**I Have Two Choices**

**I never claimed to be the perfect**

**parent because I know I wasn't.**

**I did the best I could with what I knew,**

**complaints, I'm sure my kids have dozens.**

**My mother was a submissive wife and my**

**father held the reign, they were the parents I had.**

**And somewhere along the way I was**

**able to forgive them. refusing to be sad.**

**I knew I had no control on how I was**

**being raised, I just did what I was told.**

**And as an adult I realized my father didn't**

**know how to show love, a skill he didn't hold.**

**My father's idea of love was to**

**work hard, provide for his family.**

**And mom took care of us, working**

**hard as a homemaker, constantly.**

**Affection wasn't something I saw or**

**heard but I'm sure they didn't see it either.**

**We are all products of what we saw**

**growing up, I choose not to be bitter.**

**I have two choices, I can live in the past and**

**blame my parents for falling short of perfection.**

**Or strive to be forgiving while turning**

**to God's way of showing affection.**

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