

## *Truth* **RESTORED**

### **Chapter One: When Fatherhood Ends with a Signature**

The day the court finalized my divorce, I didn't just lose a wife.  
I lost access to my daughters.

Not all at once. Not with a loud crash. But in a slow, silent unravelling.

First, there was the schedule. Weekends only. Then came the missed calls. The rushed handovers in parking lots. The "Sorry, they're busy" texts. My role became secondary — not because I chose it, but because it was chosen for me.

I didn't abandon them. I wasn't violent. I didn't walk away. Yet somehow, I became the visitor. The one whose hugs became shorter. Whose voice grew fainter. Whose presence slowly faded in the background of their growing lives.

They say the law is fair. They say family courts are neutral. But every time I walked into that courtroom, I felt like I was already guilty — guilty of being a man, guilty of wanting equal time, guilty of believing that my daughters needed me just as much as they needed their mother.

There were days I'd stand outside their school just to catch a glimpse of them. Birthdays I celebrated alone, with candles and photos instead of cake and laughter.

I became an invisible father — erased not by death, but by process.

This book is not a cry for sympathy. It's a record. A warning. A voice for all the fathers out there living in silence, holding onto old drawings and voicemail recordings just to feel close to their children.

We talk about broken homes, but rarely about broken fathers. And yet — I never stopped being a dad. Even when the system told me I didn't count.