

My dad was wealthy. My grandfather was wealthy. My Great grandfather was wealthy. Every generation made sure the wealth was passed down to the next generation because they had a need to make sure their offspring could live in safety and security. Well that all ended with my dad. He had no interest in passing down the wealth that was so generously and securely passed down to him. As a result of not taking any precautions to ensure his offspring were left safe and secure we were left to the wolves who wasted no time in shredding the fortune he had and taking every dime until there was nothing left. Basically, a family fortune that lasted many generations was gone within a very short time after dad died for no reason other than dear old dad did not give a crap. After all it is easy to write a will, yet too inconvenient for him. You are probably thinking, if a father dies the court automatically would get involved to make sure the minor children inherit what is left. True but that assumes the dad acted as if he did give a shit for the years prior. You would also assume the mother of the minors would give a shit. Both assumptions are wrong. History has a way of washing away the bitterness and leaving the bare truth. That was my revelation. Not the revelation of the misfortune but the revelation that what I had heard was the absolute truth. The truth that maybe the generations before me may not have realized, or they did realize it but I never got a chance to talk to any of them. The revelation is I have only one father who has stuck by me and that is God above. My dad never treated me like the way I want to treat my children with love, hugs, advice, cry when they dry, laugh when they laugh, be hay when they are happy, be sad when they are sad. Of course, the whole time being a rock to lean on, the strength they need for someone to solve their problems they get into or the tell them things are not so bad when they seem that way. I never had that. My mother or father never said I love you, hugs were pushed away. The compassion I got was equal to the compassion we all would show anyone even a stranger if it was obvious they were in distress. But unlike a family we would move on from the stranger, our compassion is limited with strangers. Same with my parents. Compassion turned to comparison of others outside the family. Joy was describing others success outside the family.

My revelation came to me like a reverse waterfall. At the bottom of the water fall where the water crashes down on the rocks was the focus for years of my anger. It was my mother's boyfriend who, by the way had a family fortune handed down to him. She hooked up with him when I was above 6 years old, a year or so after the parent's divorce. Why did they get divorced? Simple mix an abused child with a spoiled brat and you get a failed marriage waiting to happen. Back to the waterfall. Mother's boyfriend had his own two children who he adored and showered with the wealth given to him. Mother did everything she could to him on top and followed the rules of her divorce custody settlement. Either she did not get any alimony (which makes sense for a number of reasons) or she was shaving child support in a stash of cash. I say this because normally when there is a divorce from a wealthy man the mother gets child support equal to the level of income they grew up with. Yet that was not the case. My clothes and shoes where the hand me downs from my older brother. At the same time, we had a maid to clean the house and it was weird to see maid wash and fold clothes that were worn out or making beds that were falling apart with sheets that had holes in them. That is when I first thought something is not right. Not only that we had a brand-new station wagon every year. As I said she followed the rules. But the rules had nothing about putting her devotion to her boyfriend, above her own children at the same time putting his children above her own in order to keep her boyfriend happy. Meanwhile her boyfriend harboring extreme animosity towards her children because they were in the way of his family completeness with a new significant other. Not only that but what also fueled his animosity was the fact that in order to follow the rules of the divorce to keep getting the child support payments to shave from she had to divide her time from her devotion to her boyfriend to taking the minimal care of her own

children. By the way did not include encouraging her children to do anything other than sweep the floor, do the dishes. Even though the maid was there to do these chores she had little to do other than dust the junk collection displayed on stained wood planks supported by clay pipes up against the wall which by the way accumulated filth. He maid also fluffed the pillows on a beat-up sofa that had seen better days back during the first days of the marriage. Strange sight to see the maid cleaning a dump. Again, back to the waterfall. My childhood consisted of watching mother's boyfriend shower is devotion to his children with the wealth his family bestowed onto him all the while living in, and taking over the house my dad had bought for his minor children to live in. The boyfriend would come home with his children with new clothes while I would wait for my older brother to grow out of his shoes or shirts so I could have them. When I turned 16 so did the boyfriend's daughter. That is when things were noticeably not adding up and the BS stories started. Because it was at this time the boyfriend really began showering his children with his wealth; the whole-time mother and him covering up the truth that he had devotion for his children. Much later in life realizing dad had none for his. It started when the boyfriend's daughter came home from school with a brand-new car, my older siblings had nothing to drive. Then a few months later another new car for pseudo step sister. During this time PSS had a job at the local diner for a few months. When I asked her how she afforded a new car every year her answer and mothers answer was that she worked at the diner saving her tips. Then shortly after that PSS got a job as a stock broker trainee then very soon lost a great deal of a client's money in the stock market and the company let her go. At the same time, she got a new car and a cruise around the world. What? By now PSS had no answers for me and mother said the new car and trip were severance pay.

It was at this time the bottom of the waterfall hatred was nurtured in to bloom. I resented the boyfriend and the PSS for years after that without knowing why until after the man appeared. After he appeared I realized I resented my PSS having a devoted father, having the sharing caring, interest that other parents show their children. The man showed me it is not their fault, they are only doing what is right. Yes, the boy friend was a shit to dad's children and took advantage of the shavings mother stashed but that is only natural for someone to take advantage of an opportunity to benefit his family and children, which was the situation. So my anger turned from them to my mother, the part of the waterfall where the water is falling out of control, who I saw as abandoning us, stealing from us to do whatever it took to secure her future and make her boyfriend happy. Then with the help of insight and the man I realized mother is also only a human that will take advantage of a situation if presented. I realized the part of the water fall where the water is allowed to flow over the cliff to uncertainty was my dad. Yes, it was dad who did not care to see if his minors had new clothes, if his minors were not being abused, to make sure his minors received the needs, the gifts, the possessions anyone of wealth who gives a shit will bestow to their heirs. It was dad to let the water flow off the cliff down aimlessly to crash and disperse at random on the rocks below. It was dad that abandoned his minors to the wolves. It was dad who made no effort his minors were safe, secure. When dad died I was 14 and the course of events that led to the shredding and devouring of the generation's wealth was his doing.

The day after dad dies the boyfriend moved in to the house dad bought for his children. Right there you would think at least he did something for his children. You would be wrong. Dad made no effort to ensure the home would actually benefit his minor children so naturally as a course taken by wolves and thieves who are allowed to devour and steal the house was no longer for the children but for strangers. So why go on and on about the past? It is because it is all about the man who appeared. After all this time and insight I have realized only there has been only one who has advised me, comforted me, given

me wealth, given me not always what I want but always what I need. The true definition of a devoted father has been and always has been God above. Before I heard it and believed it but today deep comfort fills me what I acknowledged it.