

Mother's Day
May 14, 2006
Sean Close

My mother. . . she is quite a character.

I used to be embarrassed of my mom. Big time. Especially when I hit my pre-teenage years. Shopping with my mom was torture. She'd pull up my pants when I tried on a new pair. She'd press her hands on the toes of my shoes to make sure I had room to grow. She'd be on the other side of a busy store and yell something at the top of her lungs, most of the time, something personal. And yes, she still does these things.

Before we leave the house, my mom must do her "checky things". She goes to the kitchen and checks the microwave, oven, toaster oven, coffee maker, and any other appliance that could, in some freak accident, burn our house down. There have been multiple times where we've been waiting at my front door, ready to go on a weeklong vacation and all we can hear is the pitter patter of my mother's signature white reeboks as she scurries about, doing her "checky things."

Not many know those but my mom has developed her own language. She'll come home from a day working with swarms of 6 year olds and speak a new language. Words are spoken in an entirely new way. "Snow" becomes "snee". "Pillow" becomes "pilly". My father and I are referred to as "bears", big bear and little bear respectively. And most importantly, she's made a habit of bursting in through the front door and screaming, "Seaners", a nickname that I hear on a daily basis. My friends have been in the room when she has yelled my nickname and let's say I've never lived it down.

My mom leaves post-it notes for me in every direction and every way that I possibly can see them. She leaves so many that you'd think I wouldn't know to go to sleep if I did not see a post it note saying "Bedtime! Goodnight, Sean."

My mom puts a moist towelette in every packed lunch she makes. I think now is an appropriate time to tell her. Mom, I rarely use it but I still think it's cute.

My mother's apparel choice is a conversation of its own at times. My mother wears a hat that my good friend, Steve, likes to say she bought from "lamehat.com". My personal favorite has been for a long time the sweatsuit with a teddy bear hugging a heart on the front. It makes me smile even thinking about it. When it comes to my fashion, she's been supportive with an occasional glare and "hmmok". (Especially when I thought I was a punk rocker.) She did, however, draw the line when I was 13 and wore a band's t-shirt displaying a beer label. But most of all with clothing, she is a stickler about me keeping warm. If there's a low temperature

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in the 50's, I should expect her at the front door with mittens. Well, maybe she's not that bad but close to it. She also expects that slightly damp hair on a cold, winter morning is a direct cause of pneumonia.

Still with all of these quirks and habits (and there are much much more), my mother is one of the best and most genuine people I know. She is who she is and there are no masks or facades she wears. All of her quirks arise from her not caring about how she is portrayed because there are other priorities. She cares about her family, her kiddies at school, and being a good person and Christian. Throughout my childhood, I've learned that my mom focuses all efforts on what she cares so much about-my growth and development.

She may not realize this but I've learned more from her than I could have learned from thousands of textbooks. I've learned to cherish life. I've learned to appreciate human beings for who they are and to not be afraid of the "real me".

I realize that with the good come the embarrassment and the nagging and the worrying. But the good of my mother, just like all mothers, overpowers with the intense love that can cure all and heal all.

William Makepeace Thackeray:

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

I don't think this is necessarily true. The love of a mother is as close as God gets on this planet not just for little children, but for everyone. Even for a scruffy, 17 year old like myself. It's always unfortunate that the times when I appreciate my mother the most and realize her influence are when we are not together. So I cannot immediately run up to her and tell her how much she means to me. Today was created so we do not have this problem. Wherever your mother may be today, thank her. That's the least she deserves.