

Dad,

I recall with immense pride how "cool" it was that dad worked at a television news station. During a time preceding the ubiquity of cell phones, cameras, and other recording devices, there was something inherently admirable about the work done at the station. And dad takes (took!) that work very seriously.

Whether leaving our house for the station in the midst of a tornado warning (to my mother's frequent vocal objection), burning both ends on election day (to my vocal objection), or to calling the newsroom on fateful evenings that someone let a typo slip through on the chyron (to the objection of the poor soul who picked up THAT call), that dedication to the work was borne of a deep-seated belief of journalism's civic importance. Facts matter, accuracy matters, and a journalist's duty *matters*.

I grew up spending countless days at Fox-41. Dad frequently notes that it was usually a result of me being either in trouble, or sick. I didn't mind either way, because the days were fun. I mean, where else did a breakroom have 4 tv's on all the time?! Incredible to the 7, 8, 9, 10-year-old me. Where else could I have a spoken line on a televised commercial for the Fox-41 Kids Club? Where else could I get an honest-to-god typed script on triplicate for my 3rd grade newscasting assignment?

Where else could I plop down in an empty chair and listen to the cacophony of commotion and chaos that would result in 30 minutes at 10 p.m. of clear, direct information? Never understood how it was possible for someone to have 3-4 scanners, another radio, a computer, and answer phones and seem to make sense of it all. I'm amazed to this day at my father's ability to tune out noise--seriously, we have a 6 and 2 year-old--our house is LOUD when he visits. Forty years in newsrooms will do that to you, I guess.

Thirty-four years with a single employer is rare these days. Thirty-four years watching it grow from an idea, to a premier 30 min broadcast to the 11 or so hours you all are on today is a magnificent accomplishment. I hope that as Dad walks away from the station and begins his retirement he walks away with the knowledge that his duty *mattered*.

So Dad, we are very proud of you and are looking forward to you sharing your retirement with us. Grandchildren always need squeezes, the Royals will continue to play at least 162 times a year, national parks need to be seen, Mahomes needs to 3-peat, and route 66 ain't gonna drive itself. Your new job is to "find fun".

Congratulations, we love you!

Michael, Krista, Eliza (6) & Harrison (2)