

My Father

“Pop”

Frances Iaione Bradley

As a young girl, I remember Pop as a nice looking man with black hair and medium build.

Every morning Pop was up early helping Mom make lunches, eating breakfast and then picking up his lunch box and going out the door to his pick-up truck for work.

Pop’s livelihood was work as a mason who had strong hands and a strong back. He worked long hours to support his family and still came home to help Mom and continue doing other chores inside and outside of his house. His large garden kept him busy and it also relaxed his mind from his hard working day.



As for his family, Pop was a good person and he brought up his children the right way, even though he was tough on them at times, and also a bit tough on Mom who sometimes was blamed for a lot of things. Arguments usually ended up with them not talking with one another for a few days and it made it hard on the children.

Pop was a bit tight at times when his children wanted a nickel, dime, or quarter, but then he would give you his shirt off his back.

Pop, a man of steel and a jack-of-all trades, was a fixer of our house and knew how to repair anything and make things his own way.

Pop made sure that when his children were ready to go out on their own they had some money waiting for them. Without fail, every week Pop went to the Savings and Loan to put a few dollars in each of his children’s bank accounts. On holidays, Pop was always handing money out and smiles were all over the house.

I feel I was close to Pop, but today I wish I were even closer. I am proud for what he did for me.

Fran