

## Andrew's Thoughts

I wanted to share some of my favorite memories of time I spent with my dad.

All throughout my childhood, my dad and I would read together. The first real book that we read was "Wind in the Willows." Needless to say, Mr. Toad's Wild Ride was our favorite at Disneyland.

When I was 12 years old, my dad and I went on a backpacking trip up to Twin Lakes. A day after we got up there, a heavy storm passed through. We spent much of that day huddled inside a hollowed out tree reading Tom Sawyer. I loved every minute of it. On the hike back to Wolverton, the streams we had stepped over a few days earlier, had become raging torrents. My dad was my hero who helped me ford rivers that came up to my chest.

My grandparents lived out in Camarillo. When it was just the two of us driving out to see them, after running through all sorts of trivia playing the geography game, he'd teach me geometry: stuff like, what happens when a cone intersects a plane and at what angle. He was such a great teacher that he could draw out these shapes and their interactions with his words -- while at the same time not cursing the traffic on the 101.

He imparted to me a passion for technology and computers. From the time I was in junior high, he and I would travel across the country to CES and MacWorld shows. We'd spend all day going from booth to booth, and then spend the evenings reviewing all the promotional material that had been handed to us. He took me to Chicago, and Boston and San Francisco. In Chicago, after the show, he took me to what seemed like every third house in the city, which contained a Robbins or Levinson clan member with whom he kept in close contact. In San Francisco, we'd stay at the Royal Motor Inn in Chinatown. We'd have breakfast at Mama's. And many nights, I'd want to throw shoes at him to quiet his snoring.

In order to complete my Hiking merit badge, I needed to go on a 20 mile day hike. Whether he took pity on me or himself, I don't know, but instead of trekking through Sequoia, we hiked along the beach with my best friend, Josh and his father, Sacha. By the time we straggled onto the bluffs of Santa Monica, a homeless man walked up to us and kindly let us know where we could get a nice warm meal.

Six years ago, his first grandson, my nephew, Jack was born. He was so excited and thrilled with Jack, so enamored and amused by him. Kate and I were peppered with stories, and photos, and videos. Jack at a park, Jack eating breakfast, Jack saying: "Grampa, stop videoing me, I just woke up!"

Last year, just a few months before my dad fell ill, he and my mom joined Kate and I in Thailand for two weeks. It was a wonderful trip. He was interested in everything, from the architecture of 12th century Thai temples and palaces, to the intricacies of Buddhist practice, to the electronics repair on the street outside our hotel, to the manner in which telephone and electrical lines were laid about Chaing Mai. He ate whatever we put in front of him, and drank ice cold beer after ice cold beer. The biggest smile I remember was on a long tail boat careening through the river and canals of Bangkok, my dad and mom sitting closely next to each other and being sprayed with the water.

The last time I saw my dad before the day he died was one month ago. We brought down our three month old son to meet him for the first time. He had been fairly unresponsive for a few weeks, but, as soon as he saw George he got a great big smile, held out his hands to hold him, and said "Hi there".

I'm going to miss him very much. I can only hope to be a fraction of the man and the father that he was.