

Father's Day



By Ronald F. Wolf

Smart, a Civil War veteran raised his six children wifeless. Mrs. Smart died after giving birth to their last child.

Since Sonora's father was so selfless, she wanted to honor her and other fathers on June (the birth month of her father) 19th in Spokane, Washington.

Years later, in 1924, President Calvin Coolidge supported the idea of a national Father's Day.

The idea became a "calendar" holiday when President Lyndon Johnson signed a presidential proclamation declaring the 3rd Sunday of June as Father's Day.

The climber was stunned. Finally! He heard the truth which took him a lifetime and at a cost which almost took his life to hear!

Now, the hardest question of them all. How in the world does he get off Mount Knowledge?

"I must get back home, wise one. Tell me, how do I get off from this mountain?"

The old man laughed. "I've been asking that same question for years, young man," he said laughing toothlessly.



The climber's fingers were red and raw as the small rocks slipped from the icy slopes of Mount Knowledge. The day's morning fog rolled in and blocked his view. His breath could easily be seen but not much else. Lifting himself to the next level, a slab of ice crashed to the ledge beneath him, which created an avalanche. He now knew climbing down was an impossibility.



The next climbable level down was now four hundred feet. Failure was not an option, it would mean certain death.

As the next couple of feet burned threw the dense fog, he saw bits of grass. Grass! This could only mean the top was near! Suddenly, he heard a flock of birds above his head. Was he only hearing them? His strenuous climb, which started two days ago, took a tremendous toll on his mental state. "Let this be over," he cried out into the fog.

The ledge, which he was standing on, suddenly gave way and crashed hundreds of feet below smashing into millions of jagged pieces.

The climber never fell. Did heaven's angels reach into the fog to save his life?

The savior's hand was old with long dirty fingernails, which dug deep into the dangling climber's flesh. Crimson blood dripped from the climber's hand and into his eyes.

At a tremendous thrust, the climber was on his feet and on solid ground. Into the fog he saw an old, tired man.

"This way," said the old man as he shuffled into the dense fog.

The two made their way from the mountain's ledge into a clearing.

"Sit", commanded the decrepit man.

The climber sat with batted breath. All he wanted was sleep but the missing knowledge kept him wide awake.

"What is it that you seek, my child," asked the old man.

"Knowledge, I must know, I must know the answer to my question," said the climber breathlessly.

"Then ask and I shall answer," said the old man.

"I must know the history of Father's Day."

The old man smiled and handed the climber an apple.

"Eat, you look famished. Relax and I shall tell you the tale of Father's Day..."

The year was 1909 when Sonora Dodd, of Washington, D.C, sat in church listening to a Mother's Day sermon. An idea hit her. Why not a Father's Day she pondered.

Sonora's father William