

My Daddy

By Sarah Simmons

My daddy was so strong – and when I say strong, I mean in every sense of the word. He was physically strong. His biceps and calves looked like a teenager that had been working out. My entire life he always looked strong and fit. He worked hard – tirelessly – everyday doing hard physical labor, and always with a grin. He worked hard for Mom, Russell, Alicia, and myself. It was never for him, it was for us, to make sure we could be comfortable and guarantee that we could attend college if we chose to.

He was strong in his beliefs. In God, family, and community. He never met a stranger and never, did I ever, see him not try to comfort someone in need or make a bad situation better. He had this crazy strength to help others. He would never – if he knew about it – let someone go without food, shelter, utilities, gas, a vehicle, equipment, or money. I've really never seen anything quite like it. He had this strength that he would be "fine" and that he should give all he could to someone else that needed help.

I never saw Daddy be hateful, spiteful, or jealous or hold a grudge. I never saw him have a bad day. He was so kind and strong. I am so thankful and blessed that myself and my friends, and my children and their many friends, were mentored, loved, coached and taught by my daddy.

We were all taught strength and kindness through Daddy's actions and we say thank you and we love you for your life and for your love.