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LOVE OF A FATHER

I recently heard, truly listened to, and paid absolute attention to, Luther Vandross's song, "To Dance With My Father Again". I've heard the song numerous times in the past, acknowledging the beauty of the lyrics. Hearing the love, devotion and bond within these words that Luther and his father shared between them. But, until this last time, I never really paid attention and/or truly absorbed the meaning behind what he(Luther) was simplistically expressing to the world....How very much in love with his father he was, and that is a beautiful thing.

Luther, simply adored his father, and he missed that bond that binded them, even in death as it did in life. I recognize those unconditional feelings of love, however, mine was with my mother. That I get, feel and understand-the love of a mother for her child and vice versa.

Sept. 21st, of this year will be 18 years since my mother passed away and I swear not a day, not oneday, in these paeed 18 years I have not prayed for "One last dance with her, one last touch, smell of her, kiss, conversation-something, anything!" The pain of her lost hits me every now and then like a sharp never ending pain and it can be unbearable.

Luther Vandross, passed away a few years back, so he has danced with his father again, at least I hope so. Nevertheless, what he was expressing with his lyrics is that the memories, those beautiful memories we're blessed to always have of our parents can never be forgotten, erased or misplaced. Those memeories guide and bind us to each other in life as well as in death.

Moreover, what this blog is about is the "Love of A father." What I recognized in myself as the lyrics hit me was how deeply jealous I was, not so much, of Luther's relationship with his father, that is very commendable. Especially, as an african american male. No I was jealous and deeply saddened that I did not share such a relationship with my father. How is it that most men understand their repsonsibility and their role as father, and some men don't have a clue? For me, my father was a "Rolling Stone", wherever, he laid his hat was his home.

I have 7 sibling, 4 girls and 3 boys, by several different women. Not even making it a mandatory thing that all his children grow up together. My sibling grew up in St. Louis, Mo.,

where I was born, and I in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. With no father figure, nor brothers and sisters, all by myself. Learning the streets' version of what manhood was! My mother was the youngest female he planted his seed in, at 16 years old, at the time my father was 24 years old. So out of 8 children I am the youngest, or am I? I have not seen nor talked to my siblings in over 30 years, so there might be a whole nother litter I know nothing about out there. I, however, honestly believe that had my grandmother lived I would have been born many years later. But with a totally different outcome, hopefully, with the same mother, and a true and responsible man as my father. A father that I could have adored, danced with and loved and respected unconditionally.

I sincerely believe that the murder of my maternal grandmother greatly affected my mother and it left her vulnerable to a man unworthy of her love or affection.

What makes some men excellent fathers and some not so, and should never be allowed to breed? I knew at a young age that I would never have children out of wedlock, all my children would be by one woman, my wife. You can't have children here and there, how can you raise children scattered all over like garbage blowing in the wind. The mother of my children would not just bare my children, but she would be my equal, lover, friend and companion and most importantly she would be my wife.

I knew exactly what I wanted, needed and desired in my mate, a friend, someone that I could share my most intimates with. A woman that would never betray my loyalty or trust-my lost rib! I wanted to be a kind, loving and responsible father, everything that my father was not. Unfortunately, I did not meet that woman in time, I was 23 years old when I got incarcerated. I am now 40 years old and I may never be blessed with seeds of my own. My legacy and bloodline will die with me, there is nobody to blame but myself. I will however, hold judgment until God has the last say.

And I sincerely love my father, even though I haven't seen him in many years. It is my hope that he did his best with what he knew about what a man truly is. Maybe that was all the knowledge he had?

Men: Don't have babies, unless, you're truly, honestly and sincerely ready to step up to the plate, and be a true man, a responsible man and a loving father. Too many babies are being born without the proper love, guidance, support and loyalty needed to ensure a proper upbringing so that they will have the opportunity to grow into meaningful adults.

Sons need their father's to learn what a man is and how to become a positive one, a responsible one, a respectful one, a honest one, a loyal one-and most importantly, how to treat, love and

respect a woman-all women.

Daughters are guided early in life by the men in her life, without the proper male figure, rolemodel, to guide and nurture her, and show her the do's and don'ts she will fall victim to all the predators wanting for strays to come their way. Teach them, that just because a boy/man says, "I love you," doesn't make it so. A man can teach his daughter that sex should never be something to just do, it is the most intimate possession a woman has, to lose that foolishly will be a mistake she can never take back, it will be as much a part of her as a arm or leg. Sex is not the foundation of the relationship, it is the calm after the storm. Something to be enjoyed and appreciated.

The love of a father is the most pivotal aspect of both a son's and/or daughter's upbringing. Don't get me wrong women hold it down, and they do it all, no doubt. I was raised by a strong, kind and loving woman. My faults and flaws are my responsibility alone to bare. But it is my belief that with a strong man at her side helping to raise a man child, there's no telling where life could have taken us, all together as one **Unit**. Or so, my fantasy goes!!!!

Anyways, this blog is not to put my father on blast. He was what he was and it is what it is. This blog like all my other blogs is for myself. It is an intimate conversation that I share with you all, and to know that my voice can never be silenced again-HEAR ME ROAR! And, also, hopefully we all can learn, share and grow together and be and /or become better human beings.

This blog is also to those fathers that honestly get it!...Thank you! Thank you, for being real men and for knowing how important your role is in your children lives. It is, also, to those men that are lost, have no clue what responsibility is....Wake up! The decisions you make or don't make concerning your seed(s) will/can have a major impact on the life of your children. Men, don't just see sex, you have to be able to recognize the possibility that you may produce a babies, you have to be able to see the future, as well.

AND WOMEN: You too, even more than a man must be ever so vigilant and responsible, because usually the responsibility for raising that child lies with you. Be cautious whom you allow into your "WOMB", it is your most precious and most sacred of treasures. You have to make sure that a man is truly worthy of that gift. A man will tell you whatever he thinks will get him the "COOKIE". So know the difference between making love and sex-a committment!

Sincerely,

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