He was From. . . in Honor of My Father, Jimmie Catholos

He was from nothing, catholo, from Spiros Catholos, a Greek Spartan who became a citizen by serving in the US Army and Marjorie Rowley, a larger-than-life, husky-voiced woman.

He was from confusion before learning who his real father was, from being Jimmie Baccacus to being Jimmie Catholos, from three stepfathers who did not care about him.

He was from fishing in the Missouri River, from The Great Depression, from eating soft fruits, bananas gone bad, rotten apples and thrown out food in dumpsters from stores and restaurants, from scrounging with the cats and dogs looking for morsels.

He was from South Sioux City, Iowa, Shantytown---South Sioux City to the riverbank, to the Filly Milk sign—to home, the Burma Shave Sign, where he lived in a cardboard box.

He was from kick the can down the dusty road, from continual hunger, from running to the Billy Sunday Revival tent to get an apple for him and his mother, getting a Gospel tract from an Indian in full regalia, from that tract that presented hope in Jesus in the midst of his despair.

He was from going to funerals in winters, slipping in at the back to stay warm, to being hired as a crier for a quarter per funeral and moving to the front seat.

He was from restaurant work, where his stomach led him to want to feed people, “The birds of the air have their menu for the day, so do these people.”

He was from the US Air Force, from the Pacific Division Air Transport Command, Hickem Field, Honolulu, Hawaii, from obtaining his GED in the Air Force and scoring higher than anyone as of that date, from serving his time to returning to Lincoln, Nebraska.

He was from cooking at the Compass Room in Lincoln where he met and married blued-eyed beauty Lois June Ramel after six weeks of knowing her.

He was from seven little girls: Jamey, Jackie, Joy, Jill, Jonna, Judy, Jo, the father of a severely disabled daughter Jill who he nicknamed Twinkie.

He was from washing plastic wrap, saving every penny, from being frugal, yet terribly generous.

He was from feeding all of the stray animals in the neighborhood, nicknaming them—George Jones, the possum, Blacky the cat, etc., from being known as the bulldog of his neighborhood.

He was from his own way of expressing himself, calling himself, “a guy with one headlight,” after being blinded in his eye by a neighborhood kid in his youth--or when seeing the neighbor’s dog limping past the window, he points, “there’s a guy with a bad transmission.”

He was from the kitchens of Holiday Inn, Nifty Treat, and Bosselman Platter.

He was Ray Charles, “I Can’t Stop Loving You” and Ronnie Milsap, “Any day now, I will hear you say, good bye, my love. . .”

He was from a lasting marriage, from a wife and seven brown-eyed girls who loved him dearly.