

Good outcomes from bad situations

Business



Desperately hoping a car would appear in the driveway, I looked out the window for what felt like hours. Trying to ignore the commotion coming from the other room I started listening to the wind sing to the leaves as they waltzed in the cool autumn breeze. “ Steven, your really doing this to her again? Please grow up and stop being such a disappointment!” she yelled. The screaming stopped and the house went quiet.

Suddenly, I heard the noise of my mother’s high heels as she was nervously pacing back and forth. I tried to prepare myself for what was coming when I felt eyes burning a hole in the back of my head; I turned around to see my mom. Her face was bright red with anger and I thought steam would soon appear from her ears and suddenly she didn’t look mad anymore. She had a disappointed and confused look on her face, the same one my niece Chloe had when I told her the Easter Bunny wasn’t real. They both stopped believing in something that was never going to happen.

“ Did dad say where he was or when he’s coming?” even though I already knew the answer. Nervously, picking at her fingernails, she asked if I was hungry. Before I could answer she said, “ Your dad’s not coming sweetheart, he’s sick”. Everything started to come together in a chaotic blur; when I looked down and saw a tear drop on my arm, which felt like acid on my skin. “ Maybe if I call him and he hears how sad I sound, he will change his mind and come see me.” “ Sweetheart, I don’t think it’s a good idea, let him sleep and we can do something fun together.

” she replied trying to sound convincing. “ No! I can, you’ll see. I need your phone!” I demanded with tears streaming down my face. Restating that I

should let him rest she reluctantly handed me her phone. I started to feel a deep knot in the pit of my stomach when I pressed call.

The phone continued to ring and my knot got tighter and tighter until he finally answered. “ Are you calling to yell at me again?” he said slurring his speech. “ No dad it’s me” I said. “ Oh, shouldn’t you be doing something fun with your mom by now?” he responded in a disgruntled voice. “ We had plans. You’re a little late but it’s okay, and I have a Valentines gift for you!” I mentioned enthusiastically wanting to give him a picture of my dog and me in a heart shaped frame.

Still struggling to get his words out clearly he told me that he just wanted the gift but he didn’t have time to see me. I slammed the phone shut in rage and threw it as hard as I could, hoping to relieve the anger, but I didn’t feel any different. I didn’t know which was worse, the feeling of stupidity for thinking I could change his mind or the shock that someone could care so little about their own child. The aching feeling in my chest wouldn’t go away, almost as if I had been stabbed in the heart. Trying to stay calm, I looked up at my mom praying she would say something to relieve my pain. She easily and rightfully could have said “ I told you so” but she didn’t.

“ What’s the plan for dinner? Maybe bowling? Or a movie?” she said in an uplifting voice. I started crying uncontrollably. “ I don’t have a father”, I screamed as I lunged into my mother’s arms. As I leaned on her for support and comfort she ran her fingers threw my hair saying how “ we’re better off without him” and asking “ why would we want him in our life if all he does is make us sad?” She held me until I stopped crying and when she let me go

she said, “ I will always be your mother and your father”. It wasn’t until that moment that I realized life might not always be perfect or convenient but it will always work out. My heart broke when I accepted that I can’t make my father love me, but at the same time my mom glued it back together when she showed me what loving someone really meant.

Almost every other kid in my class has a mother and a father, and I felt like God ripped me off by giving me only one good parent. It turned out that the one parent he gave me is not only better than any mom and dad combined, but is the one person I know who will never leave me. Life is messy and unpredictable; you never know what is going to happen next or how it will affect you. It wasn’t until Valentines Day 2005 that I realized my mom would always be on my side and nothing would ever change that. I’m always going to need her in my life, she’s not only my best friend but she is the inspiration I need to become the person I hope to one day be.