

Yesteryears Today...

I remember my Mother telling me the same stories over and over again all through my life. Relating images of family and past events that were the foundation of her being and life as she knew and understood it. Me hopefully learning from her. The same story was told the same way perhaps a dozen or more times. The stories were so repetitive and critical; I lost interest and eventually stopped listening. I truly believed I understood each hidden message when I heard one of her stories for the first time. These stories were not just for entertainment if there was any entertainment value added, but an imposed learning tool to reveal a probable future of who I would become due to my inherited traits or genes.

So when it came to issues of religion, politics, defiance of authority, children, stress, knowing how to love, or my addictions... Were they really determined by my inherited genes at birth or the environment that formed me or by my human experiences. My addictions to salt (Pringles), fat (cheese burgers), milk products (ice cream), alcohol (wine), sugar (honey), chocolate (anything made of chocolate), my wanting to look over the next hill – the thrill of the next adventure and the love I feel for my wife were all final decisions written in my genetic code? Really? I know it wasn't because of my parents saying, "***Do as I Say; Not as I Do!***" as I was growing into adulthood that ultimately determined how I would act and what my life values and beliefs would be. Not the multitude of hypocritical statements, nor the stories told by my Mother nor my life experiences with other humans would truly determine who and what I would become in my life. What made me who I am today was my brief moments with my Granddad Mysse, his values, his kind heart, his love of life, ***love of adventure and family***. My Grandfather planted many life seeds in me when I was very young and these seeds developed and grew throughout my life.

I have to wonder whether or not the real reason I was never truly violent in life, showing a warrior gene (unless in controlled

environments such as on a football field or a boxing ring), a thief, or not violating “Social Mores” like not farting or belching in public or eating my desert before the main meal was because of my environment, my parents or my genetics? Or was it simply because of the example my Grandfather was, not only to me, but the world... Perhaps! Or was it all of the above?

I have a Grandson now. Weston or Big “W”. I am not trying to teach him with stories, but instead trying to be a good example as my Grandfather was to me. Tell him, “He can be anything he wants in Life”, which is true if he wants to truly believe it. I will try to be very careful of which stories I tell him and love him with all my heart. I want to show him that his values and beliefs are not written in stone, but they are his masterpieces to be written, painted or spoken as he changes throughout his life. My dream is that as he grows up; he and I can sit down and we can write down each other’s thoughts into a book. Something he can share with others as they read, laugh, and smile at what we have written. I hope there is time for us to explore the world together and I can again see the beauty and magic of it through his eyes. My Grandson will learn that Words, whether spoken or written are so very powerful. Life changing in fact. A simple collection of letters forming new thoughts and new actions in life.

Take Papi’s Post-It note. A Post-It Note with “XYZ” written on it in huge letters placed on the front door so he sees it everytime he leaves his house. A huge reminder of the little things that do matter when going out into the real world. Check your Zipper Weston.

XYZ... Love Papi - September 30, 2011

Now Check your Zipper Little Levi... May 30, 2017

I love the both of you. And Thank You!

