

My Grandpa

My grandfather was born in Leonidas, Michigan on my great-grandfather's farm. He was the fourth child of nine kids, six boys and three girls. World War I had just ended on November 10, 1918, when my grandpa was born. The church bells rang all over town to celebrate the end of the war but it was also the birthday of Leroy Fred Outman.

Growing up on a farm there were many things to do and a lot of hard work. Grandpa had three horses that he loved and took care of and his favorite one of the horses was called Babe. Once, while working in the barn, grandpa fell off the roof head first. Another time he fell out of the hay mound and hit a truck.

He was not a very good student but the teacher liked him a lot. He would get the cute girls to do his work and he would help the teacher by going to the bank for him. Things were different then. Sometimes the teacher and grandpa would just play the piano and sing. He went to Colon High School and in high school, he played football and baseball but everyday he had to be home right after practice to milk the cows. His favorite subjects were singing, sports, and girls. His first job was working on a horse farm. He did not get paid very much.

After high school, grandpa went to a baseball camp in Florida. He loved baseball and wanted to play for the majors. He didn't make it but just before Pearl Harbor and World War II, grandpa and his cousin traveled out West to see the sights. They saw Yellowstone National Park and traveled around Montana and Wyoming.

The U.S. entered the war and grandpa went to the Air Force so that his brothers could stay home and take care of the farm. He took a ship to Africa where his group fought against the Nazis and Hitler. They crossed in to Italy and worked their way north to Naples. That is where he met my grandmother. They were married a year later on August 19, 1945. About six months later grandpa had to come back to the U.S. and leave his wife behind. She had to wait six weeks and then she came over after he did and they started their life together. Grandpa farmed at first but then he started having a family and he needed more money. He would work all day driving a grader for the county road commission and then farm when he got home. He had some horses then but had to sell them when the kids started coming. My grandpa and grandma had six kids and didn't have enough money to visit Italy.

Grandpa retired from the county and then would go to Florida in the winter with grandma to stay with my mom. They were there when my brother Patrick was born and when I was born. They have always been near me and my mom is very close to them. We always went to their

house every Sunday for dinner. Sometimes mom would cook and they would be at our house. I have spent every Thanksgiving, Christmas, Mother's day and Easter with my grandparents. My grandpa's favorite color is blue; his favorite food is pot roast and mashed potatoes, and he likes coffee. He used to love ice cream and eat it every day with me when I was little but now because of the cancer that he has he says ice cream doesn't taste good to him anymore.

My grandpa means so much to me I don't think I could live without him, he means the world to me. I love him so very much he's the only grandpa I have. He teaches me many things that help me to be a better person. I'm proud that he's my grandpa, because he's one of the most important people in my life. I love him very much.