his

stories of the things he had collected there, and the chance to play

in the attic and read his comic books. The collection is quite large,

and each time a batch of grandkids visit a couple more his the dust,

too worn to be salvageable. Grandpa has been chided for letting them

use them in this way, and reminded often that some of them might have

some real monetary value. But the kids and their enjoyment are more

important to him, so they stay on the shelf, awaiting the next

onslaught.

The years are catching up with Dad, and he doesn't get around as

well as he used to, but it was only last Winter that I called and asked

where Dad was and Mom answered that he was "out shoveling of the walk

for the "old lady" up the street." At 85 that is not doing too badly.

I have a number of legacies from my Dad that mean the world to me.

One is of the way he cared for me, and the way he always built me up. I

only remember him being really down on me once, and then it was the he

was disappointed with me, not angry. I had gotten a bad grade in

one of my classes in Junior High. He always expected the best from me.

He knew that I was capable of, and that I simply had not put forth the

effort I should have. It really hurt me to know that I had disappointed

him, and that was the only low grade I ever got. (Except for P.W. in

which I did very poorly, but the folks realized that that was because of

poor coordination, not lack of effort, so that was not a problem.)

Another legacy is my love for the out-of-doors, fostered on many

family trips, on rock club hikes, Sundays "up the canyon", and etc.

And an appreciation got history and old things. And, of course, Dad's

book "reflections" which is treasured by all of us will remain as a

memorial to him long after he is gone.