

Acknowledgments

As I look back on the many debts I've accumulated while working on this book about debt, I'm filled with more gratitude than I can relay in a few pages. Thankfully, my debts did not produce the loops of disadvantage of the kind the fathers I write about here got stuck in. Just the opposite: they've created loops of advantage that have nurtured and sustained me over many years.

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This book about fathers owes a tremendous amount to the extraordinary father figures I've had in my life. My dad, Craig Haney, began his parenting journey not unlike many of the men in this book—as a young, unexpected father—so I am enormously grateful that our father/daughter bond has remained so strong and loving. This book bears his imprint in so many ways, especially in his commitment to social justice and insight into the criminal justice system. My grandpa Haney was the first man to teach me the joy of small, simple acts of love—as well as how to endure the heartbreak of being a Phillies fan. My stepfather, Rudy Peritz, was a calming, comforting, and consistent figure in my life, and I miss him tremendously. And I remain grateful to Michael Burawoy, whom I will always consider my sociological father.

As this book makes clear, good fathering emerges from a larger social and familial context. So it is in my life: surrounding my great fathers are incredible mothers and family members. My gratitude to my mother, Janice Peritz, for her many sacrifices and for becoming my confidant and co-parent is deep. My siblings have grown into rock stars in their own

fields, and after decades of being the big sister, I am thrilled to learn from them: from Jessica's stunning academic accomplishments, to Erin's awe-inspiring work on criminal justice reform, to Matt's phenomenal political work. I'm also lucky to have a big extended family on both coasts. Thanks to the Haney–Hurtado clan, especially to Aida Hurtado, for all the support, Sunday Zooms, and Mexico vacays. And my Yurko family continues to be a source of great food and good times, despite the loss of our beloved matriarch, Grandma Kay, whom we all miss dearly.

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A decade ago, just as I was beginning to contemplate this project, my partner, Andras Tapolcai, died unexpectedly. In the more than twenty years that we were together, Andras passed on many amazing things to me, and I am especially thankful for his example of caring, consistent fathering. It is an example I often came back to as I wrote this book about fathers—and as I've parented for both of us over the years. Which leads to Tristan, our incredible son, who grew up along with this book. During the research, I dragged him across the country and stuck him in all sorts of crazy camps—from alligator camps to baseball camps to surf camps. Yet he always rolled with it, happy to join my seemingly never-ending research trips. As Tristan grew older, we talked about the book's findings, and he eventually became my graph and map maker extraordinaire. He continues to enrich my life every day and reminds me of the joys of parenting. And so, Tristan, I dedicate this book to you: in honor of the outstanding young man you have grown into and the future caregiver you will become—in whatever form you decide it will take.