

A beautiful  
relationship of father  
and daughter



**ASSIGN  
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Keh Keh Mr. Aaron Smith 10532-040 February, 25, 2012 Father and Daughter In this essay I am going to talk about father and daughter relationships. Father and daughter share a unique relationship. The father's relationship with his daughter may develop into a sincere friendship. A father can be a good teacher to his daughter. They share a meaningful relationship with one another, such as, love, hate, help, joy, peace, happy and sad. The one that I am going to talk about in my essay is my father and me.

I will mention the details of my relationship with my father, the struggles we went through together, and the ways our relationship grew. When I was a child, I did not obey any of my father's rules, and at this point of my life, I regret doing so. My father had many great and meaningful sayings, and he always gave the best advice for me. He was an amazing and powerful teacher for me and for all of my family members. He used to announce a family meeting every week. On every Friday evening, my family members and I would gather around in a circle and listen to what my father had to say for that evening.

For example, one Friday night he asked us what problems or issues we were having at school, he helped us by giving advice on that topic. However, my father and I did not always have the easiest father and daughter relationship. As I mentioned before, he always tried his best to advise me; however, I never took what he had to say to me very seriously. Every time I made a mistake, he would come inside my room, and he would look me in the eye and remind me of my mistakes and consequences. When I was eight years old, my father sent me to school, and I had a fight with my father that day.

I told him, " Education is not important to me, and I do not want to learn. "

He did not say anything to me; he went back to the house, and he called on my mother for help. If my father was not able to control my behaviors, he made sure to call my mother for help. My father said to me, " I called your mother, and it is her turn to try to help you. " And he went to the back side of the house to fix the house and feed the animals. I was forced to listen to my mother, because she would slap me if I disobeyed her in any way.

However, I did not like my mother's way of eaching, since she did it constantly and it caused me pain. The years passed by, and about two years ago, I received bad news. I lost my father and I didn't know how that happened or why. Then, I found out that he was not sick and that he did not die. He was healthy and very much alive. The last time I saw my father on December, 25th at the early morning about 5: 30; he was talking to my mother with a worried face and he was walking back and forth. He said, " Take care of your children; I am going to leave you and your children.

I don't know what will happen with me next after I leave, and don't worry; just take care of yourself and your children. I have to go now. " After my father left in a few minutes our Burmese army showed up and asked about my father. We had no idea where he had gone; he just left the house walking on the streets, and he was heavily heartbroken. He did not tell my mother where he went because he did not have time; he had to hurry up and leave. When we looked outside the house there were many of our Burmese army surrounding our house and searching for my father.

They kept asking my mother about my father, and she did not want to tell the army where my father was. She did not exactly know where my father

was, so she did not say anything. The army then turned to me with the same questions they asked my mom. I did not want to tell them where my father was, and I did not know where he went, so I did not say anything like my mother did. They slapped us with all their power, and we fell on the ground, and we were bleeding and they left us. My father left about one year later. I suffered with my mother because I had to live with my mother and she is not like my father.

My father can help me with everything that I need, such as if I need money, with my homework, and my life issues. My mother made me work for my money. I had to cook food for dinner or clean my home or feed the animals and so many other jobs. I lived with my mother and we could not afford much, so every day we had to work very hard to get money. Life was so hard after my father had left me and my mother. I learned lessons for working hard and paying attention. Every time I went through hard times and struggles, I remembered everything that my father taught me about hard work.

I learned if I did not obey the rules or the lessons that an adult taught me, I will not succeed. I learned the same concept that my father taught me about working for him and working for other people. Sometimes I sit down and I think about the past and what he had taught me regarding many lessons of life, and I never paid attention at all to him. I feel so sorry for my dad, and for having a bad attitude towards him. Now I know for a fact that I would appreciate having family meetings every Friday. Two years later my father was still gone and nobody was able to find him.

We never found out if he was still alive or dead. My whole family was worried about him. We tried to find him by searching for him two years. I was worried, I missed him, I felt so sorry for him. I regret not loving my father enough and disrespecting him at times. I now know that it is too late to show him and prove to him my love. Now I still remember my father, and I keep all the things he has taught me when I was young, that the education is very important and I told him that it was not important. Seeking an education has taken up so much of my time, and it has become my whole life.

I am the first generation in my family to go to a University and this is because of my relationship with my father. My father had given me a good lessons and I had learned a good lesson from him. Good relationships between each individual can build other good personal relationship, and also a good future. The thing that I have disagreed with my father now has become an opposite and gave me very valuable things. What I mean by saying things is working hard, respecting other people, trying the best I can do and never giving up, getting more education, and becoming something in my future. My father taught me all this.