

## The Things I Miss

*By Sharon Buchan*

I miss the innocence of childhood which honored me with the magic of believing.

I miss lying in the grass at night. Looking at the stars and wondering where does the beginning start and does forever have an ending.

I miss five cent ice cream cones. And not worrying about the calories if I had a double dipper.

I miss driving a baby blue 57 Chevy and thinking that made me oh so cool.

I miss not worrying about locking my doors.

I miss hearing the word sorry when someone bumps into me. Also the words please and thank you seem too often to be lost.

I miss people talking to me when we are sitting together instead of taking pictures of our food. Or taking a selfie. I miss being social when the one I am with is on social media.

I miss the purring, humming and even rocking and rolling of having my own washer and dryer in my home.

I miss the geese flying south for the winter. Don't they know, "Baby it's cold outside?"

I miss feeling the miracle, wonder and amazement of looking at my newborn and asking myself, "Did I really have a part in this beautiful creation?"

I miss feeling tiny fingers curl around my big finger. I even miss hearing Mommie every thirty seconds. I miss a handful of dandelions being held up high and hearing, "I picked these for you Mommie." I miss the dubious dab of color that was also painted just for me.

I miss my husband and his strong arms that carried me over the threshold of our first home. And his strong hands that could open any jar and yet be tender in love's hour, well maybe half hour.