

PARENTS

Who are parents?

For me. For you. For all. They are.....

Someone, who fetched you to this world by contemplating Almighty.
Right?

Someone, who continually fostered you so that you steadily bloom
and thrive.

Someone, who prevailed by you at your foulest time.

Someone, who forfeits all their hedonisms, yearnings and basics for
the sake of your ecstasy.

So it's very normal for them to await some sort of respect,
veneration, regard and appreciation from their own successor. Isn't
it?

But, it is acknowledged by all and sundry that every sphere, be it
professional or not, encompasses its own superior & inferior
operative.

Not unlike to this pennorth, parenting also has its own dexterity. In
this arena too, comes out both proficient and incompetent. And to
our disbelief, assessors are their own inheritors. Astounding , isn't it?

In the long forgotten generations, parents' anticipations from their
child weren't at this intensity. But as we are taking a trip towards
avant-gardism and trendiness, as the mass of latitudes are
snowballing enormously, without former knowhow the expectations
of parents are also intensifying.

Yes, it is very lettered that the human brain capacity augmented
over time. But the fruition is not narrowed to only one being. It
transpired in one and all the hominoids breathing. Yes, it's very
unfortunate, but ill-advisedly it's the hefty actuality. As a result,
unsurprisingly , Darwin's saying, "struggle for existence" is standing
out to be authentic. Contest to stay rooted to the procured locus is

really becoming a scuffle. This tussle is precedingly escalating generation after generation without anyone's flaw or slip-up. The graph for fight of accomplishing the crown in the looked-for discipline is colossally mounting. So are parents' hopes. On one side progenies are clashing with the intention of evidencing themselves and on the other side, paternities and maternities are doing the same for evidencing their inherits. Veracity !

Dear parents,
Coming to the heart of the focus, we are born inane, unintelligent. With no daydreams and nightmares. With no distress to get defeated or conquest. You people steadily schooled us, inspired us to fantasise when we didn't even have the notion of fantasising. We crammed to witness through your eyes. We learned what is goal, ambition, desire, joy, pleasure, delight and success from you people mom and dad. But the firm verity is that we took a trip to Earth unaccompanied and will take a trip away from the Earth unaccompanied.

Yes, it's factual that we all need a vehicle for our tour wherever we progress, and that vehicle is counselled by a travel agency. So now if we try to correlate this particular happening with our very own verve. Something like this comes out- we, the inheritors are the travellers.

You, the parents, are the medium or the vehicle recommended for the expediency.

AND, The ONE overhead, the Almighty, is the travel agency, who counselled the medium of travel.

So, solemn request to all the parents out there- Tutor us to dream; but the dream should be of our own. Like a journey we have already approached with our intention already opted. As we will get matured over time the destination will also turn out be pleasanter. The thing is 'We' need to visualise it.

Please, don't be a movie director and present your own guided movie to us. Don't be a motorist aiming to command us according to your demands and destinations.

We are born with the right to think independently. So we will do. Just amend us. That's all we want. Defence us, encourage us, 'accept' our dreams and fantasies. Accept the way we are. Accept the way we are born. Don't organize our outlook and potentials and prospects centred on what we are or how we are. Don't limit us to your frontiers. Help us, steer us to our fancied lot. Afford us the autonomy to caress the world the way we crave. Be an intermediary whose energy would never perish. Don't plonk the incumbrance of your anticipations on our berm. Rely on us. Sooner or later, at some point we will flourish, burgeon, succeed and show you how picturesque our cherry-picked intention is. Have FAITH. Have TRUST. We CAN. We WILL

And the day, I vow to all our beloved parentages, you will perceive what luminosity is. The luminosity, the blaze, the shine, the blush of the attainment and victory of your own once an inane infant.

Therefore, my final words to all the parents ; grasp your seat, affix your seat belts, hold fast the steering, push the accelerator and aid us to attain our providence.

THANK YOU
RIM