

For Parents

Someday when my children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates a parent, I will tell them:

I Loved you enough to....to ask where you were going, with whom, and what time you would be home.

I Love you enough....to insist that you save your money and buy a bike for yourself even though we could afford to buy one for you.

I Loved you enough....to be silent and let you discover that your new best friend was a creep.

I Loved you enough....to make you go pay for the bubblegum you had taken and tell the clerk, " I stole it yesterday and want to pay for it".

I Loved you enough....to stand over you for two hours while you cleaned your room, a job that should have taken 15 minutes.

I Loved you enough....I Loved you enough to let you see anger, disappointment, and tears in my eyes. Children must learn their parents aren't perfect.

I Loved you enough....to let you assume the responsibility of your actions even when the penalties were so harsh it almost broke my heart.

But most of all, I loved you enough....to say NO when I knew you would hate me for it.

Those were the most difficult battles of all. I'm glad I won them, because in the end you won, too.

And someday when your children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates parents, you will tell them....

First Day of School

She started school this morning, and she seemed so very small. As I walked right beside her in the Kindergarten Hall.

And she took her place beside the others in the class, I realized how all too soon those first few years can pass.

Remembering, I saw her as she first learned to walk. The words that we alone made out when she began to talk.

This little girl so much absorbed in learning how to write. It seems she must have grown to girlhood overnight.

My eyes were blurred by hastily I brushed the tears away lest by some word or sign of mine. I mar her first big day.

Oh how I longed to stay with her and keep her by the hand to lead to the places that she couldn't understand.

And something closely kin to fear was mingled with my pride. I knew she would no longer be a baby by my side.

But she must have her chance to live, to work her problems out, the privilege to grow and learn what life is all about.

And I must share my little girl with friends and work and play; she's not a baby anymore – she's in Kindergarten today.

Author Unknown