

I was Born * * * * in 1947 in Venice Beach CA. I attended El Segundo and Hermosa Beach schools. It was so nice, such a special time, playing there and living out the adventure as a young boy does. I recall learning to body surf at Hermosa Beach with my Mom and Dad. From the very beginning I developed a deep and lasting love for the Ocean. Feeling the sand between my toes as I stood in the sea breeze as a young man left a lasting impression. I have loved the Ocean for as long as I can remember, I've never tired of it. I always felt closest to God when I was on the water. Still to this very day and even in my current condition, my favorite times are morning walks on the beach.

Having developed such a connection with the Ocean I learned to surf in the early 60's. This eventually led to surfing various waters throughout the world, such as Hawaii, Mexico, Viet Nam, Fiji and of course my favorite local surf breaks. My eldest son * * * * followed in my footsteps and developed that same love for the Ocean and surfing. * * * *, make sure you take time to surf, travel the world and find the perfect wave and when you do, ride one for me.

In the late 50's my Dad bought a newly planted avocado grove. He wanted to be grower. Prior to moving to Escondido (where the grove was) he maintained his regular business during the week and we traveled to Escondido on the weekends to manage the grove. As we passed through Laguna Beach we would wave to the Greeter. The greeter, it turns out is now an historic figure, a statue, resulting from his reputation of greeting passerby's as they entered town. I remember him well and the little things we did as a family along the way. We would typically buy a box of See's candy to enjoy as we traveled.

In those early days I learned the value of hard work, helping Mom and Dad with the various duties associated with farming avocados, including irrigation, fertilizing, pruning and at times picking and of course enjoying the fruits of our labor. It was then and there that my work ethic was deeply instilled in me. It lasted throughout my entire life. Growing up I wanted to out-work Dad, working harder and faster as though it were some sort of competition. On one occasion, I recall a swim race between Dad and I and I won. Perhaps he let me win, I will never know but I don't think so. As far as I know, I beat him fair and square and was proud to have done it.

Each weekend, before we moved to Escondido we stayed at either the Pine Tree Lodge or in the trailer at the grove. Pine Tree Lodge was special to us as children since it had a swimming pool. Dad knew that and allowed us that luxury every other weekend. These were also special family times I look back on with the fondest of memories.

I recall making the big mistake of lying to Dad. His response scared me so much that I never did so again. That was my first and last time to ever tell him a lie. He made it unmistakably clear, in no uncertain terms that lying was unacceptable and I never forgot that.

Dad was a great craftsman, honest and hardworking. He believed that if you couldn't pay for something you shouldn't own it. If I wanted something, a BB gun, go kart, surfboard, whatever, he would make me wait. Most of the time, he would say give yourself 6 months and see if you still want it. If I still wanted it, he always seemed to get it for me. It's not as though we had a lot or the things I wanted were lavish,

but he understood my desires and found a way, in most cases, to get me the things that I sincerely wanted as a child.

Mom who was a war bride, was also a great homemaker and always there for us. Her English upbringing rubbed off on me, making sure I was polite, mannerly and conducted myself appropriately. She didn't like gum chewing and so I didn't chew gum. However, just recently a friend offered me stick of gum and I had to admit, it sure tasted good. The next time my friend and I got together, he offered me another stick of gum and I quickly took him up on the offer. Again, I savored the moment, commenting on just how good gum was.

Mom took my sister * * * * and I to Yosemite several times. It was an annual event that we looked forward to. On one occasion I recall buying a Watermelon. We ate half and left the other half for the bears. * * * * and I watched in awe as they devoured that melon in what seemed like seconds. These small but memorable events still linger in my mind, hovering there, as I think back about childhood.

I recall Easter 1957. Dad had a house built at the grove and we moved to Escondido. I was 10 years old and began attending Orange Glen Elementary and ultimately graduated from Orange Glen High School in 1965. I regret the fact that I did not applying myself academically during my High School years. It's true. I just didn't put the effort I should have into those years. Even still, something good did come out of those years. I developed many lasting relationships with friends who are still very close, even to this day. Great people, some of which I've known since grade school. I cherish those friendships. Although I didn't put much effort into High School academically, I competed in sports, both wrestling and track. I enjoyed sports and excelled in them.

After High school I briefly attended Palomar College but lost my military deferment and was drafted into the Army. I went through basic training was at Fort Ord, California and was stationed at Fort Story in Virginia. In 1968 I was sent to Viet Nam and was assigned to the 9th Infantry Division. I was quickly promoted to Sergeant, E5. I earned that promotion in less than one year, which is extremely rare. It was quite an achievement and I am proud to have earned it.

After the military I returned home weighing 127 lbs and went to work in a Restaurant, Chuck's Steakhouse of Hawaii. I met another individual who became a lifelong friend. He appeared very successful. He had a beautiful wife and new truck, and house, among other things. He hung **** for a living and it looked like it was working out well for him. I decided then and there I would learn to hang ****. However, in spite of my repeated efforts to persuade him to train me, he refused to do so. He thought I was a bit too scrawny and didn't have much potential. I finally made him an offer he couldn't refuse. I would work for him for \$10.00 per day for 6 months, if he taught me the trade. Boy oh boy did I prove him wrong! Lo and behold, 6 months later I was a **** and full partner. We split everything we earned right down the middle. I'm still thinking about reporting him to the labor board.

It wasn't long after that, that I was given the opportunity to run the hanging division of Wyland Enterprises. I accepted that opportunity and fully embraced it. I held that position for six years. The

owner was one of my many mentors, men who contributed to the man I became. I would try to beat him to the office in the morning and strive to be the last one to go home at night. He served as a Father figure and I competed with him just as I had done with my Dad. It was a healthy competition which made me a better man.

In the mid 70's I decided I had gone as far as I could working for others and I decided to become a licensed **** contractor. My former employer was very helpful and generous as I went into business. He gave me 5 jobs to help me get started. With my life savings of 13 thousand dollars I started ****. **** seemed like a good name, it represented the top, and would show up first in the phonebook. I needed a Logo and so I borrowed it from two sources. It came from a combination of the Surfboards Hawaii logo and the Domtar **** logo.

In those early years of business I was fortunate enough to hire some key employees that "touched my heart". They were Christian, management types that were trustworthy, sincere and made my life easier. Times were good and the company grew quickly. By 1989 we had as many as 429 employees. I was fortunate enough to never need the banks help and built the company on that initial investment of 13K. Dad's influence upon my life could be seen here as well. I strived to pay for it myself and earn what I owned. Those were some of the best years of my life. We worked hard and excelled. Our reputation became exceptional and remains so today. I don't take the credit for what we became, it was the people, and especially certain individuals who poured themselves into making **** as good as it could be. We have the distinction of being a company made up of people who have put decades of their lives into the organization. That's not common. If **** is anything it is uncommon. I'm so proud of that company and the people who helped make it a success. When it came time to retire I was able to demonstrate the same generosity shown to me by my former employer and help the new owner to establish himself in that role.

Just before 911 I was diagnosed with stage 3 colon cancer and had surgery. The cancer would eventually metastasize to my lung which resulted in another surgery and the removal of ½ of one lung. The doctors were baffled. They had never seen someone with Colon cancer that metastasized like mine and yet survive as long as I had survived. Over and over they predicted that my life would soon end and I was fortunate enough to prove them wrong. This was the Lord's doing. ALL God! Yes I did my part and tried to eat right and so on, but the miracle was all His. The medical profession was in awe. To this day they say I am a rare exception and indeed I am. I thank God for that exception every day. For more than a decade I battled this torturous disease and went through numerous ups and downs and hopes and fears. I am grateful for the time I had and the prayers that were answered. I checked off one event after another. One of my deepest prayers was that I would see my younger Son, * * * *, graduate from High School. Not only did I see him graduate from High School, I also lived long enough to see him excel in College. How's that for exceeding expectations??? Day after day, time upon time, little achievements, graduations, anniversaries, holidays and simple things that meant so much to me were granted. I could not be more appreciative of the time God has given me and the faithfulness he has shown.

I have come to realize that life is so short. No matter how long it is, it's still too short. Too short for me and too short for the friends, loved ones, and family, I was fortunate enough to have. No matter how long people are in your life it doesn't seem long enough. It's just too short for both the old and the young, no matter when you die; whether you live to a ripe old age or die young, life is always too short. Our time on earth soon passes and then you greet the lord with a smile on your face and tears in your eyes.

I realize that many of the events mentioned may seem trivial but they were all very meaningful to me and as I live out my final days, I felt they were worth mentioning. I leave them as lasting impressions on those to whom it matters.

As the book of my life now closes, I'd like to thank everyone. Everyone, who was a part of my life, I've decided not to mention any names thus far, since I would most certainly leave someone out, someone who was too special to forget. Quite simply, there are too many of you, so many wonderful people, who played such an important, sometimes critical, role in my life. Good friends, great people who shaped my life and stuck by me through thick and thin. Just know that each of you mean the world to me and I am so grateful for the time we had together.

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What can I say that will be enough? How do I find words to thank you for being the best wife anyone could ever hope for or tell you how saddened I am to leave you? I was so looking forward to spending a long life together and deeply regret that our life together was cut so short. You were so - there for me, all the way. I know it was extremely difficult. Thank you for that. Let everything I may have failed to do or say in life be summed up in these three words. I Love You. You were there for me from beginning to end and I love you!

To my Children, * * * *, * * * * and * * * *...

I want you to know that my heart overflows with love and admiration for you. Thank you for being brave and helping me through these hard times. You are good, loving, and kind and I am so blessed to be your Dad. I have watched you grow into fine adults and couldn't be prouder. I know life can be tough, but never give up and keep doing your best. I support you in all your hopes and dreams and I know you have bright futures ahead. Though you may not have always understood me, understand this... I couldn't love you more. Take care of your Mom and take care of each other. I want each of you to have a wonderful life and enjoy it to the fullest. I will be with you along the way in spirit.

With all my love - Dad

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