

Name: Summer Rae

Country: USA

Organization: NA

Solution: NA

I'M MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER

I always hear "you have the mind of a man". I've come to the conclusion I do have the mind of a man, the mind of my father.

First, to understand me - you need to understand him. He's a hard headed, hot headed asshole. He doesn't take no for an answer. He refuses to listen to authority. It is his way or the high way. He is a natural leader. He is incredibly intelligent and a hard worker. He does his own thing and doesn't care for what other people think. At the end of the day as long as he's happy, all is good.

Up until I was 16 years old, my father was a raging, abusive alcoholic. That disease almost cost him his job, his family and his life.

I remember nights he would come home smelling like a smoky bar. Drunk. Shit faced even. A fight would inevitably ensue and he would beat my mother in front of his children. I remember flying plates, my mother being beaten, screaming, my younger brothers crying and I would always step into the fight and try to break it up. I may have been as young as 5.

Even after all the abuse and torture my eyes, ears, heart and brain have endured - I loved my father. I always looked up to him. See, as a child - you don't understand alcoholism. You don't understand 'why' he's beating mommy. You don't understand why Daddy is so awesome during the day and why after work he comes home and he's mean to Mommy. When my father wasn't drunk he was a great man, and even as a child I knew he was a good man. Mommy stayed with him anyways, so I just always thought all that garbage was okay.

I always hid this 'family secret' from everyone at school. I didn't want anyone knowing my Dad had the capability of being mean. I feel at times I may even have protected him. He was a man child up until the age of 40.

After he almost lost everything - he decided to become sober. He did the whole meeting thing and became a sober man. I was 16 as I watched all this happen. Because of my father I know it is possible for people to change. He was a good man with a bad disease. What he did was wrong and I

don't deny that for a moment, but everyone has their demons and some are just more evil than others. My mother stood by her man and because she did, she saved his life.

My mind is wired the way it is because of my father. I've always heard that I'm a carbon-copy of him. My gestures and mannerisms, how I talk and the things I say. My favoritism for curse words over anything. I even look like him, in my opinion.

I look up to the man. He's my hero. Aside from the fact he runs into burning buildings to save lives, he's a great person. He's a great person in my eyes. He stands up for his family and his loved ones. He's an excellent provider. He does what needs to be done and you will never ONCE hear him complain.

I can't help the way I am. Yeah, I don't give a shit what anyone thinks of me. Yeah, I swear a lot to express how I feel. Yeah, I'm impatient, rude and demanding. Yeah, I set my goals high and always achieve them. Yeah, I'm just like my father.

Mom and I went out today and ran some errands and on two separate occasions she said I reminded her of my father. The first time we were in the car and I was thinking about something dirty and naughty and this devilish grin came over my face. Mind you, I forgot she was in the car with me. She screams "SUMMER RAE!" and gives me the eye. Mind you, once again, I'm shocked out my gourd cause I have no idea what the shouting was for. "You get those thoughts out of your mind this minute!" she demanded. Still shocked, I ask her what the fuck she's talking about and she goes "...that's the look your father has before he tries getting some!" and I just busted out laughing.

The second time we were leaving a store and some straight up OG's are hopping in their 98 Excursion on 26" rims. It looked so hood I wanted to drop a beat and see if they starting spitting some fire. So, what else would you expect me to do? I threw up some white girl gang signs out the window and shouted "PEACE TO MY CRIPS AND MY BLOODS" --- she smacked my hands and demanded I rolled up my window. "I feel like I'm out in public with your father, GET A GRIP!" Of course I laughed my ass off.

I get my whole - "Life is short, enjoy it while you can" mentality from him. The whole hard ass attitude comes from him. The grey eyes and huge teeth are also his. I love the person I am and I am grateful everyday that he is my father. Yeah, he put me through hell for 16 years of my life, but at the same time he was the greatest role model I've ever had to look up to. I could have ended up sweet and innocent like my mom. I could have been a 'good girl' - but I always learned that good isn't much fun and living is supposed to be fast and wild.

I'm happy with the person I've become. I'm happy I'm my father's daughter.

Source: <http://wordsandthoughts.xanga.com/730331687/im-my-fathers-daughter/>