

Men concerned about ?becoming their dad?



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?OMG, you're just like your dad!?

The first time that line was directed at me, I remember my jaw dropping, eyebrows raising and my head spinning. Say it isn't so.

An estimated 70% of Canadian men are worried they will become their dad!

I don't know about you guys out there, but I'm taking my vitamins, going on family outings, turning up the music, all in an effort to avoid coming down with ?BMD syndrome??(Becoming My Dad).

I don't know if it's working, so I'll have to ramp up my efforts with more backyard BBQs, plenty of meat and copious amounts of imported brew ? all things my dad wasn't particularly fond of.

It's all in the name of science and medicine! ?LOL.

The latest ?research? comes from Schick, testing men's tastes and personal grooming habits. While the majority worry about becoming their dads, some actually wanted to inherit some of their fathers' traits.

Men in Canada report they started to exhibit signs of BMD in their 20s (43%) while one in three men say it happened in their 30s. Work ethic and wisdom top the list. Not surprisingly, men say that dad's least desirable traits are his fashion sense (30%) and taste in music (19%).

I can relate to the ?fashion sense? idea, in fact I?have an image burned into my very soul.

I was at one of my first Grade 8 dances, having an enjoyable time, until my dad came to pick me up. It was near the end of school, so it was quite warm outside. Fresh from the back 40, in my dad strolled, wearing brown shorts, a mismatched shirt and flip flops! Oh, the horror!

There was little conversation on the way home that day. I'm emotionally scared for life. Quick, throw another shrimp on the barbie! One of my dad's most annoying traits was clinking his teaspoon on his cup, over and over and over. It did grow on you over the years and my wife said she actually missed that sound after he passed away.

My dad was strict, fairly straight-laced and a bit emotionless. All characteristics of that post-war generation. I remember breaking down in my 30s and asking him why he wasn't free with his feelings, and whether he felt proud of my accomplishments.

This is the major bain of father-son relationships ? our never-ending attempts to secure their love and respect.

Thanks to advice from my better half, I have a handle on the no socks with sandals thingy. I'm also pretty good at matching colours and while on holidays, stretching the outfit combinations.

Fortunately, I still like my music on the loud side, at least when I'm alone in the car. But, my tastes, while varied, do tend to lean toward hits from the ?70s and ?80s, when times were much simpler. And fortunately for the rest of the world, our young are beginning to enjoy the bands we grew up with ? Foreigner, Styx, KISS, Journey, Billy Joel, Meatloaf, AC/DC ...

My dad wasn't much of a music lover.

But he did like good TV?sitcoms.

I remember that as a family, we gathered weekly to watch the Carol Burnett Show, with the likes of comedic pros Tim Conway, Harvey Korman and Vicki Lawrence. Some of their routines were legendary and cracked us up. When Conway did his Mr. Tudball sketch and his secretary ?Mrs. Ah-huh-wiggins,? It brought my dad to tears.

Good times.

I try to enjoy the same with my kids, but it's not the same these days. Even the Disney Channel shows have adolescent content and the sitcoms and dramas after 9 p.m. are often not for pre-teens. My youngest has shown an interest in Star Trek reruns and I?occasionally watch Once Upon a Time with my eldest.

We recently watched Bears, a documentary from Disney Nature, that records the first year of life of two brown bear cubs and their mom in Alaska. It was really good and everyone enjoyed it immensely.

When I was a kid, we couldn't wait for the weekly installment of Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom, or a Jacques Cousteau special. We were fascinated by never-before-seen footage of creatures from across the globe.

So, fellow males, there's still time to prevent the premature onset of BMD.

I've got a few suggestions.

Embarrass your kids in a humorous fashion every chance you get.

I've become my daughter's number one lunatic fan at her weekly soccer games. I've gone from bullhorns to air horns to vuvuzelas, all in attempt to show her how much I care! Okay, there's a bit of evil pleasure in it all but that's my job. The playoff weekend will be legendary! Anyone know where I can get blue face paint, a large banner and a cannon that shoots confetti?

My wife has told me on occasion that parents shouldn't be their kids' friends. But I disagree. I want to be their pals, when suitable. I want to be someone they can talk freely with and come to with any problems. Of course we have to be the disciplinarians and rule-makers, but if our offspring are well rounded and have some street smarts, they should be able to absorb the jokes, pranks and serious talks and make sense of it all.

Flip flops aside, my dad had some good qualities.

And I?hope my kids feel the same about me.