

FATHERS DAY

6-18-13

Fathers Day had passed. Congratulations to all the fathers who seen to it that their children grow up properly. Kudos to those that stick through it, the good, bad and ugly.

As this day passed I couldn't help but think of my dad. Whos own existence made my existence. Whos genes were passed on to me. Blood-line who goes far back I don't know or where.

Our relationship wasn't the best, hell there wasn't one to begin with. Most birthdays except one was he present. I didn't grow up watching him shave, trying to mimick his gestures. I didn't watch my father work on the car, besides him with my plastic tools ~~being~~ thinking being a grease monkey was the most manliest thing to do. I didn't watch my father kiss my mom, show her affection, love and devotion. And for that I didn't see how to treat a woman. I never seeing my father read the newspaper. We never threw a baseball, football or anything around.

I never had my father talk to me about girls. How to be a gentleman and treat women with respect. I never had my father talk to me about honesty and how to keep my word. I never had my father talk to me about defending my self and how to defend those that can't defend themselves. I never had my father talk to me about life's ups and downs, joys and misery's, about what's the meaning of life. I never had my father talk to me about being a father myself. About having children of my own and what to expect.

Javier Maldonado Villado was my fathers name. He was born in Chihuahua, Mexico in the year 1950. Javier Villado died in the year 1991. His fourth son, me, Bobby Edward Villado was born March 25, 1990. I was one year old when my father died. You see... I never did have my father. I have no way of knowing if I would've done any of the things mentioned above with my father. Fathers day isn't a sorrow day for me but a day where I can ponder the thought that without my father I wouldn't be here. HAPPY FATHERS DAY Dad.