

# Let Them Soar~



You spend years trying to get them off the ground.

You run with them until you are both breathless. They crash ... they hit the roof ... you patch, comfort and assure them that someday they will fly.

Finally, they are airborne.

They need more string, and you keep letting it out.

They tug, and with each twist of the twine, there is sadness that goes with joy.

The kite becomes more distant, and you know it won't be long before that beautiful creature will snap the lifeline that binds you together and will soar as it was meant to soar ... free and alone.

Only then do you know that you have done your job.



...earning our stripes, every day.