You Taught Me Well, Mom

By Jeanne Lee

As I go through each day, I wonder what it would be like if I could just call or drive over to see my Mom. Both of my parents died within 51 days of each other in 1999. Two separate diseases and not "pining away" because the other had died. No one had any idea (including the doctor) that Mother was ill when my father was spending his last days in the ICU.

Mother once asked me if she had expected too much of me when she needed help in the kitchen to prepare dinner after spending the day at work. I told her, "Absolutely not! How else could I ever have learned to cook if not by helping you?" I think she would have rejoiced to learn that I had built on those skills and entered all of those baked goods in the Douglas County Fair and now cook and bake to share with my neighbors here at WG. You taught me well, Mom.

My love for quilting hadn't really begun in earnest before Mom died although one of the earliest quilts I made was as a Christmas gift for her. Looking at it now, it seems so primitive, but we all have to start some place. I often wish she was nearby so I could show her what I have created, including those "design options" that are not "mistakes," but rather an option to change the configuration and design of the quilt. "Do these colors REALLY go together well, Mom?" The TV throw pillows she made for the kids to use on the floor at her house are still on the love seat on my lanai even though they have a definite used and loved look about them.

Mother was always crocheting, sewing or making something for others. Maybe that is one of genes she passed on to this Jeanne as I crochet hats for a friend going on a mission trip or make masks for neighbors. You taught me well, Mom.

Although my parents lived in Illinois and I lived in Colorado, I visited as often as possible, but now seems it was never often enough. Now I yearn for just one more visit or phone call.

No, Mom, you never asked too much of any of us, but you always GAVE so much and YOU TAUGHT ME WELL!