

Imaginary Tea Parties, Liver, and a Bowl of Cherries

David Hattersley's Eulogy

My Father Charles Marshal Hattersley saw many things and did many things in his long life of 93 years. 93 years in his earthly body is approximately 33,945 days, or 814,680 hours, or 48,880,800 minutes, or 2,932,848,000 seconds.

Chuck was the son of missionary parents - he was born in Burma where he lived until the age of 2. He was the youngest of four; his siblings were Joe, Paul, and Marian. He liked to rollerskate and play tag on rollerskates when he was a kid. At some point, he used his rollerskates to make a scooter that he would ride around.

Chuck served his country as a Soldier in World War Two and saw the thousands of people crossing the bridge fleeing communist East Germany after the war. He saw the Russian and US tanks pull up to the bridge, bring the exodus to an end.

Chuck graduated from UC Berkley, then worked for Sears where he met Ruth, my Mom. They have three Children – Mark, Robin, and me, Dave, and four Grandchildren - Joshua, Jessica, Marshall, and Michelle.

Chuck coached many of my baseball teams. He loved the outdoors and liked to hike and travel for vacation. I always enjoyed the many camping trips he took our family on, and hiked many a trail with my father.

As you all know well, Chuck liked to sing. He wrote musical arrangements, many of which our family sang together. Quite often we sang dad's arrangements right here at the Neighborhood Church. Chuck liked to play the piano and was excellent at playing just about any song by ear. I would often play bass or violin or viola with him. Quite amazingly, he was able to play right up to the end. The last time I played with him was only six days before he went on to greater glory.

My dad was a loving Father to his children, a loving husband to my mom and a loving grandfather to his grand children. Which reminds me, he had a special way of having a Tea party with his grand daughters.

TEA SKIT (when dad drinks tea through his ear)

My dad liked to write and was an excellent writer; I'm going to read one of his stories from his book "Over & Under, Around & Through." It's titled:

LIVER DIE - I'D RATHER DIE

Once a month, the dreaded day would arrive. Liver was to be served that night, and my brother Joe and I girded for the mighty battle. Would we succumb and eat the noxious stuff? The rules for the skirmish were clearly understood: We must eat the liver before we would be given our dessert or could leave the table.

It didn't take us long to consume the rest of the meal, leaving the lonely liver languishing there on our plates. Now the battle of the wills began. Could we please look so agonized, so miserable, so revolted, so nauseated that our parents would feel compassion and release us from the dreaded task? The chances seemed faint, but we resolved to give it our supreme effort.

Now I must digress and tell you that brother Joe, two years older than me, was a very good boy, almost always doing what he was supposed to. But in our dining room were tall built-in cabinets with hollow wooden posts at their corners stretching nearly to the ceiling. Our parents had given up on our eating the liver quickly, and had left the room. Imagine my amazement when solid-citizen Joe grabbed his serving of the dreaded liver in his hand, dragged his chair over to one of the cabinets, stood up on the chair and dropped the offending morsel down the post, quickly returning to the table.

Now he sat there with a guilty smile on his face, and I was flabbergasted! Joe never did things like that. And his move was too obvious! He couldn't have eaten it that fast. Our parents would be suspicious! But his empty plate looked extremely attractive compared to mine and about 10 seconds of hard thinking brought me to the realization that down-the-post was the only answer and I'd have to take my chances. So down the post my serving of liver went and I, like Joe, sat there with a slightly sheepish look on my face.

A few moments later, Mother returned to the dining room and, seeing our empty plates exclaimed, "You good boys!" It didn't seem to occur to her that we had pulled a remarkably fast disappearing act. She brought us our desserts and we downed them quickly.

Either because Mother, in the back of her mind, suspected some kind of trickery in regard to the fast disappearance or because she decided that the battles involved in getting us to eat the stuff were doing more harm than the good we were receiving, she stopped serving liver. And the tasty morsels just lay there at the bottom of the pillar, rotting away, undoubtedly nourishing some hungry termite and possibly adding just a touch to the aromatic atmosphere of the room.

Maybe when archaeologists dig into the ancient ruins of our old Pasadena house many centuries from now, they will discover two very desiccated liver pieces at the bottom of two tall pillars and wonder how they arrived at that unusual location.

I'd like to close with a little PS to this story... **My mom Ruth loves liver.** But she really never made much liver being married to Chuck (because, as you heard in this story, he was not a big fan of eating liver).

While I'm talking about Ruth, I wanted to mention the **Wonderful Job My Mom did Taking care of my dad** these last few years – **thanks mom.** My mom and dad have been very blessed that they had each other for such a long time – they were married almost years. In the later years, by luck and God's grace, it seemed that they never had health problems at the same time and were able to take care of each other.

Of course when one's spouse goes on to the next life there are things that the spouse still in their earthly body would like to do. My **MOM has been Eating a lot of liver!**

To let you know my Dad Chuck is still with us in spirit, he's going to lead us singing a song that reflected his philosophy of life "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries." He will sing the song one time and then everyone can join in singing the second time – the words are printed in the bulletin.