

To my Father Hector, my Husband Luis and all the Fathers who have accepted, loved without limits and raised children that weren't theirs, I salute you. May God bless you abundantly.
Thank you for a job incredibly done.



Dear Papi,

I remember, you held onto her closely and she cried in your arms hurt from her first break up. You cried too feeling angry and having empathy. The boyfriend you wanted to teach a lesson to because he had hurt your daughter. Not yours by blood but through marriage and love. I never once heard you call her your stepdaughter. She calls you "Dad"... The real father she never had. "Dad I need to talk to you" she says and you stop the world to listen to her. The advice you give she applies to her situation, trusting in you to know best. When she doesn't take heed and things don't work out her way, you're there with open arms telling her "it's okay we live and we learn". She says "I love you Dad" because you love her like only a father could. "I love you too Jai'onna" you reply feeling your emotions grow deeper.

Little Miss loves to give you hugs and kisses knowing you'll return the affection, in such a loving way only you can do. Your fatherly love is her treasure. She looks at you and smiles sometimes even giggles. You being around makes her happy. The love the two of you share is unremarkable. She just wants to be underneath you. You give her a sense of love and protection just as Father's do. You take time out of your work day to receive her phone calls and hear her voice. She uses video calls to see you laugh. Little notes are left for you. They are so special to your heart. You get so emotional reading them. Not Yours by blood but through marriage and love. "I love you Mr. Luis" she says so tenderly "I love you too Alaya", you replied with great meaning.

"When is Dad coming home" he asks me over a million times until he hears the key to the door turn. His whole world transforms. You can't get into the door quick enough before he tries to fit in your pocket. He loads you with questions and tells you stories about his day. You always stop to listen and listen some more. You stare at him so passionately and your love for him just melts. All he wants is to dance, play, sing and take rides in the car with you. Where you are, he wants to be. Sweetly, you want him with you too. You're the missing piece to his puzzle. You two laugh and cry together often and even argue, but the the love grows fonder each day. Your his hero. "I want to be just like you when I grow up" he says, as he gives you a kiss and hug. You taught him that "real men" show their emotions. He loves cuddling with you watching a movie. Your so devoted to him and when the two of you pray together at night, Heaven rejoices. Not yours by blood, but yours by marriage and love. "I love you Dad" he says with conviction. "I love you to Amir" you reply passionately.

Thank you for being the wonderful, God-fearing and loving Father you are. If you should ever feel unloved, look into the eyes of our three beautiful children you claim as your own and allow yourself to get lost in their love for you. Thank you for loving them the way only you can. Thank you for the joy you brought into their lives and the smile you place on their faces.



"Happy Father's Day", to the amazing man I call my Husband, Luis Ramos Soto

Love 4-Ever,
Sylana Ramos Soto

