

- When I was younger, I would go down to florida every winter to visit my grandparents on my mom's side
- Despite seeing them pretty often, I never got to know Opa.
  - Multiple reasons for that
  - Always pushed to hang out with "the kids"
  - He himself was pretty quiet
  - Whenever we did start doing something together my Oma would always interrupt
- As I've grown up and started to emerge into the person I am now, I've started listening to the stories my family would tell about him.
- And I think that if I were to meet him now we would get along
  - I've been told I have a very similar personality to him
  - He left me his train set, I do stuff with miniatures
- The closest I've ever got to him, and the last memory I have of him was a year or two before covid, was when he flipped off Oma in a Tampa Florida church.
- Now, looking back, I wish I could've talked to him more.