

Value

09-02-2013 By Harry Zirkelbach

“A penny for your thoughts.”

Mom’s comment, when she thought I was drifting. And there was plenty of day dreaming in youth. But ever the casual observer, I could see I was not alone in that limitless ocean.

When she asked the question, Mom gently swept through the veil that separates each from the endlessly wandering mind; seeking my thought, I replied. Thus began that most precious moment, a shared intimate reflection between mother and child. Her replies accepted even when not fully grasped. The penny promised immediately forgotten, are even now, a heritage treasury.

In reflection, her loving, teaching nudge, was a return to reality, to this land of doing, people, learning, growth, challenge, laughter; the very world she enjoyed daily, encouraged the sharing by her family, friends, stranger. Ever that mother-teacher, leader. No shouting. Never demanding attention; receiving it because of love, innate leadership, a mother’s gift.

This was a constant in the first ten years living in small towns, knowing all neighbors, shared concerns with other young families, the local authorities, mailman, policeman, Priest, butcher and occasional vagrant. A slight change had been made when children began school, for parent was not that removed from those years, knew the teacher, and other students. And was often amazed to learn facts from her tykes who may not even know how to tie their shoes.

*Then that day, when the family gathered, the conversation quieted,
the child first says to a parent, "A Penny For Your Thoughts".
Immediate laughter. Then a higher level of teaching is disclosed,
for the parents knows they now speak to a young adult.
And that a time is approaching when the constant conversation
will be adult to adult.*

*Parents are aware that they have not lost a child,
they have given an independent image of them self to the world,
that gift beyond value.*

*And in these exchanges, both parent and child know the world does
not function on pennies. But just as the penny is the foundation for
all currency, conversation between parent and child has been the
bedrock for the most sacred of living things, the family tree.*

*It is not a money tree; it is a multi-generational tree,
one in a forest of humanity, based on so many things;
encapsulated for all those listening, and who have ever lived,
in part of the one line of
David's 139 Psalm.*

"For I am Wondrously made."