

COMMENTARY

Dad confronts fear of 'that subject'

There's a lot of discussion lately about the appropriate age to introduce "the birds and the bees" to kids. Some say junior year of high school. Others say sooner. I say, NEVER! Heck, I can't even get past the "eggs and stingers"!

You see, when I was in college, I was a pig. I didn't have any difficulty talking about birds or bees. In fact, I talked about them all the time. I never missed a chance to

R. J. Foster

Community
Columnist



R.J. Foster is a Darboy resident.

turn harmless phrases into inappropriate innuendos.

Then one day, I became an expectant father. Despite not wanting

to verify the gender of our first child, I knew. My male friends knew, too. If there was any such thing as fate, karma, divine providence or plain old comeuppance, I would have daughters.

When Daughter No. 1 was born, I realized the world was filled with smut-minded individuals with lust in their eyes and filth in their hearts.

I called this group of individuals "those boys." And I knew how they

thought because I was once their king.

How cute it used to be watching a mom gleefully asking her baby boy, "How big is Johnny?" Cute, until I noticed Johnny leering across the room at my little girl and mouthing the response, "Sooooooo big!"

I wondered if anyone else saw that. But I didn't care. I knew what I saw, and I cracked.

"Hey, playschool playboy!" I shouted, "Keep it in your diaper!"

Then there were the older boys – smooth and suave with their fancy "walking." They would "fall" right beside Daughter No. 1's blanket, smile and then gurgle and coo in some secret baby code that undoubtedly meant, "Hey, baby, how about you crawl over to my blanket and I'll show you my binky?"

"Not on my watch, Binky Boy!"

See **FOSTER**, C-

FOSTER: Daughters enjoy Dad's fear

From C-1

Two years later, I was blessed with another daughter — as I knew would be the case. Now, I had two. How would I protect them both from those who would pluck the petals of purity from my two fragile flowers?

I started with the general “boys are icky” approach. It’s similar to the plan I used for delaying ear-piercing.

“Sure, you can get it done.” I told Daughter No. 1. “But it really hurts! And I know a guy whose neighbor lost her ear.”

Well, what? I was scared!

First, it’s ear-piercing. Next thing you know, she’s dancing around a brass pole!

Today, the boys are pretty much still stumbling around, trying to look cool and not spit up on themselves. But the girls are changing — growing up kind of changing.

Being not-so-comfortable talking about girl stuff, I thought the movie at school was a good thing. It’s fifth grade. How detailed could it be?

And before they even saw it, the girls were so grossed out by the subject matter, they renamed the film “the dot movie.” Dot — as in “period.” Get it? If not, it’s OK. My wife had to explain it to me.

Sadly for me, my daughter’s feelings of ickiness went away when she discovered my discomfort and how easily she could tap into it.

Like the time we were playing in the snow and I pounded her with a snowball the size of a boulder. She looked at me, frowning, and said, “Daddy, you hit me right in the uterus!”

I only winced until she added, “At least it didn’t hit me in the va ...”

“Arrrgghhh!” I screamed as I leaped out of the snow and darted into the house.

Despite my efforts not to hear the rest of her last

word, I’m pretty sure I heard her and her mother giggling.

I eventually sat down with my eldest daughter and explained my feelings to her.

“You, my dear, are like a cake. I love cake. I don’t know all the ingredients. I don’t know all the things that happen in the oven. But I really don’t need to. I definitely don’t want anyone grossing me out with the details of the cake’s ‘development.’ Just call me when it’s done. Do you understand?”

She hugged me, smiled and said, “Yes, Daddy. I understand. You don’t want to hear about my uterus anymore. And definitely not my va ...”

“Arrrgghhh!”

I’m fairly confident I’m still traumatized from that moment.

I’m fairly certain my daughter is still giggling.

R.J. Foster: pcoletters@postcrescent.com