



# **BUT WOULD YOU FIGHT WITH ME FOREVER?**

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*Lisa L. Kirchner*

MY DAD WAS THE ONLY DAD I KNEW who changed jobs with a near-annual frequency. Already we'd moved from eastern Pennsylvania to Michigan to Alabama to western Pennsylvania, where we now lived in a small town outside Pittsburgh. "We're living in a suburb," my emphatically urban mother despaired, "that has no sidewalks." Throughout all this upheaval, Dad remained an unflagging optimist. He'd backed losers Gerald Ford over Jimmy Carter, and then Bobby Riggs over Billy Jean King in the tennis "Battle of the Sexes." But when Dad lined us—my mother, sister and me—up on the green-striped woolen couch in our Murrysville living room to announce his latest move, we all thought he was nuts. He was ditching his corporate job to follow