Narrative

My father was always known as the “black sheep” of his family. Because my father was the youngest, he seemed to always be in trouble. My mother told me stories of how my grandma would tell her that she was too busy to babysit my brother and I so she could go to work. So my mother had to rely on friends to watch us so she would be able to work. She was still on maternity leave when my father was in his accident.

When I was 2 years old, my father was in a motorcycle accident and was rushed to the hospital. While he was in the hospital, my mom’s friends took care of my sister and I because we were not allowed to go into the hospital. He was in a coma for a few days then he passed away.

My mother’s life changed in an instant and she had my brother, who was 7, my sister who was a newborn, and myself to take care of. My mother would tell me when I would go to bed my dad would always come into my bedroom and give me a kiss and I would lay down in my crib and go to sleep. When he did not come home the first night, she told me that I was bouncing up and down in my crib crying “daddy, daddy, I want my daddy”. Of course, I did not understand what had happened to him. This was a very hard time for my mother. My father’s family was not very supportive of my mother and did not help financially or with any of the household duties.

I often wonder how my life would have been different had my father not passed away. Where would I be living? Would I have any children? Would my mother and father still be married? I will never know the answers to these questions, but I am forever grateful for my mother, sister, and brother.