

# Expressing Love to Adult Kids

I almost had a serious accident today trying to show my style of love to one of my kids. I find myself expressing my love for my Ford 640 series tractor and four previous trucks differently than expressing my love for my two kids.

Expressing my love for my tractor, previous trucks and my newly purchased Tracker side by side comes rather easy for me. I have no trouble patting my vehicles and thanking them for all they do for me. From time to time, I verbalize my love and appreciation for them. I even post pictures of my medal friends around my home. For me a person who does not pat and verbalize their love for their vehicles do not really love them.

For my two kids one in his early 50's and the other in his late 40's my expression of love is expressed entirely different. I would rather park out in my back 70 with a cold pop sitting in my side-by-side than popping a cold one with one of my kids in a crowded public setting.

My two sons are as different as night and day and they both need different ways in how I express my love for them. When it comes to people I shy away from family reunions, for that they are both thankful. Visiting the local tavern, attending concerts, sitting on the edge of my couch watching some Bucks game or talking "light" talk is not my idea of expressing love or having a good time.

The Greeks were big on talking about love in terms of self love, brotherly love, erotic love or Agape, giving of oneself.

Different psychologists talk about "love language" or the "five or six ways of expressing love." The basic ways of expressing love are, words of praise, acts of service, receiving and giving of gifts, quality time and

physical touch. When it comes to my Ford tractor, I rate high but when it comes to my two boys, I rate low.

No one has a monopoly on love. We all offer and give love in different ways. My style of loving will never make Dr. Phil's show, but it is me. Sure, I often make remarks with no editing, with liberal religious under tones.

Yep, my true non- verbal expression of love kicked into motion. My land has smooth rolling hills, and my Ford has little or no brakes. The driveway I was cutting went down hill for about a block and made a sharp turn to the left at the bottom and continued for another 100 feet.

I put my rotary mower into gear and the first twenty feet it cut like a charm. The driveway had wash outs and a ditch on the right. All at once the mower stopped cutting and went out of gear. As always I just stepped the clutch and slide the mower back into gear. All at once my tractor went zooming down the hill with little or no brakes and it was gaining speed.

Going straight down the hill was no option so I headed for a small grove of ten to twelve foot trees with a larger tree behind them and I crashed the tractor into them. With the tractor still running I backed up over the trees I ran over and continued cutting the weeds in the driveway. Upon getting to the bottom of their driveway I continued cutting the perimeter around their ten acre field.

That my friends is expressing real love to one of my sons. I express my love for my tractor one way and my kids another. How my kids receive my love is not my concern but theirs. At the age of eighty with dried blood still troubling my brain and a Bjork-Shiley prosthetic heart valve implant living twenty years past its expectancy I say that I am

expressing real love, my way. Sure, I could express my love to the kids like I do my tractor but what fun would that be?

Last night I was sitting in my Tracker meditating in my back seventy. As I was watching wild life and my renter picking up his round bales the following idea struck me. WE EXPRESS OUR LOVE IN THE SAME WAY WE EXPERIENCED IT. I realize we can all change, but my parents loved me their way; mom was English, upper lip, sarcastic humor, reserved and lack of emotions. Dad was German, no small talk, task orientated, and “Bisserwisser” people who know better. Of course, those descriptions are purely stereotypes, but they help with my theory. We had our fun times, but we also were taught to live without their continuous pat on our backs and ribbons and trophies every time we did something right.

Well kids, I do love you both and appreciate what you are doing with your lives, but I shall continue loving my Ford 640 series tractor in a different way. I do spend more quality time with my tractor than I do with my kids, and I touch the tractor more and I often praise my tractor. When I was free wheeling down the hill I even gave words of encouragement to my tractor that he will pull me through in this tight spot. When it comes to loving my tractor Dr. Phil can have me on his show anytime.

As a society we have moved from caring for our children to caretaking our children. Since we have children out of our emotions, we tend to parent them the rest of our lives out of our emotions. Some kids, not mine of course, try to push our emotion buttons to get us to do their bidding. Emotion buttons like sympathy, and guilt do not work with me.

Loving, caring,

Dennis L. Siebert pops

