Growing Up Without a Dad

Growing up without a dad was like reading a book with missing pages-gaps in the story that I could never fill. There were no strong arms to lift me onto their shoulders, no deep voice to reassure me when the world felt too big. I learned to stop asking where he was, why he never wanted to meet me, why other kids had what I didn’t.

As a child, I told myself it didn’t matter. I grew strong on my own, found my own way, learned to be my own protector. But now, as an adult, I feel the weight of what I missed. I wonder what it would have been like to have a father’s guidance, his wisdom passed down in quiet moments, his pride shining in his eyes.

I imagine the conversations we never had talks about life, love, and how to face the world when it feels like it’s against you. I wish I had memories of him showing me how to fix things, giving advice I could carry into adulthood, reminding me that I never had to do it alone.

But life gave me a different path. I Have built myself from the ground up, learned resilience in the silence he left behind. And while I will always wonder what it would be like, I know now that I am not defined by his absence, I am whole, even without him.

Still, some nights I sit with the thought, what if? And though I will never have an answer, I let myself wish, just for a moment for the father I never knew.