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## **The Dye's Update** **Special Father's Day Edition 2008**

I hesitate to send this one out because it doesn't seem to deal directly with our ministry here in Chile. Thinking again I realize that some of you read our letters, know us better and pray for us with understanding prayers. You really ought to meet both sets of our wonderful parents! Their lives, remarkable on their own, have been the trampoline that shot us clear to Chile. (Hudson thinks that is a great illustration.) So here is a special little Father's Day Edition, this time about Laura's father, Leon McCants Park.

### **Red Socks**

"Daddy! You did what?!?!?", I practically screamed into the phone. With Mom in town and my father with Parkinsons alone at home, he found himself stuck in his almost too comfortable Lazy-Boy chair. Daddy said that when he realized he couldn't stand up he "slithered" down to the floor where he could use other arm muscles to pull himself up. It's a good thing I live on another continent or I might just have to do something about Daddy's unorthodox solutions to old problems.



Daddy has never been a big man. He's not the wood chopping type. He uses his brains more than brawn. His humor can be found in unusual places like around his ankles. Every Saturday for as long as I can remember Daddy has worn red socks. The tradition is so strong that all of his four children, grown as we are, feel just a little off if his ankles aren't glowing red on the weekends. As a teenager I remember getting a little embarrassed about that tradition when he headed to the hardware store on Saturday mornings, red socks and high water pants. His take on the red sock tradition is that someone gave him a pair of red socks for a birthday or Christmas. Red socks to an electrical engineer are almost useless. They don't fit the dress code for an office. He knew Mom would not be happy if he used them on Sundays for church so, the only day left is Saturday. We have all come to terms with this quirk so Daddy receives at least one pair of red socks every year for Christmas just so as not to rock our childhood memories.

Daddy bought what he calls his "grabbers" long before he knew about his illness, but of course his grabbers are some of his handiest tools. A "grabber" is a stick with a mechanism

on the end that well, grabs. It opens and shuts so that he can reach things that are out of reach. Beside the novelty of the tool it produced great joy in bothering the rest of the family at a distance. He rearranged our hair, tickled a rib or whatever he felt like might get a reaction out of one of us. That practice stopped when his by far most rambunctious grandson thought it would also be great fun to "grab". Now the "grabber" sits beside Daddy as a tool. "Yes, that's right Hudson. It's Pawpaw's TOOL." Nothing like a grandchild to take away all his fun.

Parkinsons has certainly taken away many carefree moments for Daddy. There is no more driving, but he says Mom chauffeurs him everywhere. He is more susceptible to other illnesses like shingles. He says he has gone into the roofing business. Really Daddy! I suppose if he wants to slither I shouldn't keep him from handling problems like he always has no matter how unorthodox.

*Laura Dye* for Roger and the kids, CHILE