

“When my mom and Trudy were about 14 or 15 years old they saw my dad in the hallway at school. He was a new student and a couple of years older. Mom said to Trudy, “That’s the guy I’m going to marry!” Trudy laughed.

It took three more years for Mom to meet him, when she was 17 and he was a nineteen-year old college student. They dated until - against his parents’ wishes that he finish college - he no longer could wait to enlist in the Navy, joining his buddies to fight for America.

He soon found himself at the Naval Air Station in Memphis, training as an in-flight radio operator. Mom, lonely in Minnesota, got on a train to Memphis to be with him. They were married in Tennessee on November 13, 1943.

For the next year they lived in Memphis, hoping to get pregnant, but with no success. Then at the end of ’44, the order came for dad to prepare to ship out, joining the fight in the Pacific.

Mom returned to Minnesota, knowing their dreams of starting a family would have to wait until he returned. A few months later dad was sent to San Diego, awaiting deployment orders.

When the order finally came it included an unexpected three-day leave. My grandfather Carl (dad’s dad) feeling sorry for the young couple, surprised mom with a round-trip ticket to San Diego so she could be there for dad’s leave. I was born exactly nine months after the San Diego leave.

Thank you, Grandpa Carl!

