

THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

Dad asked for the pearl in the oyster shell

He accepted life like an oyster where there are bound to be rough edges, sharp points and jagged moments, although temporary compared to the beauty evolving within.

Dad wanted the pearl in the oyster

The enjoyment of relationship with others, sharing wisdom and knowledge with those who would take the time to listen, sharing Tea Ceremony, appreciating Mom's Ikebana arrangements, watering his bonsai and tending his garden, practicing calligraphy and Mandarin.

Dad continued to find the treasure hidden in the oyster shell

He did not step up on a soap box, lecture your ear off, or desire to be the center of attention. He didn't need a plaque with his name engraved on it, nor his name honorably mentioned,

all he gained was the pearl in the oyster.