

*Father's Day*  
by Barbara Anderson

“Dad?” The term felt strange on Devin’s tongue.

Jacob looked startled, to be addressed in that way.

“Is it... okay...” Devin hesitated, “...to call you that?”

Flustered, Jacob tried to answer. “Ahem... Devin... *My Boy...*” (For that is exactly what he was.) “Of course... it’s... uhm... fine... It’s just that I’m not used to... I mean to say... that...”

*For pity’s sake, what in Heaven’s name is wrong with me?* Jacob wondered.

Devin chuckled softly, clapping his hand on his father’s shoulder. “It’s all right, Old Man, I know exactly what you mean. It’ll take some getting used to... eh?”