

# When Fear Becomes a Challenge: How to Overcome Childhood Fears with Love



What frightened you as a child? Or perhaps you remember the first time you helped a child overcome their fear?

Childhood fears may seem trivial to us adults, but in reality, they can develop into serious challenges later in life. As parents, it's our responsibility to help our children face these fears and create a space of confidence and safety for them.

This is the story of how my baby was afraid of bath time. I realized it wasn't just a whim, but an important challenge for both of us. I was a young mother, facing the task not only of overcoming this fear but also of turning bath time into a joyful ritual. This story is about our journey to trust, new experiences, and those first steps towards embracing water.

Let me begin. It was our first bath after birth. I had prepared the bath with warm water and all the necessary supplies. As a mother of two, I was confident I knew how to handle this simple and pleasant procedure. My family lives by the Black Sea, and swimming is as natural to us as breathing. It never crossed my mind that my baby might have a problem with water. I undressed my son and gently began to lower his little feet into the warm water. Suddenly, a desperate scream filled the bathroom. I held him close, and he immediately calmed down. “It’s a fluke,” I thought, and decided to try again. But as soon as his tiny feet touched the water, the cry returned. To say I was surprised is an understatement. I was in total shock. “This can’t be happening,” I told myself. “How is this possible?”

In that moment, I realized my child was afraid of water! And in my mind, one thought after another flashed—the consequences: one day, we’d be swimming in the sea as a family, and he would stand on the shore, too afraid to enter the water. At five, nine, fifteen years old. Panic and chaos overwhelmed my mind. I had no one to turn to for advice. I was alone with this problem. My brain was frantically searching for a solution. What do I do? If I don’t address this fear now, it could lead to serious consequences. All of this happened in the blink of an eye. I took a deep breath, calmed my thoughts, and began to listen to what my heart was telling me. Yes, my heart. I trusted my maternal instinct. And from somewhere deep within, a song about a baby mammoth swimming across the sea to find his mother came to mind. I started singing.

My son immediately calmed down, his attention fully focused on my voice. It was remarkable to see such a thoughtful expression in the eyes of a five-day-old baby—he even slightly furrowed his brows. As if trying to understand whether I had something in mind. He listened, and I continued to sing, slowly lowering his feet into the water. It seemed like he would cry again at any moment, but I kept singing, telling him the story of the brave mammoth. Gradually, without rushing, I lowered him into the water and washed him, all the while continuing to sing. What he heard, what he understood, I have no idea, but it worked. I think my inner feeling guided me to the right solution, one tailored just for him. Of course, after the bath, he happily drank some of mom’s milk and fell into a sweet sleep. I sat by him, reflecting on what had just happened, smiling as I gazed at his rosy cheeks.

This is one of my most vivid memories, which is why I can describe this long-ago event so vividly.

So, we repeated a few more baths—just to reinforce his calm relationship with water. I sang the same song. The fear was defeated! It was a personal victory for me too. Not only did he start enjoying bath time, but he also grew to love water. Over time, the bath was filled with toys, and bath time became endless—until his little fingers wrinkled. Now my son is 16, and it’s impossible to pull him out of the sea—he absolutely loves water.

Wishing health and happiness to you and your children!

### **About me:**

I’m a mother and an author, and I find it important to share the experiences and solutions that help me and my family. I write to inspire other moms and dads, because I believe that in this journey of awareness and mutual help, we grow stronger together.