

My little girl

My second daughter is the one most like me. She wanted to do the things I did, and wanted a working tool set when she was younger. Somewhere between then and now, she grew up and became a young woman, wife and mother. She just had a birthday. She lives many states away. I couldn't be with her.

I called her "my little girl" from the moment she was born. While her sisters wanted Mom, she wanted me. I was the one to put her to sleep when she was a cranky baby. I looked after her early cuts and bruises. I carried her on many outings. Her sisters think that she is my favorite child. In that they are mistaken. I really don't have favorites (surprise girls!!). They are all very near and dear to me for reasons as unique as they are. The thing is, K will always be Daddy's Little Girl, no matter how old she gets.

I hope she had a happy one.

I was planning on writing something about each daughter some time around a birthday. That would take until December to finally get to the last one. I think I'll just pick a random daughter tomorrow and write again... And then around each birthday, I can write something different. Maybe this can give them more insight as to how their old man thinks... If they read this at all