



Richard Fisher's Funeral

by [Kellie Powell](#)

Drew: You don't get it. I've been afraid of my father *all my life*. I spent every waking moment trying to keep him from exploding. Trying to do everything just right - and not just believing, but *knowing*... that one day he would kill me. That he'd kill us all. My first memory... is the day my brother spilled a can of paint down the stairs. My parents were painting the house. Ricky thought he was helping, but it was too heavy for him, and... paint just went flying, everywhere. I held my breath. I don't know why I thought that would help.

My father put his fist through the wall. I screamed. Ricky and I started crying. And the whole time that he... the whole time, he kept yelling at us to stop crying. I couldn't. I thought he was going to kill us both, and my mother couldn't stop him. I was four years old. Ricky was two.

And I have been living in that hole in the wall, ever since.

I can't forgive him. I won't pretend. So go read "Footprints in the Sand" if it'll make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Today my father's going in the ground. Except I don't remember having a father. A father couldn't do that to his kids.