

# My Act of Remembrance

By Maya Williams

My dad and I were always close. We always had been. I took after him in nearly everything. He was always fond of me, I was the only kid who took after his passion for art, and he was so supportive of all my creative endeavors as a child and young teen. When I was in primary school we used to listen to the Proclaimers in his sandy old brown truck and he had an old CD with the words “Maya’s Song” on it in scribbly sharpie, with our favorite song on it.

I had forgotten that song after all these years. I tried for countless hours and days to pull its name out of my brain so I could get some closure in one of the few areas of my father I still had left. It was only last year, after he had died that I found that song. I found it in a video, and all it took was about ten seconds of the chorus in that video for me to be frantically sobbing and trying to discover what the name of the song was. After scouring the internet and comments, I found it. It was another song by the Proclaimers, “I’m on my way”. It was our song, I had found it. I slept well that night, after weeping into my pillow for about an hour and a half.

My dad was told he had a mass in his brain after having some mild focal seizures working as a repairman at a hotel on the military base in our city. He and my mom came home and sat my younger brother and I down. They told us the news and we prepared ourselves for the MRI that would give us more information. But at that point, I had already assumed the worst, and assumed I was going to lose my dad in the next year or so.

The MRI and further tests confirmed my assumptions. The tumor was cancerous and had been there for a while, but was only now big enough to start straining the brain. It was basically in layman’s terms, stage four brain cancer.

The decline from there was painfully obvious. My dad wasn’t himself, and he hadn’t been really for a while, even before we found out about the tumor. Because of this, I had drawn away from him. I wasn’t the same towards him and he noticed it. I hurt him daily unknowingly. He loved me more than I could know and my unexplained withdrawal was too painful to bear sometimes.

“Go spend time with your father”

My mom said things like this for his sake, but it wasn’t the same. It was only months after the morning my brother woke me and told me something was wrong, and later that our dad was gone, that I really realised how much I had let my dad slip out of the grasp of my heart.



“Thoughts in My Mind” by Katlyn Dickey, Photography

One day before the one year anniversary of his death I was rummaging around the garage where he worked. I had set up a station to make my resin crafts for my online store there and I was looking for a tool I thought I might find in the drawers I rarely opened. Inside the top left drawer I found a dusty supply box. Thankfully unlocked, I flipped it open to find it was actually the mock supply box that held CD’s that my dad kept in his old brown truck when I was a kid, with the CD’s still inside. I had been falling from faith then but I verbally thanked God in that moment that I had found this the day before I had planned to visit his grave.

On my way to work that day I pulled out the Proclaimers CD and put it on. As the songs we used to listen to played through the speakers, I couldn’t help the tears that fell down my face. Before me I could see the moments I had all but forgotten when they mattered most. When my dad did everything in his oftentimes limited power to support my passions, when he kept my creativity alive with his fanciful stories of creatures that most certainly didn’t exist, his passion for sharing what he believed with the people around him for what he believed to be their best interest. All the times he slapped the carpet with the belt instead of me and my brother and shushed us and told us to fake cry so our mom would think we were getting our deserved punishment instead. The times he waited until mom was gone to pull me up on the bed and put on an Indiana Jones movie I wanted to watch but my mom wouldn’t let me. The times he hand painted and handmade me and my brother wooden minecraft figures that we could play with. I couldn’t stop crying.

I had dwelled on the moments that defined my father as he died while not even remembering the moments that defined my father while he lived.

“I loved you, more than you ever knew”