

Photographs

As many of you know, my father died when I was only 4 years old. It was on this day, December 1st, 30 years ago (1985). While I do have a handful of memories of him, I do not have much more. I own 8 photographs of my father and me together. I have a few more of a combination of my mother and him, but not many. This is all I have and it is more than my younger brother. There is not a single photo of the two of them together.



(Source: Jocelyn Frey)



When I found out that Adah was a girl, I became obsessed with the idea of making certain that Adah had more than 8 photos of her with her father. It became a passion of mine, photograph after photograph after photograph. But one day I looked at all these photographs and realized something was missing - me. In my personal desire to give my daughter what I never had, I took away something from her, our photographs. I cannot go back into the past and add photos of us together, but I can make new ones and plenty of memories to cherish forever.



(Source: Jocelyn Frey)