

to town for supplies. I could only imagine the hurt, disappointment, and weariness this man had experienced over the previous thirty years. But I didn't exactly have to imagine everything.

As he turned away for a moment, frustrated with the scene his son had created, the father muttered, "I'm so tired." I paused for a moment to let him regain his composure. Then I realized why I was there.

"I know what you are going through, Sir," I said, recognizing at the moment it escaped my mouth how cliché it must sound.

"You do?" he said skeptically.

"Yes, I do. I have a son just like your son. He's much younger and not nearly as big. But he has special needs like your Donald, and he throws very similar fits when he doesn't get his way. His name is Jake, and he is my life's great challenge."

I placed my hand on the dad's shoulder and smiled, "And I know you're tired."

