

Zackary Monroe McCarthy

October 5, 1986 – March 24, 1999

Zackary Monroe McCarthy, born in the middle of the night - 18 days past due - on Sunday October 5, 1986, to share his Grandpa Monroe's 56th birthday. He began life on his own schedule and lived every minute the same way!

We should have recognized the signs of ADHD when at 5 months of age he could walk up and down the staircase. He went a million miles per hour - or the speed of a slug - those were the only two speeds he possessed. His speech was a bit difficult to understand during his preschool years because he talked so fast.

Zack's nickname was "Gus". I always called him "Zackary Aguston" and the "Gus" just stuck. He was a pale, toe headed baby who browned up like a biscuit in the sun. There are only a few baby pictures that do not have bumps, bruises, or a black eye; he was afraid of nothing and tried everything! We started taking him camping at less than one year of age, he loved everything about it - the water for swimming, boating and fishing, campfires, trails for hiking and biking, and having the extended family get together.

Zack was a hard worker and a salesman from the start. At the age of 4 he started coming to work with Scott & me at Scotty's Drive In and Pizzaland. He learned to cook, clean, and wait on customers. He was sort of a mini adult.

He and Holly, who is 2 years older, had a true sibling relationship - they either got on great or they were at each other – no "middle of the road". Mostly they were bickering about one thing or another.

Zack was finally diagnosed ADHD in second grade but fell into that 20% that are worse with medication than without it. He was difficult to deal with, for all of us, but we just kept working with him and for him and tried to change each of our behaviors to make dealing with him as easy as possible.

God blessed Zack with the bluest eyes. You could see the devil dance in them, but they were the eyes of an imp. They were often his saving grace - you couldn't look into them and stay upset for long. The shine in them along with his toothy grin could save himself from the worst of my anger.

There are only two reasons I can remember Zackary sitting still for more than a few minutes at a time. The first was when he would set up a chipmunk box/stick/string trap and wait for 45 minutes at a time to catch one [only to let it go] and the second was when his cousin Abbie was a newborn. He was 10 years old at the time and Abbie was to be "his" special baby. He could sit under that tiny baby for hours at a time. It was something of a miracle.

Zack played baseball, basketball, tennis, pool, golf, & soccer. He loved to hunt & fish. He did better with adults than with his peers so he spent a lot of time with Scott doing grownup stuff like working with the power tools in the wood shop & building the family room. He was difficult and loving, challenging and joyful, mischievous and fun loving. Zack was 12 when he died from autoerotic asphyxiation in his bedroom on March 24, 1999.

He is loved, he is missed, he is remembered.

