

Dear Editor,

My Dad died just before Father's Day two years ago. And I still miss him.

Even though he never graduated from high school, he taught me lessons that were as important as any I learned in university.

He taught me about racism and salespeople at the same time, "It's not important what a man looks like, or what promises he makes. Judge him by his character."

I used to wonder why he'd let people occasionally take advantage of him in little ways. When I asked him about that, he said that it was a small price to pay to see whom he could trust with bigger promises.

He was born before airplanes could fly between cities; but before he died, he'd watched men walk on the moon. Character counted then, and it counts now.

He helped me build my character. Once, when I was little, I was crying because my team had lost a baseball game. He asked me, "Had I done my best?" When I answered, "Yes, I guess so." He told me as long as I'd tried my best, I couldn't really lose, no matter what the score.

One way he taught me responsibility was by letting me use his .22 rifle when I was 7 or 8. This was a big deal. I wanted his respect, so I learned how to handle it safely. When I got older, he'd let me drive his car -- but only if I acted responsibly. He set high standards, and I tried to live up to them.

I'm still trying my best. Thanks, Dad.

Cordially,

Professor Gary Mauser  
Simon Fraser University

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