



*An Advent
wrapped in Love.*

A gift of Love.

By Zackery Adams

I grew up as a very lucky Military child. Instead of moving around the country my father decided he would void valuable job opportunities and higher status, to allow young me to remain anchored in San Diego. Putting my future before his, his sacrifice allowed me to be who I am today. While he was deployed commanding the high seas, my mother and I were without him on most holidays. However he was there in each moment, celebrating Christmas, Easter, and others in cassette tapes he would record in his cabin and mail home. These videos would hold my favorite stories, many of Aesop's Fables and handheld recordings of flight operations at night. As an officer on a war ship of the best disciplined navy in our modern time, the time he took to record himself and the thought that was put into these movies, shows how much he wanted to be with his wife and son. The joy that I felt, cross-legged eyes glued on the TV, might not have been communicated to him all those years ago. So speaking for my younger self, Thank you very much, and you will always be my Role model, my Seadad, my Provider, and my Father. In an old crt TV, or standing beside me.

