

Daddy's Little Girl

I love my dad, but I did not grow up with him. My dad was not around full time when I was a child. He came around, but we never had a real father and daughter relationship until I became older. When I had time to think about my adolescent years, I realized that because I did not have my dad around me as a positive male figure, I made bad choices regarding relationships. Although I do not blame my dad for the challenges and trials that I have faced, I still believe that if I were around him more when I was growing up, things would have been different.

I inherited a lot from my dad though. He has a very strong character and he was definitely "eye candy" in his younger days. My dad is very handsome and very confident of himself. I admire his confidence, but I have often wondered if it is real or a cover up of what he really feels. People react differently to different things. I do not know much about my dad's childhood. I know he grew up in the country with many brothers and sisters, but I do not know what kind of person he was as a child. I would like to know if he was mischievous, smart, or quiet. I cannot imagine that he was quiet but I am soft spoken like my mom. If I had to describe this man whom I love so much with this strong stature, I would say that he has a good heart and that I truly believe that he loves me, but he missed out on a lot of valuable moments in my life because he was not there.

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God made me special and that is most important to me. Playing the blame game about why life is the way it is does not help anyone grow, but we must learn to grow from our pains and life experiences. I have found that speaking out my thoughts helps me to sort out my feelings about my dad and how I feel about myself. If you are in a similar situation, maybe it will help you. I do not write because it is entertaining, I write because I want the stories that I write about (that come straight from my heart) to reach out and help someone.

Over the years, I have come to realize that I am not a damsel in distress even though that is what the devil wanted me to be. I am a strong black woman (and that is not just a cliché). I am not second best, I am not the "outsider" that I was supposed to be, but instead, I am an insider and I belong to God. My past does not dictate my future. I had to repeat that to myself many times before I actually believed it. Where I come from does not dictate where I am going. My bad decisions do not outweigh the good things that God has in store for me. When I really started believing that, I began to find my purpose and exactly what it was that God wanted me to do with my life. First of all, He wanted me to forgive my past and move on. It is hard to let go of the past and what people may think, but it is so much easier to let God in and allow Him to take control of

all those broken relationships and horrid thoughts that have stemmed from the past and not having what we think we deserve. I have been an emotional train wreck for years and while it did not show in my every day living, it showed in the choices that I made. I decided not to be the product of a generational curse. I pray daily and talk to the Lord. He has assured me that I am good enough, I do deserve to be loved, and I am loved. When my dad could not be around, guess who was? God was, is, and always will be now and forever more.

It is a good thing to speak things out even though it may be difficult, but it is the first step towards true healing of our pasts, our hurts, and our pains. Learning to forgive is the next step. Moving forward and applying God's Word to our every day living is the ultimate step!

Until next time...

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When I was little, my mommy read to me and tucked me in
When I woke up every morning, she would sing to me and grin
"Wake up sleepy head... you know what you promised
when you first laid down"
Oh how I wish there was another voice that sang along side of her
"Wake up sleepy head... I am here now and I will always be around"
That voice wasn't there physically, but it was there in my heart
I was always daddy's little girl right from the very start

*A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His Holy habitation.
Psalms 68:5*