

Memories of Mom

By : Ann Adams Simpson County

I remember waking up from a gentle nudge of a warm hand on a cold winter morning . Mom was always up first, ready for a new day. Sometimes she sang as she went about her work usually country music . She had breakfast almost ready and she was singing " Country Road Take Me Home " one fo her favorites in a soft voice as she finished putting breakfast on the table. On cold mornings she would make us hot chocolate if she had it, if she didn't she made us coffee that was a little coffee and lot of warm milk and sugar. It was so good. Mom liked to surprise us, sometimes she would make us pancakes with faces on them or biscuit men with homemade blackberry jam. It would melt in my mouth it was so good.

After breakfast I liked helping Mom wash dishes and clean up the kitchen, then we would fill up the old stove to keep the house warm. Next our chores needed to be done around the house. Mom made doing chores fun, she would turn on the radio and sing along as we worked. When we finished we got to watch all the Saturday morning cartoons. It was great sitting around the television with my brothers and sisters, laughing at " Tom and Jerry " or " Mickey Mouse" until our sides ached.

After lunch if the weather wasn't to bad, Mom would let go outside to play. She made sure we were bundled up good so we wouldn' t get really cold. Sometimes she would go out with us and if there was snow it made it even better . Mom loved the snow, she would laugh and say how beautifal it was. We would make snow angels and have snowball fights. Sometimes we just ran around like crazy just leaving our tracks in the snow. We were having so much fun we would have stayed out all afternoon but Mom always said we needed to go in and warm up. We would try to talk her into letting us play just a little while longer but into the house we went. We got out of our coats, hats and gloves and gathered around the fire .

It felt good to warm by the fire and play games and tell stories. What was really fun was if Mom had the time, she would sit with us and tell us about when she was growing up. She told stories about things that she and her younger brother liked to do, like playing pranks on their older brother or sneaking off to play in the creek on hot days. She told us how they would play in the woods climbing trees and swinging on grape vines when they were supposed to be doing chores. She would laugh to herself remembering the fun she had. But it was hard for me to imagine my Mom doing those things. She was "Mom". We would laugh and beg for more stories. I would have loved to know her when she was a kid, I think we would have been great friends.

The afternoon just seemed to fly by, before we knew it was time for Mom to cook dinner and we had our chores to do. Mom always had dinner ready by the time Dad got home. We sat around the table eating, laughing and talking.

After dinner Dad would tell us about his day and we would tell him about everything we had done. We would watch a little television, usually a western. Dad loved westerns. It wasn't very long before Mom was telling us it was time to get ready for bed, we tried to get "just a few more minutes" but that didn't work. So I would give Dad a hug and go get ready for bed. Mom would come in and check on us and tuck us in. The last thing I remember most nights was a soft voice singing "Take Me Home Country Road" or another country song. I loved to hear Mom singing, it made me feel happy and safe. I can't think of a better way to start and end the day.