

My father essay sample

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Everyone has that one person in his or her life who means the world to them, someone they cannot see their life without; to me, that special person would be my father. My name is Joanna Colon; I have two small children, ages four & seven, and a fiancé who I have been with for the past 5 years. We currently live in Pennsylvania but we are originally from New Jersey; oh, how I miss it sometimes. Back in New Jersey, I have five sisters and four brothers, who still live there, along with my father. In Pennsylvania it is just me, one of my older sisters and my mother, you can see why I miss my hometown. When I lived in New Jersey, I did not have that sister/sister bond that most people thought I did; I was the youngest and always left out. Situations like this made me turn to my father; I could count on him for anything.

He was there for me when I graduated grade school, when I got pregnant at the age of 17 with my first child, and when I started my first job. I always thought to myself, “ I feel so stupid; my father is taking care of me while I’m taking care of my own child.” My father never told me this, but this is how I thought. I would hate to ask him for anything, or even be in his way; he never made me feel like I was a disturbance, I just assumed that. As time went by, my father was still there. He helped me land my first job; while I worked, he would take my son to daycare and back home when I was out. He would cook dinner before I got there, he would assist me with getting things that were needed for my son, or me, and he even allowed me to live rent-free so that I was able to save for an emergency. He never asked for anything in return, and I never took that for granted.

My father is 78 years old, he will be 79 in August 2014, but anyone who sees him, would see a very healthy mobile man, although he is sick in the inside.

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He has Asthma, Diabetes (not sure on the type), High Blood Pressure, has suffered 2 mini strokes, takes insulin every day since I was a little girl, and has to carry around with either an Advair pump or Ventolin pump every day. I worry about him. I feel that I should have never moved, or at least taken him with me, but he is a stubborn old man, he would not come. I find myself many times wondering, where would I have been if it wasn't for him? My mother never paid mind to me, not even now that we live next door to each other, and my sisters, well, there has just never been a close bond.

With my father only getting older and feeling less himself than he would like to feel, I find myself thinking about the next chapter. I know that I should not think negative, but this is the only person who has been in my life non-stop and the only person, aside from my fiancé now, who has been through it all with me. I am who I am because my father raised me after he split from my mother, he made me the woman/mother I am today, how do I repay that? I would never forget the role my father played in my life and how great of a man he was, especially to raise a female alone; I give him many props for that. He wasn't/isn't just my father; he is my friend, my mentor, and my kid's grandfather. He is the only true person I can count on and the only person who holds a great piece of my heart.