

Waiting, and more waiting

My daughter, her husband and their children are on their way home. It is a long drive from Ohio to Mid Florida. I talked to them when they were north of Lexington KY and then again when they were north of Macon GA. From what I can determine that was about 12 hours of driving. They have 6 to 8 more hours to go. The father in me is waiting for that call to say they made it safely.

I'm not sure if I worry and fret more than most parents, but sometimes it does feel like I do. Then again, I am worrying for two parents.

My wonderful holidays will be complete when my daughter and her family make it home. Then I can worry about the more mundane things. Like daughters in College. Or daughters who just got married. Daughters who have been married for a few years. Do they have what they need? Are they doing well. Are any of them sick. Is there an alligator in the back yard? ☐

Yes, I love my children. All of them. The girls I helped raise, and the men they picked to join our family. I'll continue to worry and wait.