

## **Memories of My Grandpa**

I have known Harold Lehman, my grandfather, since I was born. In fact that is when he first started to help me by giving me a great memory, sense of direction, and countless other great genetics. To me he was immortal, I thought and hoped that he would be there just as I remembered him for as far as I could see into the future. I remember him coming back from the doctors one day and boasting that the doctor said he could live to be 120 and it was not until today that I have realized it is true. Even the last time I saw him in the rehabilitation center I thought “he's going to get better” but unfortunately I was wrong.

He was the first one who introduced me to art and music. When I was younger, when ever I went over to his house he played some sort of classical music, Mozart usually. I was told that the music was to help my brain development but I do not know if that is true, what showed was he was always thinking of me. He took me to museums in New York and explained differences in technique, the importance of the work, the history, and so on. I will never forget one time in the MET where I asked him “Why are all the people in the paintings naked?” and he simply responded “because artists view the human body as beautiful.” It was the perfect answer, and it seemed he would say things like that a lot. But at the museums he took me to many other exhibits on everything from history to science. He always wanted to teach me something new and loved taking me to the museum. I remember many times looking at dinosaur bones, ancient Greek, Egyptian, and Native American exhibits, and looking at how big the universe is. Back at his house he would always provide art supplies so I could draw, color, and sometimes even sculpt. Many times he would tell me to draw what I saw that day. No matter what I drew he would always say I did a good job.

I would play in, but mostly on top of the play house. He helped me fix it by reinforcing it and re-roofing it and did it all with a smile so I could enjoy it and play on it just as my mom and uncle did. During my birthday and holidays he always knew the right thing to get me, Lego's. In fact my first Lego's were built and kept at his house. Some toys though he just had no interest in, I remember when I got my Nintendo 64 and I asked him if he wanted to play and he just replied "the colors are too dark." He was one of the people who taught me his beliefs on politics and religion and I have to say I pretty much agree with him fully to this day. In school while other kids would talk about there conservative religious grandparents I would always snicker and think of my liberal atheist grandfather. During history lessons when others would talk about their grandfather's fighting in World War II I would get to talk about how my grandfather stayed home and draw propaganda posters because he broke his arms. While many would want me to hurry and finish I loved being able to tell a different story.

He was always very supportive of me in any way possible and the older I got the more I found my interest was in computers. When he bought his own computer he would always love to learn from me or my mom. One of the first times I helped him with his computer he asked me to resize a nude picture of Marlyn Monroe and print it out. It was amazing that he was able to do so much and do some things with Photoshop and Illustrator that I don't think any of us will know how he did. For a few years I believe it revived him. It was great for him, art with out all the work. After seeing my interest in computers he helped buy my first computer and was always very supportive about what I did on it and interested in what I did. I remember having long talks about Linux, X, and how they work. He once walked in on me while I was playing Starcraft and had me explain the hole thing, although he did seem to lose interest in the game after a few minutes.

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When ever I needed support he would do what he could to help me. He helped me goto California twice, once for a computer camp, and once for the National Youth Leadership Forum on Technology. He gave me my first car, although it died a few months later. He even said he is going to help pay for my college. And those are just the major things he helped me with in the past few years. He was always very interested in hear what was going on in my life. During the last few times I saw him he said it was what kept him going, I just wish it would of kept working. In the last few years he would always tell him "I know your going to make it" and now I know I must live up to his expectations. He met my girl friend, Katie, and emediatly liked her and even said he wanted to draw her, but he never got the chance. I am happy that he was so pleased with everything I am doing and what I plan to do, it has given me a great sense of comfort.

He has given me so much and there is no way I can ever repay him. I hope that his memory will live on and his art work will stay on display for the public for ever. I only wish I could of said good bye.