

Kat's Blast from the Past: Daddy

In Loving Memory of James Herbert McCarthy July 2, 1939 to April 13, 2008

The phone rang today; it was Mom to tell me of your passing. The news saddened me and in all honesty, I had finished mourning you long ago. Learning of your death caused me to start reminiscing about you, the lessons I learned because of you and how what I felt about you has changed so much over the years. I decided to write this down so that I would remember in years to come.



When I was a little girl, I just loved my Daddy. There wasn't a greater soul in all the land. The day did come when you decided to head off on an entirely different journey and you left me behind. For a very long time I was extremely angry with you and with me. I couldn't figure out what I did that could have been so very terrible that you would leave me like that.

Eventually though – when I was 30 something - I remembered how much I loved my Daddy and I decided to carry that with me instead of all the hurt. There came a time when I realized that I had a choice to make: I could either help you continue your tradition of anger and bitterness or I could love you for the beauty that resides deep in all of us. Because of your choices and my choices, I learned how to let go and how to go on loving someone in spite of the circumstances. This valuable life lesson has served me many times over and will serve me often in the future.

I also learned through that experience that I could do it for myself. I didn't need my Daddy or anyone else to tie my shoes. When you left, you declared me a big girl and it just took me a little while to step up to the task. I'm pretty sure that I wouldn't have become the self empowered, forward thinking, optimistic woman that I did, without you.

The pain you must have felt Daddy, I can't even imagine. It must have been something though to cause you to make the choices you did. Even when I knew you, you were always sad inside. When I was small I had a difficult time understanding why you were so sad – after all, you had a little girl like me...

Now that I am all grown up, I still can't understand the specifics of who you were or why you were so sad. I know you didn't like yourself much. I understand that whatever it was, it was just a lie you told yourself. It was easy for me to forgive your absence once I understood that you just got a little bit lost. We all get lost sometimes. Then again, I also trust that that was all part of the plan.

You chose a difficult role in my life. I want to thank you for that, it must have been really hard and yet, you lived up to the agreements we made before we came here. You gave me every opportunity to go forward without the habit of clinging to an anchor.

We are each the sum total of what we think we are and the choices we make. You had the strength to come here and be an example to me of what the outcome might be if we aren't careful how we see ourselves and what choices we make. For that, you are my hero.

I love you for the gifts you gave me. I remember you giving me my first radio at 4 and staying up late with you watching rock music programs – you taught me to love music. I remember the summers camping in the north – you taught me to love nature. I remember the long drives to no where and every where – you taught me to love my mobility. I remember

you teaching me to play baseball, how to fish and how to laugh – you were always so very funny though I don't think you even knew that.

Truly, if it wasn't for you Daddy, I wouldn't be who I am today. What an amazing gift you gave me when you agreed to participate in a piece of my journey. I regret none of it for if any of it was any different, the outcome would also be changed.

You never loved yourself enough but that's ok, I love you enough for both of us. You have been and will always be missed.

Be well Daddy. I'll see you again some time.

In Gratitude
Kat McCarthy
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