



Clifford James Macey

March 17th, 1927 – September 21st, 2011

*A tribute to Jim by his youngest daughter, Kelly Macey Box,
on Monday, September 26, 2011 at St. Margaret's*

MY DAD

My mother gave birth to me but did not stay with a man, just because. Instead, my mom chose a father for us. My mother chose carefully, knowing that she must be wise. Mom knew she had to provide us with a good man, a man, capable of being a great father, a man whose shoulders were so broad, because they housed a heart so large.

Dad knew what being a father meant. It meant selling his corvette and buying a station wagon. It meant loving all of us, all our good, all of our faults. It meant being a man, a man who parented me willingly and lovingly, by choice. A man who taught me to drive stickshift, a dad who bought me a corsage for my Grade 8 Graduation because he wasn't certain that my date would be man enough to bring me one. I wore 2 corsages that night.

Dad flew us around the world, taught us acceptance of all people. Defended his family. Protected his family.

He was devoted to our Mother. Dad loved our Mother like no man has ever loved a woman. Dad cherished Mom and that love and devotion NEVER WAVED.

Dad always told me that he felt as though he was not made for this world. The hatred and atrocities existing amongst people never made sense to him. What made sense to my Dad was having a grandchild on both of his knees, a pot of warm bouillabaisse soup on the stove, a cold rum and coke after work and just being with Mom.

My Dad showed me the difference that love makes in a persons life. He taught me what kind of woman I wanted to be, what kind of parent I longed to be. Dad encompassed me with love. No matter the distance, I have always known my fathers love and with certainty, he has always known my heart. I know that a heart as enormous as my Dad's, cannot help but live on, in all of us who loved him.

To me Dad, you are love and we will always feel your love and loving arms around us.

...by Kelly Macey Box

