

Being a father.

Am I supposed to write a poem about this to make it clear as to what a father should be? Should I write a novel because that is how much it would take to even begin? The novel would be a multipart, never-ending series that would go to the end of my life. There is so much to being a parent first off, then on top of that being a father. Where does that begin, for some it could be a rough beginning, maybe it was something of a surprise or an oops. Others it could be the best things that ever happen to them. Either way the beginning starts, it is a life changing experiment and no matter what way you go with it, you are a father.

Chapter one of that novel could be called "Wow...now what?" Those first years of the first baby is what I call living by the seat of your pants. There are books out there, there is what you may have learn from your parents and example by what you see others do but most of all you are living by the seat of your pants. I remember my wife and I talked about her going back to work, me staying home to build my own business and being a stay-at-home dad. Not always our best decision but it through me into a very new role at home. I believe naively that I would get all my work done and still be an excellent dad. The good part was the business was a bit of the loser on that, and I think I did a good job as a dad.

The last chapter of the book could be "What did I leave for you?" Recently I started to think of what my kids will say about me when I am gone. The things that I say about my dad was how he was a good a person, always helping people, he was a spiritual being and was a connector for our family. What I don't say is that he worked three jobs and wasn't home as much as I would have liked. Back then we were kind of the lower-class people and so working three jobs was what it took to get us by. I don't complain about it because when he was home he would take me fishing, we would play some games and he was such a great handyman that would make things for me.

The hard part was I didn't have the time or the emotions to sit down with him and talk. We were not a very emotional family and we had good humor but sometimes the sarcasm got a little strong. My oldest brother got a chance to talk to my dad and find out some of his life. When I started to get old enough my dad was gone.

Now in my life with my three kids I am hoping that my kids would say things like my dad was around, I could talk to him and he would be there for me. My wife and I made the decision before my kids were born that we would be there for our kids. I think we have proven that and especially since we have two kids with Obsessive Compulsive Disorder which takes your time, energy and life. We have made it through so much of that and our kids still like us, so we must have done something right.

The good thing about the chapters in-between is that they were filled with all that life likes to throw out to us. Life sends out good stuff, bad stuff and everything in between. One of my biggest philosophies and what I tell my children it is how you respond to each of those curves of life. Hopefully a lot of those responses is with joy.

Are the chapters in between filled with more joy or suffering? How do you respond to the curves of life? Last chapter of your life novel, what will your kids say about you?