My Parents

I keep pleading in my head that life would slow down, as I’ve now realized how fast fifteen years can really pass by. It has been a long journey of too many changes to recall for just one moment, most of them, my parents just have to bear with –attitude shifts, talking back, and even the ‘occasional’ addiction to *Youtube*. The golden years are fading, I have to admit; I am getting older, but it does not mean I have stopped frustrating my parents. I’m hoping one day I can end up just like the ones who raised me, without them constantly nagging on my back, of course. Though regrets will always haunt me of my mistakes, I know my parents as people who care, who love me as I am, no matter how many times I have doubted this.

Raised in a Christian home, I grew up knowing the basics of right and wrong, so I never really caused troubles to my parents (or so I thought). Truthfully, as a child, Mommy was always my favorite simply because she never really spanked that hard. She had something about her hug that made me feel secure, me being held in that warm ‘pillow’. Dad or Baba, on the other hand, was known as the man of action, and not to mention ‘man of the house’. His scolds shook the floor, his spanks flipping me across the country, or so it seemed in my mind back when I was almost four feet tall. Mommy was the good guy, Baba was the bad guy –I never got quite past that state of mind. Days passed as the fear of my father grew, which seemed somewhat ironic knowing I had to live with him. As a young adolescent, I could never figure out why Baba was hurting me, why I was being disciplined. Whenever I tried fighting and talking back, I’d only get myself into more troubles. There was no way out of this torture until 18 years of age and out of the house. Unfortunately, at the same time, I resisted as much as possible to stop growing; childhood was of the golden years as I was told, and I knew each good experience would never come back.

Year after year, I became more distant from my father, thinking that only my mom would support me. The anger I felt towards my dad had turned to fire, an incessant begging to scream and shout for every ‘cruel thing’ he’d done, but at the same time, I knew I couldn’t rebel –even his touch stung. As an average teenager, I went through the same problems as any person would go through in this menacing transition. Life began to get much more confusing than I would’ve expected, and not to mention questions of who I was and who I was becoming; these questions became too hard for me to answer them, so I ended up burying them in my sub-conscience.

Then the day came when everything turned. I was torn into shreds, so much in desire of running away and leaving my life for an escape. I don’t remember the reason, but the thoughts of not knowing where I would go, of being lost, still lingered in my mind. As my legs led the way from a breaking world, my father chased after me; he didn’t intend to ever lose me. Right when he had found me hiding from home, he held me as tight as to squeeze out every horrible, twisted thought in my head, grasping me of symbolizing his support and encouragement for me. This happened to be the first time I had really ever felt care and affection from him, and in the time I needed it most; the realization that my parents did value me more than life had emerged to my eyes. I returned home with my father and as one family, my beloved mom, strong father, and I huddled to complete what was missing all along –love. As tears fell down my face, my mind fixed upon the thought, “Life won’t be any easier even after this is over, even still, this massive feeling of unity will wear off.” Still, my heart had converted to light, and I knew that although things wouldn’t be easier, they would be better.

Though I try hard to hide and pretend the reality around me isn’t real, pain finds its way into waking me up. Pain is necessary, yes, but through it, I grow stronger. Fortunate as I am, my parents have been and always will be there for me, either for constructive criticism or patting me on the back, whether at times I want them around or other times when I feel like shooing them away. After rethinking of how far I’ve come and even glimpsing through family pictures, I see how joyful I was in these captured moments of life, only to prove that my life isn’t so bad after all. I have a wonderful family that cares for me; from childhood to the end, it will stay that way. There will be days when I’ll want to take back these words, and yet the next day I’ll want to take back my ‘taking back’. In the end, after searching, exploring, and journeying out my life, I do know my parents as people who care, who love me as I am, and no one will ever make me doubt this.