

Momence and picnic with my Grandma, his Aunt Katie, and his aunt Alice along with a variety of friends that his aunt Katie had collected along the river. On some Sundays, the Lithuanian Aido Chorus, a choral group my Grandma belonged to, would come out to picnic also. They were all Lithuanian and you could hear them up and down the river singing Lithuanian folk songs and speaking the language fluently. My dad enjoyed that so much. He and my mom, both, were very proud of their Lithuanian heritage.

My dad was especially close to his cousins, Roz, Joe, Tele, and Willie. But, his cousin, Rozzie, was his pal and best friend throughout his life. He would say that Roz always looked after him because he was the youngest of the cousins. My dad would talk about the old times when they all used to go dancing at the Casino Moderne and some of the outlandish things they would do, especially Rozzie and Tele. My dad was an excellent ball room dancer and remained so as evidenced by he and my mom at Amanda's wedding, when they were left the only couple on the dance floor. As the other guests left the dance floor, instead of sitting down they encircled the dance floor and watched, in awe, as my mom and dad continued to dance, then applauded them when their dance was finished. They were amazing.

And oh, how my dad loved Mandy and Eddie. He attended both of their graduations from college, as well as Ed's graduation from law school and his induction into the bar. How proud he was. How proud he was of both of them. He attended both their weddings, and in fact chauffeured Mandy and Windy to her wedding in his shiny, black Cadillac, and was dressed in a beautiful suit, black top coat and his ever popular black cap. He was so happy to see each of his grandchildren marry and be so happy in those marriages. He loved Mandy and Eddie more than words can express. There was no prouder Grandfather than my dad.

And when his great grandchildren were born and Mandy and Matt named their first born, Joseph Magnus, in honor of my parents, and Eddie and Jenny named their son, Jack Edward, keeping the "Edward" tradition alive – and I told him what the kids had done, he gave me that little half grin of his, which meant that he approved and that he was deeply touched. He couldn't believe how lucky that he actually got to know Kelsey, Jack, Joey and Charlie. And he loved it that they really knew who he was and that they called him, Grandpa Oka. When Joey was learning to talk, he couldn't pronounce Oscar – so Oka it was, Oka it is and Oka it always will be. My dad would collect change every day and then divvy it up into four plastic bags, one for each of his great grandchildren, and each time they visited, he would give each of them their bag of "cash." He said they were never too young to learn to save and learn the value of a dollar. That was my dad!

As for me, he is my daddy and I will always be daddy's girl. He once told me that I could be anything I wanted, do anything I put my mind to, and accomplish anything I set out to do. He even told me I could be president of the United States if I wanted. I wonder if Hillary's father told her the same thing. Growing up in the late 40's and 50's, this was very unusual for a young girl to hear because women played a