

SPECIAL CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

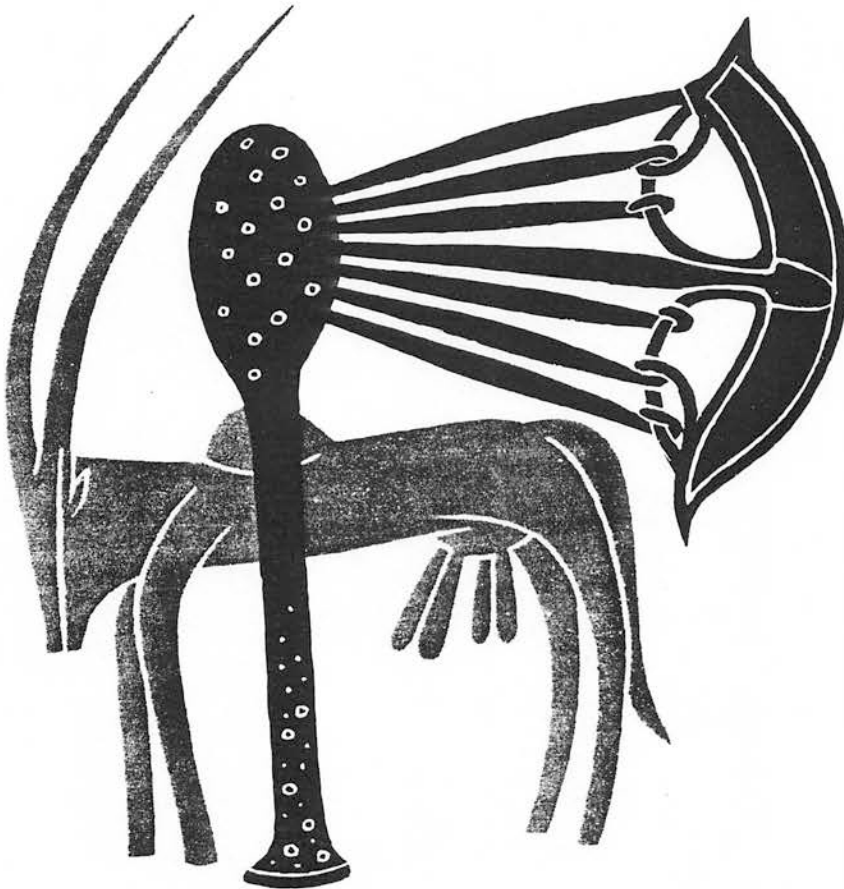
OF MY FATHER

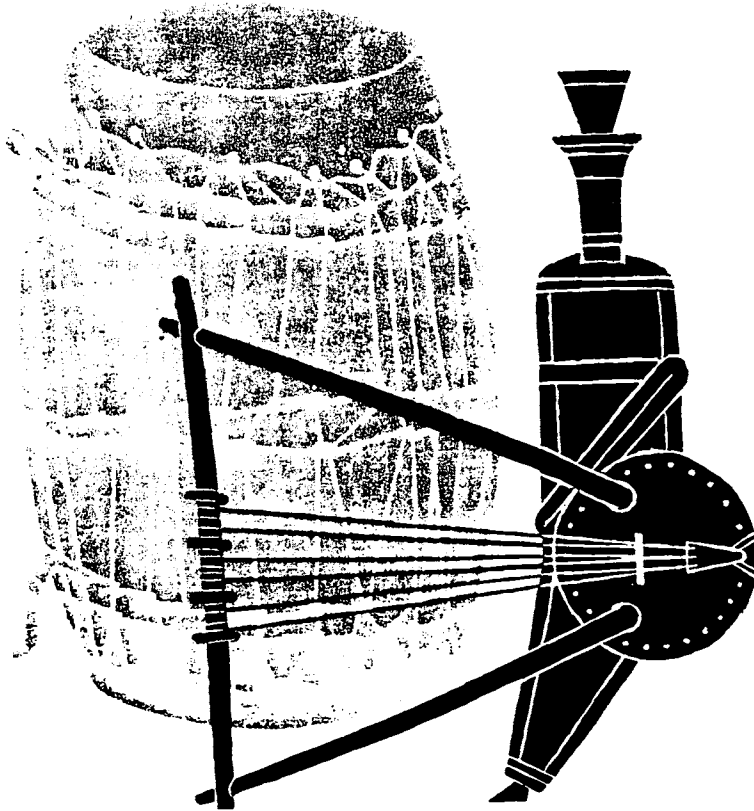
AUTOBIOGRAPHY



Written and Illustrated By Kathleen Fleming

This book is dedicated to the memory of  
My father, and the illustrations are a  
tribute to his African ancestry.





My childhood memories center on the special relationship I had with my father, for the first eight years of my life.

It was only for the first eight years because my father died suddenly of pneumonia when I was that age. This memory though not a very happy one is a memory that I will always carry with me in my mind and heart.

My father was a very positive force in my life during my childhood. I have beautiful memories of how caring, nurturing and loving he always was to me. His love was always unconditional and affectionate, and he would always have happy and good words to say to me when he would come home from work. These are the kinds of memories that will always have the most important meaning from my childhood, and the memories will live with me throughout the rest of my life.



It would be impossible for me to truly write anything about my childhood without remembering the special way in which my father treated me during the short years I had known him, but the loving times we lived together, and how my father conveyed every day and in every way how special I was to him in his life made knowing him timeless.

I would like to share some of the happy and treasured memories that I spend with my father, who was also in many ways like a mother to me. The ways in which my father expressed his love for me will be remembered for the rest of my life and will always make me feel like a very special human being in this world that I live in today.

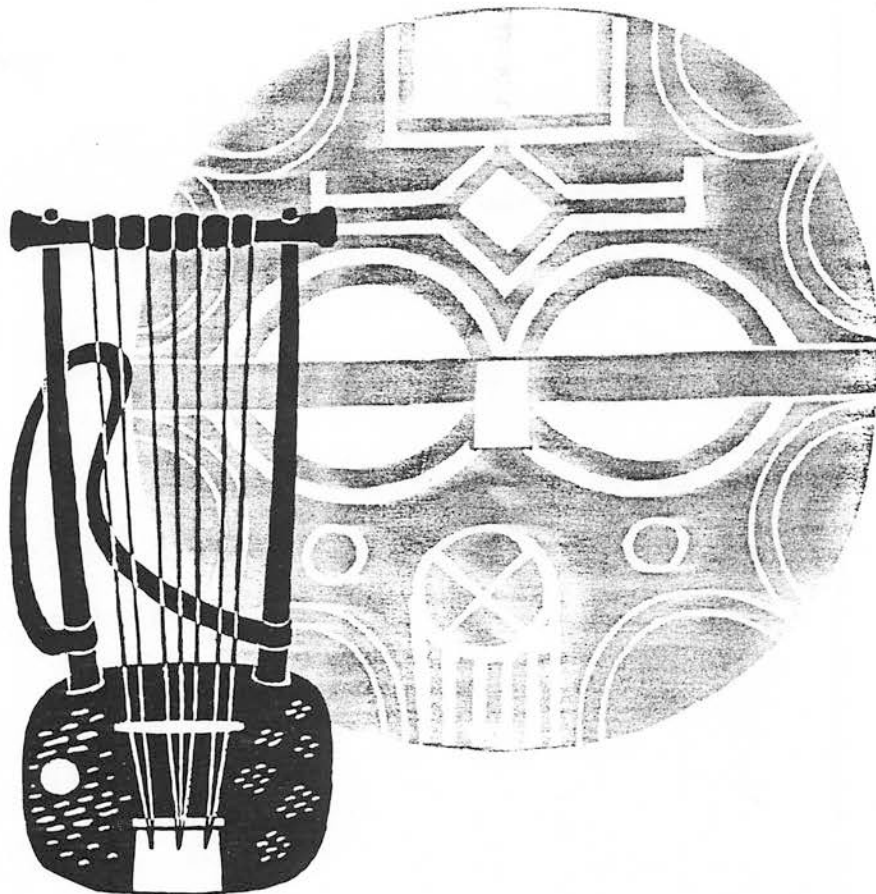
My father would not think it was woman's work to press an curl my hair, he would do it with nurturing care, as I would sit in the chair by the stove patiently waiting for him to finish my hair.



My father would also buy me pretty dresses, and he would always come home with something new for me, and if he did not have something new, he would give me a pocket full of change.

Most of all my father taught me the meaning of unconditional love, not that I was a bad little girl, but he praised me and charished the time we spend together, which made me feel like a very special little human being.

Also, the memory of how he would take just me for a ride in our new family car to visit relatives, and I can still remember how they would say that ~~she's~~ she's June's heart, my father was nicknamed June. So everybody knew that I was his special little girl.



To this day I always smile when I remember the way my father would call my name, he nicknamed me Kat, and when he would pronounce my full name, he would say it in a very special way with his Southern accent - Kat-leen without the "h". He had his own special way of calling my name which also made me feel like a very special child.

And last and most important was the way in which he instilled confidence in me through his love and affection, which made me feel that I was not only special to him, but a special and unique human being in this world.