

How do you sum up 75 years of life? How can words express everything George Dagis was to us all. Beloved Husband, Devoted Father, Loving Grandfather, Brother, Father-in-law, Uncle, and Friend. You were all those things and more.

For my mother you were the love of her life-- a sweet, shy boy of 16, a strong marine at 20, a proud parent of three, a partner in life, a companion and confidant, a hardworking breadwinner, a handsome and dignified gentleman to spend the golden years with--in good times and in bad, you shared it all. Mom, you also were the love of his life and his eyes lit up everytime he saw you. These last few months your face was the most beautiful sight he saw except Wednesday when he beheld Jesus for the first time.

You loved your grandchildren unreservedly and they adored you. Each one of them was special and you had little nicknames for each of them. You shared your sense of humor with them and teased them goodnaturely. They sought you out for your wisdom and unconditional love. I look at each of your beautiful faces and remember how he felt about you. He loved each and everyone of you and was so proud of you. Hold on to that and remember him through the years when good things happen to you. He lives on in you. I remember once when one of my children wrote on the radiator in their bedroom--please come back Nana and Papa, come back. We wish that we could say that again to you now. We can't ask that because you are at peace now, but we can say that we love you Grandpa, we love you Papa and we love you Old Boy.

You loved your Brother Eddie with all your heart and shared many, many memories of life as it used to be--of your mother and father, your siblings that are gone, your culture and your heritage. For a strong man, Dad, you were quite sentimental and I know you missed them and I pray that you are reunited with those you love. Dear Uncle Ed, know how much my father loved you and how proud he was to call you brother.

Your son and daughter-in-laws all love you like you were their own dad. You welcomed them into the family and made them comfortable. My husband said that when he was with you he could just be himself--he did not even have to talk or say a word. He could just be with you and that was enough. Thank you Dad for showing them all, your love. There was enough to go around.

Dad, your neices and nephews remember and love you. To them, you were the gentle uncle--the one who never yelled or lost his patience. The words "Uncle George" were spoken of with respect and love. I know that they enjoyed your quiet wit and their lives were greatly enriched by knowing you.

Dad, your friends miss and mourn you. You were truly one of the "greatest generation". You shared memories of a time when life was simpler and somehow more innocent. You and Ma were blessed with friends who shared good times, trips and laughter. I bet you, in your humble self-effacing way, never realized the lives you touched. The Bible refers to a good man being praised by all at the city gates. We remember you now and realize that the world suddenly got emptier when you left it.

Dad, now comes the hard part, the personal part. You.....my father.....my hero. You were so big and tall and handsome. I felt safe when I was with you. As a little girl, you would come in every morning before work and kiss my forehead--bet you did think I knew that, but I will never forget it. You were shy when it came to showing affection, so that's why I think you did it that way. You thought I was smart and pretty when I felt ugly and stupid. Finally, I thought that if you believed it, it must be so. You were a strict disciplinarian who demanded respect, but we knew the truth when you came through for us each and every time we needed it. Sometimes being a hero isn't saving the world wearing a red cape. Sometimes being a hero is getting up everyday, going to work, providing for your family and doing the best you can whether you feel like it or not. I learned that from you.

Dad, I don't really want to talk about the last six months. It's so fresh in our minds and hearts. You need to hear, though, what an angel you were. We all watched with growing horror as your worst fears and ours came to pass. You were always afraid of being helpless and a burden to your family. Dad, I speak for all of us. You were never a burden, you were a joy. As the illness progressed and your physical state deteriorated, your spiritual strength increased. You went from being anxious and afraid to being peaceful and courageous. You never turned your face to the wall and cursed God, but instead smiled and told us that you loved us. You faced every new indignity with dignity and gentleness. In the end, your last

concern was for my mother and her well-being. You knew she was taken care of so you closed your eyes and peacefully went to sleep.

I believe with all my heart and soul that on Wednesday, November 16, 2005 eternity opened up to you. Light filled the room and you saw angels. Then you heard your Lord and mine, say "Come to me all who are heavy laden and find rest." And you did. And you're with him now walking on those streets of gold.

I will always love and honor you, Dad.