

# Parenting

No one ever said this job was easy.

There was *never* a possibility to do it well...much less perfectly.

You were asked to plan for a future you couldn't see, prepare for a world that you didn't know.

There would be trauma. You knew that. But when? What kind? How to prepare? If you did nothing, they wouldn't be ready. If you did too much, you'd traumatize them yourself. You grappled with this so many times, and yet, you *never* seemed to get it *just* right.

They had to learn respect...but...at the same time...they needed a sense of independence. They needed to be able to stand up to you. But, they also needed to listen to you. And you never seemed to get this *exactly* perfect either.

You had to set an example. Not too high...or they'd never feel good enough. Not too low...they'd never feel worthwhile. And of course...it couldn't be "just right." They'd never be driven to improve.

They had to discover...everything...but....discover it in a *new* world, different from the world you learned about. And your advice, your ability to assist them was limited in this strange place. And with time, your guidance became less accurate and your influence started to fade.

The world made it harder by undermining your authority. Corporations learned that television programs with weak, idiotic parents and strong, brilliant children created empowered consumers sending the message, "Hey kid. You're parents are stupid. Don't listen to them. You

*need* this new product no matter what they say.” This process magnified once they got exposed to social media.

You had to lead them to path away from yours, a life apart. And you led them there, knowing that wherever this path took them, it would take them *away* from you, away from your protection.

You knew that you would end up alone but you couldn't be lonely. You knew you would end up sad but you couldn't cry. You weren't able to share the pain of raising and losing them. They didn't need that additional burden to start their lives.

In the end, you could only smile, love them, and wish them well because after all was done, after all was sacrificed...your hope and prayers were all that you had left to give.

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