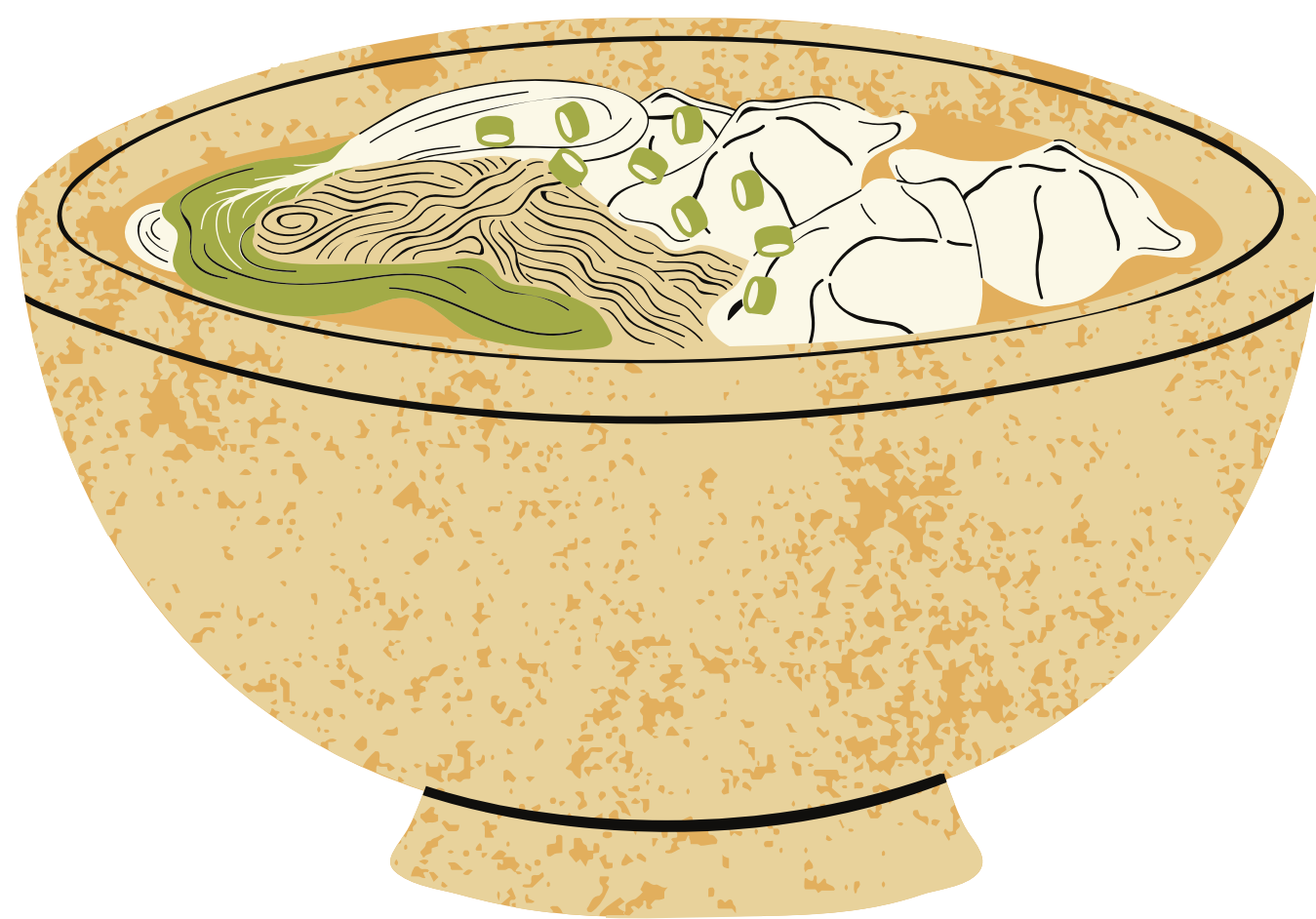


A story by Jonathan Tang



Dear Dad,

# Table of Contents

Day 1- A story from a loved one

Day 2- Favorite Piece of Music

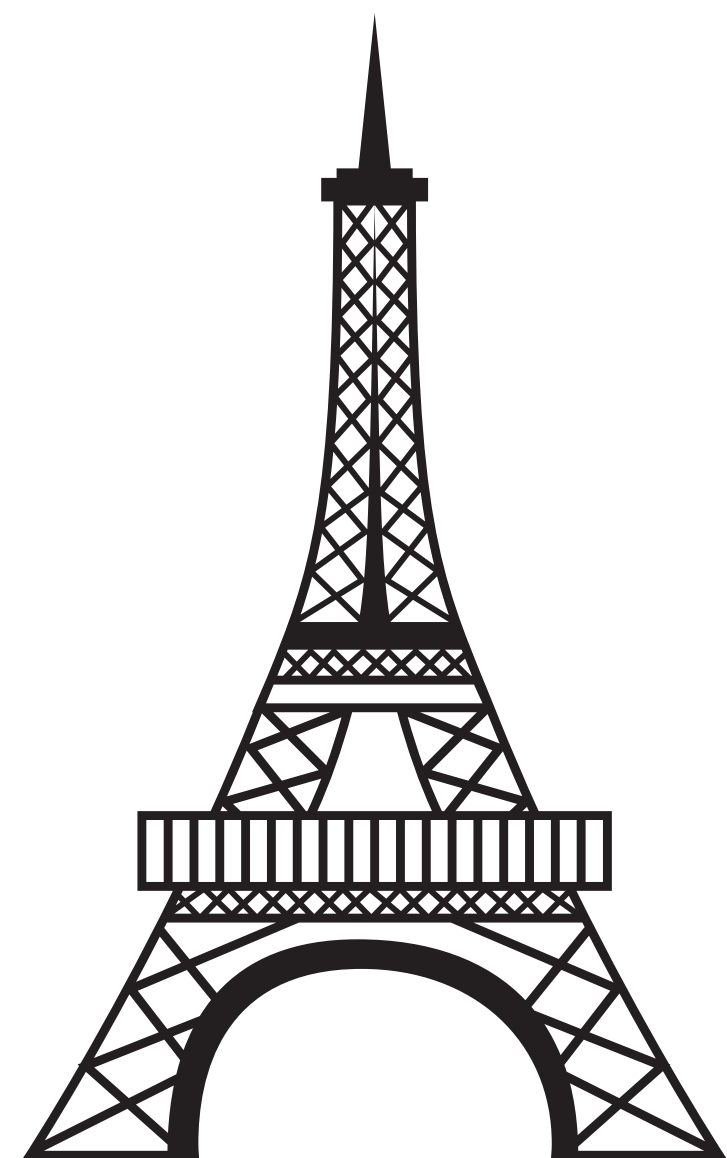
Day 3- Three Haikus

Day 4- Nature as Healing

Day 5- Poem of Grief

Day 6- Favorite Recipes

Day 7- A Letter, Closure





# Wonton Soup and Dimsum

- A story from Mom

"I first met your dad when I was a waiter at a Chinese restaurant. He was in town visiting his aunt, a coworker of mine. The first time I saw him, I brought out some wonton soup for him, and seeing how good looking he was, I was flustered and spilled the entire soup on his lap. And I think I began to fall in love when, instead of getting angry, he asked me first if I was okay, if my hand was burned. He was always such a gentleman. He'd continue to visit the restaurant and we became friends- our first date was at a dimsum place- neither one of us ordered much since we were so nervous. But we continued to see each other, and the rest is history!"



# Hey Jude



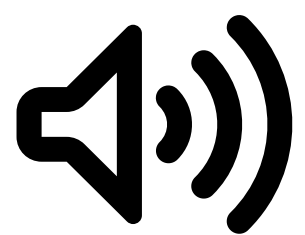
DAD AND THE BEATLES



“Hey Jude, don't make it bad.  
Take a sad song and make it better.  
Remember to let her into your heart,  
Then you can start to make it better.

And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain,  
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders.  
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool  
By making his world a little colder.”

- The Beatles



*Other Selections-*

Let it Be- The Beatles

Yesterday Once More- the Carpenters

You're the Inspiration- Chicago

Day 2- Favorite Music



# Strawberry Smoothies and Chicken Subs

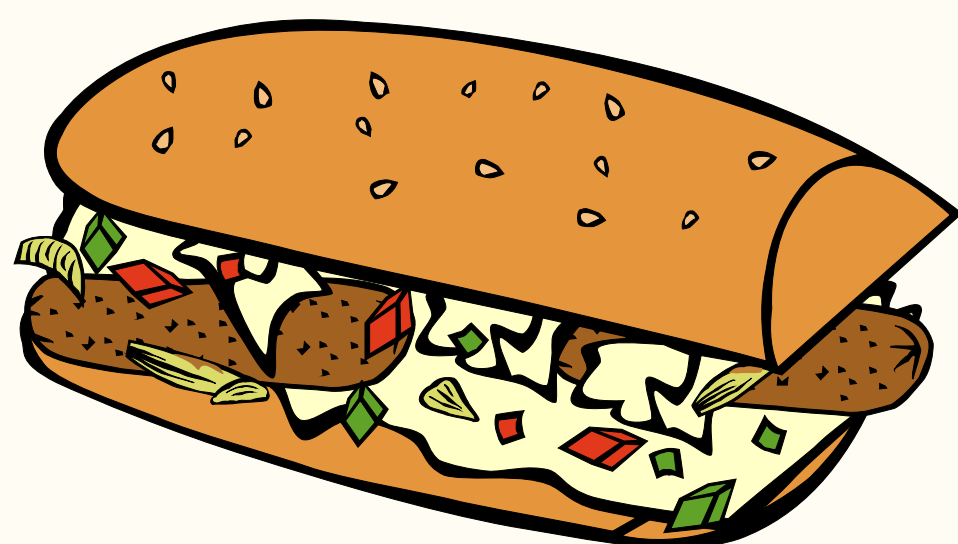
Sweetest Memories

Of a love sincerely felt,  
Tumbling, Wrestling, Smiles



• I DROWN WITH WORRY •  
THOUGH YOU'RE HURTING, YOU ROOT FOR ME  
• I FIND STRENGTH AGAIN •

Strawberry Smoothies,  
Purple Dress Shirts, Chicken Subs,  
I miss you deeply





# Flowers as love persevering



*Pink Orchid*



*Callily*



*Bush Lily*



*Orange Pink Rose*

"These flowers are a reminder that you're still here,  
and that you love me"

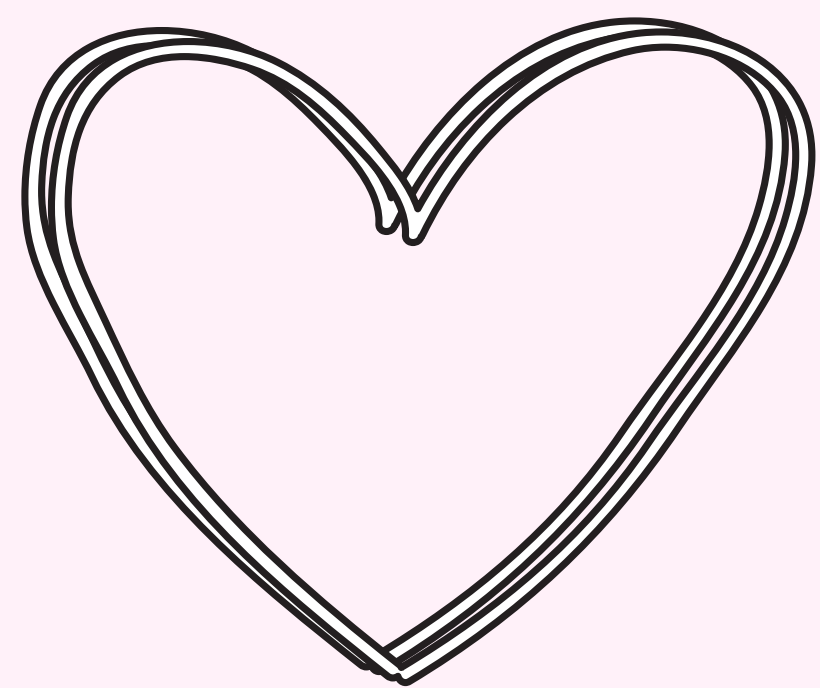
*Day 4-Nature as Healing*



# I'll see you again

I honestly can't quite understand the feeling,  
As I'm sitting alone in the living room after a long day,  
And suddenly,  
Looking at the pictures on the wall,  
The carpets,  
The legos on the cabinet,  
It seems as if you've really never left.

I can't honestly recall lots of specific memories we've had,  
The formative years of my childhood simply absent,  
Perhaps my mind's trying to protect me,  
I don't know,  
But as I sit after a long day,  
Zoom calls with friends, good food with mom,  
A busy day of course, but the good kind,  
The kind that keeps my mind and spirit occupied,  
I sit now,



Wanting to talk to anyone about it,  
Wishing to speak to you about it,  
Or, wishing to simply sit with you,  
Missing you,

But there's another emotion-

One that makes me happy,

One that makes me feel that you're really still here,

In the laughter, in the happiness, in the smiles,

Because as I'm filled with the love of good friends and family,

I can't describe the feeling,

But it's the desire to say,

You've taught me well,

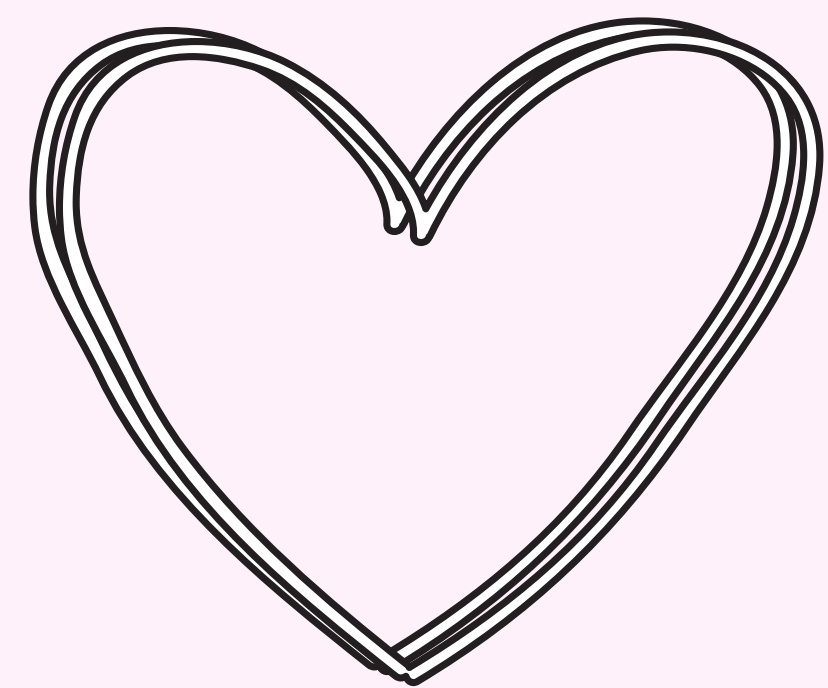
You've sacrificed so much for me,

Don't worry about me,

Rest Easy,

And,

I'll see you again one day



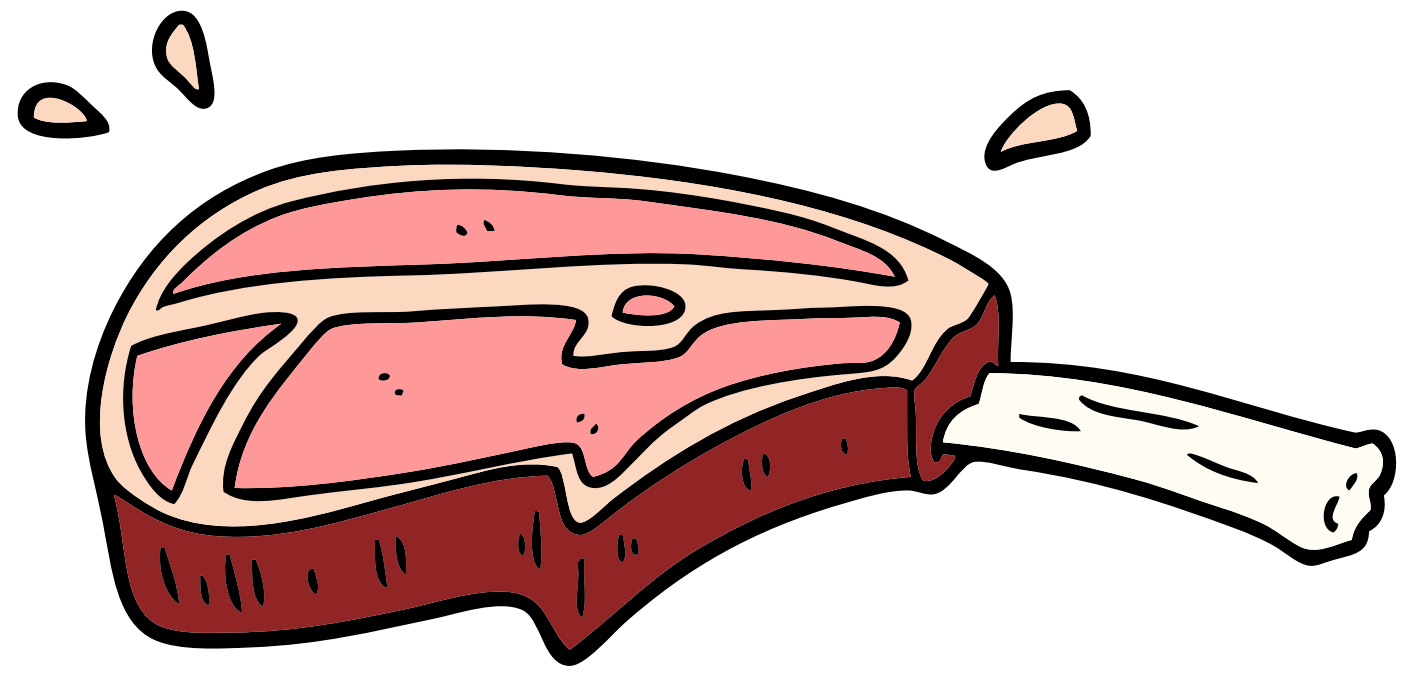


# Lamb Chops and Fruit Salad

## Lamb Chops

Ingredients:

- 1 Rack of Lamb
- 2 Tsp Salt
- 2 Tsp Black Pepper
- 3 Tsp Mixed Herb Seasoning



Steps!

- 1) Apply salt evenly on the lamb rack, let it sit for 20 minutes, preheat oven to 275 degrees.
- 2) Apply pepper and seasoning mix evenly
- 3) Wrap lamb rack with foil, bake for 20 minutes on 275 degrees.
- 4) Remove foil, bake for 15 more minutes.
- 5) Let lamb sit for 5 minutes before serving. Enjoy!

## Fruit Salad

Ingredients:

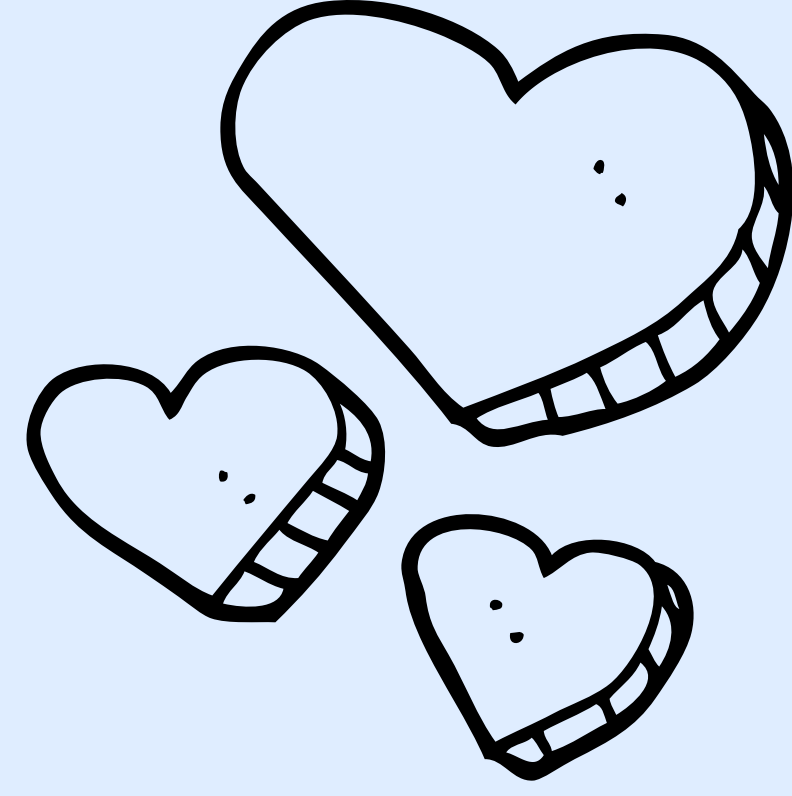
- 2 Bowls Romaine Lettuce
- 2 Oranges, sliced
- 2 Fresh Apples, Thinly Sliced
- Fresh Strawberries
- Bananas
- Walnuts
- 1/4 cup Citrus Juice (Lemon, Orange)
- Olive Oil
- Salt and Pepper to Taste



Steps!

- 1) Toss salad and fruit together
- 2) Add juices, seasoning, toss again
- 3) Serve and enjoy :)

# Dear Dad,



I'm at a crossroads- lost, floating, indecision and anxiety raking my body-

Yet, you're not here

I'm struggling with school, with work, with relationships,

Yet, you're not here

I'm having trouble opening up to people about you, to revisit the memories, laced with pain

And here I am, writing this letter, that perhaps,

I can begin to heal

I want so deeply to cry with you, to laugh with you, to simply stand around, playing catch,

Watching TV, to live a life with you, loving those around me,

To the fullest extent,

Yet, you're not here

Happy New Year! The countdown's concluded-

For the third year in a row I want to celebrate with you, yet,

You're not here

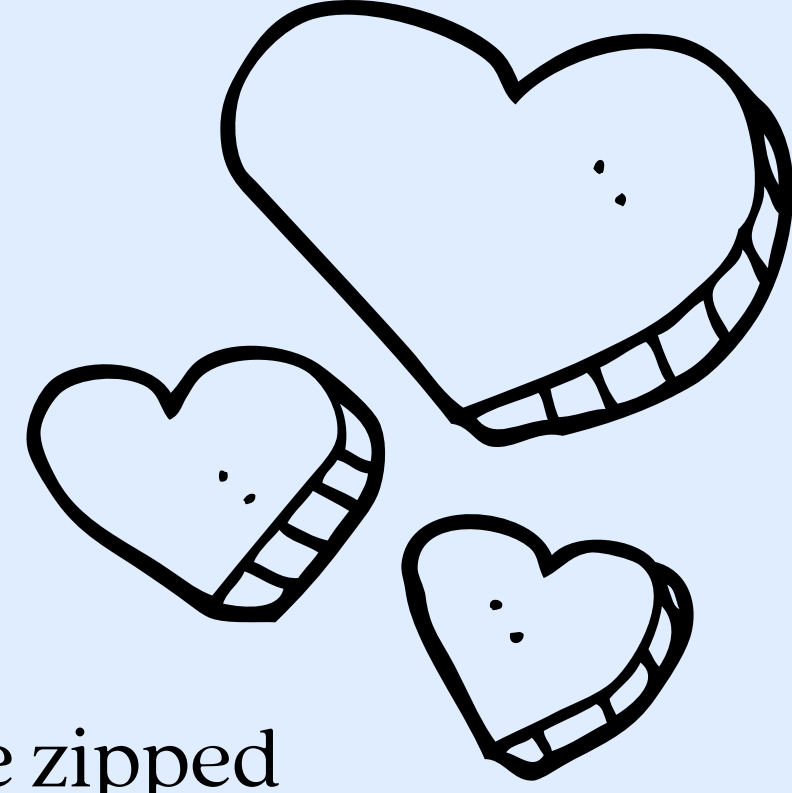
And not just new years- my birthday, father's day, your anniversary-

Mom and I want to share them so deeply and fully with you,

Yet,

You're not here

Making a shot at a basketball game, Losing a tennis match,



A Performance at an orchestra, yet, after the music's faded, the case zipped

The applause faded- In the silence

You're not here

An acceptance letter, shaking, I run to tell mom,

'I got in!' And wishing, with every fiber in my body,

That you were here to share my excitement, that, perhaps,

I could let you know just how,

Happy, how overjoyed I am- Yet,

You're not here,

I'm trying, deeply trying, to remember all the good times we've had,

Of all the memories, hearing from others, that,

there will come a time when the memory of you brings,

Not a tear but a smile to my face,

But I'm hopelessly numb,

My brain, like a wise judiciary, trying to keep me more safe at the cost of truth,

Compassionately hiding, or disposing of memories, so when I try to remember

the good times I've had,

You're never there,

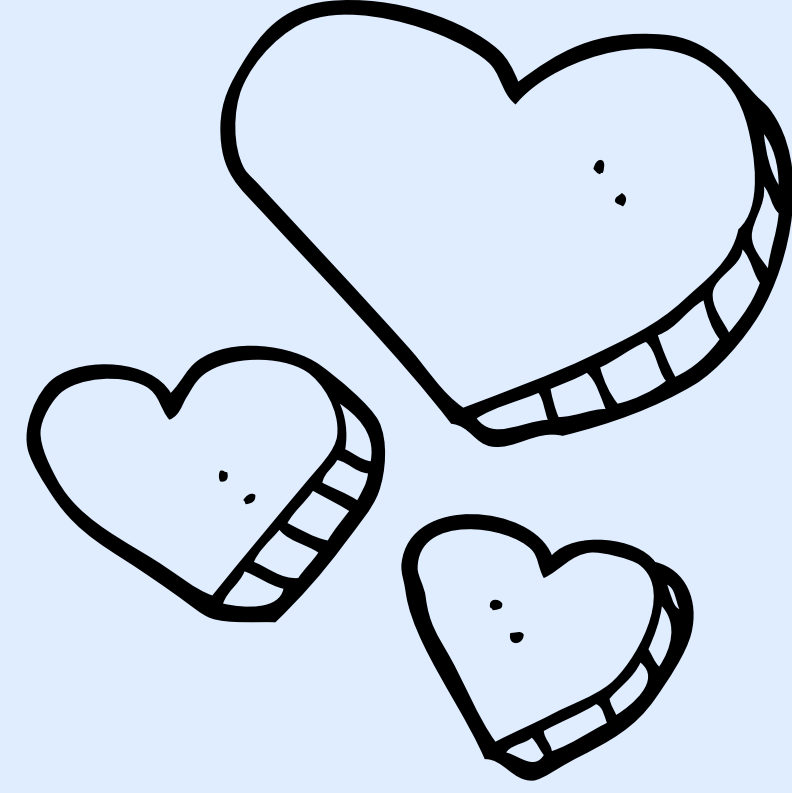
And pictures of you, still scattered all over the house, but,

You're not here

Mom and I stand over where you lie, the wind rustling nearby trees,

A band of trumpets off in the distance,

As another father, resting forever



Yet,

As I pick up the guitar,

Hands pressing the strings firm, A Standard G chord,

As I pick up the ukulele you used to love playing to me,

As I wear the tie you left, still beautifully tied in a Windsor,

As I laugh with mom, hearts filled with a dinner at grandpa and grandma's house,

I remember-

Every one of my experiences-

In anguish, triumph, even the mundanity of life,

I press on, am encouraged, am uplifted,

By your memory and your spirit,

There are so many things I wished I said,

Time I wished I spent,

Gifts I wished I shared,

Yet,

You are here always, and will be here.

You were here in all of my memories-

You've never stopped being a good father,

Love,

JonJon