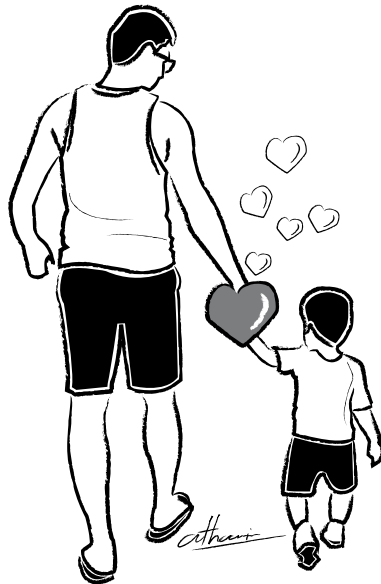


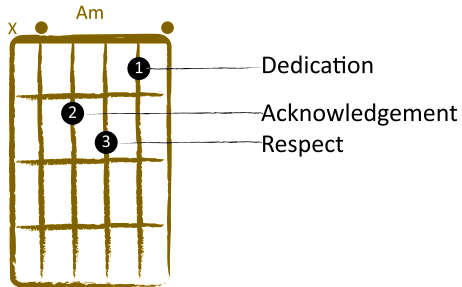
# Father Loves You

3 Generations Of Wisdom  
"A Tale Of Father & Son"

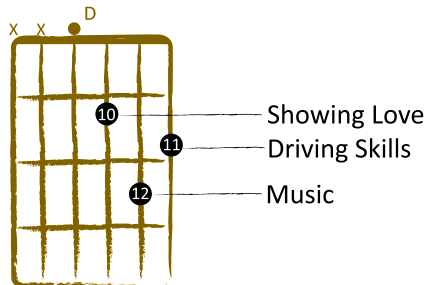
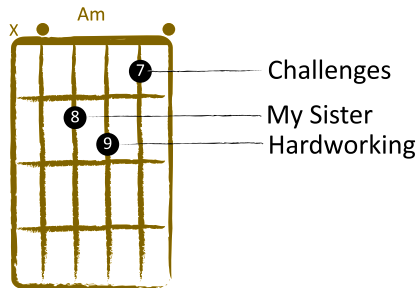
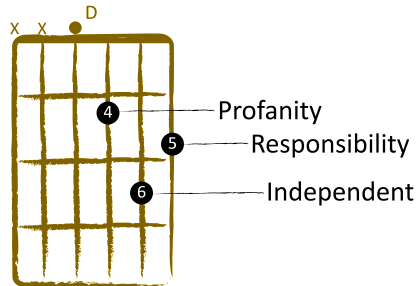


Anthony Sabastian Marian

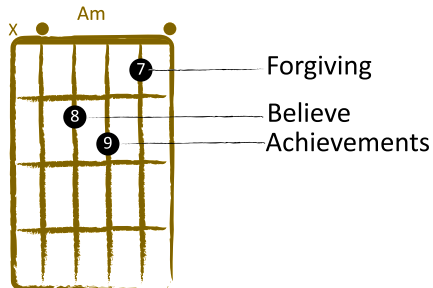
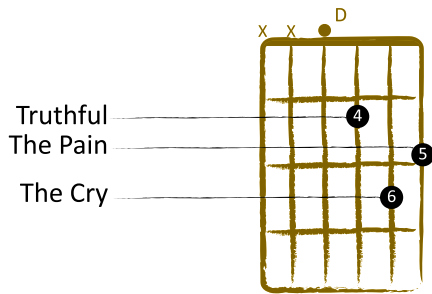
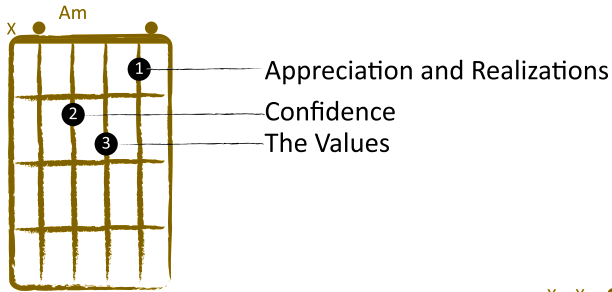
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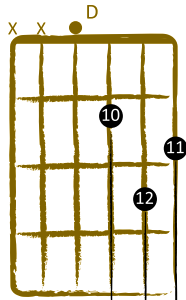


A  
*Simple Man*  
that taught  
me some  
*Lessons*  
before he  
went to  
*Heaven*



A  
Master  
that still  
Teaches me  
Lessons  
from Above





A Voice From Above

An Editor's Voice

An Illustrator's Voice



A  
*Simple Man*  
that taught  
me some  
*Lessons*  
before he  
went to  
*Heaven*

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For playing a role as  
parents during my  
teenage years



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For making me do  
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For the courage and  
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and love



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Aaron Alson Marian  
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For always being the  
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For saying yes to do the  
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accountability partner  
throughout my writing  
journey



**Sheena Stephanie**

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For saying yes to do the  
editing



**Athanasius Vincent Anthony**

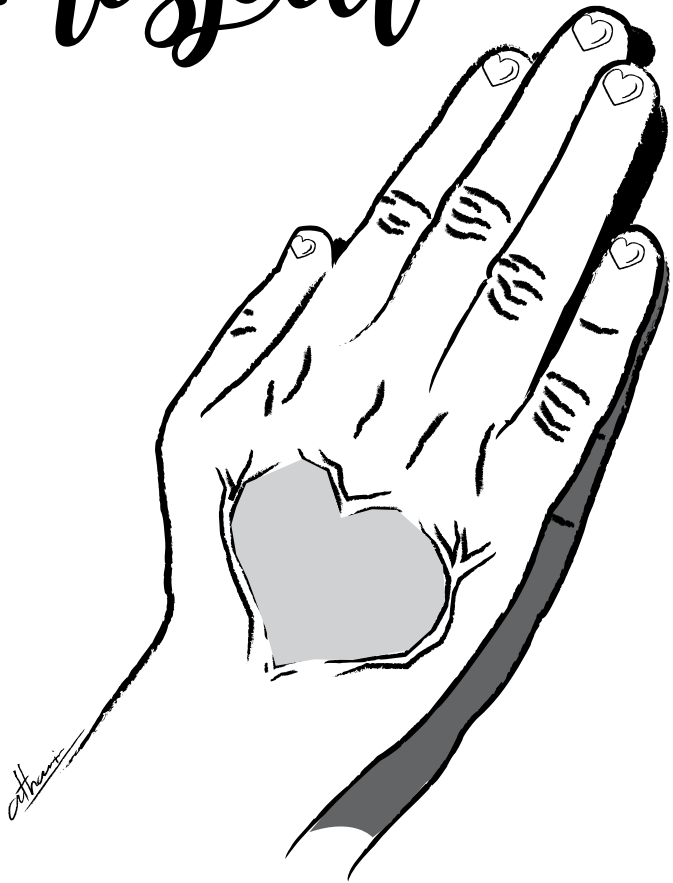
*Cousin Brother and Illustrator*

For saying yes and  
completing the drawing  
within a short time frame





to Respect



# Respect

I remember my mother telling me when I was in love, “when you love a woman, make sure you love her like how your father loved me” and this she always reminds me, till today. Though there were tough times, my father always made sure to never let my mother down in any way and it is through my father that I have learnt it is very important how you treat a woman. Besides being loving and understanding, respect is one factor that can build a happy relationship between man and woman.

My father was very particular with the way he spoke to people, young or old. He gave everyone equal respect by the choice of words he used. He also, admirably, respected his wife. He addressed people politely and respectfully, and it is from him I learnt that respecting everyone is very important and is how we actually get respected in return.

The respect also came hand in hand with trust. He trusted my mother going out with her friends and even travelling abroad to another country without him. He always knew

her better and allowed her to make certain decisions on her own.

So, what I learnt from him as I grew older is to make sure I respect every single human being. Besides my parents, I am blessed to have siblings who are the same. They give me the same respect as they give to our parents. They listen and till today they ask for advice even for the smallest things they need. As a family, we remind ourselves to give equal respect to each other to create a good bond.

Kudos Appa and Amma.

REFLECTION:

Now take a moment, think about who you think that you have lost your respect for or you did not give any respect to. Call them or text them before you go to the next chapter. If you think you are ready, then don't stop here, continue reading...

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An illustration of several yellow flowers with dark centers, some in full bloom and some as buds, positioned on the right side of the page next to the writing lines.

You can write your personal note here and share this book with them.

Profanity



# Profanity

I have never seen or heard my father using obscene words towards his family or even his friends. He was never a fan of other people using it as well and because of him, my mother also has not used such language. In fact, I remember my father warning me and my siblings to make sure he never hears us using profanity to hurt someone. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that I picked up his habit and till today, I do not use profanity.

However, I have come to realise that these days, out of 10 people, probably about 7 or 8 of them use profanity while talking or cursing at someone, so much so that it has become a language of the norm. Even the young ones are using them now, but I cannot blame them.

Most of them pick up the habit from the people who speak around them and influence them, especially in certain movies, reality shows, and social media. Besides that, children's attitude most of the time is based on their parents' behaviour and habits at home and followed by teachers

and friends in school. These places are the two common grounds for them to practice and learn from the adults. They can pick up profanity immediately and replicate it without knowing the actual meaning, and therefore do not realise that they could be hurting someone by saying such words.

I am a father now, practising with my children to do the same as my father did to me. Everything starts from home, from what we do to what we say, to how we treat others, the choice of words we use, and so on. I sometimes cuss the word “sh\*\*” which safe to say, is commonly used by many people but I feel horrible after using it. If my wife or I happen to say it in front of my children, both of us will immediately rectify and reason with them on why that was not the right choice of word, especially to my son who is at an age where he can pick up words easily.

I make sure I play a good role model to teach and guide my children with their choice of words, on using any words that can be hurtful to themselves and others. We can teach them to avoid using any words that can be hurtful to themselves and others. Although at the end of the day, as they grow into teenagers and adults, their choice of words will be up to them, this simple practice from a young age is sure to stick around. It did with my siblings and I, thanks to my father.

REFLECTION:

If you happen to hurt someone real bad lately, give them a call and make amends

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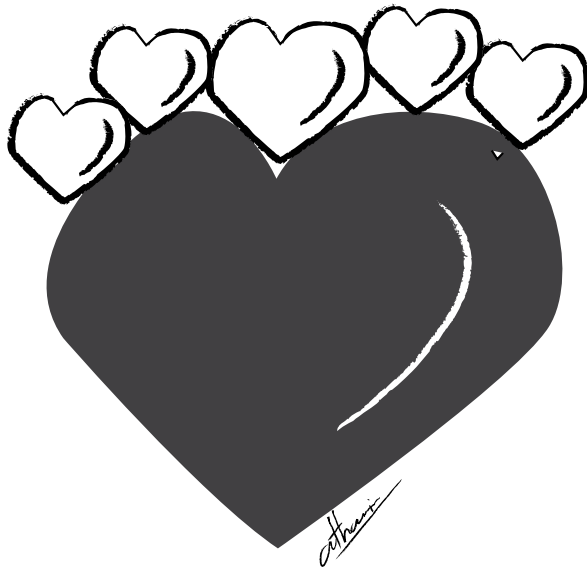
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A cluster of yellow flowers with black outlines, including several large open blooms and smaller buds on thin stems.



Responsibility



# Responsibility

For every parent, the joy of having their first child is of course the best gift they can receive. That was me to my parents. As I got older, I saw a new child in the house. It was my younger brother. We were 5 years apart. Then came my sister who is 9 years apart from me and finally came the last addition, my youngest brother who is 13 years apart from me. That is my family.

My mother's job was mainly in the kitchen, washing clothes and cooking and my father was a hardworking handyman. When it came to our home, my father was always particular about the cleanliness of the house and instilling responsibility within me. He made sure that I, as the oldest, did chores and took care of my siblings whenever my mother was not around.

My parents during my younger days, were traditional parents. Whenever they asked me to do a chore, I made sure to do it and not talk back or ignore them. With my father, there was no negotiation. You either do it or get canned.


Worse still, they never gave me any reasoning behind their every action and punishment given so everything I did, I did it out of fear and most of my responsibilities were carried out of frustration.

However, in hindsight, all those chores and responsibilities I had to do when I was young, have helped me today in my current life. For example, the simple practice of washing my cup and plate after every meal since I was in primary school, has led me to do the same till today, even after marriage. It has become an automatic practice that I do it even when I am at my family or friend's house for lunch or dinner.

Therefore, I can surely say that I had a good upbringing because I learnt the rough and tough way of living life and dealing with responsibilities thanks to my parents. To start a practice or a chore is always tough, but once I get the flow of it, I will do it independently. In fact, seeing how my siblings have followed my parents and I on how we carry out our responsibilities and have taken over the same practices has been amazing.

As a child once and a parent now, I see now how the teachings of my father have made me into the person that I am today. Therefore, I understand the need to instil certain responsibilities in my children whether they like it or not, and hope that the skills they learn from it make them better adults. It definitely did make my siblings and I.

Some of my responsibilities that have made my siblings and I who we are today:-

 Primary school

I cleaned the house, washed my clothes & school shoes and ironed my school uniform. I walked or cycled to the grocery shop to buy certain groceries and food.

 Secondary school

Extra responsibilities such as ironing my siblings' and father's uniform and bringing my siblings to school and back, safely. From this, my siblings slowly started taking over certain responsibilities, especially my first younger brother.

 College

My responsibilities reduced, my siblings took over whatever I did during my primary and secondary school. I still ironed my uniform because I was working while studying. Sometimes, when I was tired, my first brother or sister would help me to iron my uniform.

 Working

I was mostly too busy with work and hardly got involved with chores. My siblings took over all my responsibilities while they were still in school. We also made sure my mother did not do any other cleaning besides the kitchen. My father was strict and dealt with us very rough, but today we know the reason why he did that.

QUESTION:

Have you taken any challenging responsibility? Make a list and you will be amazed by what you are capable of.

Time for reflection...

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Independent



# Independent

My parents used to control me during my school days and I had a lot of fear for my father. He would be mad if I was not home on time so whenever I was out, I would make sure to be back before sunset. I was most times furious with my mother, for complaining to him whenever I was out.

Even after I started working at the age of 17, my father told me that I should be back home by 10pm unless my work was to finish late. He made sure that I did things the right way, but as time passed by and I grew older, he let me go little by little, especially after I got a car at the age of 19. Thinking that I was independent and that I could handle things by myself, my parents started to give me some leeway. Thereafter, when I got a job in sales, my father fully let me do things by myself; he let me be my own decision maker and the reason for doing so was simple. He trusted me and knew that I was ready to make decisions on my own.

However, I started enjoying the freedom and trust that I got a little too much and often came home late at night. I had times when I misused my independence. Every now and then my father would scold me, but it was not like how it was during my school days, he did not control me the same way.

I remember that at the age of 25, I started drinking alcohol and partying till late at night. My father kept reminding my mother to tell me to stop my “nonsense”, but somehow I took things for granted. My father was broken and told my mother that he never expected that from me. I broke his trust and worse, his heart. He always reminded me to be a good example to my brothers and sister but I did not stop my ways. I continued with what I thought was right and went on with my life.

Despite me fulfilling my responsibilities and commitment at home, I did not listen to anyone and often went against my parents. I started telling lies and spending money unnecessarily to an extent where I did not have enough to support my family. I also became aggressive and rude whenever my parents asked me questions about going out late at night and partying.

I feel horrible and sad when I think about it now. I know I should not have hurt them that way. No matter how strict and controlling my father was, he knew when to let me go, and respected my independence. It is because of this that I



realise how the independence given to you by your father and mother is based on trust and should never be taken lightly or for granted.

MY LEARNING

I learnt to understand the meaning of independent and not take things for granted. Independent = Trust

QUESTION

What do you think of being independent with the trust given by your parents?

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