A Letter from "Mom n Dad"...  
  
My child,  
  
When I get old, I hope you understand 'n have patience with me  
In case I break the plate, or spill soup on the table because I’m losing my eyesight, I hope you don’t yell at me.  
Older people are sensitive, always having self pity when you yell.  
When my hearing gets worse 'n I can’t hear what you’re saying, I hope you don’t call me ‘Deaf!’  
Please repeat what you said or write it down.  
  
I’m sorry, my child.  
I’m getting older.  
When my knees get weaker, I hope you have the patience to help me get up.  
Like how I used to help you while you were little, learning how to walk.  
Please bear with me, when I keep repeating myself like a broken record, I hope you just keep listening to me.  
Please don’t make fun of me, or get sick of listening to me.  
  
Do you remember when you were little 'n you wanted a ballon? You repeated yourself over 'n over until you get what you wanted.  
Please also pardon my smell. I smell like an old person.Please don’t force me to shower.  
My body is weak.  
Old people get sick easily when they’re cold. I hope I don’t gross you out.  
  
Do you remember when you were little? I used to chase you around because you didn’t want to shower.  
I hope you can be patient with me when I’m always cranky. It’s all part of getting old.  
You’ll understand when you’re older.  
'n if you have spare time, I hope we can talk even for a few minutes.  
I’m always all by myself all the time, 'n have no one to talk to.  
I know you’re busy with work.  
Even if you’re not interested in my stories, please have time for me.  
  
Do you remember when you were little? I used to listen to your stories about your teddy bear.  
When the time comes, 'n I get ill 'n bedridden, I hope you have the patience to take care of me.  
I’m sorry if I accidentally wet the bed or make a mess.  
I hope you have the patience to take care of me during the last few moments of my life.  
I’m not going to last much longer, anyway.  
When the time of my death comes, I hope you hold my hand 'n give me strength to face death.  
  
'n don’t worry..  
When I finally meet our creator, I will whisper in his ear to bless you. Because you loved your Mom 'n Dad.  
Thank you so much for your care.  
We love you. ! ♥