

*Let Me Introduce You to Harry,
a Human Being Extraordinaire*

Dedicated to God, my family, my friends,
and the awesome power of true love.



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL FALL day in early October, October 3, 1983 to be exact. The sun was high in the sky, brilliantly shining as the crisp coolness of autumn filled the air. The day had presented only wonderful visions of fantastic possibilities.

Life was good; that's what Harry thought. He was quite content. He and his wife were happy together and he was doing the things he loved to do: rebuilding older cars, playing bass guitar in a traveling band, and technical assistant in a recording company. He loved playing music and loved to dance, and he was good at both. As Harry drove away from his morning meeting, he was smiling as he sang along with the music that floated to his ears from his car radio. He was en route to see about purchasing another "over the hill" car, a Trans Am to be exact, so he could fix her up. He loved cars!

Happily cruising as he hummed the radio tunes, he noticed a car sitting by the roadside with a man looking under the hood. As the man heard Harry's car approaching he began waving his arms to attract attention to his dilemma. Harry immediately signaled to pull off the road to see if he could

help this man in distress, especially since fixing ailing cars was one of his specialties. The man was obviously overjoyed to see help arrive and asked Harry if he would jumpstart the car. Harry hooked up the cables between both cars and was in the process of priming the man's carburetor. He tried three times with no success, but suggested they try one more time. He was standing in front of the man's car, priming the carburetor, hoping he'd have this guy on his way in short order, when suddenly, in a split second, his life abruptly ended as it had been.

Harry was born in a Valdosta, Georgia on January 10, 1956. His dad was in the Air Force where he met Harry's mother, who happened to be visiting her sister. The attraction was strong and they soon married. A year later Harry was born. Soon after they moved to New York, Harry was joined by two brothers. The three brothers, each a year apart, fought like cats and dogs as siblings often do, but later became quite close.

When he was in fourth grade, Harry's family moved to a small town in upstate New York. Sports were big for Harry and became a major focus through many school years. Baseball was a main love until his interest shifted to music. During high school he joined the school band, playing the trumpet, but eventually gravitated toward the bass guitar, which led him to join a band. It was about that time the Beatles hit the limelight and Harry loved their music. When he was thirteen he took part in the Woodstock Festival in New York and was amazed at the throngs of people that were present; he had