Since I was a child I have always been encouraged by my Father to spend more time writing short stories, poems, and even a novel. I didn’t necessarily see my own abilities as he had, nor do I view myself as a capable writer to this day. I suppose it is easy to view his support as stemming from the love and pride only a Father can carry for his son but in the same breath my Father was not known for wearing his heart upon his sleeve, although I’ve often been able to bring him to tears on a number of occasions. I have often wondered why outside of school I had really never attempted to at least humor this notion of his but perhaps it all comes down to timing and format. I’ll attest to one thing though, I am strongly opinionated and like it or not I have no problem letting others know what I think. So consider this a brief first unofficial blog entry and perhaps a catalyst of things to come… and if that book ever is published you’ll hear it here first.