



I am the ATM Parent. Not at all like the bank ATM that just spits out money, I dole out **AFFECTION**, **TRANSPORTATION**, and **MONEY**.

I am the ATM Parent, the conveyor of **AFFECTION**, **TRANSPORTATION**, and **MONEY**.

AFFECTION. The "A" in ATM. A stinging cut on the knee. A hurtful remark that cuts to the core. That rejected science fair project. And that disgusting person who went to prom with someone else. I am there with affection, an emotional band-aid, and warm, homemade Nutella gooey butter cake. I dole out Hugs, Kisses, Kind words. I am the reprieve from the harsh winds of the nasty, mean people of the world. I give you your roots. Some days I am tough, like the time you get suspended and you do not care to share this pertinent information until **AFTER** your huge party. Yet, you lavish me with affection when I need comfort from the storms.

TRANSPORTATION. The "T" in ATM. School. Sports. Music lessons. Scouts. Birthday parties. School dances. The Mall. Sleepovers. Volunteer work. I supply the wings you need to get where you are going. Taxi Parent, I supply the transport for you and your friends to get on your way. "T" takes on a whole new meaning when you get your learner's permit, and then your driver's license. I transport you as you grow from that tiny, dependent bundle through youth and beyond. I then drop you off at the bus stop of adulthood.

MONEY. The "M" in ATM. Yes, I dole out the flow, cash, bread, coin, dough, cheese, pesos, funds, moolah, G's, greenbacks, dinero, currency, bills, Washingtons, the money for the food, shelter, clothing, education, the frills, the chills, and the thrills. More than that, I dole out the money management lessons. All those times I refuse to buy you what you scream for and pitch a tantrum for, ahh, that is the tough part of the "M" in ATM. I give you the tools to enjoy your roots and your wings. My reward is the living thank you when you manage to reduce your fraternity's budget, and when you save your money to invest in your first home.

I am the ATM Parent. You grow. I let you go. You withdraw from my ATM, but I made a lot of interest along the way.

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