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Discovering Life

By DeShawna Smyth

I was born in Claremore, Oklahoma, at 1:47 a.m. on December 23, 1985. My mother was a waitress and single. My father was in the wind, somewhere in Texas. I always wondered what my life would be like if I had been raised by my father, or by both my parents.

Life with my mother was not great. We had moved all over Oklahoma and landed in Elk City when I was four years old. My grandparents were my real role models. And even though they loved me very much, I still had an empty feeling in my life. I first started looking for my father two days after my thirteenth birthday. I found the number for a guy with the exact same name as my father; the only difference was that he lived in Ohio. I dialed the number anyway. I talked to the man for an hour or so. In the end, he was not the man I was looking for. This gave me hope though.

I soon was introduced to the internet. I would search endlessly for my father's address, or phone number, court records, ANYTHING that could lead me to him. Every website needed me to pay, or be eighteen, to obtain the information I needed. This was hopeless. I would never find anything on my father. Maybe he didn't want to be found. Lord knows the child support agency tried to find him and couldn't. When I went into foster care, the DHS workers would try to find him, without success. I gave up.

I was almost eighteen when I met a Sargent in the military. He said he could help me find my father. I chuckled and told him to go ahead, but I wasn't going to hold my breath. He never did succeed in finding the David Davis that I was looking for. It was like this man never existed. All I wanted to know was why he left, if he knew about me, if he loved me. To me this seemed such a small request, something every person deserved the answers to.

*It wasn't until the summer of 2011 that I found what I was looking for. I had been watching the show *The Locator* on TV. This man would reunite families or find siblings or parents in adoption cases, and most importantly he found parents for children who had never met them! As soon as I found how to contact him, I did. I sent Troy the Locator an email explaining my situation and what I desperately wanted. It only took a few days for him to reply, and the message wasn't one I wanted to hear. He gave me some tips on locating my father, but said he could not help me with my endeavor.*

That day, I randomly searched his name again. This time I found a link that stated he had a son and an ex-wife. I went right to my Facebook page. I first searched for the son's name, Sam Davis. I came across several with that name and emailed them all asking if they were the son that I was looking for. The last Sam that I clicked on, just so happened to have a mother named Tina, the same name that was listed as David's ex-wife! My God, I had actually found them! I sent both Tina and Sam an email asking if they could be the right ones. It only took a couple of hours for Tina to reply! She knew exactly who I was and had been looking for me too! I had a sister named Mary, a brother named Colt, and another brother named Sam! They had been trying to find me for five years! It would be another six months before I actually talked to my father, and six months after that before I actually met him.

He answered every question I had. He left because he thought that I was not his child. He and my mother did not get along that well, and could not continue the relationship as it was. But in the end, he said he could not deny that I was his daughter. After all, I did look just like him, and my sister and I could be twins!

My father and I still talk every now and then; we text or Facebook each other. I have a new step-mother now. My dad actually asked for my advice on when to tie the knot! My sister and I are as close as any sisters would be, my brothers and I wrestle and tease and I have a beautiful niece that I love very much! I do have two younger brothers on my mother's side as well. I can't imagine life without this big family that I have now!

(Names have been changed in this story, to protect the individual's privacy.)