

Peace in the Storm Book Excerpt
by Deirdre Kelley

“How come Dad’s mom’s husband didn’t like Dad. He was just a little boy, right? Did Dad do something to make him not like him?”

“Not that I know of. Your dad was about five, I think, when his dad died. His mom got married again not long after that. But the man just didn’t like kids, I guess. Some people are like that. They don’t have any reason for not liking kids, but they just don’t. It may be because they are selfish or jealous and want all the attention for themselves. I don’t know. I never met him. All I know about him is what your dad told me about him.”

“Was he mean to Dad? Is that why Dad was mean, because someone was mean to him?”

Amy was a bit astonished at this bit of reasoning from her young son.

“I don’t know, son. Maybe. Your dad didn’t talk much about when he was growing up so I suppose that could be what happened. I know sometimes adults copy the actions that they learn from their parents. Even though that was not his dad, he lived in the same house with him for a long time. You’re a pretty smart kid, you know. I hadn’t thought of that. I wondered why your dad was the way he was and couldn’t figure out any answers. I thought it was because he didn’t like me.”

“Why would you think he didn’t like you? I thought it was because he didn’t like me. I made messes and noise and broke things. He was always yelling at me, telling me I was stupid. I thought he hit you because you wouldn’t let him hit me. I hated him because he hit you. How come he didn’t like me? I tried to be a good kid. I tried not to make messes and noise. I tried to do good in school but it’s hard for me. I didn’t want to be stupid. I tried Mom, I really did. I’m sorry Dad hit you because of me. I’m sorry.”

Amy was stunned. Tears poured down Sean’s face and she was fighting to catch her breath after his outburst. She reached around the table and pulled him close to her. Amy laid some money on the table to pay her bill and ushered her son from the restaurant. She opened the door of the car and setting him in the seat, she bent to his level.

“Sean, whatever made your dad do the things he did had nothing to do you or the things you did. It had nothing to do with me or the things I did. You were a normal little boy. All little boys make messes and noise. They break things. There is nothing wrong with that unless they do it to be mean. But you didn’t, you were just growing up. You are a good and wonderful child. You are not stupid. You are bright and intelligent. Your father was angry about something that had nothing to do with us but took it out on us. It’s like being mad at a kid at school and yelling at Marshall. He’s not the one you’re mad at but the one you yell at.

“He doesn’t know why you’re yelling at him because he didn’t do anything wrong. And I would much rather your father hit me than you. I don’t blame you for anything. I love

you so much, son. I know you tried to be good but we could never be good enough for your dad. I was so afraid he would really hurt you when he was angry. I'm sorry I didn't make him leave long before he did. I'm the one that owes you an apology."

Amy held her tearful son close and prayed he would understand. She did not want him to think he was to blame for his father's abuse. Sean pushed her away and took her face in his hands as she had so often done to his.

"Mom, you didn't do anything wrong. You were just trying to do your best. We just got to pray for Dad, right, for God to heal his heart? And we got to pray so we don't be like him, right?"