

Divorce: the kids of
these broken
marriages? some



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Divorce: a personal life changing experience With this ring I thee wed. For better or worse, for richer or poorer. Traditionally, two people speak these words on their wedding day, the day that two become one, the day that two people begin a life together and share an unbreakable union.

This may be so in some cases but not all. Divorce among Americans is rampant. In society today divorces are as common as marriages themselves. Couples meet, date, fall in love, marry, and have children and then one day: Wham! Something is just not right with the relationship anymore, so they opt for the easy way out, the big " D". They get a divorce, is this really the easy way? The legalities and dissolution of the union may be easy and painless, but what about the emotions that are still in tact? Although a divorce may be hard on the adults involved, what about the children? What happens to the kids of these broken marriages? Some parents who are going through a divorce wonder what the effects of their decision to dissolve the marriage will be on the children. Parents worry that their divorce will cause their children emotional problems that will last a lifetime. These worries are not unsubstantiated. Depending on the reasons that led up to the divorce the effects can vary.

Being a product of a broken home, and having my own child which is also a product of a broken home I can relate personally to the lasting effects that divorce has on a child. My family consists of five children, which today is considered a large family. Of the five I am the youngest by six years. My parents were married for twenty-eight years before they decided that divorce was the only solution. I was fourteen years old and the one child that suffered the most emotional damage.

Because of the many years my parents were married and the wide age difference between my siblings and myself I was the only child still living at home with my parents. The day my dad decided to move out was the day my life changed forever. My parents did not discuss their reasons for the divorce with me, they didn't have to, and I knew the reasons. I had lived the reasons for as long as I was old enough to remember. The arguments, the name calling, the accusations, the past threats to move out. I was well aware of the reasons. Although there was never any physical violence there was enough screaming and yelling to make up for it. Usually, my mother started most of the arguments; my dad is a quite man.

My mother could never let anything rest she loved to argue. It didn't matter if it was money, family, jealousy, or the color of the clouds in the sky that particular day; she just loved to bitch. Then one day my dad had enough and he left. Let me go back up and say that my dad was not perfect by any means. He was a hard worker and a good provider and he loved my mother and us. But he also allowed my mother to always be in control of the household, the finances and the discipline. My mother resented him for this and when things went wrong she wanted to blame him for his lack of input. Anyway, the day my dad moved out was a day of mixed emotions, I felt like the largest weight in the world had been lifted off of my shoulders and at the same time the sadness that I felt was just weighing me back down.

I was so glad my dad was finally going to take a stand and stop the arguing but I was so sad that he was going to have to leave to do it. I blame my dad for taking the easy way out and I blame my mom for allowing it. I blame society as a whole for commercializing divorce on a level that allows parents

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to choose it as if it were the only option. Because of these things this is how I have spent the last twenty years of my