

Growing Up Without A Father

Tick, tick, time ticks by and still no call, letter or visit.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, and years go by. Was it all me? If I had done something different would he still be here, next to me? Telling me my curfew, that I cannot date till I'm sixteen or have sex until I'm thirty two.

I want rules to disobey. I want that life. It is a reality for most, but not for me. I remember the time we had everything going well and then instantly he stopped seeing me. He said that it was getting too hard for him, that he could not deal with it anymore. Then he drove away without hesitation.

I did not know what to think. Didn't he want me anymore?

This is what matters to me, growing up without a dad.

Over time it got easier but whenever I saw a picture or a memento it became hard again.

I believe the only thing that helped me through was my mum. She would always say that no matter how strong a person may be, something as brutal as a parent leaving can take a huge piece of the heart, a heart that will never completely be healed.

A little while after it happened, I would cry myself to sleep, thinking of what a mess I was. What were the reasons that he left? Was it because I wasn't smart enough, pretty enough, grateful enough?

Didn't he appreciate me enough to stay?

To be honest, after a couple of months when he didn't come back or fight for me, I started to believe that maybe I was better off without him. Then a year passed and I started to thank him for leaving. If he hadn't, I wouldn't have become stronger to deal with the pain of change, the change of life.

Now I don't think anything can stand in my way, nothing at all. My heart is broken and it will never completely be mended but that doesn't mean I can't try to move on.

Many individuals have asked me why I chose this topic and to be honest it seems like something that people should know about, people should know that some kids out there do not have two loving parents to go home to every night. Luckily for me the love of my mother is equal to the love of two amazing parents.

That is not something that you find every day.

In the end it turns out I do not need a father around as long as I have my caring, loving mother and my kind brother by my side. Tonight, tomorrow, forever I will be just fine.

No life is greater than spending it with the people that you love and cherish. Life goes on, love goes, and family goes on!

I'm happy that I have learnt to look at what I've got, not what I haven't. I'm going well in life: school is fun, and sport is great and my family is healthy and happy.

That makes me feel good inside. Count your blessing; you never know what you've got until one day you don't have it anymore.

Name Withheld