

Bill Page III, my father, is a life worth celebrating. My life is a product of his upbringing, in ways later complemented by my upbringing with my mother. My parents were like oil and water that do not mix well, but that duality of what doesn't mix still does compliment, and I am proud to be a product of both, with being the best version of myself. From my dad I learned to survive life's challenging situations. From my very first camping trip at age 5 to being vested in the sciences, I remember experiences of learning everything from building a campfire to learning that an electron of an atom changes its orbit without moving. This wide spectrum of nourishment has grown my curiosity, with an open mind and critical thinking to seek truths in all things. My father cemented in me a will to understand, which is the basis for all true love.

I know my dad believed in the spiritual aspects of our living experiences. He, too, questioned and understood that ultimate truth comes from within, not with the outer world experience.

My father was skilled at many things; a polymath. He, like I, was invested in understanding how all things of this world and the inward world connect and work, a connection I too have spent my life exploring. My exploration builds upon my father's insights and influences on me.

My dad showed me that the sky is not the limit, that there are no limits to our exploration and understanding. There will always be something unknown for humanity to explore and understand. With that I learned the healthy practice in keeping an open mind.

My father lost contact with his family for 15 years, but he reconnected with us later in life.

He contacted me before my first heart surgery, and talked and related on the phone after his first stroke. Then with my uncle I saw him many times after his second stroke that took out his speech centers. I could tell during my visits that a lot was going on in his mind, and we communicated by gestures. He always enjoyed music, both old and new. The last visit with my dad before he passed I played him the latest Peter Gabriel album, a song titled: "Love Can Heal."

My father will continue to live through me. I credit my father in positive influences I have upon others in my life. As his favorite artist Frank Zappa once said: "A mind is like a parachute. It only works if it is open."