My Dear Dunc,

I'm writing this to you out in the garage, where, other than out on the bay, I think is the place you liked to be more than anyplace else, when you were living with us.

I'm in the back among the old cars and trucks, which gave you so much pleasure, and which you knew where not just "museum pieces", but to be freely enjoyed by you and John anytime you wanted to. We worked on them together, took rides in them together, although you knew you could take any of them out by yourself, or with friends, and you did, which was a big part of the pleasure I have taken in owning them.

I'm also looking at and touching your tools and equipment, some of which you used to run your landscaping business, and some you used to create such wonderful furniture for us, and your friends and customers, when your landscaping business was out of season.

On the water, though, was, I think where you found the most happiness, excitement, and peace, and it was on the water where you went in our little boat to find your ultimate peace.

Included with all of the wonderful things you have been to me, you were my fishing buddy.

We'd always argue about where to go, and what to use to catch fish, and whoever turned out to be right that day would be sure to abuse the other unmercifully at the end of our trip.

Dunc, two of your fishing friends, Rick Frye, and Mike Evenson, and I are planning to spread your ashes over that special "secret" place where we fished together the most often, and we'll be sure to hoist some "IPA's" in your honor. I wish you were going to be there with us.

You were so talented in what you created, and so conscientious and professional in operating your business, in the way you treated your customers, and so kind and patient with your employees, when you were training new ones.

You had a wonderful sense of humor. Your friends, who have been visiting us non-stop since your passing have kept us laughing with countless stories of the many funny things you did and said.

One of the extremely funny memories Mom, John and I have is of the time ,when your brother John decided to work for you during his summer break from teaching,

and you were attempting to train him to operate one of your more complicated mowers.

At one point, while watching John, you were rolling around on the front lawn and laughing uncontrollably, and I think that it was decided that his tool for the summer would be a rake!

I could keep on writing my thoughts about you forever, but, at least for this service in your honor, I am prevented from continuing this love letter much longer, but be assured that I'll be talking to you every time I can find a quiet time for as long as I live.

Your family, your countless friends, and especially your dear, sweet Christine loved you. Why, Dunc, couldn't you love yourself?

It's a mystery to me that all of this unconditional love couldn't break down the wall that that horrible disease had built.

Dunc, I don't forgive you for doing what you did to finally end the unimaginable torture you suffered for so long, because there is nothing to forgive. You did what you had to do, and I finally understand. You fought so hard and with so much courage, but the demons ultimately won.

There is a hole in my heart bigger than all of Cape Cod Bay, and I will miss you and love you forever.

Dad