

Neither of these images of you father are accurate, and neither express my true relation to you. Today, on your 60th birthday, I ask that question: Who is the man I call my father? Who is he to me? If you are not the man I blame, and not the man I worship, then who are you?

Without becoming too philosophical at the end of this letter, let me say this. This may be the first time in our history together as father and son that I can actually see you as you are.

This may also be the first time in our history together that I may love you for the man you are. For the first time I am not inflating or deflating you but really starting to get to know you. When I came over a couple weekends ago, and we hung up pictures on the wall and organized your library, I saw a glimpse of the man who is all my father. But no adjective will describe him - not because he has no qualities but because he is of a spirit that transcends qualities. He is an individual but not an ego. He reminds me of myself but overflows me.

Dad, I love you. A deep gratitude is present in me right now as I pen these final words. The mystery between us cannot be understood but it surrounds me like a dream. A dream that is too short, much too short.

Love,

Your son