

A parents love letter:

Don't be afraid. I would wade through raging waters with you on my shoulders to bring you to the soft green bank of life's river. When the tsunamis of your emotional life threaten to sweep you away I will hold you afloat like a leaf. When you face the steep climb of life's mountains, my rope is about your waist drawing you upwards. When you awaken in the terrors of night I whisper sweet poems to silence all fears. When you fall along the roads of life's teeming streets my hand reaches through the crowds and lifts you up. When you feel alone, and it seems the entire world's forgotten you, listen to the voice that calls your Name.

Do not ever forget that I love you. For it can so easily be forgotten in a world that at times seems not to care. I could never forget you. How could a parent forget their child? To forget you is not possible, for I am with you always. Like the air that breathes you, the wind that blows through you, the soft rain that falls on you, and the pulse of your blood. I am forever with you.

Never feel alone in this world, never feel forgotten, because my invisible hands hold you always. Though you grown, I always see the child in you. I know that behind the business of your life, the preoccupations of each day, you are still a small child, scared of a big world, afraid of a hundred little things, feeling inadequate and afraid. I know the things you need but can never ask for. In all of these uncertainties you are more normal than you will ever know. Do not be bothered that you doubt yourself, that you feel inadequate, that others seem better than you. The big secret of life is that everyone feels the same. Just remember from one who knows you like no other – you are magnificent!

I know that in life what you need is the warmth of a love that listens to your heart, that knows your every worry, that feels your deepest fears, that delights in your every dream, and that enjoys your every thought and laugh. For I understand your heart in ways that are wordless. Though you feel invisible, I see you in High Definition, and love your every quiet thought, your uncertainties and fears, your angers and disappointments, your success and failures.

I know everything about you for I have been familiar with all your ways. I held and bathed you as a child, snuggled you to sleep, read to you in the quiet evenings. I listened to every word you learned, every song you sang, every tear you cried, every joyous giggle that arouse in your glad heart. For you are of me, made even in my image. For you are my child and carry the genes of my emotions and longings, my fears and loves, my humour and delight. When at night you feel the shadows of fear sweep over your bed, remember that these fears were mine too, when I was your age. Even when I am not there, and you are a thousand miles away, I watch over you casting soft light into your dark. Each night before I sleep I draw down a thousand angels from heaven to watch over you and bathe you in a sweet light. When you laugh and giggle to yourself before you sleep, it is because I have prompted your angels to tickle you into remembering joy.

Always remember that I chose you. When I turned toward God, it was you he gave to me. You were not a mistake. You did not just appear. You were created and chosen and brought forth on the day of your birth. Oh but you are so beautifully made. Every

little thing about you is part of me. Even your sins and bad thoughts are harmless. They are like water that always runs off you. No matter what you ever do or think, it could never cancel my subscription to your soul. Nothing you could do or think can dissolve the family blood that runs through your heart. Your blood carries all the protein of every good deed done by your grandparents and their grandparents and their grandparents! You are good and beautiful, even despite yourself!

No matter what life throws at you, no matter what cuts you endure, come to me, even in the silence of your own mind, and we can wash and bathe your hurt. Remember? Just like when you were small, and we'd heal the cut knees and wipe the gravel away and make all things well. There is nothing you cannot endure when you know how loved you are, that you are never alone, and that the voices of the heavens encourage and cheer you on, every step of the way.

Each time I see you the roar of the crowd rises in my heart, great cheers ring out when I see the courage of your little life. So when I say goodbye and salute you into your grumpy school filled days, listen as you walk the wet and wintry road for the cheers: There is a standing ovation for you. Listen! The sound of the rain is applause, the thunder of the traffic is a standing ovation, and the howl of the wind is a choir burst into song. Just for you.

When at night you lie in the semi-dark, or stir awake in nighttime fears, you can quiet your anxiety knowing that my arms enfold you and with this shield of love and faith you are always safe. The moon and stars, the sun and skies, the great cushions of clouds that sweep across the sky, the great trees of life bending in the wind, all move to encourage and protect you.

For you are beautiful beyond measure. Finally, when I grow weak remember that God, and those close to you who have died, all walk by your side like an elderly entourage of cheerleaders - laughing and giggling with you in the simple joy of your life. God does not just hold you in times of trouble. The rest of the time he cracks jokes in the back of your head and 'takes the piss' when you take yourself too seriously! All just because he, and I, love watching you being you.