

5-1-2012

My Father

Kathy Grisby

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

Grisby, Kathy (2012) "My Father," *Forces*: Vol. 2012 , Article 11.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2012/iss1/11>

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

**THE FORBIDDEN PATH** FAIZAH

My Father

KATHY GRISBY

When I was a child I lived on a farm. I grew up with seven sisters and two brothers. There was always something to do, or to get into. Our house had three bedrooms, one bathroom, a living room and a big kitchen. We had all kinds of trees surrounding our house. There were apricot trees, peach trees, plum trees and pine trees. In the spring when all the trees were blooming, it smelled like several different kinds of perfume.

Although the spring and summer were beautiful, winter was horrible. When it snowed, the dirt roads would become impassable. As nightfall came, the melted snow turned to ice; most winter days the school bus did not run. The one station wagon we had would not start: therefore, we had to miss school. The only good thing about snow was mama's homemade ice cream. She would make it from snow, evaporated milk, sugar, and vanilla extract. To us, it was better than store bought ice cream.

I remember one year it snowed for three days straight. The snow was about two feet deep. We had no way of getting to town to buy food, and we didn't have a phone to call anyone, even if we did, there was no way anyone could get through the

Walking Softly

DAVID KNAPE

When walking
the woods
all the hardness
comes off
there are no
straight lines or
sharp edges
only ovals and
rounded shapes
the curl of leaves
round trunks of trees
the smoothness of
rain washed rocks
the softness of sands
the curve of a creek
a gentleness of light
filtered through trees
that lets you see
all hardness
going away
see where
softness is.

snow covered roads. As we listened to the radio that day, the forecaster said there would be at least six more inches of snow overnight. That night we went to bed and prayed that the sun would be shining when we got up the next morning.

The next morning we woke up to find icicles hanging from the roof of our house. Some of them were as long as baseball bats. I opened the door to try to grab one. It was too big for me to hold, so I dropped it and it shattered into tiny pieces. When my mother heard it hit the porch, she came running into the living room to see what had happened. She told me to get away from the door before I caught the 'Pneumonia.'

My mother started cooking breakfast. She was cooking rice and eggs. I sat there watching her as she cooked and sang old black spirituals. She was singing my favorite one called, "By the Grace of the Lord." My mother always sang while she was cooking. It made me feel happy just to sit and watch her cook. To me, my mom was the best cook in the world.

As the day went on, the snow continued to fall. We all played games inside the house in order not to get bored. When it was time for lunch, we had pork meat from a can, and beans and cornbread. After lunch, we watched television for several hours. I got a pillow and a cover then laid on the floor. Shortly after that I fell asleep. It seemed like only a few minutes later my sister woke me up and said it was time for supper. We had leftovers from lunch, and then we got ready for bed.

Again we prayed for the sun to come out in the morning. When we got up the next morning, the snow was still coming down. My mother cooked scrambled eggs for breakfast. I noticed that our portions were smaller, but I did not say anything.

Shortly after breakfast I saw my farther putting on his overalls. I thought that maybe he was going to take out the trash or something. He put on two jackets, a hat that had flaps to cover his ears, and his rubber boots he used to move irrigation pipes. I thought to myself that this was unusual for him to put on so many things to take the trash out to the trash can; the trash can was only five yards away.

I went running straight to my mom to ask her what was going on. She told me that my dad was going to walk to town to buy us some food. I felt like my heart skipped a beat. The nearest town was at least eight miles away, and five of that was dirt road. The snow was about two feet deep, and it was still snowing.

Tears started rolling down my face as I watched my dad get his gloves, a blanket, and his flashlight. I knew that my dad had made up his mind, and no amount of my crying was going to stop him. We all watched as he went out the door and across the fields. We watched until we couldn't see him anymore. As we watched television that day, everyone was silent. It was as if we were too afraid to speak. Sensing our fear, my mother began to sing spirituals. We all began to clap our hands and sing along with her. We took turns singing verses that we knew. The singing seemed to have washed away our fear.

We ate lunch very slowly that day because we did not have anything left to eat. One of my sisters complained that she was still hungry. My mother gave her the food that she had. As soon as lunch was over, we started to play little games. As soon as we started, we quit again because we kept thinking about our father. I kept thinking, what if he fell and froze to death in the snow. Then, I would try to wipe the negative thoughts out of my mind. I then began to wonder what kind of food he would bring back. I hoped that he would bring us some goodies.

**THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO BED AND PRAYED
THAT THE SUN WOULD BE SHINING
WHEN WE GOT UP THE NEXT MORNING.**

The hours passed and some of us were getting restless. We tried to keep ourselves entertained, but by now it was impossible. We began looking out the windows. The snow clouds were starting to break up. The sun was finally breaking through the clouds. The icicles started melting off of the house. We were almost blinded by the white snow and the bright sun.

In the distance I saw what looked like a person walking. Pretty soon the others said they saw it, too. As the person got closer, we saw that it was my father. He had two paper sacks, one in each hand. We all started jumping and screaming with joy. As my father entered the door, he was almost knocked down. He finally made it to the kitchen and sat the sacks on the table. He brought milk, cookies, chicken, potatoes, juice, peanut butter, jelly, rice and eggs. He even brought us some peppermint candy. We ate, and thanked God for my father's safe return.

Ever since that day I have a heartfelt admiration for my father. He has always put his children first. Still, to this day, he will do anything for any one of his ten kids. I think my father is the best father in the world.