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**Country: USA**

**Organization: NA**

**Solution: NA**

## **Family**

We laid on her sofa and talked about family.

I told her about my abnormal family tree – about the biological father I never knew, about a man's face that I can't remember, and about my disinterest in ever knowing about the history of the man who contributed to half of me.

She was vocal about her concerns regarding my sense of a family. She asked herself how she could entertain being with a man that had no interest in knowing his father, about one day meeting half-brothers and sisters, people that shared DNA with him. How could he not even be curious? What if this reflected the perception of what his future family would be like? And how could she want to be a part of this?

Well I have some questions for her too.

Does she know what it feels like to only remember a father by how bloody his beatings were? Does she know how it feels to try to visualize the man that shares half of your DNA, to only see a tall man with a blur in front of his face because you were too young to remember what he looks like? Does she know that the only vivid memory I have of my "father" is of him holding a noose in front of my crying mother, threatening to kill her when he thought that no one was watching? Yeah, I woke up early for kindergarten that morning, and I didn't know that's what I'd see when I peeked my head into the living

room.

So if I lose points for not wanting to ever know that man, then that's a deduction I will gladly take. He is a stranger to me, a stranger that made no attempt to contact his children since the day we left. Twenty-two years. Not one phone call.

But don't discount my sense of family. Family is important to me. Just because it doesn't mimic the same family structure as yours doesn't deem it any less significant. I have brothers and sisters that share no blood with me. They may not have grown up in the same household or even the same city, but they have loved me, understood me, cared for me the way your brothers and sisters have. And whether the man that raised me was my father or not, he treated me like his son, something my real father never could, never tried to.

That's what family means to me. That's who I'm curious to know, to learn about, to continue to re-learn about.

These are the people I will stand by unconditionally. They are my family, whether the blood work says so or not.

Source: <http://daniel--n.xanga.com/>

