

A hug is a way of telling someone you love them beyond words. Grandpop always knew this, and I believe this is why he would never let me leave a room without one of his warm, kind, and overall amazing hugs. The memory I will never be able to forget about him is not just one moment in time, but in the hundreds of hugs, he would give me from each and every time I saw him. It was as if every hug was his way of imprinting his wordless love and memory onto me. In many of the pictures I've seen with me and grandpop, the pose is generally the same from birth to late teens, me cuddled in his arms. In those arms, I've heard many stories that were sometimes funny, and often entertaining. In those arms, I would feel the warm tickle of his mustache, and in those arms, I honestly knew till his final days that I was loved by my grandpop. I will never forget my Grandpop's hugs.