

Good afternoon,

For those who do not know me I am Peter's son Todd.

You have heard the vanilla version of dad's life and knowing dad, he would be appalled to leave it without flavour. Thus, I am going to add a bit more details to at least make it the boysenberry flavoured version, which Segues nicely;

Ice creamery

Dad's love affair with ice cream was life long. From permitting Lauren and I to have some at 5am in Wisconsin to encouraging his grandchildren to have some at every opportunity. Golden north boysenberry being a particular favourite flavour.

Patience

When does a treat become a terror? when a certain father takes his children through a McDonalds drive through. A rare occurrence for children growing up in a small country town, only for said usually patient father to refuse to go and wait in the waiting bay and demand that if he is at a fast food restaurant, the food should be served fast. From personal experience, it is difficult to hide in the back seat of a car.

Sportsman

Dad encouraged me to play baseball, for which I'll forever be grateful. He took great pride in teaching me the finer arts of playing first base. It may say something about the learner more so than the teacher as I became a better outfielder. However, I can still recall how to play first base to this day.

Stubbornness

Supposedly a common Dutch trait, Dad's stubbornness can be encapsulated with the following; When we disagreed, we would sit down and discuss for 20 minutes and then agree dad was right.

Supportive

Foremost of dad's traits he was always there for his family and instilled a strong sense of how important it is to be there for each other. A 21st century father before his time, dad was regularly the nightly cook when mum started working in real estate. Food standards may have improved but to this day my wife still doesn't understand my enjoyment of macaroni cheese, but it was one of dad's regular dinners.

Hoarder

Whether we like it or not, we will be reminded of dad over the coming years as we find things that he has hidden away, from the book Lauren wrote in the 1980s titled "My Fantasmagorical Dad" to

God only knows what in the shed. One of my best recollections is mum taking items from the shed out for hard rubbish only for dad to be waiting at the front gate to collect and immediately return to the shed. Needless to say the onlookers were kept entertained for hours.

I could go on about dad, but the best lesson he instilled in me was his strong sense of belief and support in critical thinking allowing me to trust myself when all around may be doubting.

Thank you for coming today and allowing me to elaborate and reminisce about my incredible and fantasmagorical dad.