

Watching Mom

The other Saturday I was home watching mom. She mostly slept the day away so there wasn't much for me to do. It made me think about "watching mom."

From the very beginning "watching mom" is what we do. We look at her as she feeds, clothes, and bathes us. We watch her as she sings nursery rhymes and play silly games with us. We watch her as she holds our hands and we take those first steps. We watch her as we go to the store and ride in the shopping cart, facing her. We watch her and always make sure she is in our sight.

As we grow our watching becomes a little different. We watch her leave that first time with a babysitter or the first day of school when we have tears in our eyes not knowing what to do. We watch her when she does house work, cooks, irons or sews. A new phrase begins as she would say "now watch me." She would teach us to tie our shoes, fold our clothes, and make the bed. All beginning with that phrase "now watch me."

For a brief while we may not watch as we become independent and go off with our friends. But we know she is there and still watching us. Then one day we watch our mom and realize how beautiful she really is. How much she loves us and how much she has done for us. We watch her and realize her hair is now a little lighter a little grayer. We see her walk a little slower and having trouble doing physical things. We watch her for the first time and think, she is growing older.

Then we watch as she says good bye to her parents. We see the heart ache and tears of having to say good bye to her mom and dad. Later on, as parents we see our children as they learn to walk and then become independent. Knowing many years earlier she was watching us with a lump in her throat and an empty place in her heart; as we have that same lump in our throat and emptiness in our hearts.

Now here I am watching mom once more. Watching her as the days are

growing shorter and harder for her and me. Knowing she is slowly drifting away from us, no longer able to tie her own shoes, cloth or bathe herself. But we are continuing with tears in our eyes, thinking of those first days, those days of watching mom as she was feeding, clothing, and singing silly songs to us. Watching her and thinking how blessed we have been to have been watching our mom. – Dennis Tucker