**Speech to Inspire**

*Trevor Lund*

**Specific Purpose:** To inspire my audience to do what *they* love, not what anyone else wants them to do.

**Central Idea:** Although my father hasn’t done anything world-changing in his life, he has done what he loves, and that’s all that mattered to him.

**Pattern of Organization:** Topical

Hard work. Dedication. Ambition. These are words you hear when powerful people give inspirational speeches. These are the words I heard for years from Boy Scouts, leadership classes, and teachers who wanted to see me succeed. So when I first got this speech assignment, I immediately went to those experiences, thinking what has really inspired me. Slowly, I began to realize that those values never had the same impact on me as the values of someone else in my life. **This person doesn’t own his own business. This person doesn’t make a lot of money. This person might not even be considered “successful”. This person is my father [Repetition].** Now you ask, why would you do an inspirational speech about someone like this, how are you inspired by this? My dad taught me a different set of values in his life. He has taught me **to love what I do, to love who I can, and to love life itself [Repetition].**

My dad loves life. My dad had me when he was 40, but despite his age and full-grown beer gut, he is **an ox** **[Metaphor]** when it comes to strength. As a kid, I would always try to wrestle with him, or keep “The Claw” from squeezing my thigh, but I was always soundly beaten. Even today, those are some of my favorite memories.

**My dad is not an emotional man.** That is what makes this next story so important to me. My grandmother had Alzheimer’s for several years before she died. My dad would always go to Madrid every Sunday to talk to her, get her the things she needed, and visit in general. I believe these moments were as important to my father as it was to her. Last spring, I got a call from my mom telling me that they didn’t think my grandma was going to be alive for very much longer. The next day my dad picked me up to go see her. She was asleep when we came, the room was dark, the shutters drawn, but I could still tell how weak she was. My dad tried talking to her and feeding her, but was ultimately fruitless. We watched her until she fell back asleep. After some silence, I turn to my dad to see tears welling up in his eyes, and for the first time I felt like I had to be the strong one. I put my arm around him and we both walk out together. **My dad is not an emotional man [Repetition].**

My dad loves what he does. Plain and simple. He went to Iowa State for Electrical Engineering, but he dropped out before he graduated. Officially, my dad is a worker in a lumber yard, but **unofficially he works like a multi-tool** **[Metaphor]**. Since I can remember, my dad has dabbled in brewing, stained glass making, painting, plumbing, wiring, and most of all, wood-working. These hobbies might not earn him very much money, or any at all, but he does them because he loves to do them. After being told most of my life that I should strive to always do better and be a leader, my dad has taught me that just doing something I love is all I really need.

My father might not own his own company. My father might not be the breadwinner of the family. But I love him all the same. He has taught me a value that I wouldn’t have learned in a class or from other people. He has taught me the value of love. So in these days of stress, tests, and projects, remember that no matter how stressed you might feel, or how mad you are at the end of the week, just remember love.