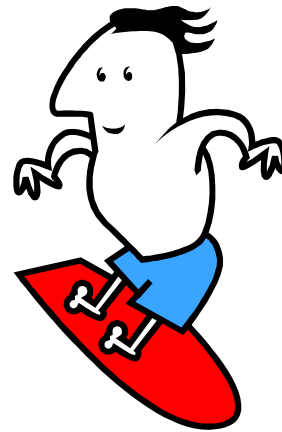


“Is Life a Beach?”

The expression is familiar, “life is a beach”, and may have several meanings; still, I am going to use the possibility that the beach is peaceful and relaxing and thus, so too is life. But even a beach can be imposing with horrendous waves, winds and shear power of nature; it can be anything but relaxing and peaceful on the rare but memorable days.

The Bio-dad can have those typical, sunny days – those where life is a beach and all is peaceful – but he can have the storm and winds too. He may be a real-cool dude sometimes (and may still actually surf or play) but he sometimes must put the board away and “get serious” for a while.



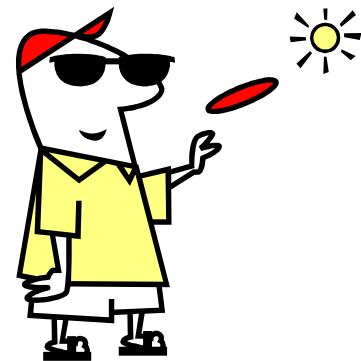
His days on beach may include (or have included) time with his kids whether simply walking along to collect seashells, swimming and even picnicking – though such excursions may be elsewhere considering some “beaches” or other places such as campsites, rivers and lakes. What is true is that he finds as much satisfaction – and possibly more – in the **watchful role** of his bio-dad status because such care enables him to remember his own similar experiences...as a bio-boy.

Life is not always a beach because the bio-dad faces many obstacles in his role and responsibility. First, he may have been the unwanted donor of this true parental role as a product of divorce. Bio-dads from shore to shore incur this dilemma through no fault of their own and, even worse, **their children also suffer** because of such storms of life. Like the actual storm along the beachfront, the wrath and fury dishearten the bio-man – though not of the natural but

the unnatural behavior for which love, though espoused, has been blown asunder by fear, folly and falsehoods.

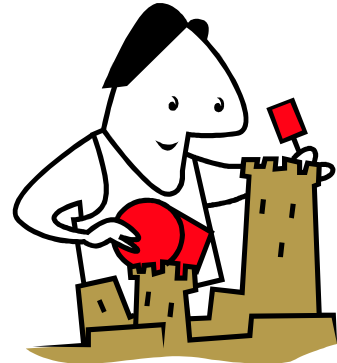
The bio-dad may turn to the beach in a figurative reflection of the experience as both a child and a caretaker of children; and he may even lay foot on the sand where they once played and enjoyed the basic lifestyle of family. At a time when courts or the state did not seemingly encroach on his authority or role in his children's lives, but enabled him to assume responsibility as a parent; and a time when he did not wrangle with an ex-wife who now blames him unjustifiably for her unhappiness and for everything that results from her decisions, diversions...deceptions.

He does not pity himself any longer because, to do so, would be to forfeit the supernatural (over the natural) that offers support and solace in facing the suffering of his children – and of so many others who have been unjustifiably thrust into broken families because of the selfish greed of both a spouse and the legal system. He grieves because this treatment of families and children is grossly unfair and unwarranted; yet has been part and parcel the cruel condition cloaked by such words as no-fault, amicable, personal happiness, and the like. Though appearing (or being packaged) as the right thing for him or her; it is the wrong thing for them...and for the little him or her. **There is nothing sunny about it.**



In keeping with the kind of peace and surety of the rhythmic tide, the certainty that life goes on and some things remain reliable in nature. Even so, he has witnessed some aspect of the powerful forces that cut deep into the shore and destroy the landscape to the degree of moving and uprooting much. In the throws of such events,

the reliable and consistent tide is hardly noticed – if at all in effect. Still, the storms will pass and the supernatural will offer one a reliable source of hope to rebuild and attempt to recover some of what has been torn asunder through the failures and fears of human behavior.



As with the castles constructed on the shore or even the “life-size” garrisons that remain amid the ebb and flow of time’s tide water, he sees that potential may come in the simple and basic acts of lending a hand, lifting a shovel, and loving those who hurt...and those who hurt them.

Finally, he reflects on the words of one who knows of life’s storms and has overcome much in the way of such foul and fury, Maya Angelou:

Love builds up the broken wall and straightens the crooked path.
Love keeps the stars in the firmament and imposes rhythm on
the ocean tides
Each of us is created of it...and I suspect each of us was created
for it