

To our parish, he's "Sheriff", but at home, he's just the man who fills the house with the smell of fresh pancakes every Saturday morning. I get the blessing of waking up to the sound of bacon sizzling on the stove, and a dad who puts his radio down until the next shift. His uniform hangs quietly in the laundry room, symbolic of his titles ceasing to exist in our home. In these small moments, I notice things the public eye never sees: stability, consistency, and responsibility being shown, rather than announced.

Neighbors, friends, and strangers see him as a person who's responsible for some decisions that better our community. However, they don't see an important detail: he proves that responsibility isn't announced, but displayed quietly through showing up. He's shown up to my community theater performances, sports games where I cheered on the sidelines, dance recitals, choir showcases - even when he was tired, angry, or sad. Through this consistency, I've come to learn that influence isn't strongest when it's shouted, but rather when it's done without explanation.

Showing up every time, without fail, created a sense of gratitude for a person that left his work life at work, and never let it intrude on our home life. Granted, this may have been hard for him to balance: putting the phone down until the next shift definitely resulted in missed calls and emails that will need to be attended to the next day. However, the stress of that never impacted how he showed up as a dad, mentor, and friend. This has taught me the concept of "quiet influence": you can do great things, without expecting praise or accolades from others. I have carried this concept with me in all of my leadership roles, and have taken on responsibilities even when no one asked me to. Because I know how much it means to have a loved one "show up" for you, I make it a point to support my loved ones in everything they are involved in: community theater performances, watching them on the dance team at Friday night football games, or simply being that person they can always rely on, because that's what my dad was, and is, for me. I've seen him show up even when it was hard, and I apply that to my own life: even when I am discouraged, I still make an effort to lead my school organizations. If he wasn't so consistent, I would not have become someone others can rely on. I wouldn't be the person to stay committed when others step away, volunteer without expecting anything in return, and balance school and home life intentionally.

My dad has taught me the power of consistency and influence that doesn't expect anything in return. I have learned that, through consistency, trust and dependability are built. I carry this into my school life: showing up to BETA club meetings, making it a point to attend every rehearsal, and always being the one to step up- even when it's difficult. "Serving a community" has a much deeper meaning for me now: it's not just doing things

because you are asked, it's doing the things that no one wants to do and making the decisions others are scared to make. His small moments, such as quietly hanging up his uniform, show he is taking on a bigger responsibility: letting go of a title and just being "dad". Now, Saturday morning breakfast is more than just sweet and savory; it's a symbol of consistency, balance, and quiet influence.