

## A TRIBUTE

Donald C. Mavis

“Happy the son with a great Father.” I have a really great Dad. Father, and of course, Mother were able to chose whom they wanted for their child and didn’t have to take what came along. You see, I am their “chosen” (adopted) son.

All the little day-by-day experiences of family living make an impact on one’s entire life. Perhaps by recalling a few such experiences I can in a little measure express what Dad has meant to me.

All through the years we have had great times together. Some of my happy childhood memories are connected with the many summers when Mother and I went along with Father to his numerous camp meetings. This was a wonderful benefit to me because, for one thing, I was able to see most of the United States at Dad’s expense. As we would be traveling along the highways, Dad would often sing out with his characteristic humor, “Singing I go along Life’s Road . . . .” Then of course we would all get amused at his singing and he couldn’t continue. Also on these trips Dad’s humor would show through. For instance, he had special grading methods for Mother. “Did you pack my razor?” he would ask. “Good, you passed!” “Did you put in the shirts?” “Passed.” “Did you bring the letter opener?” he might finally ask. Then would come the verdict, “Failed.” The questions usually got worse until he found something that had been forgotten or that wasn’t really needed anyway.

Like many preachers kids, I guess I enjoyed and/or endured his preaching,—but profited by it. I at least would listen, often trying to decide if this was going to be the sermon about the old car and the lady or the man’s bad boy in Texas,—or something else. I tried to label most of them. Today I realize that Dad’s sermons were timely and right to the point. I still enjoy them, though from a different point of view.

My father is always very understanding. Many a time during my

growing up days I would have to go counsel with the “professor,”—perhaps it was about some problem I was having with my chicken and egg business while I was in Junior and Senior High School or perhaps about some other matter. Still today I appreciate his counsel. His thoughts and help have often carried me through. I don’t really remember how the chicken and egg business began, but through Dad’s guidance I somehow bought the baby chicks and raised them to be laying hens or fryers, and I learned some basic things about handling money and carrying responsibility.

Father also encouraged me to make many of my own decisions as I was growing up. The biggest one was the choice of college. Of course, it would have been much less expensive and also I could have stayed at home had I gone to Asbury College. I could have met my wife even sooner, perhaps, since she attended there. But I chose to leave Wilmore and attend Greenville College in Illinois. Here was where my Father had once taught and I had made many friends there. So off I went, with his blessing.

There are numerous other things that I could point out about my Father, but with his loving direction, his knowledge and great intellectual and spiritual capacities he has been able to guide me along life’s path. I can honestly say he has helped me to make the enjoyable life that I have today.