

2-10-06

To you, father on your 60th birthday.

It is hard for me to believe that you are sixty-years old. Memories from when you used to take me to my soccer games, or sit with me in front of the computer, helping me write my papers in high school, or the road trip we took together to visit colleges — all of these memories have the quality of immediacy. They say that our capacity for memories is infinite, that once you begin digging into the past there is no end to it. You are embedded in my past lives, father — through infancy, childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood.