

Warm Memories

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I read MAmbers Clifford and Spiderman, it got me thinking about my own memories of my children. I hope you enjoy one of my most cherished memories



Published on
Booksie

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It was an early summer morning in 1999. One of those bright warm mornings when the sun's rays kissed the garden walls and cast early morning shadows across the patio drying and warming the sandstone slabs.

I was hanging out the washing when she appeared. My angel, the light of my life. She stood at the back door watching. My ray of golden light, a blonde curly haired delight. Eyes wide excited and as blue as the Mediterranean sea. Sunflower dress and bare feet. She watched for a while and we chatted a bit. I don't recall about what, something of importance to someone not yet three.

She padded about the slabs a bit enjoying the warmth on her feet as we talked as only a father and daughter can. I'm not sure what prompted her to come down the steps to join me; she has always been willing to help. Perhaps that's what it was or just to be near me.

She made it about halfway before she stopped dead and looked at me most surprised. She looked down at her feet and then back at me. I could see she was confused. It was so warm and bright she could not fathom why her feet were now wet.

With an astonished look on her face she declared. "Daddy it's been raining!" and held out her arms palms up and shoulder hunched. In a "how could this be sort of a stance?" Of course I smile back understanding just what her confusion was all about and replied to explain this strange phenomenon. "It's dew darling".

She dropped her arms, shoulders and face and burst into tears. It was my time to be confused and my heart reached out and then my arms too but she stood steadfast and said most indignantly. "It wasn't me! It has been raining." I almost cried myself as I gathered her up and gathered her in. "Not you darling, it's DEW. The grass is wet with dew".

Her face was something to behold as she looked back smiling brighter than the sun still tears dew on her cheeks. The relief in her face said it all.

She thought on that day she had done something wrong and disappointed me. She saw in my face a father's unconditional love. To this day we don't need to say much our looks we do read. Our love and mutual respect is mostly unspoken but is a tangible and real.

Sofia you are my sunny day! I love you!

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