

Tribute to My Father

By Julia Beckford

May 15, 2010

My father was a magnificent man who never ever let me down. He always did his best to provide for me, even if it meant he had to go out of his way. Not only did he make personal sacrifices for me, but also his friends and family. He loved me more than I will ever know and I thank God for putting him in my life. He was a devoted Christian who always put God first. Every Sunday morning I would wake up to him reviewing his Sunday school lesson and going through personal bible readings. Also every Friday and Saturday night my dad would routinely tune into the Gaither Vocal Band for their weekly episode -- rerun or not.

I will always remember how my dad used to tuck me in at night and kiss me on the forehead at night. I remember asking him to tell me stories and every time he would tell me the same ones about Bro. Anancy and the cherry bird island or Bro. Anancy and the King's Three Daughters. However, my nightly tuck-ins never got old even up to my eighteenth year.

In terms of food, I am sure most of you have had a chance to taste the wonders my dad would make. My favourite memories would be on Saturday mornings coming downstairs to ackee and saltfish with dumplin and Milo or Richmond valley on a good day, or pancakes and bacon which is still alright in my books. Whenever my friends and I would have a get together my dad would always bake his famous black forest cake or cupcakes when he was lazy. The black forest cake was his specialty because at every Christmas I would hear "Hey Jules, where's yours dad's chocolate cake?" and I would reply "In the fridge or on the table, as usual."

As I got older I began to do things for myself and make my own decisions. I finished high school and moved onto post secondary education which just happened to be out of town; way out of town. This physical distance between my father and I made me even closer to him and then I truly began to see that I was daddy's little girl. The hardest part about me going away to school was every time my dad would drop me off at the VIA rail train station he would cry. He always was looking out for me. When I would be studying and had nothing to eat, he would give me his Swiss chalet gift card number so I could order something for myself. Daddy and mommy would always take the time to plan out certain things he knows I would like to eat and cook them so that when I'm ready to go back again I would have precooked meals to take off the stress during the school week.

At the moment I am still at school pursuing my education which I know would have made him proud. A few days before daddy passed we were at the hospital waiting to see a doctor and he looked me in the eye and said "Jules, you will be such a wonderful nurse" and that still means a lot to me. My dad would always tell me he loved me so much that he would never ever let me go, but at this time he has left me and I know he is in a better place. He treated me like a princess my whole entire life and I thank him for that. He showed me and taught me things I know I would have never learned on my own. It doesn't matter how old I get I will always love my daddy and he will always be in my heart.

My ten best memories of my dad that I can share with you are (they are not in order):

1. Sunday dinner.
2. Sound of Music EVERY Christmas eve.
3. Going to Harvey's when I would get half days from school.

4. Driving me to school even if it meant hauling him out of the house during the blistering snow because I missed the bus.
5. Watching television reruns of Fresh Prince of Bel Air, and the Cosby Show,
6. Singing a song that was totally separate than the song that was playing on the radio.
7. Dancing with me in the kitchen.
8. Sneaking myself into the middle of the bed before mommy and daddy settled down.
9. Slowly crawling into my parent's room on my hands and knees when I was in dire need of parental medical attention.
10. Running to daddy in panic when I saw a spider or insect on the wall in my room.

When I think about my father, sometimes I can't even. I cannot cry because all the memories of my daddy are good ones. We had such good times together and every time I think about him it just makes me smile. I've lived my whole life telling my dad I love him, and even though he has passed on I still do love him. To this day I have no regrets about the relationship my father and I had.

One thing I have learned since the death of my father is to live a good life. Live a loving life with one another. If you feel in your heart you love somebody, tell them. If you are having conflict with someone, solve it because the worse thing you can do is go through life living in malice.

Daddy's little girl forever, forever in my heart dad; I love you.