

“Your Children are only on LOAN”

Advice to Plebe Parents from a Firstie Parent

Plebe Parents:

Three years ago my daughter went off to I-Day. She went alone, it is a day I will never forget. I wrote the following email on that day, and reading it now I realize how difficult it may be for you to let go. I was for me. I think Plebe Summer was the most difficult passage I have ever ventured and survived!

I can only say what has been said here a thousand times before, "It's a roller coaster, lots of ups and downs!" Take a deep breath, close your eyes, say a prayer..... It will all be over before you know it.

As my daughter starts her 4th and final year.... I realize it is over faster than anticipated!

Here is to this year's new Class!! Have a GREAT SUMMER!

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Date: Wed, 30 Jun 2004 11:03:20 -0700 (PDT)
Subject: At the Airport

I dropped my daughter at the airport yesterday. Lauren is fine. She has a drive and character that does not allow for fear, so she will march herself through anything to make her dreams happen. I am proud of her for that.

Me? There is no question she is the Frick to my Frack, the Abbot to my Costello, the Jerry to my Dean. I do not believe I know any mother and daughter as close as we are. At times we can finish each other sentences.... hear each others most private thoughts... laugh at jokes that are unspoken.

The USNA says with great pride, "We'll bring them back changed!" I suppose that is my greatest fear. I do not want her to change. She is the most tolerant, loving, responsible, spiritual, funny, directed person I know. How can you improve on that?

But I can not stop the grains of sand in the hourglass. My time is up! Please take heed, every parent should know, your children are only on LOAN. They are only there for the smallest millisecond, and then burst out into the world. You can not hold them back even if you want to..... and you don't want to.

Watching her eyes yesterday at the airport, seeing the rapture of a dream to be embarked. Climbing over the crest of the mountain, seeing the incredible view of her life unfolding before her. Watching her spirit take flight -- I knew holding on was like grabbing at the wind. She no longer belongs to me but to the world.

God's speed to her and all the Plebes of '08!

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