

The One Chance Foundation was inspired by my father, Ted Kingsbury, who brought so much love and joy into the lives of family. We still see your smiling face at our family gatherings and although we fill the room with love, there will always be an empty chair where we once had you. We miss you, dad!



Theodore C. Kingsbury 1941-2007

On September 14th, my dad went home to be with the Lord. At this very moment, he is free and whole and well, and for that I'm beyond happy. Donald and I prayed that my dad would find the peace to let go if that was God's will, His plan. My mom reports that in his final hours, my father never looked more peaceful. Praise our glorious God and Savior! Today, at this very moment, my dad has felt again the long-missed embrace from my brother, and grinned into the eyes of his father - both of whom loved Jesus very much.

Still, this side of heaven, he will be missed with every breath. Every concert or opening night, every sporting event or Christmas dinner. Every new book, all of which carry a part of him - my dear, sentimental father. If I squint into the lights - whether in a stadium or a theater - I'll still see him there, eyes glistening, a smile stretched across his face. The way I'll always see him.

My dad was a huge supporter of our family's adoption process. He loved Sean, Josh, and EJ the way he loved all his grandchildren. In fact, Josh's middle name is Theodore after my Dad. Since my father always taught me that we have one chance to write the story of our lives, I thought it only right to name this foundation after his sentiment.

Just before his heart attack, my dad told me, "Remember, Karen . . . will I dance for you Jesus, or fall upon my knees?" He grinned, his whole face full of joy. Then he gave a hearty shake of his head. "You gotta' dance!"

And so . . . tonight . . . he dances. Forever more, amen.

