

## 1969, The Year We Landed on the Moon!

*By Joan Mish*

I remember this day July 20, 1969. I was just leaving the hospital after having my third son. He was born one minute after midnight but since I thought it was July 14, I started singing the *Marsaillaise*, the national anthem of France. The nurse was touched and said she could put down his birth date as July 14. That has always been a joke in our family.

In those days they let you stay in the hospital for five days, so I left the day they landed on the moon. My son, Ed, landed in our house in Platteville Wisconsin just before Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin landed on the moon at 4:17pm.

To celebrate my son's 50th birthday, his oldest brother gave both of us several books on the moon. The one, *Flying to the Moon*, was written by Michael Collins who was the pilot for the three astronauts. He orbited the moon while his two companions walked on the moon. It is very well written and even makes one laugh at times.

The other book is a picture book about the moon and gives lots of information I did not know. For instance there are many craters covering the surface, all different in size. My son, Ed, has had lots of craters in his life also. Lots of different holes throughout his forming years as a grownup. He has found it hard to find his passion in life. He did major in philosophy, but at a school that was mainly a business school and a public university. He had wanted to be a music major but this school was not good for that either.

The moon is made of rock. And he also is made of rock and has managed to make a good life finally after all these 50 years.

Footprints have been left on the moon and will last a million years. I do believe my third son, Ed, will leave a footprint on our earth but I doubt that it will last a million years. He is very environmentally thoughtful. I met his first grade teacher at a funeral some years ago and she told me she still remembered Ed for he was the brightest student she had ever had. He had left a footprint on her as well.

The moon is a silent strange place for it has no air. Now my son, on the other hand, makes lots of noise and music in his house and on stages. I once heard him play improvisational jazz on stage! It was loud and not very understandable to his mother who does love jazz but not that kind. Now he just sings in various choral groups. So he is not silent!

Silent, footprints, rock solid are a good description of the moon as well as my son Ed.