

Punk Daddy—Michael Rys

I've started this and restarted this a few times in the past couple of weeks. It always wound up reading like a life story rather than perspectives on how rock 'n roll/punk ties into being a parent. My life has been a long, fun, and strange trip, but would make for a rather boring read I think. The trials, tribulations, joys and loves have made me the person, not the father I am today that much is true. I can do nothing to change the mistakes or glories of the past. I can however help to shape futures, and more importantly the futures of my kids. That is my primary position - everything I do and everything I will do effects them and who they will become.



My passion for music, and more specifically punk, hardcore, metal, ect. is something my wife told me was something attractive to her. LOL Kinda funny now that she finds it like a second childhood thing. Girls, woman, look you wont be with, have a relationship, or marry a musician or someone with a burning passion for music and expect it to go away. Never, ever... trust me on this. They'll be able to focus and get the important things done but it will always be there playing in the background while painting the garage. It will present itself come yard sale season when the need to explore dusty bins full of Barry Manilow records might hide that

Germ LP he's been looking for ten years surfaces for 50 cents.

It'll be there when he's thrilled you bought the twins (Nicholas and Anabella, 5 years old) a drum set and guitar for Christmas. Its pretty damn cool when you spend an evening with your oldest (Bruce, just on the legal side of 21) sipping a brew together on the lawn of Pine Knob listening to the smooth warm distortion of a Gibson Les Paul through a Marshall stack. It warms me heart that my gangster rap loving 17 year old (Thomas) totally digs Wayne Kramer, because he writes songs about the same neighborhood both he and my son grew up in.





I was even more thrilled that my 16 year old daughter (Tiffani) was floored by getting an personalized autograph from Joan Jett from me on Christmas. That was not easy either, trust me.

My wife ,the love of my life and mother to these wonderful children, is not into punk. She could care less about metal. Bridgett would not know a hardcore band from a 77 old school band. Three out of our five have musical tastes that don't reflect mine too much either. I do have one more chance with the twins. Hahahahaha..... "here Nicholas, here is your very own Ramones CD and Bella this group is called L7". Hey, it could happen.

But you know as long as all our kids have learned compassion, manners, thoughtfulness, critical thinking, and they have love in their hearts then we've done on our job. They'll be happy, but most of all individuals. What's more punk than an individual who thinks for themselves. Guess my wife's more punk than she thinks, cause she definitely has not raised any sheeple in this family.

Till next Time

RLF!!!

Punk Rock Daddy Michael Rys

