You’ve just heard from Lynn some of her wonderful memories and thoughts about Dad. Jeri, the recipient of Dad’s poetry gene, chose to share hers in a quieter, more artistic fashion, as you can see above the picture of Dad with his plane. Now it’s my turn.

Many of the qualities that made Dad special were often highlighted during our family camping trips. Preparing for a camping trip gave Dad a good excuse to go into the local hardware store or the Army/Navy store to buy gadgets. He loved Rube Goldberg and I think Mr. Goldberg inspired Dad to invent the gadget that allowed only the Moses family to have hot showers in the many campgrounds without hot water. With a bilge pump, some hose, a shower nozzle, and a bucket of water heated on the stove, Dad devised the device so his girls, Mom included, would have all the comforts of home. We certainly were quite a sight with all of our supplies, pumping away from the other side of the shower curtain. Too bad he didn’t have any boys who could do the pumping for him! In the mornings, Dad was always the first one up. The rest of us would awaken to the sounds of the tent zipper followed by the pumping of the stove. Soon after, Dad would come back in the tent greeting us in our sleeping bags with cups of hot chocolate, pieces of toast, and that huge smile of satisfaction that he always had when doing something for others. Though assembling and disassembling the tent was not his, nor our, favorite part of these trips, I remember once Dad had disappeared when we were ready to leave and was nowhere to be found. Finally, he reappeared—he had been helping another family with the tenting task he nearly despised.

As you’ve heard and known, Dad got a lot of satisfaction when trying to right the wrongs. This wasn’t always just big issues related to civil rights, constitutional rights, etc. Once it was waging a battle with my home ec. teacher who wanted to keep me after school to fold towels as I missed class due to play practice. He agreed I should make up the missed time, but wouldn’t it be better
to have me cook the recipe I missed rather than fold towels? I was amazed how wise and practical he could be—even when I was in junior high, when most parents know absolutely nothing! In the audiotapes that Lynn was referring to, Dad relayed a story of buying a jar of mayonnaise that was spoiled. He and Mom returned it to the store, and several days later, there was a knock on the door—there stood a representative from Kraft, apologizing for the spoiled item. Dad thought it was remarkable that someone from Kraft had gone to the trouble of coming to right the wrong, but we all know, he would go way out of his way to do the same.

Though Dad was very serious about his causes and beliefs, his sense of humor was almost always present. He was the king of puns and had a twinkle in his eye, ready to tell a joke relevant to a conversation, to laugh at himself a bit, and very often, to put others at ease. He kept this sense of humor and that twinkle in his eyes until he was close to the end. Even those who cared for him, who hadn’t known him long, remarked about that twinkle in his eyes, that sense of humor, and that deep care and concern for others. Listening to his tapes brought many tears and many smiles. Dad had a love for life, his daughters, his wife, and was one of the few people I know who spent his life striving to make the world a better place for so many people.