On August 18, 2020 I asked our three children the following question about my genealogy website:
Do you have any corrections or additions for my genealogy website?

Louise said "No" in her email.
Brad did not respond.
Steve had some neat ideas:
1. He wanted some of his accomplishments added
2. He wanted some new technical additions (search function and smartphone formatting)

I thanked Steve and indicated I would try to get Brad to help me with the coding for the new functions. Brad had helped me with many coding challenges through the years.

I also told Steve in an email response that for me to include his list of accomplishments (becoming a dad, married for 30 years, registered architect, homeowner for 28 years, and paid son's Villanova college education with wife) there were some items needed:
1. Birth certificate
2. Marriage certificate
3. Architect license
4. House picture
5. Tuition receipt

He sent me a picture of his house and told me I would have to pull pictures from Google maps and license info from pa website. He added "no, sorry I'm not digging up the other items". He was not going to scan his certificates and license like I had done for my items.

I am age 88. I have a feeling that I will not live much longer even though I have no health problems. I believe it is time to call the genealogy project complete even though it has much missing content.

It has been educational for me to do the project. I enjoy reviewing the content. I keep tweaking the layouts and the flow of the pages. I get the feeling that no one will really look at it in the future. With Polly battling dementia, she cannot enjoy it like I can.

I guess August 19, 2020 is the end of the effort. I may spot something that does not look right or seems to need to be corrected. If I do, I will make the changes.

As a closing comment to the extent of apathy of our offspring, the apathy morphed into a sad indication of disrespect toward me.

The first sign was when we were moving to Gwynedd Estates in 2015. Steve refused to help us move. He would not even let me use his SUV to move a piece of furniture that would not fit into my Malibu sedan. Our neighbor, the Becketts, let me use their SUV.

The next sign was in 2019 when Louise told a high school classmate in an email exchange that her parents did not care about her and her family.

The last sign was in 2020 when Brad said in three separate emails: I was a clown, I was insane, and I had no morals. He did not want to speak to me again. All of this was prompted by our different political views.

As a result of these events I decided that it would be a good decision to change the Executor of my will. I also directed my new Executor (nephew Jim Wallace) that I did not want the three children to be notified when I died. I wanted no memorial service. I wanted a private burial with just Jim and my wife Polly. He asked that his parents be included at the burial. I said he could do that.

It is strange how all of the support I provided for the three children was so easily dismissed by them. They were able to see me as not worthy of help by Steve, not a caring parent by Louise, and not a moral person by Brad.

I remember helping Steve get to Knoxville to attend college and helping him move at least twice. I remember buying tires for Louise and paying a huge bill for a dinner that celebrated the life of her first husband. I remember lending money to Brad when he requested it and helping with some home remodeling in Avon. I remember paying for their college educations. They did not have a loan to repay when they graduated. There were many other forms of support that I provided for them, but the list is too long for this document.

I hope any reader can understand my disappointment that they did not help with the content of this genealogy project to the extent that I hoped and that their apathy evolved into a level of disdain toward me that seemed to be unwarranted. This revenge exhibited by them for whatever hurt I did to them is a puzzler. I guess they will explain why their behavior was justified.