

worker to boot.

Now that he is back in school, all I have is memories and a cell phone.

We'll talk every few days, mostly about football. Neither one of us are big phone talkers so the conversations are brief. Despite that, I don't think he realizes how much I miss having him around, and how much I enjoyed the quality times we did spend together.

There was the one-day trip to New York. We caught a flight at 7 am into La Guardia

Airport and hit the Subway to Yankee Stadium in its' final year of existence for a day game. Back on the Subway to Times Square and back to the airport, home by Midnight.

Back to work (for both of us) the next day.

There was the trip last winter to the Rose Bowl and the Fiesta Bowl. He saw his now beloved Badgers lose their Bowl game, and I saw my Kansas State Wildcats lose theirs. At least we were losers together. Or the trip to the Boundary Waters last August with a group of his friends and dads- something way out of my comfort zone, but right up his ally. We had a blast.

But fond memories don't have to come from grand trips. Simple things like helping him with his Eagle Scout project, building a few pinewood derby cars, coaching him in a few different sports. All quality time spent together.

The latest and possibly the most unique

project we did together was a beer pong table. He masterminded the 3 foot by 8 foot piece of plywood consisting of 3,172 beer bottle caps entombed by \$150 worth of epoxy that dried to a pristine clear surface. I helped and gave pointers. While frivolous and not exactly a monumental contribution to society, it was fun to do and we will both look back on the process with pride and sense of accomplishing something together. More priceless memories created.



I would be remiss not to mention my twin daughters, 16, and juniors in high school. Allison and Susan both have their interests and while much more family centric, we still enjoy one on one times that I will cherish all my life,

and hopefully theirs as well. Soon they will be leaving the nest, their 18 years of time at home up, and begin to experience all life has to offer.

The children did not grow up too fast. They grew up, and continue to grow up, under my wife's and my watchful eye, and with slow, steady progression. As they grow, we continue to maximize the time we do have to spend with them and make that time meaningful and worthwhile. Don't just make the time or take the time to be a part of your children's lives, maximize the time you have with them and that feeling of "they grow up so fast" will never overtake you.