

BURIED MY DAD

As you all know I buried my father this year. It was a sad occasion as all funerals are and this sadness can be quite taxing on family members. The sadness I had was different, let me explain. It was to do with the fact that my father had only seen Pam and my four girls on three occasions over the past thirty odd years and they were by chance. I felt it was just my duty as the eldest son to bury him.

I had forgiven him, some forty years ago for all the beatings I received as a youngster, all the nights he came home drunk dragging me out of bed to inform him of the details of that afternoon chores, all times he beat Nola in a drunken rage.

Yet I sat there that January afternoon with my two half-brothers looking at the coffin thinking what it would have been like to have had a friend in that box and not just man lying there, a man who happened to be my father. I would have much preferred to have been burying a dear and close friend. A friend who I could have shared stories of growing up with, all the good times and bad. A friend who I could have missed dearly and told him that day I would now miss his company. But, that wasn't to be. I will say it again I felt it was just my duty as the eldest son to bury him.

Why have I been sharing this little rambling with you, you might ask. I came to terms with his passing this early morning sitting at the Thirlmere Lakes. That's the picture.

"He was a father just he didn't know it, he could have been a friend but he didn't earn it."

The names/titles are given, we must learn to be them (son, father, husband, uncle, and grandfather) but to be a friend we must earn that position. Friendship is not a title it's a hug that can dry a tear.

Kenneth AA

