

## ***Daddy's Little Girl***

Song lyrics (part in bold) are from the song *Daddy's Little Girl* by Kippi Brannon.  
Memories in between are written by Becky Freeman

### ***Daddy, take me with you***

Dad always took us with him. He was amazing at wasting time! One trip to Kimball to get tractor parts would lead to a trip to the DQ for a Hickory Burger (don't tell Mom), a stop at John Deere, and a stop to see Grandma. What could have taken an hour and a half tops turned into a whole morning affair. If we were lucky, Kimball didn't have the part he needed and we'd end up driving to Scottsbluff. Whole day wasted!

### ***I promise I'll be good***

We were always good for Dad. He was the ornery one.

### ***Daddy, this is next time***

We never had to wait for the next time to go with Dad. This time was always the next time. We always went along.

### ***And Mama said I could***

It was a challenge to get Mom convinced that she didn't need us at home. She always wanted help cleaning house and doing yard work. But that was no fun. You actually had to do some work if you stayed at home.

### ***Sitting in the front seat***

Dad drove a pickup. So we always rode in the front seat. You just didn't want to be the guy in the middle. If he hit a bump on the gravel road, the magnet holding his wheat receipts would fall off the roof of the pickup and land on your head. It was a metal clip magnet. That damn thing hurt.

### ***Riding downtown***

We rode through pastures, down the country roads, checked out the wheat fields, visited Grandma, and shot the breeze with farmers and parts managers.

***For an ice cream cone***

We would talk him out of ice cream cones, pop, hickory burgers, and more.

***I'd wrap him around***

My Daddy might have been wrapped around my finger. But I loved him. Always have and always will.

***My little fingers***

His hands taught my little fingers about working hard and how to care for animals. He took better care of his calves than some people do their own kids. He would sometimes carry those cute little guys into the house to warm them up and get them healthy before returning them to the barn.

***Tighter than my baby curls***

I did have some cute curls when I was little. Dad always told me I looked like Annie.

***You can make a tear go***

A couple of tears and my Dad was ready to take on the world. He asked me once if I wanted him to beat up some girl who was getting in the way of me dating a guy. He really wouldn't have done it. Dad was a big teddy bear. But he put a smile on my face for just suggesting it.

***A long, long way when you're***

Eastern Nebraska was a long long way to be away from Dad.

***Daddy's little girl***

I will always be Daddy's little girl. I will never deny that and I won't be ashamed to admit it.

***Walking down the aisle***

My Dad walked me down the aisle to the man of my dreams. It was one of the few times in my life that I saw Dad in a suit.

***My eyes on Mr. Right***

Definitely eyes on Mr. Right. Brad in some ways is like my Dad. He's a hard worker. He knows his way around tools and cars. He would do anything for his kids. They are both amazing men.

***My bouquet was shaking***

I don't know if my bouquet was shaking. But I had tears in my eyes.

***But Daddy held on tight***

Daddy did hold on tight. I think he held on a little longer than he needed to before he handed me to Brad.

***Taking those last steps***

I did take those last steps. There couldn't have been a better man by my side. I honored my roots that day too. I wore white cowboy boots and a white cowboy hat with my wedding dress.

***Daddy and me, from the child***

I think I always was a child in Dad's eyes. After all, I am Daddy's little girl.

***To the woman I'd be***

Dad did make me a strong woman. He taught me a lot. So did my Mom. I think I've made them proud.

***With a diamond on my finger***

Brad gave me a beautiful ring. It wasn't huge, but I didn't need a huge diamond to know how much he loved me. I learned that from Dad too. Love is about actions. It's not about things.

***And my mama's string of pearls***

I don't think my Mom owned a string of pearls. We weren't that fancy.

***He gave me away, cause I couldn't stay***

My daddy never really gave me away.

***Daddy's little girl***

I will always be Daddy's little girl.

***Well, he taught me my bible***

I don't remember having major religious discussions with Dad, but I know he believed in God. He would go to church with us and either fall asleep and snore during the sermon or draw us

cool pictures. He taught me the right way to live by the way he treated people, his family, and his livestock.

### ***From seven to thirteen taught me to drive***

I learned to drive at a very early age. We helped Dad feed cows. He would put his pickup in Granny gear and we would steer. When he was done, we shut the pickup off. We drove down the cattle trails between the fields. By the time we were old enough to get a school permit, there really wasn't much to teach us. I drive more like Mom and less like Dad. Dad was too careful.

Dad would get wild when he was in his 1973 Gran Torino. There was a little stretch of paved road that was a mile or two long just north of Bushnell. He would actually stop when he got to that and then he would hammer it to see if he could lay black marks. He would also leave them across the Quonset when he pulled the car out. Mom would be mad, or at least she pretended to be. We'd all laugh.

### ***When I was a wild thing***

I was Daddy's little girl. I really wasn't wild (that was my sister). I never did anything wrong because I didn't want Dad to be disappointed in me.

### ***I reached and he prayed***

I hung out in Scottsbluff on Friday or Saturday night when I wasn't playing basketball. I'm sure Dad said a few prayers that I wouldn't find any guys and that I got home safely. I had a 1 o'clock curfew, but I had to leave town by midnight to get home on time.

There was one guy that worked at Co-op Grocery store. He tried to get me to let him drive Mom's Bronco. He was convinced that my Dad liked him. I wouldn't give in. Number 1 he was drunk. Number 2 Dad drilled it into us that we did not let anyone drive our cars. I wasn't stupid enough to let him drive. He did cruise with us for a while and that totally made my night!

### ***When I made some mistakes***

I made a few mistakes. Mostly driving too fast. But nothing serious. I don't ever remember really being in trouble with Dad.

### ***That I wouldn't have made***

I wouldn't have gotten a speeding ticket.....

### ***If I'd've done it his way***

if I had done it Dad's way. He never went over about 45. Driving from home to Scottsbluff was almost painful. I drove Dad to Cheyenne once. He fell asleep before we got to Pines Bluff. I knew the way. We always went to Cheyenne to go school shopping, besides it was a straight shot down the interstate from where we lived. Dad swore I was speeding the whole way. I wasn't. I actually had the cruise set. He always picked on me after that and said if you want to get to some place quickly, just turn on the Beach Boys and let Becky drive.

### **Now he hugs me when he sees me**

I always got a hug from my Dad. I know he was always happy to see us. We kinda invaded the house when we showed up since there are 6 of us in my family. But he didn't care.

I wish I could get another hug from my Dad.

### ***We talk about the past***

He did like to talk about the past. I loved hearing his stories of the things he did in high school. He was kind of a prankster. As an adult he was ornery, but nothing like the stories he told us.

### ***He tries to give me money***

Mom and Dad never had a lot of money, but we never really wanted for anything. He did try to give me money after I got married.

### ***And I try to give it back***

I never wanted to take it, but I also didn't want to hurt his feelings by giving it back.  
But I did try.

### ***He's a book of advice***

He might have given out advice verbally. But I got most of my life advice just by watching the way he lived. I don't know of anyone who didn't like my Dad.

### ***More than I need***

I listened to what my Dad had to say. I wish I could hear his voice now and get more advice or just listen to whatever he'd want to tell me.

### ***The look in his eyes***

The look in my Dad's eyes was always happy. I don't remember him being angry very often. When he was angry it was short lived. Hurt a few times maybe. But he was always caring.

***As he's saying to me***

Dad loved to talk to us. Usually it was a lot about nothing but really about everything.

***Let me help you while I can***

Knowing Dad was only a phone call away was all I needed to keep going.

I saw my Dad about a month before he passed away. I hadn't talked to him for probably a week before he died which wasn't normal. We got wrapped up in the activities the kids were in. The one thing I regret is that I didn't get to talk to him one last time.

***While I'm still in this world***

He is gone.

***What will you do when your Daddy's gone***

It's been almost three years and I still don't have an answer to this. I never will.

***And you're Daddy's little girl***

Always Daddy's little girl.

***What'll I do when my daddy's gone***

Cry and hold onto my memories for dear life. I will forever cherish that I was Daddy's little girl.

**Bio**

Becky is a mother of four and lives in a small Nebraska town. She has lived in Nebraska all of her life, only moving from the western side to the eastern side. She has a Bachelor's Degree in Veterinary Science with a minor in Biology and a Master's Degree in Educational Administration. Becky's husband is a 20+ year member of the Nebraska Air National Guard and has been deployed multiple times over those years. When Becky isn't busy with her children's activities or at work, she enjoys writing, old cars, and spending time with family.