



As a dad, I find myself wondering what my kids will actually remember.

Not in an anxious way, mostly just in the quiet moments when I have a second to think. It is one of those questions that does not have a clean answer, but it stays with you anyway.

I am pretty sure they will not remember the long days. They will not remember how many calls I took or how many files were open on my desk. Kids do not keep score of that. They keep score of whether you were present, whether you listened, whether you made them feel like they mattered more than whatever else was pulling at you.

I think about the simple things. Early mornings in a deer stand before the woods wake up. Baseball and softball games. An afternoon outside with no particular agenda except being together and seeing what the day turns up. Rides in the truck where nobody was in a hurry to get anywhere.

Frederick Douglass wrote that "it is easier to build strong children than to repair broken men." I think he meant it in a broader sense, but I feel the truth of it as a father. The investment you make in ordinary moments is not small. It is the whole thing, really.

My hope for my kids is not complicated. I want them to know they are loved. I want them to learn that whatever they accomplish in life will feel hollow if they lose sight of the people who matter most. That is a lesson I am still learning myself, if I am honest.

As another summer settles in around Moncks Corner, I hope you are finding time for the simple things too. In my experience, those are the ones that last.

Take care,

Mason