



To Wade:

As parents, we live each day in a hurry to

get here and there, to get to practice, to get to the game, get the poster board, get the uniform washed, get the hair appointment, get the permission slip, get the new shirt, get the corsage ordered, get theroom clean, get the big band-aids, get the Moon Pies, get to church on time, get new cleats, get the wristbands, get the bookbag, get the blue Gatorade, get a chicken and dumplins recipe, get papers signed, get lunch money...

During all of that, what we were really "getting" was a young man. Where has the time gone?

Parents seldom realize until their son is grown,
that many ways he's touched their hearts or how the time has flown.

He learns so much-too fast, it seems...

You're breathless from the pace!

Then suddenly the boy is gone and - who's this in his place?

A young man - filled with more than dreams, but hope and promise, too. Facing life on his own terms, with visions to pursue.

And though you always trusted he'd be second-best to none, You never knew how proud you'd be to say, "There goes my son." Love, Moma & Daddy









