

A LETTER TO MY CHILDREN

Port Aransas June 15, 1977

I'm sorry that I can never give you the material things my parents gave me when I was your age ...

a room of your own, some privacy, a financial legacy to start Life with.

And while in many ways you've had a more understanding and sympathetic upbringing

and a much more deeply personal relationship with your parents than I had with mine,

(which I think was largely caused 'cause your Mother and I were far more perceptive and enlightened than most young people who were "parents for the first time.")

Still I feel the need to clearly communicate to each of you,

What I did Right and Wrong with my own Life
and reduce my feelings
to ink on paper and insert this in this book
I am writing for you,

so that when you are mature enough to appreciate it fully,
this little history will be available to you
to feed into your mind's "computer data bank,"

not as an apology for the "wrongs of omission" I did you
nor a justification
that my lack of accomplishment on my family's behalf
was caused by "the-difficult-environment-I-was-in;"

It's just "the facts as I see them"
so that you may weigh my errors,
and if you're Savvy enough,

perhaps you can Skillfully and Adroitly Avoid Repeating my Stupid Mistakes.

I love you so very much,

Daddy
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