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LaKays papers

[first pass LKA]

[Matheson collection / Simon Alva Matheson / LaKay's My Dad_0001]

MY DAD

Many words come to mind when I

think about my DAD. Steady,

gentle, kind, ingenious, clever,

creative, nature lover, hunter,

builder, thoughtful, serious,

talented, hard-working, tender,

concerned, tender, peace-maker.

but I guess the word that most

characterizes Dad for me is PATIENT.

One of my most vivid memories

of him is from the time when I was in Elementary School --

probably third or fourth grade.

Our teacher in school had been talking about atoms, and I had

been unable to grasp the concept

as I wanted to, so I asked Dad

what an atom was. I remember vaguely the explanation he gave. I know he used the comparison of a

house to the head of a pin, and the head of the pin to the atom in size.

What I do remember most vividly is the time he took with me, and his

patience in trying to find the image that would work for, and satisfy

me. There may have been times when he was too busy to talk to me or to

answer my questions, but if so, I don't remember them.

I know I thought my Dad could do any ting. And I was very nearly

right. I remember the time we had been asked at school about what our

Dads did. The teacher called Mom to tell her that I had reported that

my Dad was a "Jack-of-all-trades". Mom was rather upset and I couldn't

understand why. I was so proud of my Dad and all of the things he could

do, that I couldn't think of another word to describe it. I guess I had

never heard the phrase "Jack of all trades, master of none." I know if

I had, I would not have applied it to him.

Dad could fix anything. It might take some time, but he would make

it somehow. If he couldn't find the part, he would machine one himself,

and work at it until it was right. He built our house (with Mom's help,

and my occasional attempts at swinging a paintbrush). He built the wood

saw which provided a part of our livelihood during the hard times of the

depression. He kept a succession of well-used cars running to provide

our transportation.

I remember Mom becoming upset with him once when he had spent a

couple of days fixing an old clock for an elderly lady, and charged her

\$5.00 for the job. His answer was that he knew he should have charged

her more, but she loved the clock, and he knew that that was all she could afford to pay.