

A close-up photograph of a yellow and green crayon drawing a house on a piece of paper. The crayon is positioned diagonally from the top left towards the center. The drawing shows a simple house with a square window divided into four panes, a red roof, and green bushes at the base. The background is a warm, orange-toned surface.

HIS NAME IS PICASS...

UH, BRANDON

JODIE STEINKE

By the time he was five, Brandon had entered every coloring contest at every grocery store, video store, feed store, restaurant and gas-station in Kitsap County. Brandon colored bunnies, Santas, leprechauns, cats, dogs, fruit, flags, and pumpkins. You name it, Brandon colored and entered it.

I can still see him at five painstakingly trying to stay within the lines as he colored yet another picture. "Wow Brandon, your picture looks great" commented my Dad (Brandon's Grandpa).

"I never win. They must not think I do a very good job" Brandon said.

"Sure they do", replied Grandpa Gene, "there are probably so many little boys that enter their pictures, the store just can't decide who should win."

The following day, off I went to turn in yet another Picasso (in my eyes at least) .

Imagine my surprise when I got a call from the manager of Red Apple informing me Brandon had won FIRST PLACE for his age group. Not only did Brandon get a blue first place ribbon, he didn't have to choose between the case of pop and the five gallon bucket of ice-cream. He got BOTH! Brandon's smile could have lit up Silverdale, he was so proud.

The following week I was having coffee with my mom. While I was admiring Brandon's winning picture proudly displayed on my refrigerator my Mom said, "Brandon didn't really win that contest. Your Dad felt so bad that Brandon works so hard and never wins, he went down to Red-Apple and arranged for the manager to call Brandon and tell him he won."

Grandpa not only arranged for the blue ribbon, he paid for the bucket of ice-cream and case of pop.

This happened twenty years ago and I still can't look at Brandon's picture without crying. My Dad died five years ago and not a day goes by that I don't think about how much I miss him.

We could always count on his love, encouragement, and support.