



Dear Scrapbook,

Today was different. My Dad came back. He took me fishing. He even made me laugh. I never would've guessed that could happen. I wonder where it will go from here....

Dad was an alcoholic. He deserted Mom and I when I was just a baby.

20 years later...he came back...

He decided to look me up and try and to meet me. I agreed to meet him at a pier/dock down at Folly Beach in Charleston. He thought it would be nice to go fishing and talk for the first time. So when I got there he had two fishing poles baited and ready to go. We sat and had small talk and discovered a lot of little things that were surprisingly alike about each other.

After a little while of very nervous chatting, I excused myself to go to the restroom. When I was coming back up on the dock, he was jumping up and down all excited shouting for me to hurry. When I hurried to the end of the dock, he exclaimed " You caught a fish!!!" I reeled it in, very proud of myself, only to discover a few minutes later that the one in the cooler he had caught earlier was missing.

Yep...while I was in the restroom, he had taken the one out of the cooler and hooked it on my line so I would think I caught one.

I know that was a small gesture, but an awesome way to break the ice and display some humor. For some reason, that small gesture made it a lot easier to forgive him for being absent in my life for so many years.

We shared a strange relationship over the years. But in those 20 years before he died of cancer, his humor was always at the forefront of our relationship. I knew he loved me. He did many things to try and make up for not being there while I was growing up. I miss him and wish my children, Mary Jo and Jonathan, could have known him longer.