

William G. Wolber, Sr.: Eulogy

A little over two years ago, Bill Wolber suffered a heart attack. But for the grace of God and the prompt help of an attentive neighbor, he would have died. But instead he found himself weakened, facing a long recovery and a life forever changed. In order to better manage his new health needs, he moved from Indiana to California and became a resident of Bridgepoint at Los Altos. In the process, he left behind his home, his friends and some of his independence.

It would have been easy for Bill to give up at that point. But instead he chose to live, to learn new things, make new friends, strengthen his body, try to eat more healthily, and get to know his California grandchildren better. He travelled to Vancouver, BC, to see one of his sons get married. He took exercise classes, music appreciation classes and creative writing classes. He finally got to see his beloved Indianapolis Colts win a Super Bowl. He attended numerous singing performances by his granddaughters and daughter-in-law. He played Santa Claus each Christmas. He read to children. He made friends. He smiled a lot. In short, he lived and he thrived.

My dad did a lot of interesting things in his life. In particular, he made some important contributions to the

space program. One piece of his technology is on the moon; another is on its way to the stars. And he was a good father: patient, understanding and willing to make sacrifices for his children. But I am beginning to think that the greatest thing he did for me was to show me these past two years how to be optimistic in the face of adversity, and how accentuating the positive can hold misfortune at bay, at least for a while. For that I thank him. Over the last two years, it sometimes seemed that our roles had reversed, that I had become the parent, at least when it came to paying the bills or scheduling doctor's visits. But in the end, he was still my father, and he had one more thing to teach me.

So mourn Bill, but do not sorrow. He wouldn't want you to cry. Remember his easy smile, his thoughtful manner, his willingness to give of himself, his willingness to try nearly anything once, and more than once if it tasted good. Remember him alive. He is all around you right now, and he is smiling.

- Paul K. Wolber