

An Evening with Mom

It wasn't her birthday, or any special occasion. It was a Wednesday night when Arnold pulled into the driveway of his mother's home to pick her up for an evening out.

He'd gotten the idea from the kid next door he paid to cut his lawn. The boy was saving most of his earnings for college, but had used some of the money to send his parents on a date. That made Arnold think of his own mother and how in the years since his father passed away she was no longer as active as she had been.

He called his mom to ask her out and brainstorm things they could do together in an evening. He was surprised to learn that there were several things she'd been interested in, but never bothered to ask, not wanting to be a burden.

They decided on a dinner and a play, with dessert and coffee afterward at a late-night diner. They caught up on family gossip and learned they were both reading the same mystery novel. "We should do this again," Arnold said.

"I really enjoyed the play," his mother replied, "but what I'd really like to do is go fishing."

"Fishing? Mom, I didn't know you knew how."

"Who do you think taught your father?" she smiled.

"You're pulling my leg, right?" Arnold asked.

"Not at all," his mother responded.

"But you never went with us on any of our fishing trips," the son said.

"No. I always figured that was good father/son bonding time. Once you went off to college, your dad and I took a few trips every now and again. In fact, there's a little lake, you can only go to off this dirt road near Route 50. That's where I'd like to go if you can spare a Saturday."

"Consider it a date," Arnold said.

His mother gave him a wink and replied, "I'll bring the crickets."

If you still have your parents, take this story as an encouragement to find time to spend with your mother and father – and learn more about them and family history and, perhaps, some interests you may not have known about.

(more)

Those of you, like me, who no longer have your parents can agree with this advice. I was close to my parents, but – as with this story – when my father died, I could have done more to help my mother deal with her loneliness.

I wonder about a variety of things I wish I had asked her – stories passed down to her, the responsibilities she had raising her young brother when both of her parents died very early, the dreams she had, how she became such a remarkable cook. The list goes on and on. And I'm the poorer for not seizing the moments.



Maybe Arnold and his mother are teaching us all something.

– Beecher Hunter