

Poppie. You might wonder why we all call him that, well, you're looking at it. As soon as I could put words together at the age of two, I blurted out "Poppie" and the name stuck. My Poppie was the one man full of endless information and a coach for me above all.

Whether he was coaching me on how to a proper dive off the dock in Lake Arrowhead, or coaching me through my first drive up the mountain in the Navigator, he was there guiding me along those winding roads saying, "Never do anything on a curve!" And I never do. He also coached me on how to water-ski. Saying, "Just don't be afraid" is what I remember him constantly saying as he pulled me through the water during our trial-runs on the dock. He coached me when I got lost in Los Angeles, saying, "Now do you know which way is East?" He also loved showing me his old stomping grounds in that area. He was always there coaching me.

He was there taking my brother and I on to trips to places like the Zoo, the Rose Garden in Los Angeles, the Natural History Museum, Westwood, Hollywood/Bev. Hills, the sky rises in L.A., or simple places like our favorite 50's diner, "Frisco's." No matter what he was always there. Whether it was cheer competitions, soccer games, dances, or his favorite event of mine to attend, Rancho football games, he was there. Decked out head-to-toe in purple and white he would be screaming, "Come on zebras, who side are you on?" He was always there. I can specifically remember one time when Poppie randomly arrived at Frisco's while my friends and I were dining before our senior King's Ball dance. He just showed up, took some pictures, and said, "Now don't dance too close, have fun, and be careful." And then he was off on his merry way. My friends and I still laugh at that to this day.

My Poppie was the **STRONGEST** man I have ever known, both externally and internally. I never saw him cry, or gripe when I groomed his eyebrows and ear hairs. He was a man that was never cold; I swear he didn't own anything heavier than a windbreaker. His strong love for his grandchildren was apparent in the extremely tight hugs he gave us. He was a strong man in the sense that **NEVER** left my Gammie's side while she was going through her liver transplant process, and was there constantly for my Great Grandma as well.

Whether he was enjoying a cup of corn chowder in my section at Mimi's Café, or sharing a morning bowl of cereal with me on the porch in Lake Arrowhead, reading the newspaper and watching the Blue Jay, my Poppie was there. He was a coach to me even in the latest years, constantly asking me about my current love life. He was an expert in that department as he was married to my Gammie for 42 years. I always loved him telling me the story of how they met. She drove passed him at a local hang-out spot on the "boulevard" and he turned to his friend and said, "I'm going to marry her someday." And in true Poppie fashion he stay determined to grasp whatever he desired, and got it. Those 42 years of marriage to my Gammie were very extraordinary and special.

As his first grandchild, I will make certain his coaching will be forever passed on as well as his traditions, for my loveable and **STRONG** Poppie was an honest man. And just like him and his love for being Poppie, his memories **WILL ALWAYS BE THERE.**

By, Chelsea Gibson