# Hello Jackson

Jackson started off by apologizing, he said that he would forever be in debt to the family emotionally.

"As the man I am today, I am still forgiving myself about my actions, I loved your mother and I still do. As you see, times have changed and will always change. I will not explain myself or the actions I chose to you unless you want to know them."

"I am baffled, that you are willing to explain yourself to me as a man, but you do not have to at all. I am curious about my mom though, what was she like?"

"Young lady, I understand that I have not been a father to you yet, please watch your tone. I am willing to explain myself, as a father. Pride comes before destruction, and I do not tend to leave earth that way. I tend to make amends and make sure you are well fed and loved as I always have. Now your mother, the only woman besides you and I presume this flower is my granddaughter the way she is clutching to your calf --, How Ya doing missy? My name is Jackson and yours? --

"Make sure she is comfortable, and you two have a seat, if you have the time, please... You impressed me, you clearly got my genetics and tone, and your confidence", Jackson said as he relaxed in his rocking chair – "your confidence is what brought you. Thank God. Your mom was a shy lady. Sweeter than homemade butter, words softer than the clouds in the sky. "

Darling, your mom- your mom did not deserve what I done to her! I was young, I was rebellious, I was hardheaded and stiff-necked. She would always be the better half of me than I could ever be in a lifetime, and I cherish what was lost because of what was found." I did not know she was pregnant with you for some time, but it did not take long for me to figure out because she saw no other man before me."

Jackson started coughing and as I looked in his weary eyes and the way his lid closed and opened, I knew he was tired.

"It surely was needed for me to come this afternoon; you need to be resting obviously. I thank you for your time yet, "I must get going."

He replied, "Your right. I do need to have a daily dose of a nap before I go on with my day. Prescribed with a doctor's note and medicine, he chuckled to himself while struggling to get back up. I do apologize again though; I have not talked much about your mom to anyone besides Our Father. It hurts me, although you have not met her, you would have loved her, I understand if you are hurting, and I accept if I do not see you no more after today. I do love you; you were the butterfly that got away."

I sat thinking about everything, he was saying knowing later I will be sitting thinking about it again. I did not understand much of him or his words, like what does he mean by, 'our father'; he's my father but, I suppose it is because I do not know much about him. I stood up, fixed my dress, and told Hanna to spread her arms like a plane and she did jump up and down exclaiming, "hug, hug, hug!!!," repeatedly until Jackson realized what happened and smiled kneeling on one knee to give her a hug, then stood back up, hesitant at first eventually embracing me with a warm hug....

I have forgiven him, I heard many things, I wondered many things but the things I learned today, is a story to know. I am not sure how much I needed all the information; But I am sure, one day I could make use of it.

As of today, I have never met my mom although, sometimes I get this unexplainable feeling she guides me every now and then. I know she held me that night I was born. Or did she die before I was born, I am not sure. The elders did not tell me and now here I go, overthinking again. I shrugged the ideas out my

head as I cleared the space bubbles that kept me from paying attention to the road as I headed home.

Later that Day…

As I got up from the wooden rocking chair in my tight corner of a cabin, I leaned in on my husband and gave him a kiss on the forehead as he lay on the raggedy burgundy couch sleeping. I did learn to love him over the years. When I was younger, I never imagined that I would grow old with someone much older than me. The irony. Merely my father's age- if not older; I chuckled at the thought and looked at the time confirming how early he was in bed, it was only 3:30 pm. He must have had a rough day in the field, I joked with Hannah as she ate a few strawberries and green grapes on the kitchen wooded floor.

Debating between taking a nap or cooking, I decided to start dinner so he can wake up to a warm mouthwatering meal and Hanna can go to sleep on a full stomach. The plan is to stuff that girl just enough, so she doesn't want to move any more tonight, and if he doesn't wake up, his lunch will be ready for tomorrow.

By the time I finished cooking, we were all ready to eat, the table was set for three with smoked lamb chops, dirty rice and gravy with deep fried biscuits, together with Strawberry and lemon water to wash it all down.

I prepared enough for him to have a double portion because I knew he couldn't resist the aroma that filled the streets from our kitchen.