

Letter to a father from a son (1)



We do it every day without knowing, however we do not realize the importance of what it takes to proceed. Never realizing that a new day is not promised. Our whole lives we take for granted that every breath could be our last and every night foretells our future.

Well one night, in particular, changed the course of my life and one letter to my father answered a question I could not answer.

My hope is that you enjoy this letter, and it brings you joy. As I sit down and start typing I truly have no idea what I am doing or why. I just know one thing..... Things don't last forever.... Pain and hardship don't last always.... But your story lives on in those that you make an impact on....

So, let's start from the beginning in the book of **Genesis, chapter 1, verse 1** which states *"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth."* In the beginning there was a dream, though I cannot say that it was my dream. While I believe I had a vision in my heart I could never visualize where I was going, what I needed to do, or why I felt so consumed with a drive in a direction. All until one morning my life changes forever. It was as if the lights were finally turned on and I knew exactly where I wanted to go and what I needed to do.

See this moment was different from every other moment, and I could tell I was different when my mother called with the news that I missed her first call. Since then she proceeded to call my brother and sister only to make it back around to me, I slumbered peacefully.

Jeremiah 29:11: "For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future."

Where the journey subconsciously started: When I was around 18 years old, I wrote my first letter to my future self. For months I did choirs singing Gods praise/rapping, not knowing how prepared I was to venture out into the world. In this letter I wrote down a vision for my future. I knew the direction I wanted to go in and I knew it was nowhere around me. Knowing I had to leave I approached my dad and informed him that while I still could not answer his question, I knew I had to leave. A few days later we found ourselves at the back of Sequoia taking out my few belongings and shipping me off into the unknown. I was given a hug, a pat on the back and a smile. I had no clue that pain was on the other side.

Isaiah 55:8-9: "'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,' declares the Lord. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.'"

John 11:25-26, Jesus says to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die; and whoever lives by believing in me will never die. Do you believe this?"

For the following 17 years it would seem as if I was wondering around aimlessly. Jumping from thing to thing never in what would appear to be a straight line. Then one day in December 2024 I remembered a letter I wrote to my dad in 2021. It was as if I finally had the strength after 3 years to wake up. To get up. I remember running to my computer and for the next 6+ months I blindly started applying for new jobs. See back when I was 18 my dad asked me "what is your plan. What do you want to do in 5 years." My response "pppffff... I don't know what I am going to do today, what makes you think I know 5 years from now." But the plan was set in stone. I just didn't know. A few days later my dad died for the first time. I came home to him being taken out on a stretcher to have open heart surgery.

Romans 8:28: *"And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose."*

Now that you are sufficiently confused about the timeline lets jump back to the beginning. See unknowing to me God had already created my path. He created my vision (heavens) and reality (earth) by ordering my steps according to his purpose. I went from going to Faith Academy, South Alabama, the Battle House hotel, a random law office, Bishop State, a Navy recruitment center, Omni temp work, Lexus car dealership, trying to become a minister, The Navy, Japan, Italy, married, UNC chapel Hill, a random consulting course because I could not get into a real estate class, a meet and greet I did not want to go to, EY, a neighborhood my wife picked, a happening on 7/27/2025, and today June 7/11/2025.

While a lot happening through that journey it was according to Gods purpose. Because I can promise you, I have had zero and I mean zero ability to think any steps ahead. I have done my best to do the next best thing, stick to it and get through it. In truth, I was walking blind and for most of the journey I have been dead on the inside. Specially, after July 28, 2021.

I am saying this because I need you to realize Psalm 119:133-136 is a heartfelt plea from the psalmist for divine guidance and protection from sin. For it is not our privilege to know the will of God. Sometimes we just have to walk in blind faith.

So, what's this have to do with a "Letter to a father from a son", well today I think the obituary I wrote to my father was a promise to myself. When my dad died, I felt powerless and from that point on I was lost. Knowing or unknowing our family did what we were supposed to do. Make choices, seek help, and get through. That said I could only really control 2 things. The first was I was asked to write the obituary and second the last seconds I spent with my father before they closed the casket. For, it was the only time my son was in the same room as his grandfather. What I know today is how much this broke me. See on July 27, 2021, I was on a video call with my parents. Looking back my father's clock was slowing down and close to his last tick. Knowing what I know now I should have stopped the call and attended to my father, but through my excitement I never actually saw him. See we were on the call to follow what I thought was part of my father's calling, become a builder by planning our first development. For 3 years my dad was beside me in every class. I would call him on my way home and tell him all the amazing things I learned and ask him his opinions and if he already knew some of the things. So, it makes since that it took me 3 years to wake back up. I was still walking the journey of a dead man as a dead man.

So, I hope you better understand my opening line, “Though we do it every day without knowing, however we do not realize the importance of what it takes to proceed. Never realizing that a new day is not promised. Our whole lives we take for granted that every breath could be our last and every night foretells our future.”

I went to sleep on July 27, 2021, and didn't wake up until sometime in December 2024.

I died alongside my father, and I lived mourning. I recently watched “The Chosen” which tells a story noted in the book of John where, Jesus told a man who had been an invalid for thirty-eight years to "Get up, pick up your mat, and walk." The show calls out some very unique qualities and re-tells the story in a very real way. See the man was stuck for 38 years. While he had all the power to get up and walk it was not his time. He needed his brother to go through somethings first. See while Jesus did save that man the true victory was that the life of his brother was spared. Sometimes we need to be in a place or to do a certain thing for our own good but also for others. The last 4 years have been hard, but more so for those around me. Much like the brother the people around me have moved on while I was stuck. I was stuck not being able to move because it was not my time. Maybe, there were things I needed to go through and there were things that the people around me needed to go through. But that's over and we are here.

It was as if I was finally able to pick up where I left off back in 2021 a few weeks after the passing of my father. My dad's obituary was like a dream lost in memory. I was set out on a journey without a road map, but I had my tether. When I finally applied for the right company, the doors slowly started to reopen and then one day I realized that God had been preparing me for the last 4 years for the blessings to come. In June 2025 I received an email letting me know there was a position I should consider. In reading the job posting I realized something when I first graduated while I had a dream, I did not have the works (qualifications) to make my dream a reality. I needed something or someone to prepare me for my purpose. So, for 4 years I unknowingly suffered in pain often alone while others suffered around me just like the invalid man at the pool. However, I was obtaining all the skills needed for me to walk into the opportunity I was destined for while possibly losing the things I was on the journey for. For 4 years just like the years before, I walked blind in the spirit, except this time I was walking in the spirit. I trusted the people around me and when an opportunity presented itself, I took it in faith, not knowing that there were alternative

paths. However, this time I was not as alone as I thought I was I had my father with me. I also had a helpmate and the future crattled in our arms.

So, what's the point of today's journal:

- (1) The goal is not only to arrive at the desired destination, but to realize the joy is in the journey and those you journey with. When people see success, they do not often ask what was the toll.
- (2) A new day is not promised to anyone. You can be dead while alive.
- (3) While trials + tribulations create a testimony, you can have a testimony without both of those, however you have to be awake to remember what any of it means.