

Footprints
of an
Invisible Father

What His Absence Could Not
Give His Daughter



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Introduction

...THEIR EYES LOCK...

Your eyes open. This new space is bright and loud. Something warm touches your skin. Strange figures are looking at you. Something shines a bright light in your face. You are held by one figure and then another. You go along with this new thing. It feels good.

This is the beginning of life. The world greets you with a warm smile and a gentle hug, you hope. As time passes, you recognize mommy and daddy as they provide for your every need. They come when you cry for a clean diaper, when your stomach needs food, and when you are sleepy and need that gentle sway to lull you into LaLa land.

The first relationship a child experiences is the one with their parents. Boys always protect their mom while girls always run to their dad. Always. Well, that is if the relationship is positive and strong. The condition of this relationship will have long-term, life-changing consequences for the child, positive and negative. It causes them to model their parents' personalities or do everything within their power to develop the opposite of their parents' personalities.

As children, we are unaware of how our parents will affect us. We only know what we hear and see, and develop emotions, such as love and anger, and express them through our own actions. When we become adults and bring life into the world, we unconsciously continue this pattern.

Then, we say or do something that reminds us of our parents. This stops us dead in our tracks! In that moment, we realize we are more like our parents than we care to admit. It can be scary, especially if your upbringing was not one you care to remember.

I have few memories of my father's presence in my life, especially as a young girl. I remember (or was told, I'm not sure which) when he put me on one arm and my younger sister on the other and stood up. I guess this was a display of his physical strength. If only he thought to display his emotional strength as a man and father and stuck around, there would be many more memories.

Other memories that surface occur after I became a wife and mother. The most profound one I would like to share. At one point in my 30s, I was emotionally ready to share with him how his absence affected me. The meeting was set. I was nervous but knew it needed to be done. That morning, a call ended my readiness. I was told he needed to know how much time I would need as he had other things to do that day. The bed I was sitting on could have swallowed him whole. Talk about shock! After 30+ years of being an absentee father, he wanted to put me on a timetable. At that moment, I knew it would be pointless. The meeting never happened. Several years later he passed. I chose to be absent from the memorial service. How could I grieve for a stranger?

With only a few memories (or stories) of my father in my life, how do I know if he loved me? Did he ever hold me close to his heart? Did he tell his friends I was his "baby girl?"

The hole from his absence can never be filled...

Never...

What did that hole leave me without?...

If you are asking yourself these same questions about your daddy-daughter relationship (or the lack thereof), read on my sister...

(...sister refers to ALL women, not just those whose skin looks like mine)

Sidebar: Throughout this book, I use “dad” or “daddy” instead of “father” as it applies to those who create you AND stick around to care for you!

Note from the Confidence Queen:

Thank you for connecting with me! I look forward to us sharing, learning from, and inspiring one another on this journey of Sisterhood.

If this snippet of *Footprints of an Invisible Father* resonated with you on any level, whether concerning the power of a present or absent father, contact me for more using the information below.

The future is yours for the taking Queen...

Straighten your crown...

Get your heels...

Stroll through your Queendom...

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