



This poem was found on
the internet. Our thanks
to the unknown author.

Mean Mums and Dads

Someday when my children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates a parent, I will tell them, as my Mean Mum told me: I loved you enough . . . to ask where you were going, with whom, and what time you would be home.

I loved you enough to be silent and let you discover that your new best friend was a creep (so long as it did not take too long).

I loved you enough to stand over you for two hours while you cleaned your room, a job that should have taken 15 minutes.

I loved you enough to let you see anger, disappointment, and tears in my eyes. Children must learn that their parents aren't perfect.

I loved you enough to let you assume the responsibility for your actions even when the penalties were so harsh they almost broke my heart.

But most of all, I loved you enough . . . to say NO when I knew you would hate me for it.

Those were the most difficult battles of all. I'm glad I won them, because in the end you won, too. And someday when your children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates parents, you will tell them.

Was your Dad mean? I know mine was. We had the meanest father in the whole world! While other kids ate lollies for breakfast, we had to have cereal, eggs, and toast.

When others had a Pepsi and a Twisties for lunch, we had to eat sandwiches.

And you can guess our father fixed us a dinner that was different from what other kids had, too.

Father insisted on knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were convicts in a prison. He had to know who our friends were, and what we were doing with them. He insisted that if we said we would be gone for an hour, we would be gone for an hour or less.

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We were ashamed to admit it, but he had the nerve to break the Child Labour Laws by making us work.

We had to wash the dishes, make the beds, learn to cook, vacuum the floor, do laundry, empty the trash and all sorts of cruel jobs. I think he would lie awake at night thinking of more things for us to do.

He always insisted on us telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. By the time we were teenagers, he could read our minds and had eyes in the back of his head. Then, life was really tough!

Neither Mum nor Dad would let our friends just honk the car horn when they drove up. They had to come up to the door so they could meet them. While everyone else could date when they were 12 or 13, we had to wait until we were 16.

Because of our parents we missed out on lots of things other kids experienced. None of us have ever been caught shoplifting, vandalising other's property or ever arrested for any crime. It was all their fault.

Now that we have left home, we are all respectful, honest adults with integrity. We are doing our best to be mean parents just like Mum and Dad were.

I think that is what's wrong with the world today.
It just doesn't have enough Mean Mums and Dads!

Pass This On To All The Mean Parents You Know
(and to their children).

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