

My dear friend. As I work on my wedding vows I'm also writing this to you...though you wont be able to read this. Thank you. Thank for all you have done for me. Thank you for being there when my father pushed me away giving great counsel. Thank you for lending a listening ear. Thank you for bringing me to the events you did. You helped me find my confidence as an artist and encouraged me in your gruff manner when you found me working at a store you shopped in. Thank you for showing me I dont have to live behind a front as I was taught. I'm gonna miss you my dear friend. You've touched my heart in so many great ways. I've never felt unloved around you. I will always remember how everyone thought I was your son you never told them about when you brought me over to the mountain festival for the first time. I never told you how it felt like it. I love you my dear adopted father. I know you wouldnt want me to waste tears but sir I'm a mess. Just the realization that I will never again ride with you and help you set up for the festival. Life will never be the same my dear friend. You left in my heart a stubborn Appalachian determination to see my career as an artist through whether I travel the world or just to small events because of your words. Sir I will "cut it as an artist" as you asked me. I will honor you my dear friend. I can never be able to thank you enough nor tell you what you mean to me. I love you. Be at rest and peace your fight is over.