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Courage is love. Love prompts risk. If one loves anything, one risks everything.  
If one loves something, one has courage.

My parents divorced when I was four years old. They had to sell our house, forcing my mom into an apartment and my dad to build anew. Financially, he found a new construction to be the most advantageous, considering the situation. The project lasted two years, with two kids and too many problems, yet only one of him; two years from the house's inception did my father actually make it our home. A single parent, taking care of a four year-old and a nine year-old every other week, working full time, and solitarily building an entire house, my dad risked everything to his name.

During these twenty-four months, we found a sufficiently cheap, surrogate home: our family camper. All three of us slept on a foam mattress measuring six and a half feet by four feet. My dad, my brother and I shared this and the rest of the ten square feet of open floor. It still catered to our needs, having all the amenities of any other home, just in diminutive form. A captious individual may have found fault with living in such modest conditions, but our family lived here out of precept. Nevertheless, a naïve four year-old, I found living in a camper next to a house in construction as axiomatic as Mr. Roger's wearing a sweater. I did not realize the aberrance of my dad's actions, actions due to the love of his family.

The concept of building a house may seem as mundane as finding a job. To actually build the house is as outlandish as creating a job. Where to begin? Worse yet, where to continue? Where to finish? Today, our bookshelf holds full rows of instructional guides to plumbing, foundation, roofing, ventilation, electrical, carpentry, siding, and insulation. In order to learn masonry, my dad volunteered at a building site to receive instruction from a professional. He found no need, nor enough money, to pay for classes or a construction crew. His resolve definitive, his approach incongruous, and his love unwavering, my dad built that house and made our home.

Constructing a house while working full time is hard. Going through a divorce is hard. Making ten square feet a living space is hard. Raising two, young kids is hard. Hiding that life is hard from two children, is hard. Life, love, is hard.

My dad went through hardship because he loves his two sons. His risk in life began not with the building of a house or the occupying of a camper; his risk began with his love. Love made my father conquer adversity. Love prompted adversity. To love something and to take these risks requires fortitude. It requires courage. To truly love is to have courage, to have the courage to face all love will bring.