



George David Carter

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How do I sum up in words My father? He has always been there for me, always tried to teach me things, always argued to pay for dinner and, on the rare occasions he lost, he had to tip the staff. He lived a rich life that was distilled into the tales he told me as I grew up. As I got older I worried him a bit, though he always loved me. We spent every Friday together shopping, eating at our favorite restaurant and going to see the next big movie. He was kind to everyone he met, treated his friends like family and was always willing to help whenever he could. His wheelhouse of knowledge spanned a great deal of subjects, his skills were varied and many. He never wanted to be a burden on anyone --- he gave all he could to help me be the man I am. I may not be perfect, but I'm his son and I'm proud to be his son.

It's funny how looking back, some memories seem clearer than others. I remember when we went to lay his father to rest, down into the Georgia clay. Despite their division, we discovered something similar. As I walked into Grandpa's workshop I found clocks in mid-repair, tools here and there, and it felt like home. Dad noted that too. We got into the truck and waved farewell to my grandfather's wife, we talked about Grandpa and Dad said he regretted not mending that fence. The truck then hit a pothole and the cassette player pulled the tape in and started playing Kansas' "Carry on my wayward son..." We looked at each other for a moment and then continued our long trip home. It's the little things you remember, long after they've happened. Time adds a certain wonder to those moments, a magic if you will.

It's said we live on in the people whose lives we touch, he lives on in all the friends he made along the way. The part of me that left with him is happy knowing he's not in pain, nor is he alone, safe in the knowledge he's in the best of hands. The part of me that's here very much misses the part of him that has left and will always do so whenever I'm reminded of him. I pray I see him again --- seeing him smirk, getting a big hug and finally knowing everything is okay again. Until that day I'll carry his memory with me, as I hope all of you will too.