

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 are both breathless. They crash, they hit the rooftops. You patch, comfort, adjust, and teach. You watch them lifted by the wind and assure them that someday they will 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 that before long 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.

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