



I See Children As Kites

I see children as kites. You spend a lifetime trying to get them off the ground. You run with them until you're both breathless . . . they crash . . . they hit the rooftop. You patch and comfort, adjust and teach. You watch them lifted by the wind and assure them they can fly. Finally they are airborne; they need more string and you keep letting it out. But with each twist of the ball of twine, there is a sadness that goes with the joy. The kite becomes more distant, and you know it won't be long before that beautiful creature will snap the lifeline that binds you together and will soar as it is meant to soar—free and alone. Only then do you know that you did your job well.

Erma Bombeck