

Growing up memories

I get an inside smile whenever I reminisce about home and growing up. I was happiest as a teenager. I was busy and involved in many things and had lots of good friends. Music and church and parties and dates and even school were fun for me. But what made this time special was the freedom I was given by Mom and Dad. I knew I had a wonderful safety net and support system at home. I never had to make up an excuse to get out of an unpleasant situation; I just said Mom wouldn't let me do that particular thing. She was always happy to take the "blame" when I didn't know how to say no. I also knew that I was free to make my own decisions and live with the consequences. I knew they trusted me and I worked to keep their trust because with it came the freedom that I loved.

Mom was busy with Jane and had already done a lot of 'mothering' by then but she still gave me all the support she could. She sat in the car at church softball games and on the hard benches at volleyball and basketball games whenever she could be there. She never missed a single school concert, even when she was terribly sick. On one occasion we came home from a concert and she got out of the car just in time to throw up blood on the ground. The next day I took her to the hospital where she had surgery soon after. But she didn't miss the concert.

I remember the look on her face on those occasions that were really special for me, a piano recital, high school graduation, accompanying the school musical. I never had any doubt how she felt about me and her support. I try to be there for my boys the way she and Dad were there for me. The greatest lessons we learn in this life are not from great sermons or lectures, nor from charts, graphs or flashy videos. The most important things we learn are the things of importance that we observe others doing. I am most deeply grateful for the example of my mother and father.

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