

The Joy of Being There

Fatherhood is not a performance.

It is a series of small moments
that gather quietly into a shared life.

A child gripping your finger.

A sudden laugh.

A question repeated
because discovery needs practice.

Alone, these moments seem small.

Together,
they become the quiet architecture
of a life.

The joy of fatherhood lives
in ordinary time.

Walking to school.

Reading the same story again.

Listening to a dream
told with total seriousness.

These are not interruptions to life.

They are life itself.

Children renew the world
through attention.

A puddle becomes an ocean.

A cardboard box becomes a castle.

When a father slows
to their pace,

wonder returns
to familiar places.

Fatherhood offers
a different kind of strength.

Not control,
but reliability.

A steady voice
when the world feels too large.

A hand on a bicycle seat.

Someone who listens
when tears arrive.

Presence becomes
its own quiet authority.

In the end,
the joy of fatherhood is simple.

Time shared,
Laughter.
stories before sleep.

A father shows up, and because he does,
a life grows.

~ Tim Hogue