

# LETTERS TO OUR FATHERS

*being a great dad to your daughters....*



**MOBOLAJI OLORISADE**

**LETTERS TO OUR FATHERS;  
BEING A GREAT DAD TO YOUR DAUGHTERS.**

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**All Scripture quotations that indicate AMP are from the Amplified Bible. Those that indicate NIV are from the New International Version and those that indicate NLT are from the New Living Translation.**

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**Please note that all names have been changed to protect the identities of those who shared their letters in this book.**

**This, however, does not change the quality of their stories.**

**The Author reserves the right to change and add words or contents to the full book.**

**NOTE: This is a pre-release copy of Letters to Our Fathers. Please lookout for the full book.**

## **THANK YOU!**

Thank you Mummy and Daddy. You didn't always get everything right, but neither did I. I dedicate this book to you to show my appreciation for all your sacrifices.

Thank you my sisters, Ayo, Yemi and Yinka. With you, I always feel like I have four mothers. Everyone needs big sisters like the three of you.

Thank you to my friends who shared these letters, your stories are exceptional.

Thank you to all my e-family on [omobolaji.com](http://omobolaji.com). I have become a better writer because of you.

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Thank you God, you make me brave. I love you.

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## **PREFACE**

All letters in this book are written by friends to express their thoughts towards their fathers and the relationships they have or wish they had with them. I did not know how blessed I will be when I asked them to write letters to their dads, but I am glad that I did. I am excited that you are reading this. You might cry a little, laugh out loud or sigh. Most of all, I want them to inspire you. There are no formulas here, only stories that can stir you to become a great dad.

These letters have depth. They are from girls from different backgrounds and families. As different as their stories are, the core of each story centres on the value of the Father-Daughter relationship and how priceless it is.

If you are a dad, let these letters show you how important it is to be present in the lives of your daughters. Do not think that we do not need you. Do not think it is too masculine to let us know that you love us, because we long to hear it. We do so much to impress you as our dads, and we hope that it will not be too late when you notice how we try to get your attention.

If you're a young man, about to be or not yet a daddy, let this be your reminder to be a present dad when your Children arrive. Your wife will smile (and will be a little jealous too) when she sees that you have a great relationship with your girls; and your girls will love you, even after they've moved out of your house.

If you're a mum or yet-to-be one, let the letters challenge you to communicate better with your babies. And then, of course, purchase another copy of this book for every man around you. Bless them with

these lessons. Please take your time to reflect on each letter and ask yourself; **What would my daughter write about me?**

**Ephesians 6:4 (AMP)**

**Fathers, do not provoke your Children to anger [do not exasperate them to the point of resentment with demands that are trivial or unreasonable or humiliating or abusive; not by showing favouritism or indifference to any of them], but bring them up [tenderly, with lovingkindness] in the discipline and instruction of the Lord.**

# GOOD DAD GONE BAD

TOYOSI OLAJIDE

Dear Dad,

It's been so long since we spoke right? You know, I had always planned to say so much to you, but now that I am actually writing, words fail me.

I guess I'd just have to start somewhere...There's been one question on my mind since I was a little girl, one question I wanted to ask you that day as I watched you struggle for breath-

'WHAT CHANGED?'

I really want to know because I remember those days when you would bath, dress and even cook your special yellow macaroni for us. Those were the days when mum used to be on all night duty.

I remember how you would drop us in school and give each of us a goodbye kiss. How can I forget our *suya nights*? When you would buy *suya* (Roasted meat) every night and we will drink *garri* (Cassava Flakes) with it happily.

There were days that I would lock the door and ask you to pay before leaving home. Do you remember how we used to act drama in the room? You would call me your wife while my sister was the jealous house wife.

Did you know that there were days that I would intentionally offend mum in your absence-right before you got home, because I knew she wouldn't beat me? You believed every girl should never be beaten and I enjoyed using that to my advantage.

What about our special birthday parties? You would prepare our secret sandwich recipe which was Cabin biscuit with butter (heated in the oven) and you would serve it with wine. Wine was a cheap drink we diluted with water. It wasn't much, but it meant a lot.

I have beautiful and funny memories of you- like how fun it used to be when I tickled you from your sleep and how silly our drama nights were.

All these memories show that we didn't have much money, but we had happiness and contentment.

But, something changed.

You started getting upset over everything and little things irritated you. It was confusing, but I was not expecting your next move- You left.

JUST. LIKE. THAT.

You rarely called, you hardly sent money, you started forgetting our birthdays and then, you disappeared. You stopped calling altogether and refused to pick our calls. You just disappeared!

I think it all started when I caught mum crying in the bathroom, then I saw her crying in the room too. The arguments increased. Mum would lock the door and send us away- like we didn't understand what was going on.

But I did not leave. I heard her begging you to stay in the house, not to leave your family.

Then I heard how you pushed her away and stormed out.

You didn't see me, but I saw you.

I wonder now why Mum never stopped praying for you, she would stay up all night in the room and cry whilst praying. She thought I was sleeping, but I wasn't.

We see a lot more than you realize. Dad, I saw more than you realized.

Then that day came, you remember that day right? Even now, I find it hard to believe.

You dragged my mum outside and beat the crap out of her in the presence of me and my younger brother. Talk about embarrassment. All the neighbours came out, pleading with you but you wouldn't stop. Why didn't you stop?

You weren't drunk dad, you knew exactly what you were doing!

I remember looking for tears that day, but I couldn't find it. Sadly, I didn't feel bad, I just felt disappointed. Disappointed because up until then, I could swear that you would never hurt a woman.

But that day left a wound in my heart that hunted me for years.

You apologized and Mum forgave you, but I didn't.

After mum's forgiveness, you introduced the other woman and Mum accepted her, but I didn't. How could I? You drank, smoked and dated many other women. (I always saw you. Sometimes, I wish I didn't.) They lured you away from your family and from then we only saw you on Christmas day- once a year.

But, the man that visited on Christmas day wasn't you anymore; it wasn't my jovial and caring dad. The man I saw, was a total stranger. Total. Stranger. Dad.

So many sweet memories. Too many sad ones too.

I remember the last time I saw you, you were in the hospital almost lifeless, and I couldn't even recognize you because it had been over 7 years since you stayed with us longer than two days.

That was it. After that, you died.

I cried the day mum told me, not because I was sad that you died, but that you went too early. I cried that you died and missed the joy of seeing us accomplish great things in life.

I never forgave you dad, even though you begged for forgiveness before you died, I just couldn't forgive the years of pain and anguish you put my mother through. It was too hard to let it go.

But then I met another dad, and He is a million times what you would ever had been. He never abandoned us and was there through all the pain. He didn't take the pain away, but He gave us the strength to live with it, and He's still in our lives.

He provides for us daily and loves us unconditionally.

He taught me how to forgive.

And guess what dad? I have forgiven you.

For your shortcomings and the hurt you put us through, for the school fees you didn't pay, for the days we were sick and you were nowhere to be found, for the father's day celebration that you never appeared for, for neglecting us, and for every single wrong you did; I forgive you.

And nothing gives me more joy than the fact that you found my other dad before you passed on. I am happy that you gave your life to Christ on your death bed and I know that someday, we will meet again.

But until then,

I remain your second and lovely daughter,

Toyosi.

- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF TOYOSI'S DAD?
- WHY DO YOU THINK HE LEFT HOME?
- IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WILL DO DIFFERENTLY BECAUSE OF THIS LETTER?

Two things I got from this letter were that Children notice a lot that goes on with their parents and that we never really get answers to all our questions.

Toyosi shared experiences of her seeing her parents argue as a Child. She also shared how she always caught her dad doing things he probably thought was hidden.

Children are always smarter than Parents think.

She probably has more memories of things she noticed about her dad, but could not share them all in her letter.

Is there something you're constantly doing that you think is not being noticed?

What if it is?

As a Father, please, be conscious of your actions. Be mindful of your behaviour at home because memories you create impacts on your relationships with your children.

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Most daughters wish they had better relationships with our fathers. Somewhere, deep down our hearts, we wish our fathers were our friends. It is sad to say that many of us call or send messages to our fathers only to fulfil all righteousness. We can't really call what we have "relationship".

Fathers are important and special. They play a role in the family that no one else can take. It is especially hard when you've had a *present dad* and something suddenly goes wrong. I noticed that Toyosi's dad was once involved in their lives, but changed as she and her siblings matured.

Absentee dads, if only you knew what your absence is doing to your daughters. If you've left home, please, go back. It might take a while, but eventually, you will be forgiven. My mum had an absentee dad too. Though he did not die when my mum was young, he was never really involved in her life. After my grandmother died, almost all connections between my mum and her dad broke.

My mum told me some months ago that when she met him again before he died, he apologized and asked for forgiveness. What was most surprising was that he told her that he had wronged them because he even forgot that he had children.

How does a man forget that he has children?

Well, my granddaddy definitely forgot and because of that, he missed out on getting to know us, his grandchildren. By the time he died, I was more than 10 years old but it did not affect me because I also did not have any connection with him.

Do you see the multiplying effect being an absentee dad can have on daughters and families as a whole?

A Father brings unique contributions to the job of parenting a child that no one else can replicate and his involvement makes a positive difference in a child's life. There is a connection between Fathers and daughters that people cannot understand, unless they experience it.

While sharing the idea of this book with a Mentor, she said “I can see how my husband and my daughter are close, and how it gives her confidence.”

I believe that no one can take away the confidence and morals that a Father passes to his daughter. I have read and seen Daddies who give their daughters promise rings from their Teenage age to remind them to cherish their bodies and keep it for their husbands. It is not impossible, but it will be difficult to get such a girl to break some of the rules she and her dad set.

During the creative process of this book, I woke one morning and I could clearly hear God ask me to read about Rachel. I was amazed at how attached she was to her dad and I still need deeper revelation on what God wants to teach me about Rachel. However, one thing stood out for me when I read about her in Genesis 31: 17-35

Jacob had worked for Laban (*Rachel's Father*) for 14 years to get him to consent to give Rachel as his wife. Laban made things tough for Jacob, but God was always with him. Jacob got tired of his father-in-law's behaviour and God asked him to gather his nuclear family in Laban's house and return to his family.

Rachel must have seen and experienced all the good things God did for her husband when he was with her father. Still, she did something weird.

When Jacob left without telling his father-in-law; Laban ran after him and accused him of stealing his gods. This got Jacob mad because he thought it was just one of his Father's-in-Law schemes to cheat him again and even placed a curse on whoever stole the gods. But he shouldn't have been quick to conclude that Laban was lying, because Rachel had taken the gods.

Why would Rachel, whose husband served a living God take her Father's gods with her when she left his house?

We all should probably take a moment to think about that. What I learned was that every girl, no matter her age, needs some kind of attachment to her father. How can Jacob move her away from all she had been familiar with and expect her not to take her father's gods? Plus, there were no mobile phones then.

I believe that many Rachel's today, still carry their Father's gods - *attitude, lifestyle, words, behaviours and actions* even after they moved out of the house. Many of us may not even realize it, but we long for a connection and relationship with our Fathers. We want to keep our child-like faith in our fathers.

But things are not the same and many of us, like Toyosi, ask-

***What changed?***

## **About Mobolaji Olorisade.**

Mobolaji Olorisade is a Writer and Social Entrepreneur. Her articles help people become individuals with character and her passion is to inspire people to love God like she does.

She's the cofounder of GEMGirl Initiative, an NGO that grooms teenage girls to take charge of their dreams and become responsible citizens. She blogs at least once every week at [omobolaji.com](http://omobolaji.com) and that is where you'd often find her till date.

Sign-up on her blog [omobolaji.com](http://omobolaji.com) and be the first to know when **LETTERS TO OUR FATHER** gets published.

You will also know when her next book '**HOW I FOUND GOD ON TWITTER**' is released.

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