

Five More Minutes

by: Bill Greer, Chicken Soup for the Veteran's Soul

While at the park one day, a woman sat down next to a man on a bench near a playground.

"That's my son over there," she said, pointing to a little boy in a red sweater who was gliding down the slide.

"He's a fine looking boy" the man said. "That's my daughter on the bike in the white dress."

Then, looking at his watch, he called to his daughter. "What do you say we go, Melissa?"

Melissa pleaded, "Just five more minutes, Dad. Please? Just five more minutes."

The man nodded and Melissa continued to ride her bike to her heart's content. Minutes passed and the father stood and called again to his daughter. "Time to go now?"

Again Melissa pleaded, "Five more minutes, Dad. Just five more minutes."

The man smiled and said, "OK."

"My, you certainly are a patient father," the woman responded.

The man smiled and then said, "Her older brother Tommy was killed by a drunk driver last year while he was riding his bike near here. I never spent much time with Tommy and now I'd give anything for just five more minutes with him. I've vowed not to make the same mistake with Melissa.

She thinks she has five more minutes to ride her bike. The truth is, I get Five more minutes to watch her play."