

Fatherless

By Braquel Jones

It all started out on December 23, 2002 in the evening. I was six years old sitting in my room watching Disney Channel on the TV, when I heard yelling.

I ran down the stairs and I saw my mom and dad fussing again. I covered my ears so I couldn't hear it, but it was no use I could still hear it.

The next thing I knew it got quiet, the arguing and the yelling stopped. All of a sudden I saw my dad rush up the stairs, go into their room, grab a big bag, and come out. Then he rushed out the door, and in a few minutes he was gone.

I ran down stairs to my mom who was now crying and asked, "Mommy, where's daddy going?"

"He's going away for a little while baby, don't worry," she said as her eyes welled up with tears. Then, she gave me a powerful embrace.

"Ok, good night mommy," I said sleepily hugging back.

"Good night baby I love you," she said wiping her eyes.

"I love you too" I went back up stairs and went to sleep.

I am now 15 years old, and it has been 9 years since I have heard or even spoken to my dad. It is the first day of summer, and I'm going to the mall with my two best friends Kayla and Jessie. I did my morning routine then went down stairs to find my mom sitting on the sofa.

"Bye mom," I said shouting from the front door.

"Bye Hope," she answered sleepily.

I started walking to the mall when I saw a black Range Rover pull up beside me. I looked closer to see Jessie in the car with her dad driving.

"I wish my dad could drive me to the mall," I thought.

"Want a ride?" yelled Jessie from the passenger seat.

"Sure," I said while getting into the car.

While we were driving, I kept thinking about Jessie and her dad, and how much fun they were having together. When we got to the mall, Kayla was already there waiting for us.

"Thanks Mr. John," I said slowly getting out of the car so I wouldn't fall.

"Yeah, thanks dad Bye love you," Jessie said meaningfully.

"Bye have fun," he said pulling off.

When we got inside the mall we went to a lot of stores, it was getting late so we had to leave.

"Bye" I shouted to Jessie and Kayla as they got into the car.

"Bye" they responded as they drove off.

It was about 5:00 so it was not that dark. Once I got home I was so tired. I opened the front door to find my mom on the phone.

"Good night," I whispered

"Good night," my mom replied softly.

Once I got to my room I took a nice long shower and then went to sleep.

Today was Sunday and I had to wake up and go to church with my mom. Once I got up and got dressed, I went down stairs to see what my mom was doing. She was in the living room watching Life Time as usual.

"Good morning mom," I said going into the kitchen grabbing an apple.

"Good morning" my mom said not taking her eyes off the TV.

"Hey mom what time are we going to church for?"

"9:00 so we might as well get going cause its 8:45 right now," she said getting up and grabbing her car keys.

I got up and went to the car. I had to wait because this lady took forever to lock the house and unlock the car. When she finally got the car open I got in and she started driving. The whole car ride was silent, not a peep came from me or my mom. I don't know why though. I guess we just don't have much to talk about.

Once we got to church they already had tons of people there, so me and my mom took a seat at the pew in the far back part of the church. The pastor started preaching, then had a moment of silence for everyone to pray. I really needed this time so prayed.

"Dear God, why is my family so torn and broken apart? Why did you chose me out of all people in this world to have a broken family? Why can't my family be complete like Kayla's and Jessie's family? Why do I have to have the jacked up family? Can you please give me a sign to why all this is happening to me please? Amen."

After I finished praying I looked up to see that everyone was finish praying except for me. The pastor was back to preaching and a while later church was over, and me and my mom went home.

The next day my mom told me to go run to the store for her and get some things. On my way to the store I was thinking about the prayers) had made in church yesterday. I thought to myself "Why did God have to make my family like this?"

As I was about enter the store I saw the back of a man's head that looked just like my dads, it was shiny and bald in the middle with hair all around it thought to myself, "Wow he must be really old or really stressed."

But it couldn't be, he probably already moved out of the state. So I just continued to walk into the store kind of eyeing the man, but it was a little strange for me so I just concentrated on getting the stuff my mom told me to get, so that I could go back home.

I was almost done getting the stuff I needed, but I couldn't find the bread, when I finally got to the bread aisle I saw the man that looked like my dad. Then the man turned around, and at that moment I knew it was him. I just had this feeling in my gut that was telling me that man was my father.

I dropped all the things that I had in my hands and started running towards him as fast as my legs would let me, when I got to him I gave him the biggest hug I have ever given. Then I noticed something, he wasn't hugging back.

"Why aren't you hugging me," I said still holding on to him.

"I don't even know who you are!" he said yelling

"Get off of me!" he said even louder trying to shake me off but I held on even tighter.

I didn't want to believe him but deep down inside of me something was telling me that he was telling the truth, and that he really didn't remember me. I slowly backed away.

"You have to remember me I'm your daughter Hope Hope Lewis," I said almost in tears.

"You have to believe me!" I said with tears running down my cheek now crying.

"I'm sorry but I don't know you now leave me alone and go back by your mom," he said frustrated, but I was not going to give up.

"My name is Hope Joy Lewis, I was born May 3, 1996." He walked away fully ignoring me but I followed him.

"You were there ... you have to remember!" I said fully crying now.

"I don't know let alone remember anything about a Hope Lewis, or the date of May 3, 1996, now leave me alone!" he yelled so loud the whole store could have heard him.

That's when I gave up, but I don't know why I just did. I couldn't think of anything else that would make him remember. I just looked at him a while in disbelief, then I ran as fast as I could out of the store, out of the parking lot, and all the way home.

Once I got home, I hurried up and opened the door. When I got it open, I ran all the way to my room without stopping. I heard my mom say something, but I didn't feel like talking to anyone. I opened my room door, slammed it shut, and cried my eyes out. I soon found myself drifting off to sleep.

I woke up the next morning feeling horrible. I couldn't even open my eyes I guess they were stuck from all the crying I did yesterday. I went to the bathroom washed my face, brushed my teeth, and took a shower.

I went down stairs to get some cereal. I got a big bowl of Captain Crunch, and went back up to my bedroom. I didn't have anyone to talk to about my problems, because nobody would understand. I couldn't even talk to my best friends about it, they wouldn't understand. I mean was so stupid thinking I could find my dad and gain a relationship with him after all these years.

He didn't even remember who I was. It's no use to try and keep trying to gain a relationship again. I give up ... Yes, me Hope Lewis is giving up on trying to get my dad back. Giving up is something I never do, but this time I am. I'll just have to move on in life, and get over it. I officially declare myself FATHERLESS.

