

His Way

Our brother, Don, was the independent type.
He could even be described as stubborn at times, or maybe determined.
You might say, he did it “His Way.”

His way usually included a smile or a sly grin on his face,
and that sideways glance of his - with a laugh in his eyes.

We grew up with our older brother teasing the three of us sisters – often.
If it was scaring me half to death by sneaking up on me,
Or getting me down and tickling me, I could depend on him
thinking that was great fun

Through the years, we would have liked to have heard from him more.
But when we had family gatherings, it was his way to show up with
contributions of food, drinks or gifts - sometimes all of them.
With just a little coaxing, he'd tell you stories, both funny and serious.
And, it never failed, everyone knew he would be asleep in the chair within
30 minutes after the holiday meal.

He preferred to live alone, without many frills.
That was “His Way.”

His indulgences could be said to be in his shop and his fishing.
He loved to “work” on projects in his shop, whichever one he chose.
And spending time floating on White River in his boat with a fishing rod
was a favorite pass time, too.
Either way, it was “His Way.”

Just like any of us, Don wasn't perfect.
But he had his own unique way that did no harm to anyone and added joy
to the lives he passed through.
I'll remember that smile and that little chuckle of his, along with his
mischievous way.

“His way.”

By Nancy Niehaus Hurley