



## To My Father

Before my father moved the family East, all he knew were Nebraska roads that ran north and south, east and west. Four miles south, three miles west got him to the church; two miles west, three and a half north to the Cairo bank. But in Virginia he'd shake his head when he was told: head west on 33 and just past Hinton, after the road curves left and tops a little rise, turn right.

Drive a few minutes until you see a big oak, then turn into a lane on the left.

And so I learned if I needed directions I'd ask someone else. But when I grew up I came to realize the man always knew true north.

Joseph Gascho, 2020









































