

Bucketfillers for Life, Inc.

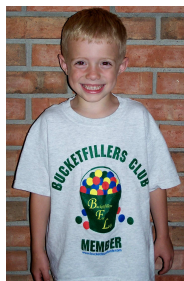
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BFL News & Views

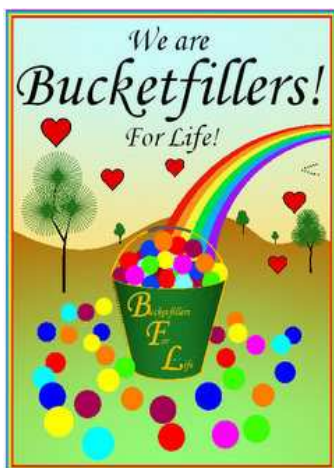
Special Edition

February, 2010



Bucketfillers Club Member T-shirts are available through our web site at a cost of **only \$9.95 with free shipping** (with purchase of 4 or more.)

"We Are Bucketfillers For Life" Posters! These posters are 18" x 24" and high-resolution printed on heavy weight coated paper.



How to purchase: \$8.00 each. Available via phone or email:

517-546-3701

or

peter@bucketfillersforlife.com

The Ultimate Bucketfilling Love Story

The February issue of our newsletter will be devoted to share a love story. This love story demonstrates the love of a son for his father. The father is Bud Lundgren, beloved 93 year old brother of "The Bucket Man", Merrill Lundgren. The son is 56 year old Gary Lundgren. Here are the bucketfilling words Gary read to his dying father on December 15th, 2009. Bud Lundgren passed away at 7:00 am, January 20th, 2010.

Dearest Father,

Since you are nearing the end of a life full of wonderful experiences, I thought I would write you to let you know why I love you so much, and why I am so grateful for the life lessons you gave me.

Although at the time, I hated gardening (mostly pulling weeds), I find I love planting flowers, watching them grow, and admiring their beauty. Everyone says what beautiful flowers we have. As I water our flowers, I remember seeing you in your swim trunks and hose, watering everything, always. Whenever I see my flowers blooming, I will always think of you.

We always played catch. You taught me to throw, and I always enjoyed playing catch together. I played and enjoyed baseball always. You can imagine my frustration when Erik did not want to play catch at all, but wanted to kick a soccer ball around. I got proficient with my feet and we had fun.

Remember when you would take me and all my friends to the woods on Touhy by the dam? You would set up your actual army tent for us to play in, hung an old tire from a tree on a rope and we had a ball swing-

ing on it. Then smokie links and marshmallows on a fire, with potatoes under the fire for eating later. Yumm. Then the walk along the river to the dam. You showed us how to pull out dried weeds, trim the stem, and trim the root, and wa-la, spears to throw across the river. Jeff Murcurio says you were more a father to him than his own dad! What great times. What fun!

I remember planting our apple and cherry tree (you said you always wanted a cherry tree when you were a kid.) I ate cherries and apples til I was blue in the face, but loved eating our own crop from our own labors.

I remember the first time you took me camping (Mom wanting nothing to do with it.) We went to Twin Lake. You bought me some bottle rockets (fireworks). We had cots, and bought a cooler filled with some steaks, and cooked and talked fishing, and I had so much fun shooting off bottle rockets. I camped on my own after that, I bet at least 365 days to date all over the world and loved it. I continued that with my kids, who had a ball.

I remember you taking me to Wilmot to ski. I took lessons on the bunny hill with you and Mom and at the end, I talked you into letting me go up the two rope, fell, and then skied down with Mom worried sick. I have skied about 365 days in my life all over North America, my kids and Gayle too, they love it.

I remember being taught to swim, almost before I could walk. We swam everywhere, hotels, Wagon Wheel Lake Lawn, and every lake we could find. Also our pool, we had such fun in our pool going in circles and making waves. That is until I started jump-

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ing from the garage roof into the pool. That was it, no more pool. My kids and friends jump off the cabana roof into our pool. Where did that come from Dad? You gave me the love of water!

I remember snorkeling in our pool and various lakes, then many oceans, and now I'm (kids also) a certified scuba diver, love it. And diving, you taught me to summer-sault, I can still do it too (you were always a swan dive kinda guy.) Our kids do a 1.5 ending in a dive.

I remember walking in the woods in winter with my friends and you, out climbing and tracking rabbits. We got some too, but it was the beauty of the woods in winter that was the real joy.

I remember ice fishing. Who ice fished? My Dad of course, going to Camp Lake, making a wall of snow to block the wind for the grill, and more smokie links, holding up a sheet on the other side of the lake with skates on and being blown across, sometimes fast. Tom, Jeff and I all caught Northern Pike, what fun! I still ice fish every year and have one of your old tip-ups still working.

I remember Rhineland, you and Mom kept telling me bear stories, and to be careful going to and from the out house (no inside bathroom.) You hid in the bushes and growled fiercely, scared the crap out of me, and I ran into the house to Mom laughing and you coming in still growling. What fun. You can bet I got back at my kids for that!

I remember playing tennis with you and Mom, often at the Field School, and by Steinburg Balm on Oriole Street. It was fun, I still play!

I remember when about 6 or 7, and I could not get multiplication tables, and you drilled me for hours until I

got them. I still remember every damn one, too!

I remember fishing at Cedar Lake and you would row around the island for what seemed like hours, and you had to keep a perfect speed, so the Dare Devils would stay just above the weeds. Amazing, we caught many. What fun. Of course our 3 Canadian trips. Once when I was 19, then 36, and again when Erik was 9, and you, 78. You sang all the time. I never heard the songs before, but Erik said "Papa's happy when he can fish and sing." Remember all my fishing poles were broken in half by the airlines. You saved the day with your poles!.

I remember our cats. I had 36, if you count the babies. Remember Tiger? Boots? I'll always love animals! So do our kids.

I remember walking the beach, looking for, of all things, sharks teeth, seeing nokomis bury in the sand, fishing off the rocks at Casperson. Every time I walk a beach, I think of you.

I remember hunting, and boy did we hunt. Every season, every Saturday and Sunday for weeks on end. Chasing pheasants down Caham's Ravine, seeing them run in the standing corn, and trying to shoot when they flew! Waiting at the end of the ravine and corn fields while others chased them to us. Hunting in the snow, tracking them, freezing my ears off. What fun! Although I didn't much care for cleaning them at home, what a mess. I like my club, I get them cleaned and vacuum packed, but I can clean them if I have to!

I remember going to college 6 semesters straight. I could stand no more (I should have taken the summers off.) I wanted to quit and devote myself to opening a Martial Art-Gung Fu school. You supported me 100%, even let me build a Temple room in

the basement. I still practice and will teach some day soon. You still tell me today to keep it up and never quit. What support! What guidance! What love!

I only remember you denying me one thing I truly wanted. To get a motorcycle. You were an immovable object. You said I was too wild and would kill myself. I believe you were right. You most likely saved my life. I never got one. Even now!

I remember when you let me, under your strict supervision, light firecrackers, and you told me never to do so on my own. I promised I would not. Then a school mate started selling firecrackers. I bought 3 packs and my friends and I would run around Park Ridge lighting them off. One day you and Mom came riding bikes around the corner. I saw you and ran in the bushes. You asked Jimmy Jarfeeter if I was with you. He lied and said no, I was not. Later at home you cornered me, and looked me right in the eye and asked me if I was lighting fireworks. I looked you in the eye and said no. The next day I came home and there you were, sitting at the kitchen table with my fireworks. You found them. You said, "Gary, come here, sit down, these are yours, you were lighting fireworks. You lied to me." You looked so hurt and turned to me and said I hurt you very deeply by lying to you, and said I let you down, then walked away. No punishment. Nothing. I was devastated. That was the best thing you could have done. I learned the value of trust and honestly that day. I remember!

I remember one day when I was about 22, feeling like I never told you and Mom how much I appreciated you both. I walked in the family room (my former bedroom on Birchwood) and you and Mom were both laying on the couch watching TV. I turned and you both could see I was emotional, and said nothing, but just looked at me. I turned and said, "I just want you to know how much I love you both and

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how I appreciate all you've done for me. You said, "Are you drunk?", but you both got up and I gave you both a big hug. We have hugged ever since!

I could write forever. That's how much you have been to me, meant to me, and been an active part of my life and who I am. I AM YOU AND YOU ARE ME! There is no such thing as death! I will be there at that moment and greet you on the other side in Heaven. I remember you, my loving father, in the birds that sing,

the geese on a lake, the bite of a fish, the laugh of a child, and yes, pulling the damn weeds in my flower bed.

I will always remember, love comes first, seek the joys in the simple free things in nature, and live life with honor, always doing my best. Thanks for being you. Thanks for making me, me!

I couldn't have picked a better father if I had done so myself. Actually I sincerely believe I did pick you from the level of my soul.

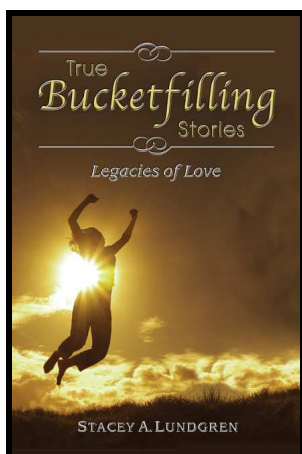
Father, you will live on in me, Donna, Gayle, my kids, and their kids' kids' kids' kids. Thanks for being such a great dad. You're the best.

Love always,

Your son, Gary

p.s. The next time around, you can be my son. I promise I won't make you weed too much. I'm crying now, how about you? Tears of joy because of you!

True Bucketfilling Stories: Legacies of Love—Available This Month!!!



Watch our website in February for the release of our book! Publisher delays have made the wait a bit longer, but we know it's worth waiting for: Ten true stories about real bucketfilling in action and the positive ripple effects it has in the lives of others, complete with "Let's Talk About It" questions that will encourage discussion in classrooms and families about choices and the power of love. You may SAVE by placing a pre-order by calling or emailing us NOW.

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