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NANCY JO CULLEN

A GOOD DAY

it was very sad the day we heard that dad would die but it was
also fun because all my friends came over and we went driving
in the blue Toyota that kelly’s sister terry drove
and i was the center of attention
it was a day like a movie of the week
my dad is buried in kelowna with a great view of the golf
course especially chosen for him by the graveyard worker who
knew his voice from the radio
my brother has been running from my father to the Father for
almost half our lives but i am on the honour roll and that’s
a great relief once my dad cried and said he loved me
on a good day i believe that’s true
the last time we got drunk together i was 17 and dad took me
to big white i met this one legged vietnam vet there for
the slalom exhibition we left about 1 am dad in his shit
kickers down the fresh snow incline and he wipe out so i
went behind to catch
all 205 lbs if he fell again and i wiped out taking him with me
he said i won’t tell mom if you don’t
the next day his bones sure hurt
we often laugh about that
like the time when he almost died in calgary instead of
kelowna
mj racing to the rockyview dad hanging out the window trying
to breathe
and liz in the back seat says big poppa i had to go to
emergency when i got a pussy willow up my nose