

Happy Father's Day Special: My Experiences In Being A Father Siddhi B Ranjitkar

In the early seventies I was about to be a father. At that time, we did not have a technique to find out the sex of a child in a womb. So, we did not know whether the child would be a girl or a boy. We had taken special care of the mother-to-be. I took my spouse to the maternity hospital for checking the health of the mother and the baby every two weeks. At that time, we had only one maternity hospital at Thapathali in Kathmandu.

The delivery was done at the same maternity hospital. The news from the delivery room came 'the baby was a boy'. It sent the waves of the excited and extremely happy news to the family particularly to the grandparents that had been impatiently waiting for it. I too was excited to have a first child.

The grandparents were extremely pleased with the first child being a boy. My uncle had married a second wife to have children. He had already four daughters trying to have a son. I did not know what were their reactions to the birth of a male child in our family.

I knew from the aunts, parents and my grandmother that my grandfather was tremendously happy when I was born in the early 1940s. My grandfather must have thought that he was very lucky to see the grandson while he was still alive. While he was lying sick not having many months to live, I used to crawl on his body and around. My mother used to take me off from his body but my grandfather stopped her from doing so and he enjoyed me crawling on his body. That was what my mother told me once.

My father was lucky to live a long life of 98 years. He was blessed to see the great grandchildren from both my son and daughter. My mother was not so lucky to see the great grandchildren, as my father had been. However, she was enormously proud of my two sons before she left us for her eternal home after her life on this mundane world ended in mid 1970s. Our daughter was born only after some years of my mother leaving this world.

In 1970s, the medical care was not so smartly available in Kathmandu. So, my spouse had to stay on in the hospital for recuperating her health a number of days after the childbirth. We were very glad that the baby was very healthy. Our life took a new turn. We have somebody to worry about. My spouse and I enjoyed doing everything for the baby. She enjoyed feeding the baby in the morning, the day and evening.

My spouse took so much of care of a new baby she took the baby to a doctor even for a minor uncomfortable the baby felt. We were not much experienced in raising a baby. So, we were so sensitive to the health of the baby.

Then, came a second baby after three years. The three-year spacing was good for the mother and the baby. This time, too, the baby was a boy. We had already some experiences in raising a baby. We knew many things about the baby. So, we frequented the doctor considerably less than used to be.

Our joy had been to take care of the two kids. Both of them were growing fast. They had been running everywhere. We ensured that they were safe all the time. Our efforts on the best childcare minimized any physical injury to the kids.

The third one was a baby girl. We became the happiest family probably in the world. Our family had been so well balanced. We had two boys and a girl. We did not need any more. Our mission was to bring them up as the best citizens of the world. Our every effort went to

shape their minds and brains correctly. Our eastern values are to be respectable to the seniors. That was what they learned.

Then, our main focus was their education starting from the school to the colleges and then the university. We valued education very much. Our aim was every child should be at the university. Our main task became to motivate them what really they wanted to be in the future.

We started with helping the three kids with all possible manners. We made a custom-tailored low table for three kids and myself to sit around and study. They learned their own school lessons I studied my own books. They could ask me any time they needed my help.

All of the three kids took the first positions in the school leaving examinations (S.L.C: the so-called Iron Gate for the Nepalese school students)). Our daughter scored highest marks and even was among the top-10 highest scorers at the SLC.

All three kids went to the St Xavier College in Kathmandu. All of them scored high marks. Our daughter scored highest in the biology among the girl students and she received the highest Nepalese honor.

My spouse motivated our daughter so much that she decided to go for a medical education. She became one of the best students in the class. She completed the MBBS course scoring high marks. After the internship in Nepal, she went to the UK for further internship and to learn more about the medical profession.

The two sons had already been in the USA for studies at the colleges and then the universities. The first son did BA in economics at the Wabash College in Indianapolis. The second son went to the Clark University and took his BA and then went on to the University of Massachusetts. The first son further went to the Marquette University, Milwaukee. He took two masters: one in economics and another in software engineering.

The two brothers motivated our daughter in the UK to come to the University of Massachusetts. She received the scholarship for doing research in the diabetes. She completed the research and got the PhD. Then she went back to her medical profession. She did the internship at the St. Vincent Hospital in Worcester.

At the same time, the second son was doing his research at the University of Massachusetts. He received the PhD, too after some years. The first son had been already working as a software engineer in Boston. Our happiness had no bounds. We were the happiest couple in the world. Our kids had already reached the pinnacle of the education. What we needed more nothing probably.

Then, following our eastern tradition, our social obligation was to get the sons and the daughter married. The first turn of the wedding was certainly of the first son. We held the most gorgeous wedding of our son in our lifetime. Then, the couple went back to the US for jobs. Our daughter took the next turn of wedding although she was the third kid of our family. We held the wedding of our daughter not less marvelous than that of our first son. The second son took the last turn of the wedding. Every succeeding wedding turned out to be the better than the previous one.

After the wedding of two sons and the daughter, my spouse felt that she had done everything in her life. Her mind had completely changed from the worrying to be free from any worry. That made her face glow and she looked fresh all the time. She was relaxed in the true sense of the word.

Our role of raising kids had changed from the parenthood to the babysitting of the grand kids. Every time, a new grand kid came to this world, we went to the US for the babysitting. One-year babysitting became the standard babysitting for all the grand kids.

As we had been watching how the grand kids had been growing, suddenly we found that we were already senior citizens. We did not noticed how 50 years of our prime life had gone. We were so much busy with raising the kids, and educating them and then putting them on the right path in the society we did not feel the passing of time.

Without the kids, and the need for bringing them up, and making them the best citizens of the world, we would have not felt our lives so fabulous, and moved so fast. We did not have much time to look back and see how we spent our lives. We enjoyed our lives so much we never noticed how fast the time had moved in our lives. Ultimately, our time of living in this world had been running out fast.

A friend of mine always complained he had no experiences in having a son. He had four daughters but not a son. He begged his spouse to have one more child every time anticipating to have a son. He did everything for raising the baby leaving the spouse to carry a baby at the pregnancy and give the birth of a child. Even after the fourth daughter his dream could not come true. He gave up trying any more. One thing he did not understand was the chance of having a baby boy was high when the wife reached the emotional peak of lovemaking.

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Note: the Father's Day in the USA this year was the Sunday, June 21.