



Jeff and his girlfriend at the time, Katy

When Jeff was in his junior year at Georgia Tech, he called home one day: *Dad, I need to see you and Mom right away. I've got something to tell you. It's about Katy.* The somber tone in his voice indicated that whatever news he wanted to deliver, it wasn't going to be good. Curious and quite concerned, I tried to get him to tell me what he had to say while we were on the phone. When he wouldn't, the alarm bells really went off. I told Margene about the call, and she was worried, too. My first thought was, *Oh no, he got in a fight with her and hit her!* Margene had a different fear: *She's pregnant!* A half hour later, Jeff arrived home to deliver the news to his grim-faced parents. Margene and I braced for the worst when we all sat down in the living room. Jeff looked us in the eyes and said, *Mom and Dad, I've got some bad news. Katy and I just decided to break up. You guys are my best friends and I wanted you to be the first to know.* Never were two parents more relieved! Margene and I were also overwhelmed — and deeply honored — at what our youngest son said. We were never really sure if Jeff even loved us, much less that he considered us his best friends.