



Diary of a
"Humble"
Dad



Preface

I don't think copyright law would stop me using "Diary of a" as a title. I mean, are you allowed to copyright three words? Just in case you can, I've got some back up titles. "Dad's really funny book that he reckons his kids should read", and "Big Nayte, who is a dad", "Daddy Pig's story about Pepper's life" (note that Pepper is not spelt Peppa")

Or "Diary of a whimpy kid". Umm... Not the last one.

Diary of a Humble Dad

Autumn edition.

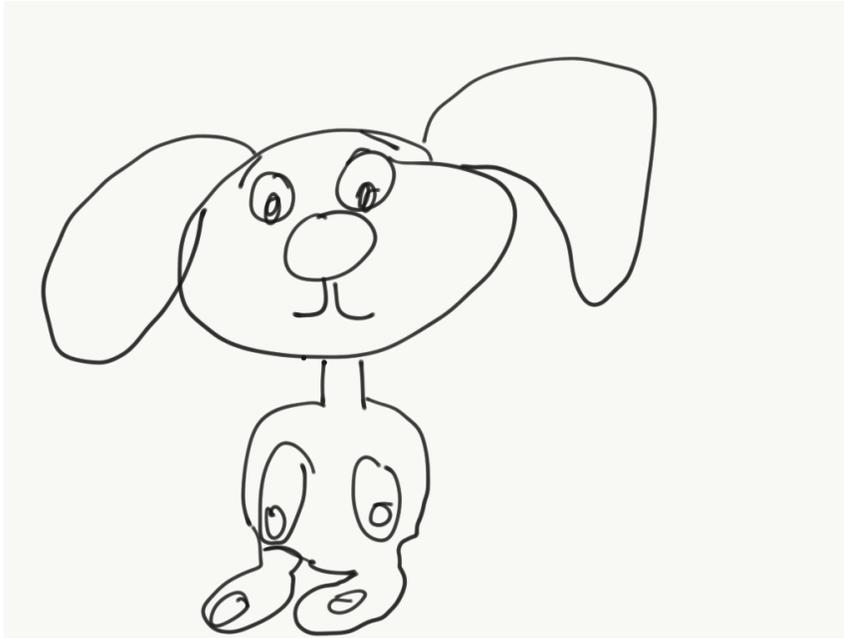
Chapter 1

I feel that I have to compete with “diary of a wimpy kid” so that my daughter will read my book too and maybe be interested what I have to say as much as that Jeff Finn guy (apparently TIME’s top 100 most influential people in the world). No I’m not jealous... just a lot less talented. Okay, I’m jealous. The main problem is, I can’t draw. Well not very well.

This is what my “person” looks like.



This is a “dog”.



Well, I don't HAVE to write a book of my own, and no it's not actually a competition. But I do have a job to do - to help my kids be more like Jesus. And to do that I have to communicate to the kids. But in a way that is :

1. Educational - actually teach them something.
2. Be interesting - and this usually means funny or at least mildly entertaining or thought-provoking.
3. Not too repetitive
4. Definitely not too repetitive.

5. I feel that number 4. Was redundant.

I mean, I can communicate with my kids in lots of other ways that doesn't involve writing a diary :

1. Speaking to them. I do that already. A lot.

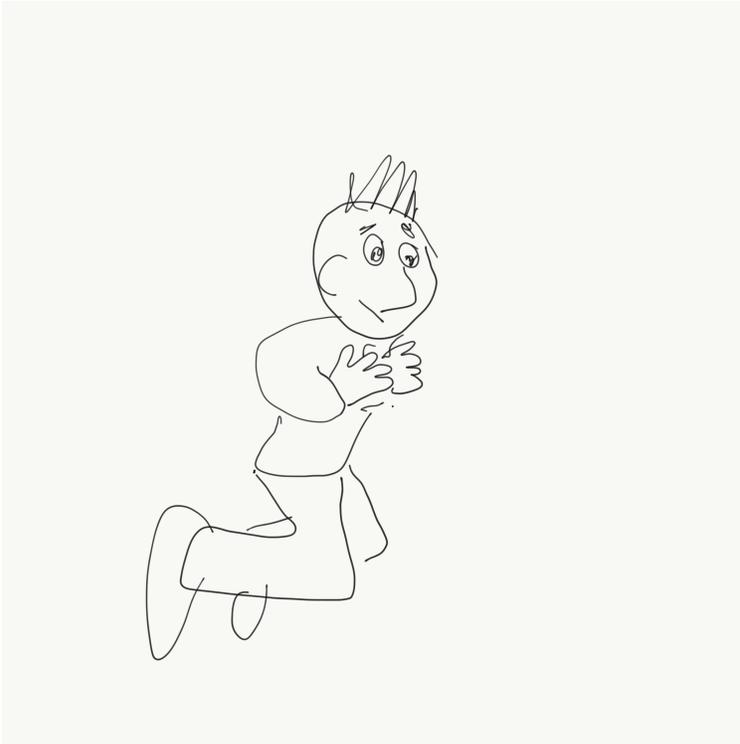
I'm also aware there's a bible verse that says that "I tell you, on the day of judgment people will give account for every careless word they speak, for by your words you will be justified, and by your words you will be condemned."

Matthew 12:36-37.

Wow, I really pray that I'll be more careful with my words and teach my kids not to talk too much silliness.

2. Singing to them. I also do that quite a lot. My son likes to sing too, and can be even louder than me. My toddler girl sings too, but she sings gibberish "dah day beh la "

3. Dancing - though it is an awkward sort of communication tool in every day life.



“What are you doing dad?”

“Why is there a bird coming out of your chest?”

“It’s a dove coming out from my heart”

4. Telling jokes but with a lesson at the end of every joke. That could really ruin the idea of “jokes” though.

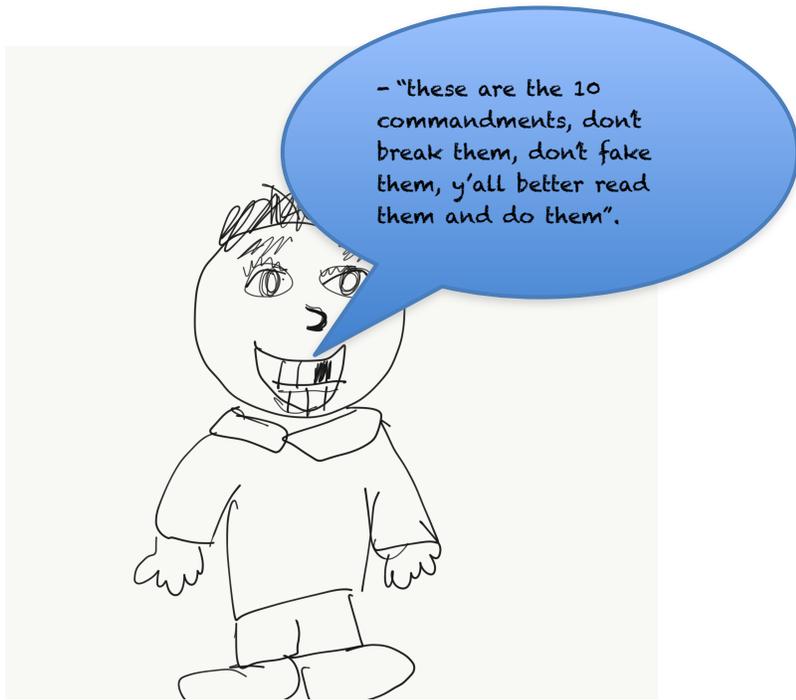
“Why did the tomato cry?”

“because it hurt it’s friend, the cucumber, leading to a sense of guilt, so that’s why kids, you shouldn’t hurt people”.



Umm.. that's not really funny, or educational.

By the way, my son likes to tell jokes, but he doesn't quite get the idea of it yet. So in his frustration he'll say things like :



5. Rapping

Only problem is that there are usually so many words in a rap I don't think anyone can remember anything that is said in a rap. So that doesn't really teach kids anything, I suppose unless you rap really slowly, OR, you keep repeating it until they get it.



6. Drawing pictures. I've already told you I'm not so good at that though.



7. Write a non-fiction book entitled "How to be a better Child, by Humble dad, please read this each night".

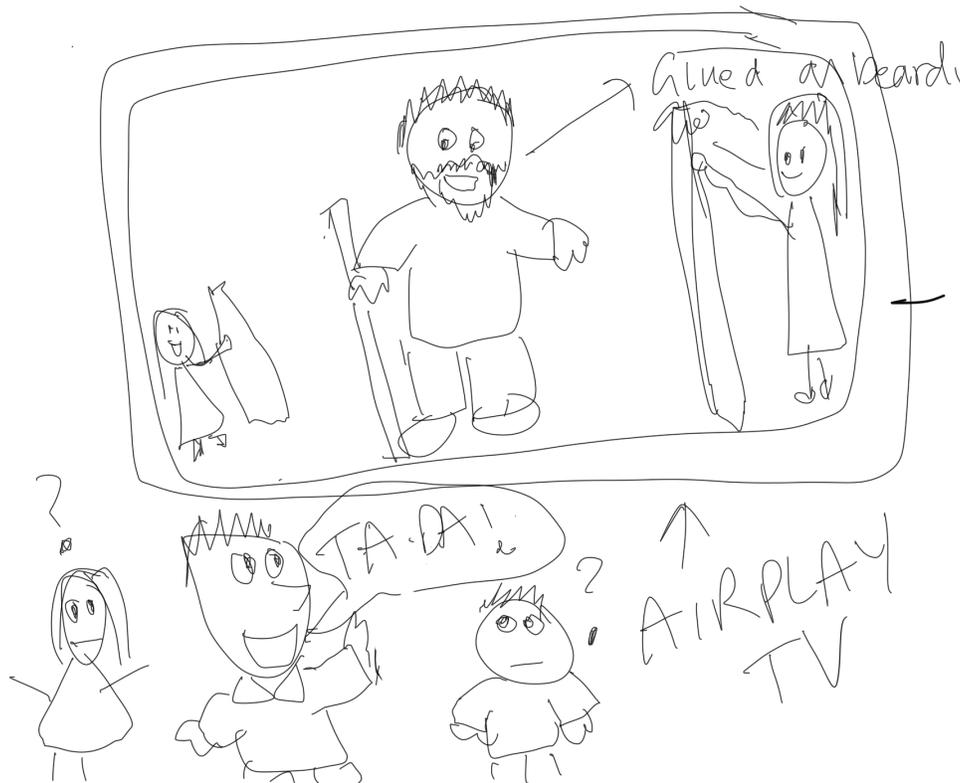
8. Do a puppet show, where there's a dad puppet talking to the children puppet and telling them good things. Or where's there's a dad puppet reading really good books to the puppet kids".



9. Create an amazing movie from my iphone with special effects based on the crossing of the red



sea. Only problem is that my kids don't like movies yet as they are too scary apparently. I could make a silent movie... But I guess that could be quite boring.



“what’s going on dad? why are they not saying anything? Why is that older gentleman with a beard walking so slowly?”

“Um, that’s Moses, and he’s getting out his staff. Wait a minute, do I really have to explain this

entire story to you? I should have just put sound.
<groan>”

10. Write a diary book thing that they can read that will have truth in it but in an interesting form that they can digest (that means receive into their lives).

What a challenge this will be. I really pray that God will help me!

Chapter 2

Wrong day = Great day.

I'd say it's pretty challenging being dad. You have to lead your family to become more Holy, and be strong, most if not all the time, and keep your calm in stressful situations. You also have to always look like you know what you're doing, even you may not have clue. You have to be funny, but at the same time you have to have authority.

2 weeks ago, we went to Basketball. So we drove all the way there, with the kids in their uniform, and there were no cars there. There were only a few options :



1. We were really really early. But we weren't - we were actually 10 minutes late ... as usual.
2. We were really really late. We WERE late, but Not so late that everyone had already gone home.
3. Everyone walked to the centre that day.
4. Everyone rode their bikes (but there were no bikes outside??)
5. Everyone got dropped off by another parent.



Anyway, I had a choice to make then.

1. I could have blamed mum for not telling me it was the wrong date. But it's actually my fault because I should have checked.

2. I could have pretended that we purposely took the kids to the basketball stadium though it was closed.

“Hey kids – we are all here on purpose to a closed building as I wanted to .. uhh.. show you... uh... how to deal with disappointment.”

And the kids had a choice too as to how to respond :

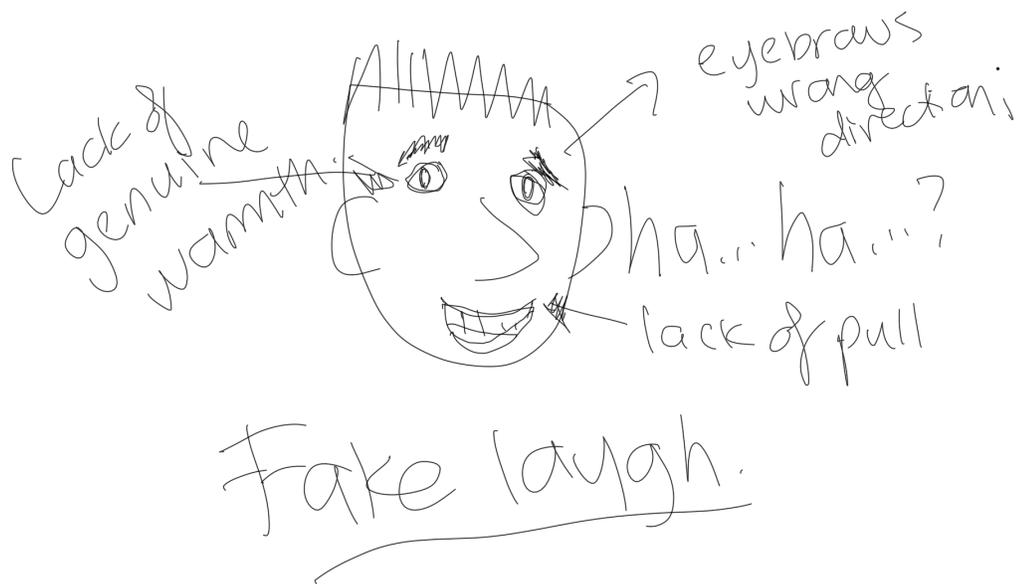
- 1.Cry
- 2.Laugh as if nothing happened.
- 3.Giggle (fake laughter)

Teaching point:

Fake laughter is when you laugh without a real feeling of funniness. It usually is quieter and not from your stomach (more from your

throat and mouth with a lot of hissing/sh sounds).

It happens when adults are telling kids things that aren't that funny, or if you're an adult and an important person tells you something and then laughs and you didn't understand what they said but are trying to be polite.



4. Throw tantrums.

5. Be grateful that we could do something else.

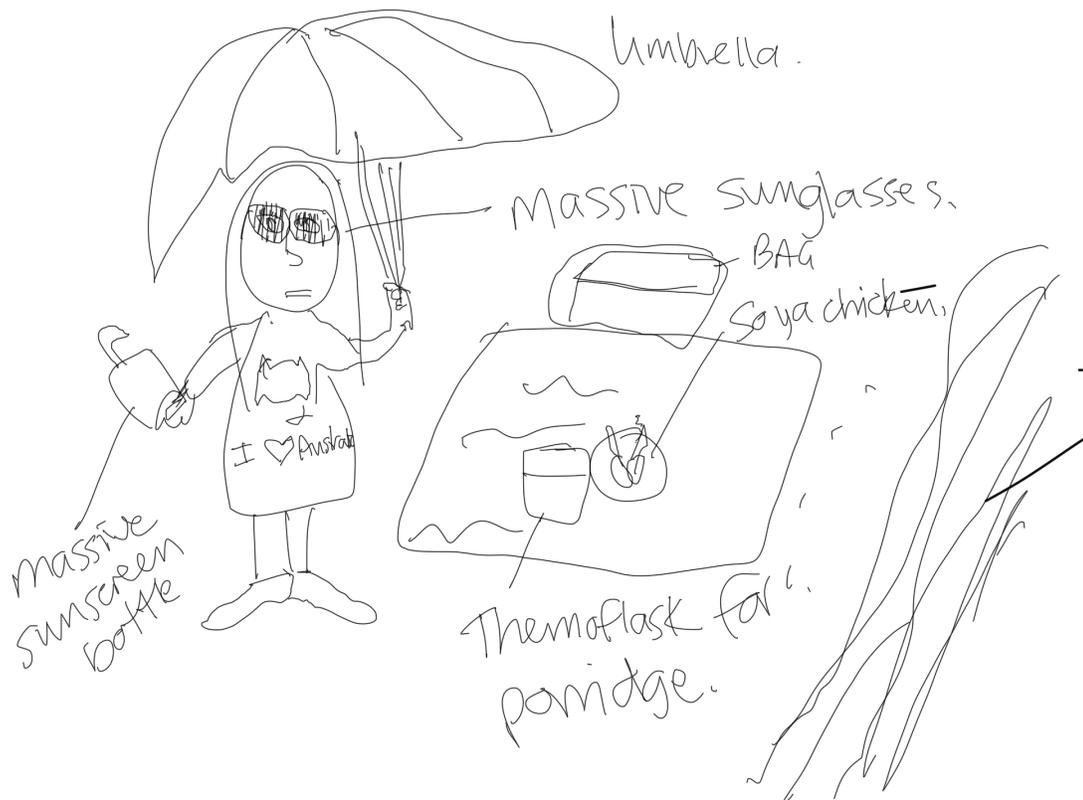
As it stands, we actually just decided as a family to go to the boat harbour instead and had a beautiful day near the beach.

Teaching point #2:

Chinese people tend not to like to go to the beach. Well actually they don't mind the beach as long as they don't get into the sand.

That's because :

1. Chinese people generally don't like getting sunshine on their skin.
2. Chinese people don't like sand on their feet as it will end up in their cars, and then in their houses.



Teaching point #2.1

Using the term “Chinese people” could be considered “stereotyping”, but in this case I don’t think it is as I’m not being necessarily negative. It’s more an observation of a particular group of people’s behaviour.

Teaching point #2.2

Stereotyping means :A **widely** held but fixed and **oversimplified** image or **idea** of a **particular type** of person or thing:

<http://www.oxforddictionaries.com/definition/english/stereotype>

Teaching point #2.3

When you quote something from somewhere else you have to explain where it's from.

It makes me think of this verse:

1 Thessalonians 5:18 in everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.

That was a great day and I'm so grateful for great kids, and great attitudes.

I also had a great attitude that day. Not that I'm boasting. Just saying.

Chapter 3

Joke books

My daughter told me that Diary of a Wimpy Kid books are 217 pages long. Can you believe it? 217 pages. That's so long. That's a lot of words and pictures. And... apparently they are all funny. I can't imagine so much funniness.

My daughter and I have joked a lot together since we were young. Well, since she was really really young, and I was, well, less old I suppose to be more accurate.

One thing we realized was that it's really hard to "tell a joke" compared to just being funny in the moment.

What I mean is that if I said to you "tell me a joke", you'd have to come up with some memorized joke which is usually based on a pun "a word that sounds like another word", or a word with double meaning. Because it has no context, it's not usually that funny.

I mean we could be sitting in a Mexican restaurant eating nacho's, and you could tell me a joke about sheep wearing hats, or some ridiculous thing, and I don't think I would find it funny. But in the restaurant if there was actually a really big sheep wearing a hat, and we looked at it and then joked about that - I think that would be funnier.

So a joke books generally aren't that funny.

Well at least we don't think so.

Chapter 4

That last chapter was so short, and had no storyline. Weird huh.

Chapter 5

Chapter 4 was even shorter.

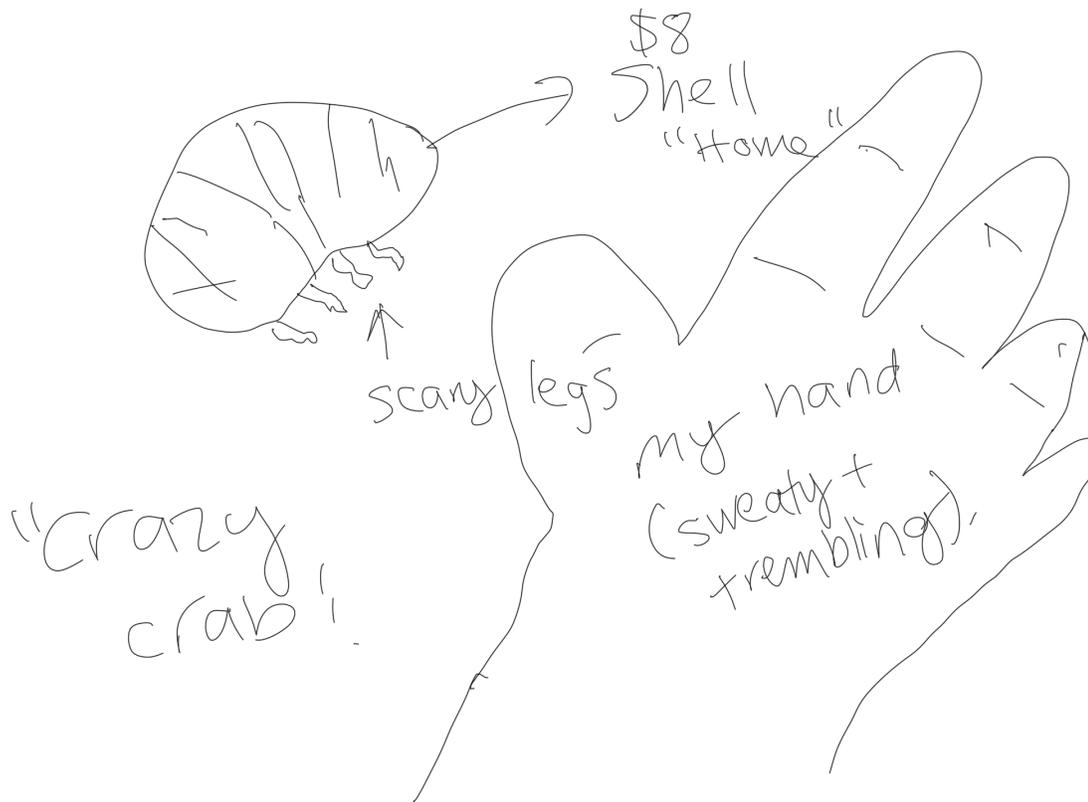
Chapter 5

Crazy Crabs

There are these interesting creatures called "crazy crabs" which actually hermit crabs who lived somewhere in my daughter's classroom. I first heard about this when she told me about these "passes" that she gets from the teacher when she behaves well to visit these crabs. Her face lit up when you talked about these crabs and in my head I was imagining those crabs are you eat at a restaurant except that they are alive and moving around a lot.

Before I found out about these hermit crabs if you had mentioned crabs to me I would immediately think of Singaporean chilli crab which is mud crab surrounded with really yummy chilli sauce which has garlic and ginger in it. It's one of my favourite dishes!

After weeks of hearing about these little critters if only came her turn to bring these little guys back to our house. I still remember that afternoon because I was picking the kids up. I was running late because I was coming from work and when I arrived she was holding a box and walking very slowly. I think my son was pretty excited to the offered to carry the box which contained the crazy Crabs but of course my daughter was very reluctant.



Anyway, finally we got home and I got to see these creatures for myself. I was amazed at how colourful they were and then realised that it was because they were painted. There were so many things that I had not expected.

1. These crabs are actually really tiny.

2. They don't actually have their own shell as far as I can tell. They apparently use other crustaceans leftover homes as their own. I initially found this a really odd concept but I suppose as human being we do a similar thing.

3. They apparently have personalities although I wonder whether this is projected from us humans onto them.

Teaching point 1:

Projected means that we have certain feelings that we then attributed to someone else subconsciously.

Teaching point 2:

Subconsciously that we are doing something without necessarily understanding what we are thinking.

So in this context it means that the crabs may not have a lot of personality as such but if we play with him we might pretend and then believed that they actually have personality.

4. If you do put them on your skin they can pinch you. It also feels extremely uncomfortable to have them walking around on your hands.

The children found point number 4 super hilarious as both myself and my wife could not stand the idea of holding the crabs in our hands. This led to the children teasing us and trying to put the crabs on our skin as we giggled and screamed like little girls.

Well to be more accurate, my daughter is a little girl and she doesn't scream like how I was doing so a better description would be, as we giggled and screamed like grown-up men.

In the following few weeks my daughter kept asking us to buy the crazy crabs so that we could keep them as pets. We have talked about having pets for many years. More accurately we have talked about how we should never have pets for many years ever since I tried to look after 2 goldfish and they died after 3 months. Discarding the dead carcasses was quite sad and gross at the same time. It put me off looking at

animals completely. I figured if I can look at the goldfish what chance do I have of looking after any animal that could be more sophisticated. It also doesn't help that my dad never let us have pets partly because he was attacked by a dog when he was young.

I'll never forget the story because he probably told it to us at least 50 times further details of the story are not clear. It was something along the lines of "I was a little boy and his dog attacked me and almost killed me". It pretty much put me off ever having a dog.

Teaching point #3

In this story I said "at least 50 times" as I think that may be accurate. It would have been tempting to say "he probably told it to us at least 1000 times". That sounds a lot more interesting and possibly funnier, but it's not exactly true. It would have been considered an "exaggeration". People exaggerate all the time and depending on how it's done it could be a form of lying. I suppose there are legitimate times when exaggeration can be used.

"I reckon you're the most beautiful woman in the world" is a nice thing to say to your wife, but it's probably an exaggeration. Or "she's the best teacher ever" is probably an exaggeration as they have probably been hundreds of thousands of teachers in history and it would be extremely difficult to know if your particular teacher was actually "the best".

I suppose if my kid said to me "you're the best dad in the world" I would consider that a legitimate excuse to exaggerate.

So needless to say drawing u we didn't really have any pets. But exactly true because we did have rats for at least one night. It was a very awkward night as we had these two rats in a cardboard box in the laundry. After saying goodbye to these very creatures, my brothers and I quietly went to bed very excited about our new friends. However about an hour later we started hearing these scratching noises which became louder and louder and louder. It felt like we were in a horror movie. The noises kept

getting louder and louder and then all of a sudden it stopped. Somehow or other we managed to sleep and the next morning we slowly open the laundry door to find that the rats had chewed through the cardboard box and had disappeared into the laundry somewhere. It was the pretty scary feeling as we were not really that good with animals. It's one thing to have a little animal inside a box and quite another to have it wandering around anywhere in the room. So there we went around looking for them and my younger brother who was the bravest of us grab them and put them back into a bucket I think. We weren't sure what to do with those little guys as we had bought the proper cage for them yet and I think we just gave them away shortly after.

Anyway back to the story about my daughter. She wrote to extensive "persuasive texts" in the form of emails sent from her grandparents to us. My parents were bawling us to listen to the voice of reason and by those crazy Crabs. My daughter had come up with some pretty convincing arguments which centred around her strong

sense of responsibility and how easy it was to look after crazy crabs.

After much discussion with my wife I finally caved in. It's pretty hard to say no to your children when they really want something.

My parents were more than happy to get involved with helping purchase our first three crazy crabs.

After the first four weeks we had to make a trip to the beach to get replacement sand. Apparently you have to replace the sand because it can get dirty. The other reason I think we need to go was to get more shells. My daughter had this idea that we could put shells on the sand and that would stop the crabs from hiding away all the time by providing some sort of Shell shield.

The only problem was that we didn't have a bucket big enough also we thought to get enough sand. So we filled up our toy seashells as well as a small bucket and brought them home. I think my

daughter was disappointed that I didn't help her to find shells. I was too busy making a Peppa Pig Sandcastle and was trying to convince my two kids to help me build it. Meanwhile my son was busy throwing sand into the Ocean. Yes, throwing wet sand.

What I learnt through this situation was that most of us like to do things with other people. But it's important to take interest in what other people are doing. I felt a bit lonely making my Peppa pig sandcastle, whilst my daughter felt quite lonely picking up shells by herself. Interestingly my son felt lonely and all as he was dancing around on the order and giggling loudly. This is why I said "most of us like to do things with other people" as it doesn't apply all the time. I suppose this could be said of my statements.

Teaching point #5

If you ever get a multiple choice question, any sentence with the word "always" or "never" is almost always never correct. Ironically that

statement is true although it has both the words "always" and "never" in it.

Interestingly I viewed his throwing wet sand (which actually went straight into my phone but thank goodness I have a good cover this time round), which I then uploaded onto what's app family group. My sister-in-law watched it and decided to visit us in Australia. Not sure which one of the video was most appealing to her, my son screaming like a little girl (again to be more accurate screaming like a little boy), or the sand being thrown into my face. Whatever it was invoked some positive feelings in my sister-in-law enough for her to book air tickets within days.

As I said before Chinese people aren't that good at the beach but somehow we made it there and back without too much hassle.

Chapter 6

It's been a long time since writing in this diary. Believe it or not, I've been inspired to write again, because my daughter has started her own book. Not that I'm jealous (of course not, she wrote it because she was inspired by me – not boasting, just saying). So now I'm inspired by her, so it's a lot of inspiration going round in circles. I'm not sure if it works this way, but perhaps the inspiring each other thing could continue forever until there's a LOT of inspiration for the both of us, and maybe other people too.

I just read her book about Super Pilgrims. It was amazing. I'll be honest, it has way bigger words than this diary. It's also a lot more interesting. I'm not putting myself down, I'm just being honest. She uses a lot of adverbs and adjectives.

I feel like in this book so far, I've been somewhat deficient in my vocabulary.

So here's where I step it up. Make it slightly more complicated.

Actually, don't worry about it. I don't have to be try to compete with my daughter. She's just a better writer than me.

Hopefully it doesn't mean she'll stop reading my books. But if she does, I'll definitely use bigger words.

Chapter 7

It's nearly time for the Christmas play again! I'm so happy that Christmas is here again. It's so funny because Target had Christmas decorations a few weeks ago (in September). I thought that was a bit early. I suppose some people really prepared for things. I'm usually more of a last minute sort of guy.

It's so wonderful that we celebrate Christmas because it's the birthday of Jesus. Well, actually it's not the real birthday, but it's great to celebrate his birth regardless. I don't think anyone knows the exact day of his birth but I heard a theory that given that there were shepherds out at night, it probably wasn't in December.

The kids in our church are usually super-excited about the play. We'll be starting practise tomorrow. I can't wait!

The younger kids are very cute. Hard to direct, but very cute.

Every single year for the past... uh... 2 years, we've been doing this Christmas play. It's starting to become a tradition.

I think about how it's so wonderful to have routine, and tradition for families. It helps to give the children a sense of seasons and rhythm to life. It also helps to teach us all how to build memories – to take time to reflect on what God has done and who He is.

This year, my prayer is that all the children in the church would take time to think about how wonderful Jesus has been to them.

Chapter 8

Men don't use make up. Most of us also have a pretty small collection of clothing. I like to wear things that are comfortable. That basically means that I never look particularly different from day to day.

Except my hair.

I have pretty neat short hair for about 2 weeks out of a month, and then slightly longer hair for 2 weeks, then for the last 2 weeks my hair looks out of control. It's a six week cycle usually by the time I get myself organised enough to get my haircut.

My son and I got to have a special date today – going to the salon together. He also has a similar cycle, except when his hair gets long and messy he still looks really cute. I just look like I haven't showered for a few days.

We both walked in looking rather messy and tired, and came out looking fresh and neat. Ahhh.. the power of a haircut.

The funny thing is that it's almost inevitable that there is a period of time when the hair is not quite right. I mean, unless you go to the salon every 2 weeks (I don't know any men that do that), there's always a messy phase in the hair cycle.

I suppose it's a bit like keeping a clean heart. We all accumulate various wrong-doings and wrong attitudes over the course of the week. We're supposed to ask God for cleansing every day, but most of us leave it until it's all built up and we must look pretty ugly from a spiritual point of view.

Eventually, we realise that we've been carrying around sin in our daily lives for too long - unconfessed. Long messy hair that needs cutting. We go to God and ask him for forgiveness and he cleanses us.

Dear God, help me to get my heart cleansed on a more regular basis.