

To Grandpa, the kindest and most honest person I've ever known:

I'm going to miss you. I'm going to miss everything about you. I'm going to miss that kind hearted twinkle in your eye. The way that you get all excited when you're telling a story. Like the one about when Brian and I were kids chasing the rabbit. That little wink you always gave everyone when you knew you just had a perfect cut in Dimes. The way I could always count on you for a good knuckle bump. The way I'd feel when I'd grab that old brass knob on the door at your old house and see you at the kitchen table reading the newspaper. The sound of my feet as I raced up the stairs to see you. The creak of your chair as you turned around to see who was coming. And most of all, the "HEYYYYY" I'd get when you saw me. The way you could wear a pair of overalls for any occasion and still look good. I can't even begin to tell you how much different it's going to be without you around.

But even as I write this I know that you've gone to a better place. I know you're sitting at the kitchen table in your overalls, looking over the top of your cards at Bruce, Toots and all of your other friends, with only that little twinkle in your eyes giving away the fact that you've got a good hand. I know you'll be there, saving me a chair and a hand. I love you buddy.