

a planner, always planning for his family's future and their security. These two things were of utmost importance to him. He planned so well that he retired from International Harvester at age 56 so he and my mom could lead a life of leisure without financial worries. We used to laugh because he would tell me how much he was costing Harvester by living beyond what the actuarial tables had calculated for him. He got a big kick out of that and he appreciated the fact that he did outlive what those insurance tables had calculated.

My dad enjoyed his retirement. He and my mom traveled a bit and played a lot of golf out at Urban Hills Country Club in University Park. He helped organize the Geritol Gents out there. In fact, it was he who gave them the name, Geritol Gents. That league is still going strong today and not so long ago, they invited my dad to speak at a breakfast about how the league got started, got its name and who were some of the founding members. But, true to his personality, he sent them the information they requested along with his congratulations, but he ate breakfast with my mom at his own kitchen table. You see, public speaking was not his style. When he was actively golfing with the Gents, he used to meet with them for breakfast after each round of golf, and he and they would solve all of the world's problems each and every morning over bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. They nicknamed my dad, "the brain," because he knew so much and made so much sense when he offered his opinions on world affairs and the economy. He was quite something.

But, perhaps most important to my dad was being there for his family when they needed him. Whether it was his mother, a cousin, a brother-in-law or sister-in-law, a niece, or his own immediate family – he was always ready to lend whatever was needed – his time, his advice if it was asked for, a helping hand, money, a place to stay, -- the list is endless – but knowing my dad, he would be embarrassed and a little irritated with me if I recounted everything that he did for his extended family.

For someone who liked to travel and see new places as much as he did, it was ironic that my dad suffered from severe motion sickness his entire life. But as long as he could sit behind the wheel of his car, he could travel and did. He visited all 48 contiguous states of this country as well as Canada and a brief visit to Mexico. His one major regret was that his motion sickness prevented him from traveling to Lithuania. He so wanted to visit that country and the town where his mother was born with that hope that he might be able to meet a relative no matter how distant.

For someone with motion sickness, my dad also loved boating, but to him a boat was not the sleek speed boat, the swift sloop, or big cabin cruiser. For him, it was a pontoon boat. One that he built from a kit in his back yard in Chicago during one of the hottest summers Chicago ever knew. But, after a long summer of labor, his boat was finished. My dad, Windy, Rozzie and his son, Eddie, disassembled it, carted it down and launched it on the Kankakee River in front of his Aunt Katie's cottage in Momence, where for years afterward, my dad enjoyed taking people for rides on a Sunday afternoon.

Almost every Sunday in the summers, my dad and mom would drive to