

10 Things You Need To Know About My Mom

****This message has been approved by my Mom. She is great that way****

I was tagged with the question, "Write 10 Things About Yourself." Which is silly for me to do because that is what I write about everyday—myself. I did do "Knowing Me, Knowing You" post when I first started my blog. So, I have decided to answer this question instead, "**Write 10 Things About Your Mom.**"

My Mom, Bonnie, 1960

❌ 1.) She is terrified of snakes—I mean Indiana Jones terrified.

2.) She "gets" me. For instance, for my birthday we went to the Huntington Harbor Boat Parade. You have to park your car and take a rented school bus to the boat. While we were riding on the bus, Charlie, my nephew, bonked his head on the window as he was looking outside. As he hollered in pain I said, "School buses, they're no place for children." I could hear my Mom (only my Mom) laughing two seats behind me.

3.) She can't just go use the restroom, she always tells you WHY she is going. Like this, "I have to go to the bathroom— I had a big Diet Coke on the way over here." My brother, Randall, and I do this too.

4.) When she has had a few drinks her top lip goes a little numb. This is how my Dad tests her sobriety level, "Can you feel this Bon?" If she can't feel it, she's cut off for the night.

5.) She has the prettiest penmanship you have ever seen. Even on her grocery lists, every word is perfect.

- 6.) She sneaks wheat germ in all of her baked goodies, as if it is a balm for sugary foods.
- 7.) She still wants me to grow my hair out and get a perm. She will pay for it!
- 8.) When I was in High School she used to corner me in the hallway with a freshly dosed blush brush in hand—trying in vain to ruin my perfect Goth-like paleness.
- 9.) She likes animals, but is baffled by the way I treat my pets—letting my dogs sleep with me, under the covers! (Bonnie shakes her red head) She always says about my dogs, “They have no boundaries.” As if that were a bad thing.
- 10.) She never complains. I mean it, never. Once, on a train to Austria, she had to sit on her suitcase in the cramped aisle with a white tank-topped Italian man leaning over her, in the middle of summer. I will never forget her sitting there, looking at me with a faint smile. It was one of those moments when you know, that the other person knows that is how you are going to remember them.