I leave to my wife a life's worth of bruises and cuts, a haunting memory of my midnight tantrums and many drunken rants. May she remember my kindness on all those nightly excursions to the bar, leaving her to do what she loved best: to clean and take care of those damn things she calls our kids. May she always cherish my gentle but commanding touch. May she miss those nights I would show my love for her through the palm of my hand and the brunt of my words. I leave to her my bar tab and all other debts I may have incurred.

To my children I leave my legacy. A legacy of abuse and trauma. May they always remember their father's kind words of put downs and let downs. May my legacy flow through them and onto their children. May I be a role model to my son Tommy and define what a man should be. May my daughter be as lucky to marry a man like me.

May I be remembered by all as a great man, and a man who could hold his liquor.