DAD.

A CURATED LOOK INTO THE WORLD OF FATHERS.

This page is blank because I have no memories of my dad... there is nothing that makes me think of him. Cara



Every year when I was growing up I would have to meet my dad at the fountain. I had two dads my stepfather and my biological father and so one dad would drop me off to meet the other.



60 years ago when my Dad took up golf he got me started as well. Now at 90 he still plays several times a week and it has been a lifelong passion for us both.

Ashley

John



Dad was very involved with the local lifeboat, including being the Deputy Launching Authority for shouts. This is the flag flying at half mast the day he died, against the coast view he loved.



Strength. Safety. Security. Protector. Dad.

Lyssa



My Dad's massively untidy collection of model aircraft he made himself.

Cathryn



This is my father's Purple Heart, which he was awarded when he was wounded in action during the Korean War. It was 1951 and I was three years old. The telegram sent to my mother announcing this event is under the felt.

A few years ago, the case and its contents were stolen from a closet in the classroom where I had been teaching. I made several tear-filled pleas for its return in various year assemblies, but no joy. Then about a month after it went missing, a student calmly walked into a room where I was marking and said: "I've got something for you miss. Hold out your hand." He then dropped the medal into my palm. I didn't ask where he'd found it and I didn't really care. I was just so glad to have it back.

My father died when he was only 39 and I don't have many things that belonged to him. This one was very precious to me.

Deirdre



Q: What do you get a rocket scientist for Father's Day?

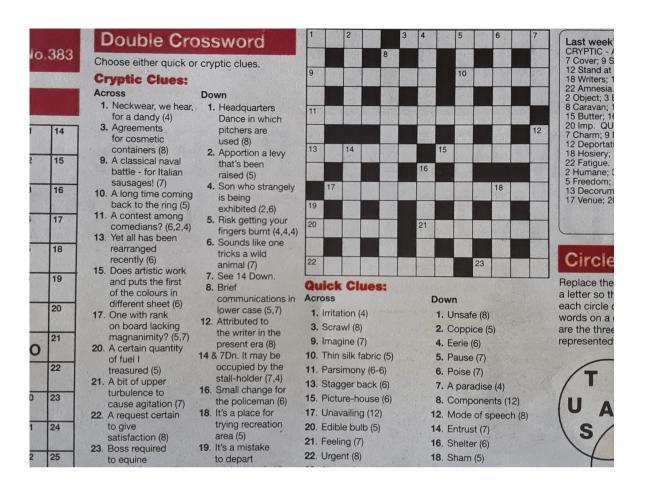
A: Another rocket scientist!

Maria



My Dad was a truck driver for a big part of my childhood. He worked continental and was away all week, just returning on weekends. I would clean his truck out for him listening to the Top Twenty music charts on the radio enjoying the moment but also knowing he was about to go away all week.

Gail



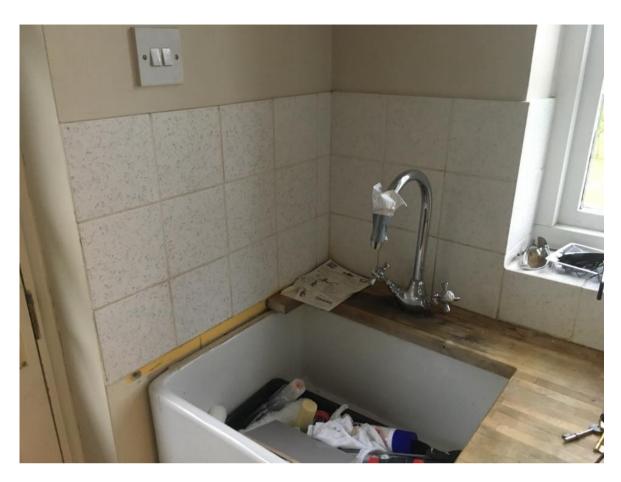
When I think of my Dad foremost was his love for family...but following not far behind were golf and crossword puzzles! Fond memories of him in front of television crossword in hand.

Jerry



My Dad had a compulsion for climbing on trig points, whenever I'm out on a hill I feel the need to clamber on top of one in his memory.

Eleanor



My dad was a tradesman who was a time served plumber. He studied hard in the evenings and became a Civil Engineer, but never lost his love of working with "the tools".

He put these tiles on for us when we moved in. He died in 2013 and We are just in process of doing the utility room up and we will have to take these off, which I am finding quite difficult.

Iain



When my dad passed away my mum said I could take anything of his, I chose a padlock, it's all I own of his. Six days a week for 25 years, he opened and closed his business with the same padlock, I asked for the padlock because his hands were a force that wore the metal and polished it over many years. I worked along side him for 8 of those years. The lock has a talismanic connection to him.

The tattoo of the lock reminds me of my fathers devotion to his family, and how much of his life he sacrificed to keep us fed and looked after.

Danny



"This was my fathers watch, it was what he called his best one. Used at weekends when he was not working. I remember him keeping it in the bedroom and can still see him winding it before using it. The only time check was the radio." Dad

Gem



Dad was a great gardener, always lots of lovely veggies, plus rows of cutting flowers for Mum. Wish he was here now to advise me with my new allotment.

Viv



I often recall the image of my father sat on this chair at his makeshift desk in the 'spare room'. He was the secretary of a Yorkshire branch of the Amalgamated Engineering Union and most evenings and weekends of his working life he dealt with the many visits from his fellow workers with their industrial injury claims or disputes with the management. Now suitably refurbished, it sits in our summer-house supporting our hobbies!

Peter



Photo from Himalaya's in Nepal. Took my dad's ashes there in 2012.

Ollie



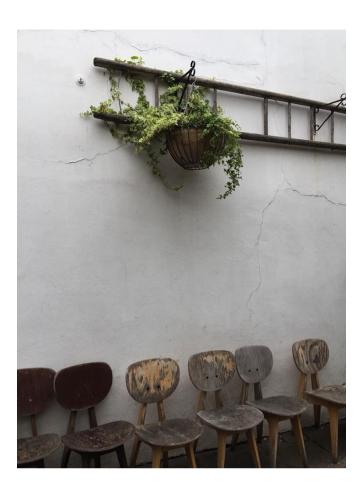
When we were about 5/6 Dad left my mum and became a weekend Dad, wherever he has lived he always has had an allotment and we spent hours when we were young helping him. It was really the only quality time that we had with him growing (no pun intended) up.

Andy



I found these two old surf boards belonging to my late father a couple of years ago in a shed at my family home, he died back in 2015 after living with Parkinson's disease. Although I can't picture him with them in my mind, they make me so happy thinking of the care free happy times he had on family holidays as a child in north Pembrokeshire. He was always keen to be outdoors and by the sea, and he is ever present in my favourite childhood memories.

Rich



My father is obsessed with rock/wall-climbing so would sooner scale this wall than use the ladder - so the ladder being attached to the wall makes metaphorical sense for him! Will post also on my time-line for you - in case you want it - because have never put a photo with a comment before so might be tiny?

Stella



My father (Michael) grew up in the house in the centre of this image. His father built it a few years before Michael was born, and lived there until he was too infirm to live alone any longer, nearly 50 years later. I spent many happy weekends playing in the house, back garden and around the pictured oak tree & village pond (just out of shot to the right); that experience has been something which, as I grow older, has helped me better understand and become closer to my father — to have shared, in some way, his own childhood experience.

When the time to come for my grandfather to leave the house, my childhood memories liken it almost to a family bereavement — I remember my father couldn't bring himself to even drive past it for a number of years, when we happened to be in the area. I took this photo in late 2015; perhaps the first time I'd seen the house since the mid-90s. Emotions were unusually high, and I clearly didn't even give much thought to composition or focus.

Many fond remembrances and stories were enjoyed that day, however.

Giles



My dad was the most patient person I have ever known. He never rushed me in anything we did together, even at the dining room table while I threw fits trying to solve an Algebra equation and him knowing the answer but let me get there on my own no matter how long he waited. He would wade in the deep end while I would stand at the edge of the high diving board too scared to jump .. and as I climbed back down the ladder would say, it's ok, I'll be here when you are ready to try again. Time never mattered to my dad when he was with me. I felt worth his time. I miss him tremendously.

Lisa



Every time I walk through the church yard, the trees remind me of what he used to do* and the gravestones remind of where he is now. It's a bitter sweet memory.

*Dad worked as a forestry contractor before he passed away.

Candy



He makes the perfect cup of tea - and always has one ready when we visit.

Jen



This is the car my father had when I was a child. For me it has memories of being collected from school and going on family holidays. I can still remember the number plate 984 DFK! My dad was so proud of it.

Alison



Motorbikes! My Dad gave me a love of Motorbikes and he's now passing that love on to my son too

Alexia



My father was a strange man but there was one consistency in his life: Watford FC. So at the tender age of four I found myself at this self-same spot watching a team in red shirts take on a team in blue shirts. That was when I formed a dislike of any team wearing blue. Through my growing years I would go with Dad and later my oldest son Luke to watch them play at Vicarage Road. We were promoted to the family stand when Luke came and it was the closest that I ever was to my father.

Bob



The kiosk at Balluta Bay in Malta. Dad took me here when I was about 8 for my first, unforgettable almond milkshake.





My Dads true loves!

Gemma



The Oak Tree where Dads ashes are scattered. He used to walk the dogs through this field ofen, and enjoyed stopping for a rest by the trunk. My own children are convinced he is now sitting up in the branches like the stories he told them of when he was young observing all the wildlife around him and we sometimes go and chat with him still.





Where I first met my Dad at the age of 18 and within 30 seconds realised he was a complete selfish dickhead. Luckily I have an AMAZING mum who has been both parents in my life.

Gaby



He was shit. Hope this helps.

Don't be sad. He made me I believe a great dad. So I'm told, especially by my son. X

Adam

Made by:

Alison Price

Ant Prothero

Ashley Rose

Ella Rivet

Danny North

Gem Toes-Crichton

Mick Yates