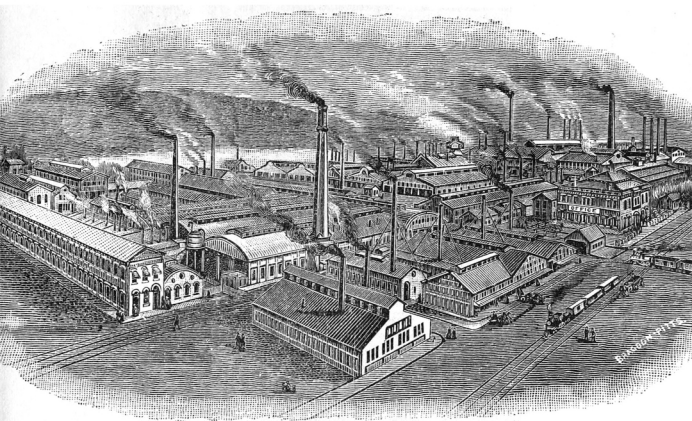


THE PRODIGAL



SON RETURNS

My aunt Helen worked as a cashier at the local A&P grocery store. My uncle Steve drove trolley number 68 between McKeesport and Pittsburgh. My mother was ambitious and was angry if I had one B on my grade card.

My brother became successful by being a doctor, and I became successful by being a photographic talent.



When I was about fifty-five, my brother Tim and I returned to Mckeessport for Christmas Eve. My mother was delighted and suggested we pick up my father when his 7-3pm shift let out at the steel mill in Duquesne.

Tim and I arrived at the factory gate early, reminiscing about growing up there, while waiting for the workers to leave.



As the army of workers with their lunch buckets exited from the mill, I began to look for dad. I saw this old man walking slowly at the rear of the crowd, looking defeated and exhausted. I realized that was our father. There he was, almost.

Tim and I had left McKeesport and we had left him behind.



*Self portrait shaking
hands with my father*