

## **A Tribute to Dr. Peter A.F. Morrin** **by Austin P.C. Morrin**

Years from now, I don't think I'll remember my Granddaddy as the kind, noble Doctor who always went out of his way to help other people. Make no mistake, he was all these things, but that's not how I'll remember him.

My Granddaddy can only be described in one way – extraordinary. He connected with every one of his grandchildren. He taught my brother how to hunt and shoot, all of my little cousins can tie flies, and he and I shared a love of horses. No matter what, Granddaddy could make it better, be it with chocolate or a magic brick.

I remember one cooking class with my Grandmommy in which we attempted to make a crocumbouche. Three batches of deflated cream puffs later, she was at her wit's end, tearing her hair out as Granddaddy and I silently snacked on the deflated desserts. We were severely scolded, not only for snacking before dinner, but for taking something as serious as deflated cream puffs with such a positive air. But that was how my Granddaddy did things – with a positive air.

A few days before the accident, I was talking to him about his recent trip to Ireland with my brother. He asked me how Eric liked it, and sounded so completely thrilled when I told him Eric had had the time of his life, like it was the best thing he had ever heard.

I went in to visit him on the day he died, and I will always remember the look on his face. He smiled at me, that wonderful, Granddaddy smile. He let me know it was all right and he was ready. My Granddaddy looked death in the face, and smiled.

So I will not remember him as the kind, noble doctor, because he was so much more than that. He was the man who made sure he had Werther's for his small grandchildren, and the man who always wore his green suit on St. Patrick's Day, and the man who insisted my chocolate scotch truffles would taste much better with Irish whiskey.

And that is how I will remember him. We love you, Granddaddy.