

TRIBUTE
Shit my dad taught me
By Chris Unruh



In a world full of autocorrect, auto-tune, and automatic automobiles, there was nothing automatic about my dad's approach to life. He fought daily and deliberately with any demons of sloth or negligence, and in so doing, created a pretty regular pattern for himself. It took me years to understand that perhaps to be successful in life, it might be better to be regular rather than flighty—maybe there was more value in his stick in the mud-ness than in my crazy desire for constant change. So in no particular order, and more in hindsight than anything, here are some observations – or shit my dad taught me:

Don't settle for less than your best effort. Edit. Re- edit.

Always use the best tools you can find/afford.

Work hard every day.

Go to bed at 10:30 even if you're at a party. Especially.

Get up in the morning and be at work by 8:30.

Call your friends regularly.

If you don't know something, look it up. Read often.

Approach cooking as you would artwork - with precision, best ingredients, and love.

Get a dog. Get two. Then train the motherfuckers.

Take a nap on Sunday afternoons.

Wear Pendleton shirts because they are well made in America and dad wore them.

Honor the Armed Services individuals that you know and the ones you don't.

Check in with family on a regular basis – even the difficult ones.

Make a little drawing for their birthdays.

Go fishing. Go hunting. Work on drawings. Repeat.

Throw gigantic parties and invite everyone. Make plenty of food.

Keep the important mementos of your parents' lives.

Support local nonprofits and donate work to worthy organizations.

Be nice to all animals. Except squirrels.

Be grateful for rain.

Be grateful for friends.

Let them know.