

May 6, 2018

# Happy Mother's Day!

***Editor's Note:** With two hours until deadline, I realize that Mother's Day is Sunday, May 13, one week after this issue comes out. So, I'm replacing the column I had prepared with the following, one of my favorite Mother's Day columns.*

And it came to pass that in the Year of Our Lord 1963, a child was born unto the house of Myers in the city of Casper in the state of Wyoming. And a proclamation was sent out among friends and relatives announcing, "Lo, it is a boy. He shall be called David, 'One Who Drools.' He weighs eight pounds and looks like Uncle Phil before his operation."

And Ruth, wife of Jim, did look upon her newborn son and say unto her husband, "Can you run to Dairy Queen for me?" whereupon Jim did as he was bidden and purchased for her a Peanut Buster Parfait.

In those days it was easier for a wife to stay home with the children, and it was at home wherein Ruth did sew polyester pantsuits, watch "As the World Turns," and make "Shake-A-Puddin'" for her family, now counting six among them.

In the Year of our Lord 1968, it came to pass that David entered kindergarten and began his life of learning, leaving Ruth to dance down the street singing, "Free at last, free at last!"

While the Lord blessed the family with financial stability and quality television, all was not well in the Myers household. David began to show signs of instability, eventually drawing the wrath of his teacher by uttering loudly and with feeling a limerick he learned upon the playground.

A few days later, Ruth found her youngest supping on a Three Musketeers bar just moments prior to dinner.

"Is there a pox upon the house of Myers?" Ruth shouted unto the heavens. "Lord, I beseech thee, adjust my children's attitude, for in their whining, their eating of snacks right before meals, and their wanting of things that they shall have not, they are a blight upon my sanity. In your name I do pray."

And the Lord smiled upon Ruth and blessed her family in the years to follow. Together, they would make many a joyous trip to Sterling to spend quality time on the farm on which Ruth was reared, and to downtown Denver to see the tall building to which Jim took the bus to work each day.

Together they went to Mass every Sunday and celebrated memorable holidays, such as when Santa delivered unto David the Willie Talk ventriloquist doll, and to his big brother a Hot Wheels garage, plus extra track.

And they recognized the sanctity of Christ's birth. A small Nativity was set up under the tree in which the Christ figure eventually became lost and had to be replaced with another twice its size that in reality would have squashed its cradle to cinders and caused Joseph and Mary much consternation.

Indeed, the house of Myers felt truly blessed.

Then, on a day marked by the sky opening up and raining down upon the flock storms so strong of force, so vicious, and so wet that they had to cancel a Little League game, the eldest child became a teenager.

And lo, she began talking on the phone for hours, ignoring her mother's command to "Make thy bed!" and "Help cleanse the dishes!" And the Bible story pictures that once adorned her walls were replaced with pictures of Davey Jones and Ricky Nelson.

And then another child became a teen, and another, and another, until all four children were teenagers at one time. It was an era known unto the Myers family as "The Dark Ages."

For the Myers children, it was a time marked with insecurity. Their moods became like the weather, partly cloudy with a chance of damaging hail. A plague of pimples came upon them, often cropping up just before a date. The teenagers became like mythical beasts of yore: you know they are there because someone once claimed to have seen one. But most the time they were out with friends.

"Is there a pox on the house of Myers?" Ruth found herself shouting unto the heavens for the second time in her life. "Lord, I beseech thee, help this poor mother of teenagers. My children, they mean well, but I am in doubt as to the soundness of their minds. They listen not when I command them to pick up their dirty socks, even though dirty socks weigh naught. By proclamation they have been ordered not to watch TV after 8 p.m., yet as surely as I am standing here, Hoss and Little Joe will alight the family room after 'light's out.' Help me, dear Father, for I am vexed and wish not to eat a gallon of ice cream, just out of anxiety. In your name I do pray."

Once again, God smiled upon Ruth. While the years to follow would not be easy, eventually the four children would all leave their teen years behind them. When the youngest finally left home in 1982, his last sight was of his mother dancing down the street singing, "Free at last, free at last!"

And on one particularly glorious day, two years after Ruth's eldest daughter gave birth to their first grandchild, Ruth overheard her daughter shouting unto the heavens, "Is there a pox upon the house..." And Ruth did grin, fold out the footrest on her chair, and turn on "Oprah."