

FAMILY STORY: EXAMPLE OF GOOD DEVELOPMENT

I can still remember driving home from the grocery store that day. Mom kept telling me to stop squirming around in my seat, but I was so impatient that I ignored her comments as usual. She turned the steering wheel sharply as we were near the corner. I then began to see our brick home which meant that in just a few minutes I was going to enjoy what mom had bought especially for me ... California, freshly picked, green grapes. (I know, you're probably thinking big deal, but to a seven year old kid, living in New York City it is a big deal. For one, grapes are not in the market all season, therefore it meant a lot to eat grapes that day for me.)

Once the car was in the driveway, my door sprung open and I rushed into the kitchen with the bags as mom tried catching up. After wasting what seemed an eternity putting all the food away in the refrigerator, mom told me, "Okay, now you may sit and enjoy your grapes." As she handed me a round plate filled to the top with the delicacies, her face had a warm smile which said enjoy. For the next five minutes, I recall sitting at the edge of my chair staring undecided at the plate. Then, when I finally made up my mind who was going to be the first lucky grape to enter the dark, mystical, tunnel in my mouth, I reached for it and in it went. The next part I have a little hard time telling; primarily because my memory tends to lack details. What I can say, however, is that instead of the grape continuing its path down to my stomach, it did not. Somewhere between my larynx and my voice box the grape just got stuck. I tried yelling, but no noise. I tried grasping for air as my complexion changed purplish, and also failed. I can remember hearing my pulse beat down in my eardrums. I swirled right and left looking for mom's aid, but found her nowhere in sight. At this point I didn't have to be a genius to know I was headed for big trouble. All of a sudden my small, weak body was picked up from the seat. I was turned around to the point where I could see the small cracks on the tile floor. With heavy blows to my torso, I could feel my teeth tremble inside my half open mouth. Then without warning, the small intruder rolled out of my throat and onto the floor. Looking up I could see my mom gasping for air at the same rhythm as I was. She then hugged me passionately as tears rolled down her hot cheeks.

This day was just another example that proves how unconditional a mother's love really is. Even in a thousand years, I can never repay how much she has done for me.

I can still remember driving home from the grocery store that day. Mom kept telling me to stop squirming around in my seat, but I was so impatient that I ignored her comments as usual. SEVERAL TIMES I ALSO FOUND MYSELF FIDGETING WITH THE RADIO. BACK AND FORTH FROM AM TO FM IT WENT. RED TRAFFIC LIGHTS SEEMED TO TAKE LONGER THAN USUAL. (AT LEAST IT APPEARED THAT WAY TO ME.) MOM turned the steering wheel sharply as we were near the corner. I then began to see our brick home which meant that in just a few minutes I was going to enjoy what mom had bought especially for me--California, freshly picked, green grapes. (I know, you're probably thinking big deal, but to a seven year old kid, living in New York City it is a big deal. For one, grapes are not in the market all season, therefore it meant a lot to eat grapes that day for me.)

Once the car was in the driveway, my door sprung open AS I RUSHED UPSTAIRS AND INTO THE KITCHEN, GRAPES IN HAND OF COURSE. WITH SEVERAL BAGS LEFT, MOM HUFFED AND PUFFED AS SHE TRIED CATCHING UP WITH ME. WHEN SHE FINALLY DID, THE BAGS WERE PLACED ON THE WHITE COUNTER AND WE BEGAN UNPACKING. CANS WENT ON THE SHELF, VEGETABLES WERE PUT IN THE SINK FOR FURTHER WASHING, AND THE REST WENT IN THE REFRIGERATOR. After wasting what seemed an eternity putting all the food away, mom SAID THE MAGICAL WORDS, "Okay, now you may sit and enjoy your grapes." As she handed me a round plate filled to the top with the delicacies, her face had a warm smile which said enjoy. For the next five minutes, I recall sitting at the edge of my chair staring undecided at the plate. WHICH ONE SHOULD I EAT? THEY ALL LOOK SO DELICIOUS, I REMEMBER THINKING. Then, when I finally made up my mind WHICH ONE was going to be the first lucky grape to enter the dark, mystical, tunnel in my mouth, I reached DOWN for it and in it went. FROM CHEEK TO CHEEK IT ROLLED. MY TEETH PRESSED UPON ITS SMOOTH SURFACE GENTLE ENOUGH TO PRESERVE ITS ROUND SHAPE. I SUCKED ON THE GRAPE AS IF IT WERE A CANDY OR POPSICLE. SUDDENLY, JUST WHEN I HAD DECIDED TO TAKE A SWALLOW, THE GRAPE DID NOT WANT TO CONTINUE ITS PATH DOWN TO MY STOMACH. Somewhere between my larynx and my voice box, the grape just got stuck. I tried yelling, but no noise. I tried grasping for air as my complexion changed purplish, and also failed. I can remember hearing my pulse beat down in my eardrums. I swirled right and left looking for mom's aid, but found her nowhere in sight. THE RED CLOCK WHICH HUNG ABOVE THE DOORWAY SEEMED TO BE MOTIONLESS AS IF AWAITING THE FINAL RESULTS OF A HORROR FILM. At this point I didn't have to be a genius to know I was headed for big trouble. All of a sudden, my small, weak body was picked up from the seat. I was turned around to the point where I could see the small cracks on the tile floor. With heavy blows to my torso, I could feel my teeth tremble inside my half open mouth. THUMP, THUMP, UNTIL FINALLY, without warning, the small intruder rolled out of my throat and onto the floor. Looking up I could see my mom gasping for air at the same rhythm as I was. MY DANGLING ARMS REACHED UP AND THEN WE PASSIONATELY HUGGED as tears rolled down her hot cheeks.

THIS EXPERIENCE, ALTHOUGH TERRIFYING, TAUGHT ME SEVERAL THINGS. FOR ONE, CHEW ON YOUR GRAPES BEFORE SWALLOWING THEM, BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, HOW UNCONDITIONAL MY MOTHER'S LOVE REALLY IS. IF IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN FOR HER, I WOULDN'T BE EXPERIENCING LIFE TODAY. EVEN IN A THOUSAND YEARS, I CAN NEVER REPAY HER FOR ALL THE THINGS SHE HAS DONE FOR ME. I KNOW HOWEVER THAT THERE WILL COME A TIME WHEN MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW HER HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO HAVE HER AS MY MOM.

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