

If I could spend one day with my mother

I have thought about this subject for a long time, and I am glad to be able finally to submit my thoughts. My father was a very talkative person, and so growing up, I learned a lot about his childhood experiences. But I did not get to hear much about my mother's life. She and I spent much time together while my Dad worked in another city. But I never did think to ask her about what life was like for her, what she liked, where she went to school, who her friends were, etc. I would want her to tell me about her family, and what her childhood experiences were like. I would want to know how she and my Dad met, what she thought of him, what their courtship was like, etc. I would want to know what her ambitions were, and did she feel that she accomplished her goals in life I know that she had a desire to write, and did some compositions of her own. And, I would want her to share with me some of the creative writing that was in her mind, but did not get written down on paper. I would want to tell her about her grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and why she should be so proud of them. Also, I would like to tell her all about our experiences from the time she began to suffer from Alzheimer's disease.

I would want to show her pictures of our daughter and tell her how much she reminds us of her. Also, I would talk about our son and how much he reminded me of myself when I was young. I would want to say thanks to her for all the sacrifices she made so that her four children could attend college. I would want to sing through the hymnal with her, including any other songs that were her favorites--some I remember her singing.

Perhaps at the end of the day, she could tell me if I have fulfilled any dreams she might have had for me when I was born in the backwoods near Red River in Arkansas. I know that she was proud of me, because she often told me so. But I would want to hear her say it at least one more time. I would also want to share the funny stories (many about our extended family) that we used to talk about often, and to hear her infectious laugh one more time. I would want to tell her that she was the best and sweetest mother to me, even when she had to discipline me for some of my bad habits like chewing tobacco. I also would want to thank her for not disciplining me for smoking. I had already been sick for two days, and I think she considered that I had suffered enough. All the things that I never asked or said, we would talk about, cry about, laugh about, and have a good visit. Perhaps heaven will be like that. All the conversations that you never had with someone, or never got to finish you would be able to complete, with no hurry or deadline.

Now there's a pleasant thought for today.

Dr. Milton A. Lites