

# Now on to other thoughts...

My youngest is growing up, she is now a Junior in High School, and in her Second to last High School play. She only had a small role, but to me she was the loveliest lady in waiting on stage. I tried to follow her every time she appeared on stage, and every time I felt a pain in my heart. This is another one of those times when I hate being a widower. Her mother should have been there to watch this.

This is not the first show my dear wife hasn't been to, and knowing my daughters it will not be the last. It startles me every time I watch them perform. Every time I feel that same sadness in my heart. Knowing it will come doesn't seem to help much. While I don't break down into tears much anymore, the emptiness is still very real. I can't be both parents, I can only be the Dad. I try my best, but that isn't always good enough, at least not for me. Not a lot more to say on this right now as I wonder what the next time will bring.