

Words from my heart to my almost son

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eyes looking at us, reminding us of our obligation to be great. That's a brand new realization for me as well, fresh out of the epiphany oven.

You see, if you want great things for your children, don't you need to have evidence of greatness yourself? The more I think about it, the more it makes perfect sense that my children are only going to be able to trust me as far as I trust myself. If I am sitting on a couch watching Netflix (I don't have Netflix for the record) while reminding my posterity to follow their dreams, why would they ever listen to me?

The point is, they probably won't.

I believe with all my heart that there are two types of evolution occurring simultaneously:

1. The obvious evolution of our brains and bodies.
2. The more subtle evolution of our hearts and minds.

I can write in more detail about these two types of evolutions later on, but in order to stay on the subject, I want to focus on the aspect of evolving our hearts.

When I tuck my son in at night, I am accountable for the day he had. Where he sleeps, the food he eats, even the conversations he overhears, I am responsible for it all. It may seem like an awful lot of pressure, but not if you are already eating well, sleeping in a decent place, and having conversations that would benefit him.

Who I am directly effects every aspect of my young child's life.

Moreover, who I become is what I will be leaving behind for my children and their children. If I am able to create a path that leads to a bright, more beautiful view of the world, then I can say I helped humanity get closer to the promise land. That is taking evolution by the hand and walking with it as far as you can.

With #2 on the way I can really buy into the saying "Time flies when you are having babies" ... or however it goes. I can already feel his eyes watching my every move through my wife's belly, and I'm on my best behavior. I can feel him moving around in utero and I'm pretty sure he is tapping on his watch, letting me know that I could be more productive with my time. Don't ask me where he got the watch from, that's just one of those mysteries.

He's right.

He's not even born, but he's already right.

How humbling.

I am on the brink of a total unavoidable metamorphosis.

I can literally hear the clock ticking as I write this, which might be a little too poetic for my brain to handle at the moment. With a mere 2 days left before the official 'due date' of my second child, my senses are extra aware of my wife's movements and sounds.

Although the fear of dealing with the reality of being bound to another human life for eternity isn't nearly as acute as it was when I became a first time parent, I still have my game face on—locked and loaded.

The basic thing of it is this: We think we so much time to fulfill our goals/dreams until we have little