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It is Friday, March 20, 2015, and I am sitting here, at 11:32pm, trying to think of what to put in this time capsule to honor my father, Francis E. Tucher, of the 65th Squadron. And as I'm thinking of that, I'm also thinking of you, whoever you are, opening this time capsule and discovering its contents. What is the world like now, as you are reading this? How do you live? What are your fears? What entertains you? Does Europe remain European? Do the United States have *any* of their original character? Have the enemies of mankind formed their one-world government, usurping national sovereignty and eradicating liberty? Have you forgotten God?

Imagining my Dad wondering about the answers to those same questions, and thinking about and remembering the changes he endured during his own lifetime might be a good way to proceed with this.

My Dad was born on May 24, 1924 to a fine Italian-American family in Indianapolis. He was born during the Prohibition Era, which ended as the Great Depression began. When Pops took his first breath, George V was King of England – and Emperor of India. Calvin Coolidge sat in the Oval Office, and Pius XI sat in the Chair of St. Peter. The “talkies” hadn’t been invented yet, and thunderous pipe organs provided the soundtracks for those old silent films, but radios were beginning to be found in living rooms across the nation. Among the hit songs folks might’ve heard on those radios in 1924 were “Everybody Loves My Baby”, “California, Here I Come”, “Hard-Hearted Hannah, the Vamp of Savannah”, Irving Berlin’s “What’ll I do?”, and Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue”.

Television was a long way off. Model T Fords were still on our roadways. DNA wasn’t heard of. The children of WWI-era doughboys were his cohorts.

But by the time my Dad died, on October 28, 2012, he’d lived through WWII, the Korean Conflict, the war in Vietnam, and the invasion of Iraq. Culturally, he “loved Lucy” with the rest of the nation, and watched as popular culture went from the zany redhead to Archie Bunker, and, later, “Sex in the City.” He saw music go from Gershwin and ragtime, to Big Band, to Elvis and Gene Vincent, to Led Zeppelin, to Metallica and Snoop Dogg. Really, just think of the world of differences between the 1920s and the 2010s! It’s incredible, the amount of change. And through it all, one definite trend marked the years, and that is the erasing of God from the nation’s public life and the hearts of the people.

My Dad would fear what life is like for you all living now, especially for his progeny. If he were writing this himself, he’d likely beg you all to not forget about God and His Church (the Catholic Church) and Her teachings – Her traditional teachings, the teachings She had *always* taught. He’d plead for a restoration of sanity, the death of “political correctness,” and for a restoration of romance and Beauty. He’d warn you to not trade your freedom for security. He’d beg you to keep America free (if it’s not too late) and to disentangle her from foreign alliances. He’d hope that a monetary system that isn’t in the hands of oligarchs is in place by now, and that people are freed from usury. He’d wish for an end to the politicized “battle between the sexes” that marked his later years, turning women into the enemy of men.

So much had gone wrong with this country by the time my Dad, pray God, went to Heaven. So much. He’d hope that the people who come after him will work to restore things, and would have at the heart of their world the ideas of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness – the traditional ideas thereof, not some

politically correct version that's centered around mere sentimentality or "feel-goodism." He'd hope that the world has discovered again that Love is the answer --- real Love, the kind of Love that wills the good of the other, perhaps in spite of feelings, the kind of Love that is the Essence of God and which inspired the Father to send His only Son to die for us.

If anyone is here to read this, please pray. Remember your ancestors and don't think ill of them because they lacked the technology you might now possess. A famous writer called tradition "the democracy of the dead," and you show snide toward your ancestors, to the people who formed your very bodies, only by a lack of humility. You stand on your ancestors' shoulders with every bit of (true) progress you make.

--- And what they are now bodily -- bones and dust -- you, too, will become bodily. If you remember that as you go through life, if you have humility and gratitude, if you love others as you do yourself, and if you seek God, then that's all that can be asked. That is what my Dad would say to you.

I am writing this for him now, knowing that I won't be around either when this time capsule is opened. And I'd say the exact same things he would.

But I also want to tell you a few things about my Dad as a person, so he will be remembered. My Dad was a great and fine man. He was a wonderful father, and we kids of his -- there were five of us -- wanted for nothing. He worked hard to support us all, and made great sacrifices so we'd have the best educations, a house filled with books, musical instruments -- anything we'd need to grow up to find our passions.

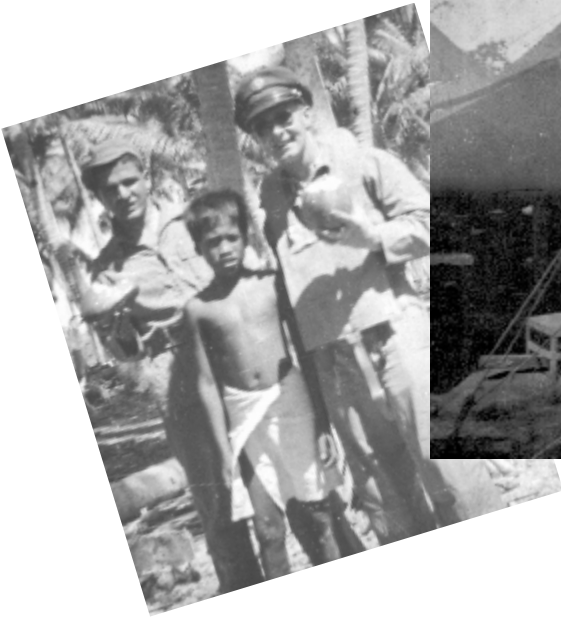
One of the greatest things about my Dad was his ability to marvel, to wonder! Even as an old man, before the strokes he suffered that finally killed him, he was always able to look at the world and say, "Wow! Isn't this *beautiful*!?" or "Isn't that *amazing*!?" That childlike ability to see beyond the everyday and on to the incredible design and Beauty of it all -- that was such a tremendous gift!

And he was so incredibly kind -- perhaps too kind. He truly would've given you the coat off his back if you needed it. He had a heart of gold, and a very Italian emotional response to the poor and suffering. He was an attorney, one of the last of the "old-time lawyers," a counselor who was shocked and disgusted when lawyers began advertising. He worked at Legal Aid -- a legal service for the poor -- and served the poor all his life, offering many of his services *pro bono* -- even putting up filing fees for his clients who simply couldn't afford it.

Dad loved trees, books, the practice of and reading about the law, his family, God, and God's Church. Food-wise, he loved his spaghetti, "pasta fazoo" (as we Italian-Americans called it), and chili. Oh, and root beer floats, which he called "Black Cows." He liked his eggs over-hard, and his coffee with cream and sugar. I have so many food memories involving my Pops...

All of his children feel -- and know -- that we were blessed to have a Dad like the one we got. He and our Mom, Betty Clara Wood Tucher, were the best parents for us, plain and simple. We miss them both terribly.

DAD'S PICTURES FROM WWII



DAD



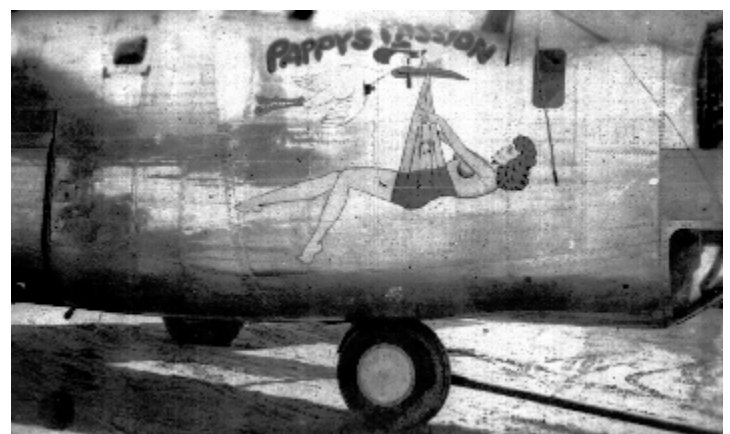
THE CHURCH



THE BORDELLO



DAD'S PLANE



OTHER AIRCRAFT