

Letting the Tears Fall

Category: Crying

written by Dwight Thomas | April 29, 2017

In terms of size, I am a *big* man. But when I visited my dad in the hospital recently, I felt a “little boy” inside of me, resisting something I wasn’t ready for.

My dad was lying on the hospital bed just staring at me. I knew he wanted to say something, but he was unable to speak. Then he reached out his right hand, which was covered in tubes, and gripped my hand with a strong hold.

Every word I knew he wanted to say was expressed through his feeble fingers. My eyes began to moisten, as if a faucet had been turned on. We held hands for at least three minutes. My dad had a lot to say, and I knew that “I love you” was somewhere in his grip. I also felt he was comforting me—telling me that everything was all right, that I am still his little boy, that it’s okay to let the tears fall.

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