

WEEKLY NUTSHELL WELCOME LETTERS · LETTER 2 OF 6

*Letter Two*

# Mama and Daddy



When I was a young man in the United States Air Force, there was a day when my mother gave me some advice.

She wanted me to have my portrait taken in uniform.

I wasn't particularly interested.

At the time, it seemed unnecessary. I was young, busy, and had more important things to think about than posing for a photograph.

But Mama insisted.

So, like many sons before me, I eventually did what my mother told me to do.

The photograph was taken.

Years passed.

Then decades passed.

Today, more than sixty years later, I'm awfully glad I listened.

That portrait has become more than a picture.

It reminds me of a young man who was proud to wear the uniform of his country.

It reminds me of the opportunities I was given.

It reminds me of friendships, experiences, and lessons that shaped the rest of my life.

Most of all, it reminds me of Mama.

As I've grown older, I've discovered that some of the things our parents encouraged us to do make more sense fifty years later than they did at the time.

Funny how that works.

My Daddy, a World War I Army veteran, taught me lessons about responsibility, character, and treating people with respect.

Mama taught me many things too. One of them was apparently the importance of having a good photograph taken. She was right about that one.

Your Friend,  
H.D. Ingles

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**P.S.** *Do you have an old photograph that means something special to you?  
Sometimes the pictures we almost didn't take become the ones we treasure most.*