

My Parents

This won't be very long. I've avoided this blog for most of 2016 for a few reasons, but one big reason has been that in April this year, my dad died. He'd been doing poorly for a long time, but since my mom died a few years ago, he really went south, physically and mentally. I didn't have this blog when I lost Mom in 2012, but I may not have used it to help mourn even if I had. I sure haven't used it to talk about Dad. But I want to. The thing is, it's hard to write about anything else when you know you should be addressing the most important things. I have so, so much to say about Dad, and his life, and his death, and our relationship... same for Mom too, so many things I want to write about both of them. To both of them. And maybe I will. Eventually. It's hard; it drains me, emotionally. Mom died in 2012, and just this year, a few months ago, I could finally look — really look — at the pictures I have of her. Before this, I just set them aside to wait. But I'm very glad I have them. Her letters to me, too. Those I still haven't re-read — I can't, yet — but it's reassuring to know they're there when I want to. Dad almost never wrote anything to me, though I begged him to break his "never-put-it-in-writing" rule for the last six years or so, especially the past 2 or 3. Dad did send me birthday cards after Mom died, though, and I keep those out where I can see them. It's obvious he put real thought into his selections each year, though he always denied it, and they make me smile and cry at the same time. I keep the last card Mom sent me out, too. This year was the first time in my life I didn't hear from Mom or Dad in a card. It's... hard.

Anyway, here's a photo of me and Dad together, the first of us in 8 years, and the last one there will ever be. I guess we took it just in time. I wish there was one with Mom, too. ☹

Me & Dad
Nov. 2015
Mule Creek Prison

