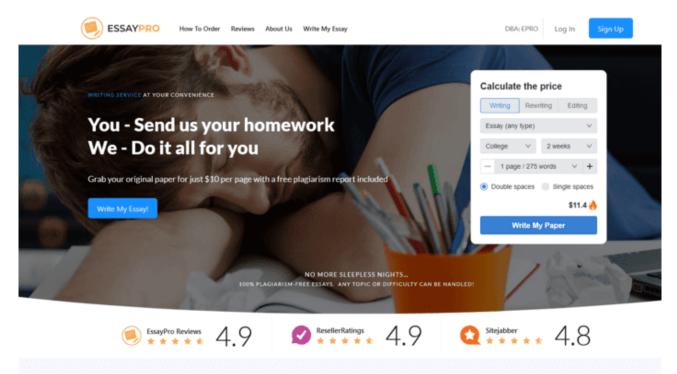
## My Dad the Fisherman



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My dad won't sit on the riverbank anymore. He won't tell any more fishermen's tales. He won't cast his fly again and though his creel may be empty my eyes are filled with tears.

My dad was a quiet man. He liked the solitude of fishing. He liked to be one with nature. It wouldn't occur to him that he was so popular, that he will be missed so much. Yet the very fact that so many mourn his passing says much more about him, and his <u>kindness</u>, than mere words.

My dad, you see, did his good <u>deeds</u> by stealth. He never advertised the fact that he helped so many people in so many different ways. He never talked about his numerous acts of kindness. Yet I believe that almost everyone he knew has been at the receiving end of that kindness. He may have loaned a book that was especially relevant ...

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