Twitter Thread by Dr. Pepper's Husband (Kee Hinckley)



Dr. Pepper's Husband (Kee Hinckley)
@nazgul

One of the sad things we know about abusive parenting is that it often propagates over generations.

I'm very glad my grandfather broke that chain and didn't become his abusive step-father. Because it turns out that supportive parenting *also* propagates over generations.

About the time I was 9 I was pissed at my parents for something or other, as kids are. And I angrily thought, "When I have kids, I won't do xxx to them."
And then it occurred to me that I really liked who and how I was, and their rules had helped make me that.

So I decided I probably *should* parent the way they did.

In retrospect, that was probably a bit too much faith in nurture over nature. I was an only child, so I didn't have a counter example. Having two kids abused me of *that* theory. :)

But I really value my supportive dad.

My father was *so* supportive of my endeavors, even as an adult, that my first wife's dad asked her if there was something wrong with me that I needed that much support. (He was the dad she had to actively deceive to study math, and to come to the US).

And it wasn't just big stuff, it was little things. Like when I had a cloth board for my cosmic wimpout game, and the edges were fraying, he surprised me by sewing a border on it. Or the bunk bed he helped me make for college to fit over my desk. And the stereo cabinet we built.

Or when I wanted to paint our scouting trailer camouflage and he got all the paints and helped me draw and paint the patterns. Or his fighting Chevrolet in court to have them fix the engine block in my Vega. Or his helping me build my room in HS so it had hidden closets and bed.

Or his honoring my request for no surprise visits when I was only an hour away at college, but occasionally a bag of cookies he'd made would magically show up outside my dorm room.
Or his happily looking something up for me at 2am when I called him from a college trivia contest.

He wasn't good with emotions. He never said "I love you" until I was an adult (sadly, I had the same problem). He wasn't comfortable with hugs. But he showed love so many ways. I always knew he was there for me. To support, help, and explain. And to share in my joy of discovery.

Because of my father I've always seen my role in life as enabling my family to explore their dreams and succeed at what they want to do.

I miss him. I don't think I was half the father he was. But I hope I passed on his supportiveness and love.

❤■ you @shireenhinckley & Shadi