

I want to start by thanking Rev. Drodge for officiating today. If I remember correctly, my sister Tarline's was Rev. Drodge's first funeral service. He also officiated a few years ago at my mother's service, and earlier this year Rev. Drodge traveled to Akron to conduct my sister Tanya's service. Thanks for helping me and my family through these difficult times.

My father, when told he only had a short time to live, wondered what Rev. Drodge was going to say about him. He laughed when I replied that it might be a challenge but that I was sure that Mr. Drodge would find something nice to say. We spent his remaining days talking, joking and reading the cards sent by his sister Johanna, who my father called Jopie, until he passed quietly in his sleep early in the morning of September 5th.

The Sunday after my father's passing his ashes were scattered in Aullwood Garden. It rained on the way down from Akron but cleared up when we got to Aullwood. It seemed as if he was happy to be reunited with his wife and daughters.

It was nice when my father moved to Rockynol Retirement Village about a year ago. Rockynol is not far from our house so Tanya and I were able to visit him often. He missed his friends in Dayton but enjoyed meeting new people at Rockynol, going to movies and parties as well as going for walks in the gardens and around the duck pond. His room was on the top floor and he had a beautiful view.

For as long as I can remember, my father enjoyed working with wood. From the toys he made us from scraps of lumber in Canada, he progressed to adding a patio cover, built-in cabinets, and a hobby room to our house on Alp Court. He also made many toys for charity events, using his power tools to mass produce toys he had made by hand in Canada. One of the last things he made was a rocking elephant for my kids from a pattern which he had run across decades earlier. He was a bit of a pack rat.

Being a frugal Dutchman, my father was quite resourceful and handy, repairing appliances and doing his own car maintenance. Sometimes after fixing something he would end up with extra pieces. When asked about the extra pieces he would say the thing had been over designed and that the extra parts were not needed. You would always wonder how it could still work. Wonder or not, he did keep things running well beyond their usual lifespan.

My father was very particular about maintaining his tools. One time he was puzzled why his electric drill got hot after a couple of minutes of use and he asked me if I knew anything about it. I told him that

I had sprayed it with electronic cleaner as he had shown me and pointed to a can of cleaner.

Unfortunately, it turned out I that the carburetor cleaner I had used had dissolved the insulation off of the drill's windings. He got a new, nicer, drill but morned the lose of his old drill.

As Mr. Drodge can attest, when it came to driving, my father knew all the short cuts and insisted on taking them. When we were on vacation he would study the map to find the shortest route. One time when we were vacationing in the southwest he took what he thought looked like a short cut but ended up taking us hours out of our way. At the time we were not amused, but it proved to be a source of mirth, though I am not sure if he found it funny.

My father was always willing to help a friend or pitch in to assist a charity or organization. For many years he judged science fairs and was involved in many American Society of Mechanical Engineers activities. It was always nice when an ASME event was close to our house in Akron as my father and his long time ASME friend, Mr. Elrod, would drop in for a visit.

There are many other stories I could relay about my father. He was a great dad and I am thankful for everything he and my mom for did for us. I think my mom summed it up best when she said “he is a good man”.

I would like to thank everyone for coming, you all meant a lot to my father and your being here today means a lot to us. Mr. Bill Elrod from ASME and Mrs. Drodge have kindly offered to say a few words. Mr. Elrod will speak next, followed by Mrs. Drodge.

I will leave you with Issaih 40:31 which my came to father's sister Johanna when she heard he only had a short time to live. She felt it appropriate because of his aerospace engineering career:

*But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*