

The heart of a parent is the desire of the child

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The heart of a parent is the desire of the child. I want to have for myself what my father has. I want to be just like him. I watch him. I listen to every word that he utters and he amazes me all the time. I feel so proud of him, so much that I can never bear to hurt him. I want to do everything just the way he does it, so he will notice me and praise me. Then I'll want to do even more.

Sometimes I make my father unhappy. Sometimes I make him angry. I don't do what he does. I'm very bad. He notices everything and tells me off. He tells me what I should do. When I'm bad can't see that he loves me and I feel so sad. I want so much for my father to love me.

What must I do? I must be more like him. Then he can be happy with me and he can love me. Even when he tells me off I know he loves me. I like my father to tell me off, because I know he cares and wants to help. But most of all, he tells me off because he loves me so much and doesn't want me to hurt myself.

Please speak to me his eyes say. Can't you tell me how you are. He pleads with me and the pain he feels not having me makes me cry and I tell him all. Then I find peace. Then he smiles. It's a small smile, but such a warm smile. He has taken my load, all of my sin. I feel free and have no worries. My father has taken them all for me. Now I can sleep and dream in peace, because I know I have a father and I know he will never leave me. But mostly I know he loves me so much that my heart wants to burst. I love him so much too. I want to be just like him.