

Tribute In Honor and Love for My Father – Gregory August Hyver Sr

In the end, I guess that I'll never truly know what made my father tick. But, what I do know about him is that he ticked in some amazing ways. He was a learned man whose thirst for knowledge never ended on a chalkboard, but always had to be applied and translated into something tangible—something preferably made of wood, or concrete or steel—something he could craft and shape with his hands—something that defined his purpose. His brain was God's gift to my father. And, thank God, his brain never failed him, even in the final moments of his life. In return, my father never let God down in using his great gift from above. He used that brain to better himself and to better the ones he so loved. He used his gift selflessly, modestly, morally, diligently and passionately. My father never wasted his gift, prized it, and shared its manifestations with all of us.

It was easy to overlook my father at a ritzy dinner party. He was a common man who, if one saw him driving up in his old, Dodge pick-up truck, carried the traits of a modest laborer. Unless you were a close family member, it would be impossible to discern this man's unlimited capacities, multi-dimensional talents, unstoppable will and determination, and signature of self-expression, from his tattered clothing and sawdust-laden face. Yet, he was a gifted, silent genius who never sought the adulations that many of us depend on to confirm ourselves. He was a self-made man brought into this world with nothing, and walked out of it with everything, for his family admired him so, and loved him beyond words, as he ultimately discovered. No son could have asked for anything more than having this man in his life—a man who set boundaries and high expectations for all of his children, and who role modeled them like none other. A man who never saw a problem or challenge that didn't beckon him. A man who shared his special world with us...making it all look so simple.

My father always knew that his days on this earth were finite, while his to-do list remained overflowing. He couldn't help it--his special gift, as if having a life of its own,

would remain churning, churning, churning...to the very end. He had difficulty coming to terms with the thought that his body could no longer keep up with his mind—a beautiful mind, a gentle mind, a kind, loving and appreciative mind. This made his final days all the more despairing for him and for those surrounding him. His mind simply became imprisoned behind his withering flesh. He was no longer able to take his creative visions and shape them any longer into his special artform. Few men can make a concrete wall exude the love and passion that this man devoted to everything he would ever touch. He simply immersed his soul into his well-crafted compositions, like any great artist. Yet, God's gift had served its purposes...and needed to finally take a well-deserved respite.

If there is a paradise, I can guarantee to you that my father is already at Heaven's Planning Office, submitting his architectural plans to build his final home on the hill ... and to fill it with his golden oak cabinets and furniture, while he patiently awaits his family's arrival. You see, in my father's case, it's not "Rest In Peace." It's "Build in Peace." For the only eternal peace that will ever satisfy my father is to be in the middle of another project, constantly shaping the steady stream of ideas that always lit the candle of his passions, and to once again, be released to use those fine, gentle hands of his to create something of beauty to share with us. To tell his family, without a word spoken, that: "I did this for you." I did this for you because this is the way I know of expressing how much I love you.

Perhaps, ultimately, this was what made this orphaned youth, my father—tick—his quest to be loved by someone, by his wife and by his family, and to return that love, 100-fold, back to us, with the world as his canvas.

How I miss you, dear father. I truly love you more than you could ever know. *Laissez les bons temps rouler, papa. Encore une fois!!!* Let the good times roll, dad. One more time.

Your son, Gregory

P.S. Please save the big room with the view for me.