

## BETWEEN WIFE, HUSBAND, AND CHILDREN

### Description

If there is one impulse that I fondly look forward to; that is the Sunday. Wrapping up the writing part, concluding a reading chapter, and done with the [blog](#) posting details; lazily, I feel like spending spreading warmly before the gracious morning sunlight. Winter breeze, hammering softly, into the lobby seem like a salubrious cocktail caressing my spirits.

Day after day getting used to staying single, instinctively, I would be wishing, how calming it would be like asking my friend for an outing or lunch. But strangely, one friend I can count on to grab and share in any holiday had become impassively aloof to me. He became weird, less friendly and reticent and moody. The reason; he is passing through the shock of separation from his wife; which I have gathered, a year later, that he had deluded his family members. I'm not sure even today, did he perpetrate it knowingly or unknowingly.

Let me discuss his positive traits briefly: I can say he is attractive, moderately built, brightly talented, and hardworking, had all trappings to be at the center of any sort of gatherings.

One thing that stands out oddly, what I have observed; his more than reasonable affinity to religion, its procedures, and slightly rude whenever discussing it and awkwardly protecting it.

Now my friend's shortcomings and what may have gone wrong in his story:

Mostly many of my pals move around a shade more open-minded where religion is involved. Moderate in their views. But I'm mainly wary about my friend's too deep religious leanings. Ordinarily, I assume that the belief is 1% and rest 99% is devoted to self, our family, and profession and well-being. When you reverse the order, a blast in your life fabric is bound to unforgivingly shred apart one day or other. Cast at this juncture, I guess, where my friend is presently suffering its deadly spell.

No amount of logical reasoning has made the comfortless consequences clear to him or explaining the methodology pacifying his wife, and the rules quickly need to be used to guide his children. Hardly having any effect on his always right attitude. Bluntly bent leaning on what he foolishly believed, done with, he found himself one fine day clinging to his sealed, stockpile of his profile. Looking at his foggy unfolding fated days.

I wish he would have appreciated some elusive facets relating to marriage and delicately in-built day-to-day realities:

Making marriage a smooth sailing is an abiding, pure hard work. Every minute has to be taken care of that no displeased incidents ever enter into everyday workings. Similar to a tightrope walk; every small step has to be conscious and our eyes on balancing our move forward. I walk through it every day because I wish to see smiles, not tension on the faces of my wife, my kids. I choose to make them feel that I don't disappoint them on any given day. I make it very clear that they're comfortable in my presence meant a genuine intention. I'm truthfully sure, if I don't respect their feelings, enjoy their

presence then I'm not striving for our togetherness, and to be sparkingly joyful.

I'm aware of their priorities, their views, the need for own space; caring for individual comfort is my responsibility. I'm mindful every day that I need work on delicate dimensions to keep the whole unit of my family boat rolls smoothly; I'm in charge of the sails. Using the term, "I'm busy" to avoid prioritizing these factors, I'm certain, works like an emotional poison that is bound to contaminate the fragile relationships in future. Thus, "I'm too busy, I have no time" are not such acceptable words and doesn't go well with our family urgencies.

A glowing face of wife mutely speaks that she is blessed with a good husband. She is a guide, companion and rewards us a lifetime commitment to care for us. She gives away half her shoulders to bear our burdens and wholly when we are badly down defeated. If we guard her peacefulness, our kids are healthy, our days are bright and promising, and good luck visits increase their frequency. No man succeeds without an empathetic understanding of the wife behind him. "Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses." If our spouses have to play their part close to their heart, it is the essential task of the husband to keep the welfare of the family entirely wrapped in his caring heart.

When darkness enters a marriage, the first ones to be badly affected are the kids who witness its outcome at close quarters. It leaves them sad, confused, and bitter. They get disoriented; lack the interest to carry out everyday activities. It's very painful to watch two important people in their lives unable to participate in a meaningful coexistence and beginning hurting each other day in and day out.

Here, if the head of the family; the sole bread earner, is responsible causing the hostile background, the scenario becomes too toxic to tolerate first to the mother and later the kids. When father and mother display contempt towards each other the children suffer. They become emotionally depleted, psychologically adamant, and physically unhappy. The congeniality between the mother and father creates a kind of emotional cushioning for the kids. If it's deflated with daily squabbles, and hostilities the situation damages the children's inner well-being. The lively harmony in the house is one which influences the children's future attitudes, self-esteem, and their achievements. It is the parent's responsibility to maintain a healthy intimate relationship between them and create a wholesome infusing space close to the children.

I look forward to if I could make few marital concepts clear to my friend:

In a family setting, the joyful baggage we plan to shoulder and sustain must be our own creativity. Carrying, along with our family members to be as co-trustees, in the venture. We can't imitate anyone's example or execute backed by someone else dictations or expecting that any gospel truth would help us to actualize it.

The tone and language of mutual concessions we employ with our dearest is our self-written script. Generously written, it absorbs throughout our journey marking a signature of serenity in our habitual errands. Or if carelessly written, it goes down and freezes as a pack of bad memories. The choice is gloriously ours. There are no friends or bystanders who can take care of any go-between role. This liberal scripting of ours can transform routine days into a serial of fulfillment and capable of weaving magical compatibility in our homes, and calmness in the eyes of our beloved.

The peace and tranquillity, in fact, is an attitudinal choice that must be created, cultivated, and nurtured by our judicious will for our near and dear. Once goodwill in place we should go ahead and protect, by all our efforts and enjoy privately. As head of the family, we are presented with thousands of opportunities to build and establish the desired consensus; follow it up with words and manners our intents to our loved ones. The hidden challenge is, forgivingly looking for disagreeing tones and conflicting approaches. We have to fair-mindedly learn how to interpret and filter every interaction within our household – an acceptable recipe: for a feasible family format.

Dear Friend,

As we take our tired steps towards advancing years what we have to look forward to is little comforts, relaxation, and warmth of a loving companion and supportive children. Chosen humbly; a plate on our table, morning sunlight touching our face, simple routines, a choice to live independently. And preserve our own identity and be remembered as a kind living soul.

**Category**

1. Uncategorized

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