

Century Standard



My father was born 100 years ago today, March 4, 1914. In this world World War I had not yet been declared, the border between Mexico and the US in California was porous. The Great Depression was not thought of.

My dad was a kind man who had a tough childhood. Born in Mexico, his mother died when he was about 3 years old. His father, not really a good parent, put him and his brother and sister into an orphanage across the border in San Diego, a small town at that point. The family fell on hard times in the Revolution. He was tossed about, until his mother's sister, living in Pasadena, took him and his older brother, Miguel, in. My dad stayed in the USA the rest of his life. His sister and half-brother also came to this country.

He was a member of the National Guard, and one of the first to be called up after the bombing in Pearl Harbor - he was already in the Army in March 1941, reached Hawaii a mere six months after the bombing. Most of his time was spent waiting on Pacific Islands as an army officer. The bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, resulting in the surrender of Japan, saved my father from seeing any action in the war.

After that, my father lived the quiet steady life that many veterans of the war did. He received an award for all his volunteer work at my schools, was always the go-to guy for construction projects by the PTA. He built all the small floats for the annual Camellia Parade for my brownie and Girl Scout troops.

Steady, reliable, talented, artistic, pragmatic, silent and strong. Full of love for his family. Thanks for the standard, Dad!

Above, he is pictured at his 80th birthday party, with me, my mom Helen, and brother Randy. May they all rest in peace!