

Dear Larry -

A year or so ago I was alone in the Schubert Club Museum when this man walked through the gates, filling the entrance with his massive countenance.

He appeared to be between 25 to 30 years old, but when he flashed his smile and clapped his hands together upon seeing all the pianos and harpsichords, he looked like a big kid in a candy store.

I felt as though he were a reincarnation of Dad. He had his eyes, his voice, his smile, his care-free sway, his enthusiasm, his gusto!

When I asked him if he had ever been to the museum before, he shouted, "Oh my God! May I touch these pianos?"

I invited him to play the Wurlitzer grand piano and he then began to play a song I wish you to hear today in memory of our father.

When he finished playing the song he started to play it again, but upon his second playing he sang the lyrics.

And as I stood watching him sing, hearing him caress the lyrics, I wept. Could not stop weeping tears of joy. Unashamed tears of joy! What he was doing there was giving me back our father. All in one song.

When he finished the song he laughed with me, looked into my eyes, and said, "Tears and laughter! That's one hell of a compliment! Thank you!"

I replied, "Compliment? Man, you should be singing professionally!"

He grinned and said, "Want free tickets to hear me tonight? Just go up to the Schubert Club's third-floor office and tell Bruce Carlson I sent you. Tell him Bryn sent you."

On this Father's Day, I wish to acquaint you with this man who I swear, with the possible exception of Mel Gibson in the movie *Forever Young*, comes closest to reflecting the spirit of our father.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6vZCofjH8No>

And if you want to see how he also reflects your spirit, click on this:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CglhQzAIOvE>

- Paul