

## Epiphany

My favourite epiphany occurred in mid-February, about ten years ago. My daughter and I had had a falling out. We weren't speaking to each other and she had moved out into her own bachelor apartment. And then in the middle of the night, in the middle of February, my phone dinged and the following text appeared:

***I've just had an epiphany. You're not such a bad father after all.***

I wept for joy. This was a huge turning point. By summer she had moved back home. She went back to school and she completed her diploma in social work. She moved out again in a manner that was much more congenial, and she got a job helping the homeless and the developmentally delayed.

In short, she came into her own and she blossomed. This is what we parents want for our children: for them to thrive, to find meaning in their lives, and maybe to make the world better. Thereby our existence is transcended.

The challenge is in the showing. We become parents when we are still children ourselves: unskilled, frightened, and immature. Somehow, we are to show our children the skills, courage and wisdom that they will need to survive and to thrive and to change the world.

An epiphany is a showing. A shining. An illumination. A showing off. A flash. An appearance. A total disclosure. A full understanding. God had tried this before. Burning bush. Still, small voice. Proxy message by prophet. What about a baby? God-in-the flesh? Nobody had tried that before.

It worked. Wise travellers from foreign lands got it, and brought gifts. We had our epiphany.

How we yearn for our children to have epiphanies, and how we rejoice when they do.

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