

Unfinished Masterpieces

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I've always admired people born with the ability to create physical art through drawing, painting, or sculpting. I have no ability in those arenas.

I am the father of three children. I believe that both parents working in tandem are the primary artists in the creation of their children, not just biologically, but in every way.

Mothers and Fathers are a necessary, supporting, and nutritional link to their child – like an umbilical cord to the soul. A child's psyche is comprised of elements and factors that complete a personality or entity, the dimensions of that person.

A child is like a sculpture, a three-dimensional work of art. All five senses are in play. Experts say that a child has no cognitive memories before the age of three. Like all mammals, the human child observes and mimics the parents. And once the power of speech is attained, everything takes on a deeper significance for them.

Even if not done consciously, most parents hope to make the child into their image. Boys tend to emulate Daddy, and girls tend to emulate Mommy. There are exceptions of course.

Those parents whom were blessed to raise a child to adulthood come to realize they no longer have that much control over how life now adds to the maturation of their progeny. A good parent can only hope that their child absorbed all the best elements they modeled and shunned all else. From here on out, their adult child will add their own elements.

Parents of adult children secretly still see and hear them as they were at each year of their growth and take notice of the various brushstrokes left by their words and actions, evident in their breathing masterpieces. The real fine strokes were made every time you held your children, kissed them, comforted them, and told them how much they were loved.

A painter or sculptor would be mortified if someone else tampered with their art, before they had a chance to complete it. Even worse, if another completed their work and claimed it as their own, the artist would be heartbroken. They would not recognize the finished product, only perhaps the underlying foundation.

Like I mentioned, I am the father of three children. No one disputes that I was a good father and husband. I was loved and respected by my two daughters and one son. They were aged 12 years, 9 years, and 23 months old when I was wrenched from their lives in 1997. For reasons that I won't get into here, I was erased from their lives and alienated completely. I've had no contact since 1998.

I often wonder what they look like or sound like, now grown adults. Would I even recognize them walking by on the street? Would all the brushstrokes added to their personalities by unknown artists conceal my original efforts?

One of the definitions of environment is "the aggregate of social and cultural conditions that influence the life of an individual." I can only hope and pray that the environment that my children lived in during these past 20 years has not had a permanent detrimental effect. I still see them in my mind's eye as they were so long ago. They are my unfinished masterpieces, and I love them, no matter what.