

My Mom, Engelbert Humperdinck and the New York Times



Today is my mom's birthday.

What can I tell you about my mom? She has always been my biggest supporter, most optimistic beauty adviser, and, lucky for me, an eagle-eyed proofreader.

It's true what they say about your mom always being your mom, even when you are a mom yourself.

Anytime I send her an email past, say, 10:30 PM, it always comes back with the time as the subject line. Like this "Subject: SENT AT 11:30 PM!!!" Her way of telling me I'm up too late.

Then there was THIS HAT that she sent me.

Almost everything I write she tells me I should send it to the New York Times. "They should print it!" she says and then says she will do it herself if I don't. Which makes me wonder how many submissions the NYT gets each day from supportive, sweet, well-intentioned moms from around the country.

Happy Birthday, Mom! I love you.

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My mom was a huge Engelbert Humperdinck fan. I watched a lot of his videos before choosing this one to post. Listening to it brings me right back to my childhood living room; this song playing on our giant turntable/TV cabinet, shag carpet underneath my feet, and floor to ceiling drapes blocking out the mid-day sun. It's the perfect slice of a very particular piece of the '70s.

My mom dropped Engelbert as her heartthrob the moment he left his wife for another woman. I remember her telling me she

thought he was a "family man" and when that notion was obliterated, she no longer felt a thing towards him. That's my mom.